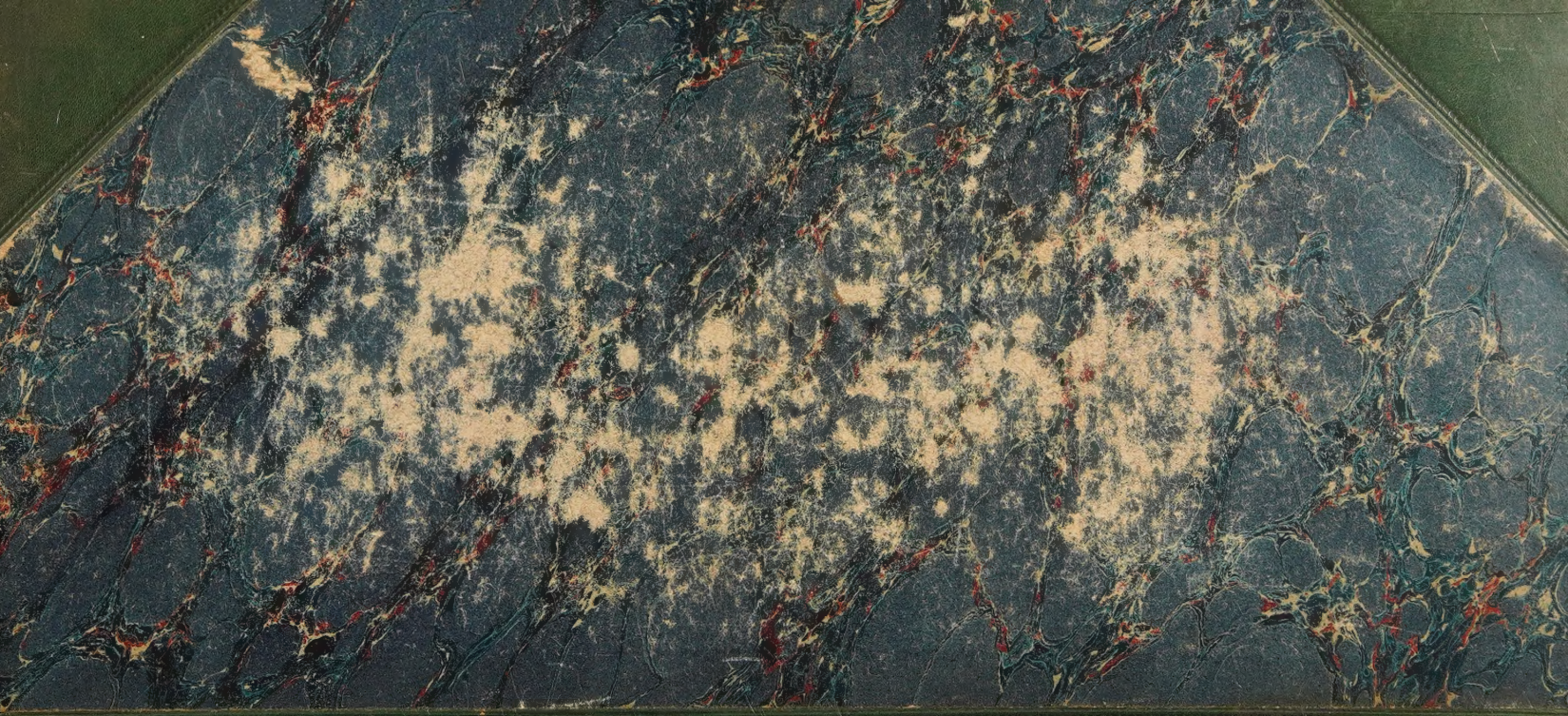

R. A. Todd

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THE

CORNHILL MAGAZINE.

JULY, 1860.

The Four Georges.

SKETCHES OF MANNERS, MORALS, COURT AND TOWN LIFE.

I.—George the First.

VERY few years since, I knew familiarly a lady who had been asked in marriage by Horace Walpole; who had been patted on the head by George I. This lady had knocked at Johnson's door; had been intimate with Fox, the beautiful Georgina of Devonshire, and that brilliant Whig society of the reign of George III.; had known the Duchess of Queensberry, the patroness of Gay and Prior, the admired young beauty of the court of Queen Anne. I often thought, as I took my kind old friend's hand, how with it I held on to the old society of wits and men of the world. I could travel back for seven score years of time—have glimpses of Brummell, Selwyn, Chesterfield and the men of pleasure; of Walpole and Conway; of Johnson, Reynolds, Goldsmith; of North, Chatham, Newcastle; of the fair maids of honour of George II.'s court; of the German retainers of George I.'s; where Addison was secretary of

state; where Dick Steele held a place; whither the great Marlborough came with his fiery spouse; when Pope, and Swift, and Bolingbroke yet lived and wrote. Of a society so vast, busy, brilliant, it is impossible in four brief chapters to give a complete notion; but we may peep here and there into that bygone world of the Georges, see what they and their courts were like; glance at the people round about them; look at past manners, fashions, pleasures, and contrast them with our own. I have to say thus much by way of preface, because the subject of these lectures has been misunderstood, and I have been taken to task for not having given grave historical treatises, which it never was my intention to attempt. Not about battles, about politics, about statesmen and measures of state, did I ever think to lecture you: but to sketch the manners and life of the old world; to amuse for a few hours with talk about the old society; and, with the result of many a day's and night's pleasant reading, to try and wile away a few winter evenings for my hearers.

Among the German princes who sate under Luther at Wittenberg, was Duke Ernest of Celle, whose younger son, William of Lüneburg, was the progenitor of the illustrious Hanoverian house at present reigning in Great Britain. Duke William held his court at Celle, a little town of ten thousand people that lies on the railway line between Hamburg and Hanover, in the midst of great plains of sand, upon the river Aller. When Duke William had it, it was a very humble wood-built place, with a great brick church, which he sedulously frequented, and in which he and others of his house lie buried. He was a very religious lord, and called William the Pious by his small circle of subjects, over whom he ruled till fate deprived him both of sight and reason. Sometimes, in his latter days, the good duke had glimpses of mental light, when he would bid his musicians play the psalm-tunes which he loved. One thinks of a descendant of his, two hundred years afterwards, blind, old, and lost of wits, singing Handel in Windsor Tower.

William the Pious had fifteen children, eight daughters, and seven sons, who, as the property left among them was small, drew lots to determine which one of them should marry, and continue the stout race of the Guelphs. The lot fell on Duke George, the sixth brother. The others remained single, or contracted left-handed marriages after the princely fashion of those days. It is a queer picture—that of the old prince dying in his little wood-built capital, and his seven sons tossing up which should inherit and transmit the crown of Brentford. Duke George, the lucky prize-man, made the tour of Europe, during which he visited the court of Queen Elizabeth; and in the year 1617, came back and settled at Zell, with a wife out of Darmstadt. His remaining brothers all kept their house at Zell, for economy's sake. And presently, in due course, they all died—all the honest dukes; Ernest, and Christian, and Augustus, and Magnus, and George, and John—and they are buried in the brick church of Brentford yonder, by the sandy banks of the Aller.

Dr. Vehse gives a pleasant glimpse of the way of life of our dukes in Zell. "When the trumpeter on the tower has blown," Duke Christian orders—viz. at nine o'clock in the morning, and four in the evening, every one must be present at meals, and those who are not must go without. None of the servants, unless it be a knave who has been ordered to ride out, shall eat or drink in the kitchen or cellar; or, without special leave, fodder his horses at the prince's cost. When the meal is served in the court-room, a page shall go round and bid every one be quiet and orderly, forbidding all cursing, swearing, and rudeness; all throwing about of bread, bones, or roast, or pocketing of the same. Every morning, at seven, the squires shall have their morning soup, along with which, and dinner, they shall be served with their under-drink—every morning except Friday morning, when there was sermon, and no drink. Every evening they shall have their beer, and at night their sleep-drink. The butler is especially warned not to allow noble or simple to go into the cellar: wine shall only be served at the prince's or councillor's table; and every Monday, the honest old Duke Christian ordains the accounts shall be ready, and the expenses in the kitchen, the wine and beer cellar, the bakehouse and stable, made out.

Duke George, the marrying duke, did not stop at home to partake of the beer and wine, and the sermons. He went about fighting wherever there was profit to be had. He served as general in the army of the circle of Lower Saxony, the Protestant army; then he went over to the emperor, and fought in his armies in Germany and Italy: and when Gustavus Adolphus appeared in Germany, George took service as a Swedish general, and seized the Abbey of Hildesheim as his share of the plunder. Here, in the year 1641, Duke George died, leaving four sons behind him, from the youngest of whom descend our royal Georges.

Under these children of Duke George, the old God-fearing, simple ways of Zell appear to have gone out of mode. The second brother was constantly visiting Venice, and leading a jolly, wicked life there. It was the most jovial of all places at the end of the seventeenth century; and military men, after a campaign, rushed thither, as the warriors of the Allies rushed to Paris in 1814, to gamble, and rejoice, and partake of all sorts of godless delights. This prince, then, loving Venice and its pleasures, brought Italian singers and dancers back with him to quiet old Zell; and, worse still, demeaned himself by marrying a French lady of birth quite inferior to his own—Eleanor D'Olbreuse, from whom our queen is descended. Eleanor had a pretty daughter, who inherited a great fortune, which inflamed her cousin, George Louis of Hanover, with a desire to marry her; and so, with her beauty and her riches, she came to a sad end.

It is too long to tell how the four sons of Duke George divided his territories amongst them, and how, finally, they came into possession of the son of the youngest of the four. In this generation the Protestant faith was very nearly extinguished in the family: and then where should

we in England have gone for a king? The third brother also took delight in Italy, where the priests converted him and his Protestant chaplain too. Mass was said in Hanover once more; and Italian soprani piped their Latin rhymes in place of the hymns which William the Pious and Dr. Luther sang. Louis XIV. gave this and other converts a splendid pension. Crowds of Frenchmen and brilliant French fashions came into his court. It is incalculable how much that royal bigwig cost Germany. Every prince imitated the French king, and had his Versailles, his Wilhelmshöhe or Ludwigslust; his court and its splendours; his gardens laid out with statues; his fountains, and water-works, and Tritons; his actors, and dancers, and singers, and fiddlers; his harem, with its inhabitants; his diamonds and duchies for these latter; his enormous festivities, his gaming-tables, tournaments, masquerades, and banquets lasting a week long, for which the people paid with their money, when the poor wretches had it; with their bodies and very blood when they had none: being sold in thousands by their lords and masters, who gaily dealt in soldiers, staked a regiment upon the red at the gambling-table; swapped a battalion against a dancing-girl's diamond necklace; and, as it were, pocketed their people.

As one views Europe, through contemporary books of travel in the early part of the last century, the landscape is awful—wretched wastes, beggarly and plundered; half-burned cottages and trembling peasants gathering piteous harvests; gangs of such tramping along with bayonets behind them, and corporals with canes and cats-of-nine-tails to flog them to barracks. By these passes my lord's gilt carriage floundering through the ruts, as he swears at the postilions, and toils on to the Residenz. Hard by, but away from the noise and brawling of the citizens and buyers, is Wilhelmslust or Ludwigsruhe, or Monbijou, or Versailles—it scarcely matters which,—near to the city, shut out by woods from the beggared country, the enormous, hideous, gilded, monstrous marble palace, where the prince is, and the Court, and the trim gardens, and huge fountains, and the forest where the ragged peasants are beating the game in (it is death to them to touch a feather); and the jolly hunt sweeps by with its uniform of crimson and gold; and the prince gallops ahead puffing his royal horn; and his lords and mistresses ride after him; and the stag is pulled down; and the grand huntsman gives the knife in the midst of a chorus of bugles; and 'tis time the Court go home to dinner; and our noble traveller, it may be the Baron of Pöllnitz, or the Count de Königsmarck, or the excellent Chevalier de Seingalt, sees the procession gleaming through the trim avenues of the wood, and hastens to the inn, and sends his noble name to the marshal of the Court. Then our nobleman arrays himself in green and gold, or pink and silver, in the richest Paris mode, and is introduced by the chamberlain, and makes his bow to the jolly prince, and the gracious princess; and is presented to the chief lords and ladies, and then comes supper and a bank at Faro, where he loses or wins a thousand pieces by daylight. If it is a German court, you may add not a little drunkenness to this picture of

high life; but German, or French, or Spanish, if you can see out of your palace-windows beyond the trim-cut forest vistas, misery is lying outside; hunger is stalking about the bare villages, listlessly following precarious husbandry; ploughing stony fields with starved cattle; or fearfully taking in scanty harvests. Augustus is fat and jolly on his throne; he can knock down an ox, and eat one almost; his mistress Aurora von Königsmarck is the loveliest, the wittiest creature; his diamonds are the biggest and most brilliant in the world, and his feasts as splendid as those of Versailles. As for Louis the Great, he is more than mortal. Lift up your glances respectfully, and mark him eyeing Madame de Fontanges or Madame de Montespan from under his sublime periwig, as he passes through the great gallery where Villars and Vendome, and Berwick, and Bossuet, and Massillon are waiting. Can Court be more splendid; nobles and knights more gallant and superb; ladies more lovely? A grander monarch, or a more miserable starved wretch than the peasant his subject, you cannot look on. Let us bear both these types in mind, if we wish to estimate the old society properly. Remember the glory and the chivalry? Yes! Remember the grace and beauty, the splendour and lofty politeness; the gallant courtesy of Fontenoy, where the French line bids the gentlemen of the English guard to fire first; the noble constancy of the old king and Villars his general, who fits out the last army with the last crown-piece from the treasury, and goes to meet the enemy and die or conquer for France at Denain. But round all that royal splendour lies a nation enslaved and ruined; there are people robbed of their rights—communities laid waste—faith, justice, commerce trampled upon, and well-nigh destroyed—nay, in the very centre of royalty itself, what horrible stains and meanness, crime and shame! It is but to a silly harlot that some of the noblest gentlemen, and some of the proudest women in the world are bowing down; it is the price of a miserable province that the king ties in diamonds round his mistress's white neck. In the first half of the last century, I say, this is going on all Europe over. Saxony is a waste as well as Picardy or Artois; and Versailles is only larger and not worse than Herrenhausen.

It was the first Elector of Hanover who made the fortunate match which bestowed the race of Hanoverian Sovereigns upon us Britons. Nine years after Charles Stuart lost his head, his niece Sophia, one of many children of another luckless dethroned sovereign, the Elector Palatine, married Ernest Augustus of Brunswick, and brought the reversion to the crown of the three kingdoms in her scanty trousseau. One of the handsomest, the most cheerful, sensible, shrewd, accomplished of women, was Sophia, daughter of poor Frederick, the winter king of Bohemia. The other daughters of lovely, unhappy Elizabeth Stuart went off into the Catholic Church; this one, luckily for her family, remained, I cannot say faithful to the Reformed Religion, but at least she adopted no other. An agent of the French king's, Gourville, a convert himself, strove to bring her and her husband to a sense of the truth; and tells us that he one day asked Madame the Duchess of Hanover, of what religion her daughter was,

then a pretty girl of 13 years old. The duchess replied that the princess *was of no religion as yet.* They were waiting to know of what religion her husband would be, Protestant or Catholic, before instructing her! And the Duke of Hanover having heard all Gourville's proposal, said that a change would be advantageous to his house, but that he himself was too old to change.

[*]

This shrewd woman had such keen eyes that she knew how to shut them upon occasion, and was blind to many faults which it appeared that her husband the Bishop of Osnaburg and Duke of Hanover committed. He loved to take his pleasure like other sovereigns—was a merry prince, fond of dinner and the bottle; liked to go to Italy, as his brothers had done before him; and we read how he jovially sold 6,700 of his Hanoverians to the seigniory of Venice. They went bravely off to the Morea, under command of Ernest's son, Prince Max, and only 1,400 of them ever came home again. The German princes sold a good deal of this kind of stock. You may remember how George III.'s Government purchased Hessians, and the use we made of them during the War of Independence.

The ducats Duke Ernest got for his soldiers he spent in a series of the most brilliant entertainments. Nevertheless, the jovial prince was economical, and kept a steady eye upon his own interests. He achieved the electoral dignity for himself: he married his eldest son George to his beautiful cousin of Zell; and sending his sons out in command of armies

[*] From contemporary prints of the Princess Sophia, before her marriage, and in her old age. The initial letter is from an old Dutch print of Herrenhausen.

to fight—now on this side, now on that—he lived on, taking his pleasure, and scheming his schemes, a merry, wise prince enough, not, I fear, a moral prince, of which kind we shall have but very few specimens in the course of these lectures.

Ernest Augustus had seven children in all, some of whom were scapegraces, and rebelled against the parental system of primogeniture and non-division of property which the elector ordained. "Gustchen," the electress writes about her second son:—"Poor Gus is thrust out, and his father will give him no more keep. I laugh in the day, and cry all night about it; for I am a fool with my children." Three of the six died fighting against Turks, Tartars, Frenchmen. One of them conspired, revolted, fled to Rome, leaving an agent behind him, whose head was taken off. The daughter, of whose early education we have made mention, was married to the Elector of Brandenburg, and so her religion settled finally on the Protestant side.

A niece of the Electress Sophia—who had been made to change her religion, and marry the Duke of Orleans, brother of the French King; a woman whose honest heart was always with her friends and dear old Deutschland, though her fat little body was confined at Paris, or Marly, or Versailles—has left us, in her enormous correspondence (part of which has been printed in German and French) recollections of the Electress, and of George her son. Elizabeth Charlotte was at Osnaburg when George was born (1660). She narrowly escaped a whipping for being in the way on that auspicious day. She seems not to have liked little George, nor George grown up; and represents him as odiously hard, cold, and silent. Silent he may have been: not a jolly prince like his father before him, but a prudent, quiet, selfish potentate, going his own way, managing his own affairs, and understanding his own interests remarkably well.

In his father's lifetime, and at the head of the Hanover forces of 8,000 or 10,000 men, George served the Emperor, on the Danube against Turks, at the siege of Vienna, in Italy, and on the Rhine. When he succeeded to the Electorate, he handled its affairs with great prudence and dexterity. He was very much liked by his people of Hanover. He did not show his feelings much, but he cried heartily on leaving them; as they used for joy when he came back. He showed an uncommon prudence and coolness of behaviour when he came into his kingdom; exhibiting no elation; reasonably doubtful whether he should not be turned out some day; looking upon himself only as a lodger, and making the most of his brief tenure of St. James's and Hampton Court; plundering, it is true, somewhat, and dividing amongst his German followers;—but what could be expected of a sovereign who at home could sell his subjects at so many ducats per head, and made no scruple in so disposing of them? I fancy a considerable shrewdness, prudence, and even moderation in his ways. The German Protestant was a cheaper, and better, and kinder king than the Catholic Stuart in whose chair he sate, and so far loyal to England, that he let England govern herself.

Having these lectures in view I made it my business to visit that ugly cradle in which our Georges were nursed. The old town of Hanover must look still pretty much as in the time when George Louis left it. The gardens and pavilions of Herrenhausen are scarce changed since the day when the stout old Electress Sophia fell down in her last walk there, preceding but by a few weeks to the tomb James II.'s daughter, whose death made way for the Brunswick Stuarts in England.

The two first royal Georges, and their father, Ernest Augustus, had quite royal notions regarding marriage; and Louis XIV. and Charles II. scarce distinguished themselves more at Versailles or St. James's, than these German sultans in their little city on the banks of the Leine. You may see at Herrenhausen the very rustic theatre in which the Platens danced and performed masques, and sang before the Elector and his sons. There are the very fauns and dryads of stone still glimmering through the branches, still grinning and piping their ditties of no tone, as in the days when painted nymphs hung garlands round them; appeared under their leafy arcades with gilt crooks, guiding rams with gilt horns; descended from "machines" in the guise of Diana or Minerva; and delivered immense allegorical compliments to the princes returned home from the campaign.

That was a curious state of morals and politics in Europe; a queer consequence of the triumph of the monarchical principle. Feudalism was beaten down. The nobility, in its quarrels with the crown, had pretty well succumbed, and the monarch was all in all. He became almost divine: the proudest and most ancient gentry of the land did menial service for him. Who should carry Louis XIV.'s candle when he went to bed? what prince of the blood should hold the king's shirt when his Most Christian Majesty changed that garment?—the French memoirs of the seventeenth century are full of such details and squabbles. The tradition is not yet extinct in Europe. Any of you who were present, as myriads were, at that splendid pageant, the opening of our Crystal Palace in London, must have seen two noble lords, great officers of the household, with ancient pedigrees, with embroidered coats, and stars on their breasts and wands in their hands, walking backwards for near the space of a mile, while the royal procession made its progress. Shall we wonder—shall we be angry—shall we laugh at these old-world ceremonies? View them as you will, according to your mood; and with scorn or with respect, or with anger and sorrow, as your temper leads you. Up goes Gesler's hat upon the pole. Salute that symbol of sovereignty with heartfelt awe; or with a sulky shrug of acquiescence, or with a grinning obeisance; or with a stout rebellious No—clap your own beaver down on your pate, and refuse to doff it, to that spangled velvet and flaunting feather. I make no comment upon the spectators' behaviour; all I say is, that Gesler's cap is still up in the market-place of Europe, and not a few folks are still kneeling to it.

Put clumsy, high Dutch statues in place of the marbles of Versailles: fancy Herrenhausen waterworks in place of those of Marly: spread the

tables with Schweinskopf, Specksuppe, Leber kuchen, and the like delicacies, in place of the French *cuisine;* and fancy Frau von Kielmansegge dancing with Count Kammerjunker Quirini, or singing French songs with the most awful German accent: imagine a coarse Versailles, and we have a Hanover before us. "I am now got into the region of beauty," writes Mary Wortley, from Hanover in 1716; "all the women have literally rosy cheeks, snowy foreheads and necks, jet eyebrows, to which may generally be added coal-black hair. These perfections never leave them to the day of their death, and have a very fine effect by candle-light; but I could wish they were handsome with a little variety. They resemble one another as Mrs. Salmon's Court of Great Britain, and are in as much danger of melting away by too nearly approaching the fire." The sly Mary Wortley saw this painted seraglio of the first George at Hanover, the year after his accession to the British throne. There were great doings and feasts there. Here Lady Mary saw George II. too. "I can tell you, without flattery or partiality," she says, "that our young prince has all the accomplishments that it is possible to have at his age, with an air of sprightliness and understanding, and a something so very engaging in his behaviour that needs not the advantage of his rank to appear charming." I find elsewhere similar panegyrics upon Frederick Prince of Wales, George II.'s son; and upon George III., of course, and upon George IV. in an eminent degree. It was the rule to be dazzled by princes, and people's eyes winked quite honestly at that royal radiance.

The Electoral Court of Hanover was numerous—pretty well paid, as times went; above all, paid with a regularity which few other European courts could boast of. Perhaps you will be amused to know how the Electoral Court was composed. There were the princes of the house in the first class; in the second, the single field-marshal of the army (the contingent was 18,000, Pöllnitz says, and the Elector had other 14,000 troops in his pay). Then follow, in due order, the authorities civil and military, the working privy councillors, the generals of cavalry and infantry, in the third class; the high chamberlain, high marshals of the court, high masters of the horse, the major-generals of cavalry and infantry, in the fourth class, down to the majors, the Hofjunkers or pages, the secretaries or assessors, of the tenth class, of whom all were noble.

We find the master of the horse had 1,090 thalers of pay; the high chamberlain, 2,000—a thaler being about three shillings of our money. There were two chamberlains, and one for the princess; five gentlemen of the chamber, and five gentlemen ushers; eleven pages and personages to educate these young noblemen—such as a governor, a preceptor, a fecht-meister, or fencing master, and a dancing ditto, this latter with a handsome salary of 400 thalers. There were three body and court physicians, with 800 and 500 thalers; a court barber, 600 thalers; a court organist; two musikanten; four French fiddlers; twelve trumpeters, and a bugler; so that there was plenty of music, profane and pious, in Hanover. There were ten chamber waiters, and twenty-four lacqueys in

livery; a maître-d'hotel, and attendants of the kitchen; a French cook; a body cook; ten cooks; six cooks' assistants; two Braten masters, or masters of the roast—(one fancies enormous spits turning slowly, and the honest masters of the roast beladling the dripping); a pastry baker; a pie baker; and finally, three scullions, at the modest remuneration of eleven thalers. In the sugar-chamber there were four pastrycooks (for the ladies, no doubt); seven officers in the wine and beer cellars; four bread bakers; and five men in the plate-room. There were 600 horses in the Serene stables—no less than twenty teams of princely carriage horses, eight to a team; sixteen coachmen; fourteen postillions; nineteen ostlers; thirteen helps, besides smiths, carriage-masters, horse-doctors, and other attendants of the stable. The female attendants were not so numerous: I grieve to find but a dozen or fourteen of them about the Electoral premises, and only two washerwomen for all the Court. These functionaries had not so much to do as in the present age. I own to finding a pleasure in these small beer chronicles. I like to people the old world, with its everyday figures and inhabitants—not so much with heroes fighting immense battles and inspiring repulsed battalions to engage; or statesmen locked up in darkling cabinets and meditating ponderous laws or dire conspiracies; as with people occupied with their everyday work or pleasure;—my lord and lady hunting in the forest, or dancing in the Court, or bowing to their serene highnesses as they pass in to dinner; John Cook and his procession bringing the meal from the kitchen; the jolly butlers bearing in the flagons from the cellar; the stout coachman driving the ponderous gilt waggon, with eight cream-coloured horses in housings of scarlet velvet and morocco leather; a postillion on the leaders, and a pair or a half-dozen of running footmen scudding along by the side of the vehicle, with conical caps, long silver-headed maces, which they poised as they ran, and splendid jackets laced all over with silver and gold. I fancy the citizens' wives and their daughters looking out from the balconies; and the burghers, over their beer and mumm, rising up, cap in hand, as the cavalcade passes through the town with torch-bearers, trumpeters blowing their lusty cheeks out, and squadrons of jack-booted lifeguardsmen, girt with shining cuirasses, and bestriding thundering chargers, escorting his highness's coach from Hanover to Herrenhausen; or halting, mayhap, at Madame Platen's country house of Monplaisir, which lies half-way between the summer palace and the Residenz.

In the good old times of which I am treating, whilst common men were driven off by herds, and sold to fight the emperor's enemies on the Danube, or to bayonet King Louis's troops of common men on the Rhine, noblemen passed from court to court, seeking service with one prince or the other, and naturally taking command of the ignoble vulgar of soldiery which battled and died almost without hope of promotion. Noble adventurers travelled from court to court in search of employment; not merely noble males, but noble females too; and if these latter were beauties, and obtained the favourable notice of princes, they stopped in the courts,

became the favourites of their Serene or Royal Highnesses; and received great sums of money and splendid diamonds; and were promoted to be duchesses, marchionesses and the like; and did not fall much in public esteem for the manner in which they won their advancement. In this way Mlle. de Querouailles, a beautiful French lady, came to London on a special mission of Louis XIV., and was adopted by our grateful country and sovereign, and figured as Duchess of Portsmouth. In this way the beautiful Aurora of Königsmarck travelling about found favour in the eyes of Augustus of Saxony, and became the mother of Marshal Saxe, who gave us a beating at Fontenoy; and in this manner the lovely sisters Elizabeth and Melusina of Meissenbach (who had actually been driven out of Paris, whither they had travelled on a like errand, by the wise jealousy of the female favourite there in possession) journeyed to Hanover, and became favourites of the serene house there reigning.

That beautiful Aurora von Königsmarck and her brother are wonderful as types of bygone manners, and strange illustrations of the morals of old days. The Königsmarcks were descended from an ancient noble family of Brandenburgh, a branch of which passed into Sweden, where it enriched itself and produced several mighty men of valour.

The founder of the race was Hans Christof, a famous warrior and plunderer of the thirty years' war. One of Hans's sons, Otto, appeared as ambassador at the court of Louis XIV., and had to make a Swedish speech at his reception before the Most Christian King. Otto was a famous dandy and warrior, but he forgot the speech, and what do you think he did? Far from being disconcerted, he recited a portion of the Swedish Catechism to His Most Christian Majesty and his court, not one of whom understood his lingo with the exception of his own suite, who had to keep their gravity as best they might.

Otto's nephew, Aurora's elder brother, Carl Johann of Königsmarck, a favourite of Charles II., a beauty, a dandy, a warrior, a rascal of more than ordinary mark, escaped but deserved being hanged in England for the murder of Tom Thynne of Longleat. He had a little brother in London with him at this time:—as great a beauty, as great a dandy, as great a villain as his elder. This lad, Philip of Königsmarck, also was implicated in the affair; and perhaps it is a pity he ever brought his pretty neck out of it. He went over to Hanover, and was soon appointed colonel of a regiment of H.E. Highness's dragoons. In early life he had been page in the court of Celle; and it was said that he and the pretty Princess Sophia Dorothea, who by this time was married to her cousin George the Electoral prince, had been in love with each other as children. Their loves were now to be renewed, not innocently, and to come to a fearful end.

A biography of the wife of George I., by Dr. Doran, has lately appeared, and I confess I am astounded at the verdict which that writer has delivered, and at his acquittal of this most unfortunate lady. That she had a cold selfish libertine of a husband no one can doubt; but that the bad husband had a bad wife is equally clear. She was married to her

cousin for money or convenience, as all princesses were married. She was most beautiful, lively, witty, accomplished: his brutality outraged her: his silence and coldness chilled her: his cruelty insulted her. No wonder she did not love him. How could love be a part of the compact in such a marriage as that? With this unlucky heart to dispose of, the poor creature bestowed it on Philip of Königsmarck, than whom a greater scamp does not walk the history of the seventeenth century. A hundred and eighty years after the fellow was thrust into his unknown grave, a Swedish professor lights upon a box of letters in the University Library at Upsala, written by Philip and Dorothea to each other, and telling their miserable story.

The bewitching Königsmarck had conquered two female hearts in Hanover. Besides the Electoral prince's lovely young wife Sophia Dorothea, Philip had inspired a passion in a hideous old court lady, the Countess of Platen. The princess seems to have pursued him with the fidelity of many years. Heaps of letters followed him on his campaigns, and were answered by the daring adventurer. The princess wanted to fly with him; to quit her odious husband at any rate. She besought her parents to receive her back; had a notion of taking refuge in France and going over to the Catholic religion; had absolutely packed her jewels for flight, and very likely arranged its details with her lover, in that last long night's interview, after which Philip of Königsmarck was seen no more.

Königsmarck, inflamed with drink—there is scarcely any vice of which, according to his own showing, this gentleman was not a practitioner—had boasted at a supper at Dresden of his intimacy with the two Hanoverian ladies, not only with the princess, but with another lady powerful in Hanover. The Countess Platen, the old favourite of the Elector, hated the young Electoral Princess. The young lady had a lively wit, and constantly made fun of the old one. The princess's jokes were conveyed to the old Platen just as our idle words are carried about at this present day: and so they both hated each other.

The characters in the tragedy, of which the curtain was now about to fall, are about as dark a set as eye ever rested on. There is the jolly prince, shrewd, selfish, scheming, loving his cups and his ease (I think his good-humour makes the tragedy but darker); his princess, who speaks little, but observes all; his old, painted Jezebel of a mistress; his son, the electoral prince, shrewd too, quiet, selfish, not ill-humoured, and generally silent, except when goaded into fury by the intolerable tongue of his lovely wife; there is poor Sophia Dorothea, with her coquetry and her wrongs, and her passionate attachment to her scamp of a lover, and her wild imprudences, and her mad artifices, and her insane fidelity, and her furious jealousy regarding her husband (though she loathed and cheated him), and her prodigious falsehoods; and the confidante, of course, into whose hands the letters are slipped; and there is Lothario, finally, than whom, as I have said, one can't imagine a more handsome, wicked, worthless reprobate.

A DEED OF DARKNESS.

How that perverse fidelity of passion pursues the villain! How madly true the woman is, and how astoundingly she lies! She has bewitched two or three persons who have taken her up, and they won't believe in her wrong. Like Mary of Scotland, she finds adherents ready to conspire for her even in history, and people who have to deal with her are charmed, and fascinated, and bedevilled. How devotedly Miss Strickland has stood by Mary's innocence! Are there not scores of ladies in this audience who persist in it too? Innocent! I remember as a boy how a great party persisted in declaring Caroline of Brunswick was a martyred angel. So was Helen of Greece innocent. She never ran away with Paris, the dangerous young Trojan. Menelaus her husband illused her; and there never was any siege of Troy at all. So was Bluebeard's wife innocent. She never peeped into the closet where the other wives were with their heads off. She never dropped the key, or stained it with blood; and her brothers were quite right in finishing Bluebeard, the cowardly brute! Yes, Caroline of Brunswick was innocent; and Madame Laffarge never poisoned her husband; and Mary of Scotland never blew up her's; and poor Sophia Dorothea was never unfaithful; and Eve never took the apple —it was a cowardly fabrication of the serpent's.

George Louis has been held up to execration as a murderous Bluebeard, whereas the Electoral Prince had no share in the transaction in which Philip of Königsmarck was scuffled out of this mortal scene. The prince was absent when the catastrophe came. The princess had had a hundred warnings; mild hints from her husband's parents; grim remonstrances from himself—but took no more heed of this advice than such besotted poor wretches do. On the night of Sunday, the 1st of July, 1694, Königsmarck paid a long visit to the princess, and left her to get ready for flight. Her husband was away at Berlin; her carriages and horses were prepared and ready for the elopement. Meanwhile, the spies of Countess Platen had brought the news to their mistress. She went to Ernest Augustus, and procured from the Elector an order for the arrest of the Swede. On the way by which he was to come, four guards were commissioned to take him. He strove to cut his way through the four men, and wounded more than one of them. They fell upon him; cut him down; and, as he was lying wounded on the ground, the countess, his enemy, whom he had betrayed and insulted, came out and beheld him prostrate. He cursed her with his dying lips, and the furious woman stamped upon his mouth with her heel. He was dispatched presently; his body burnt the next day; and all traces of the man disappeared. The guards who killed him were enjoined silence under severe penalties. The princess was reported to be ill in her apartments, from which she was taken in October of the same year, being then eight-and-twenty years old, and consigned to the castle of Ahlden, where she remained a prisoner for no less than thirty-two years. A separation had been pronounced previously between her and her husband. She was called henceforth the "Princess of Ahlden," and her silent husband no more uttered her name.

Four years after the Königsmarck catastrophe, Ernest Augustus, the first Elector of Hanover, died, and George Louis, his son, reigned in his stead. Sixteen years he reigned in Hanover, after which he became, as we know, King of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, Defender of the Faith. The wicked old Countess Platen died in the year 1706. She had lost her sight, but nevertheless the legend says that she constantly saw Königsmarck's ghost by her wicked old bed. And so there was an end of her.

In the year 1700, the little Duke of Gloucester, the last of poor Queen Anne's children, died, and the folks of Hanover straightway became of prodigious importance in England. The Electress Sophia was declared the next in succession to the English throne. George Louis was created Duke of Cambridge; grand deputations were sent over from our country to Deutschland; but Queen Anne, whose weak heart hankered after her relatives at St. Germains, never could be got to allow her cousin, the Elector Duke of Cambridge, to come and pay his respects to her Majesty, and take his seat in her House of Peers. Had the queen lasted a month longer; had the English Tories been as bold and resolute as they were clever and crafty; had the prince whom the nation loved and pitied been equal to his fortune, George Louis had never talked German in St. James's Chapel Royal.

When the crown did come to George Louis he was in no hurry about putting it on. He waited at home for awhile; took an affecting farewell of his dear Hanover and Herrenhausen; and set out in the most leisurely manner to ascend "the throne of his ancestors," as he called it in his first speech to Parliament. He brought with him a compact body of Germans, whose society he loved, and whom he kept round the royal person. He had his faithful German chamberlains; his German secretaries; his negroes, captives of his bow and spear in Turkish wars; his two ugly, elderly German favourites, Mesdames of Kielmansegge and Schulenberg, whom he created respectively Countess of Darlington and Duchess of Kendal. The duchess was tall, and lean of stature, and hence was irreverently nicknamed the Maypole. The countess was a large-sized noblewoman, and this elevated personage was denominated the Elephant. Both of these ladies loved Hanover and its delights; clung round the linden-trees of the great Herrenhausen avenue, and at first would not quit the place. Schulenberg, in fact, could not come on account of her debts; but finding the Maypole would not come, the Elephant packed up her trunk and slipped out of Hanover unwieldly as she was. On this the Maypole straightway put herself in motion, and followed her beloved George Louis. One seems to be speaking of Captain Macheath, and Polly, and Lucy. The king we had selected; the courtiers who came in his train; the English nobles who came to welcome him, and on many of whom the shrewd old cynic turned his back—I protest it is a wonderful satirical picture. I am a citizen waiting at Greenwich pier, say, and crying hurrah for King George; and yet I can scarcely keep my countenance, and help laughing at the enormous absurdity of this advent!

Here we are, all on our knees. Here is the Archbishop of Canterbury prostrating himself to the head of his church, with Kielmansegge and Schulenberg with their ruddled cheeks grinning behind the defender of the faith. Here is my Lord Duke of Marlborough kneeling too, the greatest warrior of all times; he who betrayed King William—betrayed King James II.—betrayed Queen Anne—betrayed England to the French, the Elector to the Pretender, the Pretender to the Elector; and here are my Lords Oxford and Bolingbroke, the latter of whom has just tripped up the heels of the former; and if a month's more time had been allowed him, would have had King James at Westminster. The great Whig gentlemen made their bows and congées with proper decorum and ceremony; but yonder keen old schemer knows the value of their loyalty. "Loyalty," he must think, "as applied to me—it is absurd! There are fifty nearer heirs to the throne than I am. I am but an accident, and you fine Whig gentlemen take me for your own sake, not for mine. You Tories hate me; you archbishop, smirking on your knees, and prating about Heaven, you know I don't care a fig for your Thirty-nine Articles, and can't understand a word of your stupid sermons. You, my Lords Bolingbroke and Oxford—you know you were conspiring against me a month ago; and you my Lord Duke of Marlborough—you would sell me or any man else, if you found your advantage in it. Come, my good Melusina, come, my honest Sophia, let us go into my private room, and have some oysters and some Rhine wine, and some pipes afterwards: let us make the best of our situation; let us take what we can get, and leave these bawling, brawling, lying English to shout, and fight, and cheat, in their own way!"

If Swift had not been committed to the statesmen of the losing side, what a fine satirical picture we might have had of that general *sauve qui peut* amongst the Tory party! How mum the Tories became; how the House of Lords and House of Commons chopped round; and how decorously the majorities welcomed King George!

Bolingbroke, making his last speech in the House of Lords, pointed out the shame of peerage, where several lords concurred to condemn in one general vote all that they had approved in former parliaments by many particular resolutions. And so their conduct was shameful. St. John had the best of the argument, but the worst of the vote. Bad times were come for him. He talked philosophy, and professed innocence. He courted retirement, and was ready to meet persecution; but, hearing that honest Mat Prior, who had been recalled from Paris, was about to peach regarding the past transactions, the philosopher bolted, and took that magnificent head of his out of the ugly reach of the axe. Oxford, the lazy and good-humoured, had more courage, and awaited the storm at home. He and Mat Prior both had lodgings in the Tower, and both brought their heads safe out of that dangerous menagerie. When Atterbury was carried off to the same den, a few years afterwards, and it was asked, what next should be done with him? "Done with him? Fling

him to the lions," Cadogan said, Marlborough's lieutenant. But the British lion of those days did not care much for drinking the blood of peaceful peers and poets, or crunching the bones of bishops. Only four men were executed in London for the rebellion of 1715; and twenty-two in Lancashire. Above a thousand taken in arms, submitted to the king's mercy, and petitioned to be transported to his majesty's colonies in America. I have heard that their descendants took the loyalist side in the disputes which arose sixty years after. It is pleasant to find that a friend of ours, worthy Dick Steele, was for letting off the rebels with their lives.

As one thinks of what might have been, how amusing the speculation is! We know how the doomed Scottish gentlemen came out at Lord Mar's summons, mounted the white cockade, that has been a flower of sad poetry ever since, and rallied round the ill-omened Stuart standard at Braemar. Mar, with 8,000 men, and but 1,500 opposed to him, might have driven the enemy over the Tweed, and taken possession of the whole of Scotland; but that the Pretender's duke did not venture to move when the day was his own. Edinburgh castle might have been in King James's hands; but that the men who were to escalade it stayed to drink his health at the tavern, and arrived two hours too late at the rendezvous under the castle wall. There was sympathy enough in the town—the projected attack seems to have been known there—Lord Mahon quotes Sinclair's account of a gentleman not concerned, who told Sinclair, that he was in a house that evening where eighteen of them were drinking, as the facetious landlady said, "powdering their hair," for the attack of the castle. Suppose they had not stopped to powder their hair? Edinburgh Castle, and town, and all Scotland were King James's. The north of England rises, and marches over Barnet Heath upon London. Wyndham is up in Somersetshire; Packington in Worcestershire; and Vivian in Cornwall. The Elector of Hanover, and his hideous mistresses, pack up the plate, and perhaps the crown jewels in London, and are off *via* Harwich and Helvoetsluys, for dear old Deutschland. The king—God save him!—lands at Dover, with tumultuous applause; shouting multitudes, roaring cannon, the Duke of Marlborough weeping tears of joy, and all the bishops kneeling in the mud. In a few years, mass is said in St. Paul's; matins and vespers are sung in York Minster; and Dr. Swift is turned out of his stall and deanery house at St. Patrick's, to give place to Father Dominic, from Salamanca. All these changes were possible then, and once thirty years afterwards—all this we might have had, but for the *pulveris exigui jactu*, that little toss of powder for the hair which the Scotch conspirators stopped to take at the tavern.

You understand the distinction I would draw between history—of which I do not aspire to be an expounder—and manners and life such as these sketches would describe. The rebellion breaks out in the north; its story is before you in a hundred volumes, in none more fairly than in the excellent narrative of Lord Mahon. The clans are up in Scotland; Derwentwater, Nithisdale and Forster are in arms in Northumberland—

these are matters of history, for which you are referred to the due chroniclers. The Guards are set to watch the streets, and prevent the people wearing white roses. I read presently of a couple of soldiers almost flogged to death for wearing oakboughs in their hats on the 29th of May—another badge of the beloved Stuarts. It is with these we have to do, rather than with the marches and battles of the armies to which the poor fellows belonged—with statesmen, and how they looked, and how they lived, rather than with measures of State, which belong to history alone. For example, at the close of the old queen's reign, it is known the Duke of Marlborough left the kingdom—after what menaces, after what prayers, lies, bribes offered, taken, refused, accepted; after what dark doubling and tacking, let history, if she can or dare, say. The queen dead; who so eager to return as my lord duke? Who shouts God save the king! so lustily as the great conqueror of Blenheim and Malplaquet? (By the way, he will send over some more money for the Pretender yet, on the sly.) Who lays his hand on his blue ribbon, and lifts his eyes more gracefully to heaven than this hero? He makes a quasi-triumphal entrance into London, by Temple Bar, in his enormous gilt coach—and the enormous gilt coach breaks down somewhere by Chancery Lane, and his highness is obliged to get another. There it is we have him. We are with the mob in the crowd, not with the great folks in the procession. We are not the Historic Muse, but her ladyship's attendant, tale-bearer—*valet de chambre*—for whom no man is a hero; and, as yonder one steps from his carriage to the next handy conveyance, we take the number of the hack; we look all over at his stars, ribbons, embroidery; we think within ourselves, O you unfathomable schemer! O you warrior invincible! O you beautiful smiling Judas! What master would you not kiss or betray? What traitor's head, blackening on the spikes on yonder gate, ever hatched a tithe of the treason which has worked under your periwig?

We have brought our Georges to London city, and if we would behold its aspect, may see it in Hogarth's lively perspective of Cheapside, or read of it in a hundred contemporary books which paint the manners of that age. Our dear old *Spectator* looks smiling upon these streets, with their innumerable signs, and describes them with his charming humour. "Our streets are filled with Blue Boars, Black Swans, and Red Lions, not to mention Flying Pigs and Hogs in Armour, with other creatures more extraordinary than any in the deserts of Africa." A few of these quaint old figures still remain in London town. You may still see there, and over its old hostel in Ludgate Hill, the Belle Sauvage to whom the *Spectator* so pleasantly alludes in that paper; and who was, probably, no other than the sweet American Pocahontas, who rescued from death the daring Captain Smith. There is the Lion's Head, down whose jaws the *Spectator's* own letters were passed; and over a great banker's in Fleet Street, the effigy of the wallet, which the founder of the firm bore when he came into London a country boy. People this street, so ornamented with crowds of swinging chairmen, with servants bawling to clear the way, with Mr. Dean

in his cassock, his lacquey marching before him; or Mrs. Dinah in her sack, tripping to chapel, her footboy carrying her ladyship's great prayer-book; with itinerant tradesmen, singing their hundred cries (I remember forty years ago, as a boy in London city, a score of cheery, familiar cries that are silent now). Fancy the beaux thronging to the chocolate-houses, tapping their snuff-boxes as they issue thence, their periwigs appearing over the red curtains. Fancy Saccharissa beckoning and smiling from the upper windows, and a crowd of soldiers brawling and bustling at the door —gentlemen of the Life Guards, clad in scarlet, with blue facings, and laced with gold at the seams; gentlemen of the Horse Grenadiers, in their caps of sky-blue cloth, with the garter embroidered on the front in gold and silver; men of the Halberdiers, in their long red coats, as bluff Harry left them, with their ruffs and velvet flat caps. Perhaps the king's majesty himself is going to St. James's as we pass. If he is going to parliament, he is in his coach-and-eight, surrounded by his guards and the high officers of his crown. Otherwise his Majesty only uses a chair, with six footmen walking before, and six yeomen of the guard at the sides of the sedan. The officers in waiting follow the king in coaches. It must be rather slow work.

Our *Spectator* and *Tatler* are full of delightful glimpses of the town life of those days. In the company of that charming guide, we may go to the opera, the comedy, the puppet show, the auction, even the cockpit: we can take boat at Temple Stairs, and accompany Sir Roger de Coverley and Mr. Spectator to Spring Garden—it will be called Vauxhall a few years since, when Hogarth will paint for it. Would you not like to step back into the past, and be introduced to Mr. Addison?—not the Right Honourable Joseph Addison, Esq., George I.'s Secretary of State, but to the delightful painter of contemporary manners; the man who, when in good-humour himself, was the pleasantest companion in all England. I should like to go into Lockit's with him, and drink a bowl along with Sir R. Steele (who has just been knighted by King George, and who does not happen to have any money to pay his share of the reckoning). I should not care to follow Mr. Addison to his secretary's office in Whitehall. There we get into politics. Our business is pleasure, and the town, and the coffee-house, and the theatre, and the Mall. Delightful Spectator! kind friend of leisure hours! happy companion! true Christian gentleman! How much greater, better, you are than the king Mr. Secretary kneels to!

You can have foreign testimony about old-world London, if you like; and my before-quoted friend, Charles Louis, Baron de Pöllnitz, will conduct us to it. "A man of sense," says he, "or a fine gentleman, is never at a loss for company in London, and this is the way the latter passes his time. He rises late, puts on a frock, and, leaving his sword at home, takes his cane, and goes where he pleases. The park is commonly the place where he walks, because 'tis the Exchange for men of quality. 'Tis the same thing as the Tuileries at Paris, only the park has a certain beauty of simplicity which cannot be described. The grand walk is called the

Mall; is full of people at every hour of the day, but especially at morning and evening, when their Majesties often walk with the royal family, who are attended only by a half-dozen yeomen of the guard, and permit all persons to walk at the same time with them. The ladies and gentlemen always appear in rich dresses, for the English, who, twenty years ago, did not wear gold lace but in their army, are now embroidered and bedaubed as much as the French. I speak of persons of quality; for the citizen still contents himself with a suit of fine cloth, a good hat and wig, and fine linen. Everybody is well clothed here, and even the beggars don't make so ragged an appearance as they do elsewhere." After our friend, the man of quality, has had his morning or undress walk in the Mall, he goes home to dress, and then saunters to some coffee-house or chocolate-house frequented by the persons he would see. "For 'tis a rule with the English to go once a day at least to houses of this sort, where they talk of business and news, read the papers, and often look at one another without opening their lips. And 'tis very well they are so mute: for were they all as talkative as people of other nations, the coffee-houses would be intolerable, and there would be no hearing what one man said where they are so many. The chocolate-house in St. James's Street, where I go every morning to pass away the time, is always so full that a man can scarce turn about in it."

Delightful as London city was, King George I. liked to be out of it as much as ever he could; and when there, passed all his time with his Germans. It was with them as with Blucher, 100 years afterwards, when the bold old reiter looked down from St. Paul's, and sighed out, "Was für Plunder!" The German women plundered; the German secretaries plundered; the German cooks and intendants plundered; even Mustapha and Mahomet, the German negroes, had a share of the booty. Take what you can get, was the old monarch's maxim. He was not a lofty monarch, certainly: he was not a patron of the fine arts: but he was not a hypocrite, he was not revengeful, he was not extravagant. Though a despot in Hanover, he was a moderate ruler in England. His aim was to leave it to itself as much as possible, and to live out of it as much as he could. His heart was in Hanover. When taken ill on his last journey, as he was passing through Holland, he thrust his livid head out of the coach-window, and gasped out, "Osnaburg, Osnaburg!" He was more than fifty years of age when he came amongst us: we took him because we wanted him, because he served our turn; we laughed at his uncouth German ways, and sneered at him. He took our loyalty for what it was worth; laid hands on what money he could; kept us assuredly from Popery and wooden shoes. I, for one, would have been on his side in those days. Cynical, and selfish, as he was, he was better than a king out of St. Germains, with the French king's orders in his pocket, and a swarm of Jesuits in his train.

The Fates are supposed to interest themselves about royal personages; and so this one had omens and prophecies specially regarding him. He

was said to be much disturbed at a prophecy that he should die very soon after his wife; and sure enough, pallid Death, having seized upon the luckless princess in her castle of Ahlden, presently pounced upon H. M. King George I., in his travelling chariot, on the Hanover road. What postilion can outride that pale horseman? It is said, George promised one of his left-handed widows to come to her after death, if leave were granted to him to revisit the glimpses of the moon; and soon after his demise, a great raven actually flying or hopping in at the Duchess of Kendal's window at Twickenham, she chose to imagine the king's spirit inhabited these plumes, and took special care of her sable visitor. Affecting metempsychosis—funereal royal bird! How pathetic is the idea of the duchess weeping over it! When this chaste addition to our English aristocracy died, all her jewels, her plate, her plunder went over to her relations in Hanover. I wonder whether her heirs took the bird, and whether it is still flapping its wings over Herrenhausen?

The days are over in England of that strange religion of king-worship, when priests flattered princes in the Temple of God; when servility was held to be ennobling duty; when beauty and youth tried eagerly for royal favour; and woman's shame was held to be no dishonour. Mended morals and mended manners in courts and people, are among the priceless consequences of the freedom which George I. came to rescue and secure. He kept his compact with his English subjects; and, if he escaped no more than other men and monarchs from the vices of his age, at least we may thank him for preserving and transmitting the liberties of ours. In our free air, royal and humble homes have alike been purified; and Truth, the birthright of high and low among us, which quite fearlessly judges our greatest personages, can only speak of them now in words of respect and regard. There are stains in the portrait of the first George, and traits in it which none of us need admire; but, among the nobler features are justice, courage, moderation—and these we may recognize ere we turn the picture to the wall.

Physiological Riddles.

I.—How We Act.

When a common reader takes up a physiological work, his feelings are apt to be those of admiration, rising rapidly to astonishment, and soon sinking into despair. The multiplicity of the facts, the ingenuity of the experiments, the intricacy of the results,—the astonishing amount of light, and the insuperable darkness,—produce a mingled effect upon the mind. The more observations multiply, the more doubtful everything becomes. Thus some recent books assure us that we do not know why we feel hungry, nor what takes place in respiration, nor why the blood circulates, nor why we are warm. Surely these are rather negative results of a positive philosophy. And the worst is, that so much questioning of the past almost shakes our confidence in the present. Do we really know anything on the subject? Shall we find out by-and-by that we do *not* live by the oxygen of the air, that the blood does not circulate, that food is a fashion, and animal heat an agreeable fiction for a cold day? Is there anything certain in physiology at all, besides what we can see?

If there is, it must be by virtue of some fixed principles; some certain and unquestionable relations established between things. And these indeed seem to be sadly wanting in this department. We appear to be, in physiological inquiries, entirely at the mercy of our senses. Anything might be true, nor can we grasp any fact with a firmer hold than mere empirical inquiry can afford. Every inference, therefore, is open to doubt; no law is ascertained which can sustain the shock of apparent exceptions, nor any principle established to which we may with confidence seek to reduce anomalies. No science has made real progress till it has passed out of this state. So long as no certain principles or necessary laws have been discovered in any branch of knowledge, we cannot tell what we may believe, and, at the best, its doctrines form a mass of truth and error inextricably mixed.

If, therefore, any relations in the vital processes could be ascertained, which must in the nature of things be true, like the propositions of geometry, or if any physiological laws could be found, based on a sufficiently wide induction to give them authority as standards, like the laws of gravitation in astronomy, or of definite proportions in chemistry, this would be a great aid both to the comprehension and to the advance of the science. And though we do not intend here to enter on any such inquiry, we will try whether a clearer light cannot be thrown upon some of the points on which the main interest of physiology centres.

Too much must not be attempted at once. So, dismissing for the present all other subjects connected with the living body, we concentrate our attention on the question, Whence comes its active power? Taking

the body as it stands, supposing it originated, developed, and nourished, by means which we do not now consider, we ask ourselves, Can we find the reason of its spontaneous activity ?—why action should go on within it, and force be exerted by it on the world around ?

There is a term we shall find it convenient to use in this inquiry, and may, therefore, briefly define. The actions of a living body are called its "functions." One of these functions is muscular motion, whether external or internal; another is the nervous action; and a third includes various processes of secretion. The growth and nourishment of the body we do not include among the "functions," as we propose to use the term.

We inquire, then, why the living body has in itself a power of acting, and is not like the inert masses of merely inorganic matter? And here let us first observe, that some other things besides the animal body possess an active power. "It died last night," exclaimed the Chinaman, in triumph, on selling the first watch he had ever seen. And certainly a watch is like an animal in some respects. Under certain conditions, it has an active power as like that of the heart as could readily be devised. What are those conditions? They are very simple. It must contain a spring in a state of tension: that is, force must have been applied to it in such a way as to store up power, by opposing the tendency of the metal to straighten itself. Let us fix in our minds this conception of a tension, or balancing of two forces in the watch-spring. The power applied in winding it up is exerted in opposing the elasticity of the steel: it is compressed—coerced. The production of motion from it, when in this state, is a quite simple mechanical problem: let it unbend, and let wheels and levers be at hand to convey the force where it may be desired.

Let it be observed that the force thus exerted by the spring, and on which the "functions" of the watch depend, is truly the force that is applied by the hand in winding it up. That force is retained by the spring, as it were in a latent state, until it is applied to use: it exists in the spring as tension—a state intermediate between the motion of the hand in bending it, and of the hands of the watch in their revolutions. But the motion is the same throughout. It is interrupted and stored up in the spring; it is not altered. We may say, that the tense spring is the unbent spring *plus motion*. It embodies the force we have exerted. It is not the same thing as it was in its relaxed state; it is more. And it can only pass again into the unbent state by giving out the force which has been thus put into it.

Steam is an instance of a similar thing. Water, in passing into vapour, absorbs or embodies no less than 960 degrees of heat. Vapour is not the same thing as water; it is more—it is water plus heat. Nor can it return into the state of water again, without giving out all this heat. Vapour, therefore, in respect to force, is like a bent spring, and water is like the spring relaxed.

And further, as a bent spring *tends* constantly to relax, and will relax as soon as it is permitted, or as soon as ever the force which keeps it bent is taken away, so does vapour constantly tend to return to the state of

water. It seeks every opportunity, we might say, of doing so, and of giving out its force. Like the spring, it is endowed with a power of acting. Let but the temperature of the air be cooled, let a little electricity be abstracted from the atmosphere, and the force-laden vapour *relaxes* into water, and descends in grateful showers.

In the vapour, heat opposes the force of cohesion. It is not hard to recognize a tension here; the heat being stored up in the vapour, not destroyed or lost, but only latent. And when the rain descends, all this heat is given off again, though perhaps not as heat. It may be changed in form, and appear as electricity for example, but it is the same force as the heat which changed the water into vapour at the first. Only its form is changed, or can be changed.

Now the living body is like vapour in this respect, that it embodies force. It has grown, directly or indirectly, by the light and heat of the sun, or other forces, and consists not of the material elements alone, but of these elements *plus force*. Like the vapour, too, or like the spring, it constantly tends to give off this force, and to *relax* into the inorganic form. It is continually decaying; some portion or other is at every moment decomposing, and approaching the inorganic state. And this it cannot do without producing some effect, the force it gives off must operate. What should this force do then? what should be its effects? What but the "functions?"

For the force stored up in the body, like all force, may exist in various forms. Motion, as the rudest nations know, produces heat, and heat continually produces motion. There is a ceaseless round of force-mutation throughout nature, each one generating, or changing into, the other. So the force which enters the plant as heat, or light, &c., and is stored up in its tissues, making them "organic"*—this force, transferred from the plant to the animal in digestion, is given out by its muscles in their decomposition, and produces motion: or by its nerves, and constitutes the nervous force.

In this there is nothing that is not according to known laws. The animal body, so far, answers exactly to a machine such as we ourselves construct. In various mechanical structures, adapted to work in certain ways, we accumulate, or store up, force: we render vapour tense in the steam-engine, we raise weights in the clock, we compress the atmosphere in the air-gun; and having done this, we know that there is a source of power within them from which the desired actions will ensue. The principle is the same in the animal functions: the source of power in the body is the storing up of force.

But in what way is force stored up in the body? It is stored up by *resistance* to chemical affinity. It is a common observation, that life seems to suspend or alter the chemical laws and ordinary properties of bodies; and in one sense this is true, though false in another. Life does not

* As heat, we may say, makes water "gaseous."

suspend the chemical or any other laws; they are operative still, and evidence of their action is everywhere to be met with; but in living structures force is employed in opposing chemical affinity, so that the chemical changes which go on in them take place under peculiar conditions, and manifest, accordingly, peculiar characteristics. If I lift a heavy body, I employ my muscular force in opposing gravity, but the law of gravity is neither suspended nor altered thereby; or if I compress an elastic body, my force opposes elasticity, but the laws of elasticity are not thereby altered. In truth, the forces of gravity and elasticity thus receive scope to operate, and display their laws. Just so it is in the living body. The force of chemical affinity is opposed, and thereby has scope to act; its laws are not altered, but they operate under new conditions. Owing to the opposition to chemical affinity, the living tissues ever tend to decompose; as a weight *that has been lifted* tends to fall.

But the living structures are not the only instances, in nature, of bodies which tend to decompose. There are several in the inorganic world: such are the fulminating powders (iodide or chloride of nitrogen, for example), which explode upon a touch. There is a strong analogy between these and the living tissues. In each case, there is a tendency to undergo chemical decomposition; in each case, this decomposition produces an enormous amount of force. Explosive powders may be compared to steam that has been heated under pressure, and which expands with violence when the pressure is removed. The tendencies of these bodies have been coerced by some force, which is thus latent in them, and is restored to the active state in their decomposition. This is the point of view from which the living body, in respect to its power of producing force, should be regarded. The chemical tendencies have been resisted or coerced, and are, therefore, ready, on the slightest stimulus, to come into active operation. And the "functions" are effected by this operation of chemical force upon the various adapted structures of the body. The animal is a divinely made machine, constructed, indeed, with a marvellous delicacy, perfection, and complexity; and depending upon a power, the vital modification of force, which it is wholly beyond our skill to imitate, but still involving, in the laws of its activity, no other principles than those which we every day apply, and see to regulate the entire course of nature.

We speak of "stimuli" to the vital functions—of the things which stimulate muscular contraction, or stimulate the nerves. What is the part performed by these? They are what the spark is to the explosion of gunpowder; or what the opening of the valve that permits the steam to pass into the cylinder, is to the motions of the steam-engine. They do not cause the action, but permit it. The cause of the muscular motion is the decomposition in the muscle, as the cause of the motion of the piston is the expansion of the steam; it is the relaxing of the tension. In the muscle, the chemical affinity on the one hand, and a force which we will call, provisionally, the vital force on the other, exist in equilibrium; the stimulus overthrows this equilibrium, and thus calls forth the inherent

tendency to change of state. Magnets lose for a time their magnetic property by being raised to a red heat; if, therefore, to a magnet holding a weight suspended heat enough were applied, it would permit the fall of the weight. It is thus the stimulus "permits" the function.

So one of the most perplexing circumstances connected with the phenomena of life becomes less difficult to understand; namely, that the most various and even opposite agencies produce, and may be used by us to produce, the same effects upon the body. The application of cold, or heat, or friction, alike will excite respiration. Any mechanical or chemical irritation determines muscular contraction, or will occasion in the nerves of special sense their own peculiar sensations. These various agencies operate, not by their own peculiar qualities, but by disturbing an equilibrium, so that the same effect is brought about in many ways. A sudden change is the essential requisite. As almost any force will cause a delicately balanced body to fall, so almost any change in the conditions of a living body, if it be not fatal to its life, will bring its functional activity into play. Anything that increases the power of the chemical tendencies, or diminishes the resistance to them, may have the same effect.

To recapitulate: Chemical affinity is opposed, and delicately balanced, by other force in the organic body (as we oppose forces in a machine; the elasticity of heated steam by the tenacity of iron, for example); and this affinity coming into play—spontaneously or through the effect of stimuli which disturb the equilibrium—is the secret of the animal functions. The body is not in this respect peculiar, but is conformable to all that we best know and most easily understand. The same principles are acted upon by every boy who makes a bird-trap with tiles and a few pieces of stick: here is the opposition to gravity, the equilibrium of force and resistance, and the unfortunate bird applies the stimulus.

But if the case be so simple, why has it not always been presented so? Why has it been conceived that the living body had an inherent activity peculiar to itself? And why especially has the decomposition of the body been represented as the result, and not as the cause, of its activity? Many circumstances have contributed to make this problem difficult of solution. In the first place, if the animal is like a machine in some respects, in others it is strikingly unlike one. All machines consist of two distinct parts: the mechanism, and the power. First, men construct the boiler, the cylinder, the levers, the wheels, all the parts and members of the steam-engine, and then they add the water and the fire: first, they arrange the wheels, the balances, the adjustments of the watch, and then they bend the spring. In the body these two elements are united, and blended into one. The structure itself is the seat of the power. The very muscles, that contract, decompose; the brain and nerves themselves, in their decay, originate the nervous force. It is as if the wheels of the steam-engine were made of coal, and revolved by their own combustion;* or as if the watch-

* The catharine-wheel is an instance of this very thing: structure and power united. But the firework is not renewed as it decomposes; the "nutrition" is wanting.

spring, as it expanded, pointed to the hour. Here is a broad distinction between all contrivances of ours and living organisms, and this made it the harder to perceive the essential correspondence. For the burning of the coal (an organic substance) to move an iron wheel, differs only in detail, and not in essence, from the decomposition of a muscle to effect its own contraction. Indeeed, we are not justified in affirming, absolutely, that there is even this difference of detail. It may not be the very same portion of the muscle which decomposes and contracts ; the power and the mechanism may be as truly separate in the body as in any machine of our own contriving, and only so closely brought together as to defy our present powers of analysis. It is not unlikely that the framework (if we may call it so) of the muscle remains comparatively unchanged, and that fresh portions of material are continually brought to undergo decomposition. In this way we might perhaps better understand the decadence of the body with advancing age; it may be literally a wearing out.

And, secondly, the dependence of the active powers of the body upon the decomposition of its substance was rendered difficult to recognize, by the order in which the facts are presented to us. Let us conceive that, instead of having invented steam-engines, men had met with them in nature as objects for their investigation. What would have been the most obvious character of these bodies? Clearly their power of acting—of moving. This would have become familiar as a "property" or endowment of steam-engines, long before the part played by the steam had been recognized; for that would have required careful investigation, and a knowledge of some recondite laws, mechanical, chemical, pneumatic. Might it not, then, have happened that motion should have been taken as a peculiar characteristic belonging to the nature of the engine? and when, after a long time, the expansion of the steam coincident with this motion was detected, might it not have been at first regarded as consequence, and not as cause? Can we imagine persons thus studying the steam-engine backwards, and inverting the relation of the facts? If we can, then we have a representation of the course of discovery in respect to the vital functions. The animal body came before men's senses as gifted with a power of acting ; this was, to their thoughts, its nature—a property of life. They grew familiar with this "property," and ceased to demand a cause or explanation of it, long before it was discovered that with every such exhibition of power there was connected a change in its composition. Only after long study, and through knowledge of many laws, was this discovery made. How then should they have done otherwise than put the effect before the cause, and say: "The animal body has an active power, and as a consequence of every exertion of that power, a part of its substance becomes decomposed?"

This is another reason why the parallel between the living body and a machine has not been sooner recognized. The processes of nature are studied by us in an inverse order: we see effects before we discover causes. And such is the deadening effect of familiarity upon our minds, that the

seen effect has often ceased to excite our wonder, or stimulate our demand to know a cause, before the discovery of that cause is made.

But there is yet a third reason for the difficulty that has been found in solving this problem of the nature of the animal functions. It is complicated by the co-existence, with the functional activity, of many other and different processes. The body is at the same time growing and decaying; it is nourished while it is dying. The web of life is complex to an unparalleled degree. Well is the living frame called a microcosm; it contains in itself a representation of all the powers of nature. It cannot be paralleled by any single order of forces; it exhibits the interworking of them all. And those processes of decomposition which generate functional activity are so mixed up with other vital processes, that no experiment can disentangle them. The relations of the various forces can be discerned and demonstrated only by the application of known laws of force.

Two sources of difficulty, arising from this complexity of the organic processes, may be specially noticed. On the one hand, there are certain changes which involve decomposition, and yet are probably not attended with any functional activity. The portions of the body which have given out their force in function, may pass into still lower forms of composition previous to their excretion as worn-out materials: a process of decay may go on in them, which does not manifest itself in any *external* force. And, besides this, the decomposition which is to bring into their orderly activity the various structures, must itself be of an ordered and definite character. Unregulated, or in excess, it would produce not function but disease; as indeed we see in our own mechanical contrivances: not every possible expansion of the steam, but only that which takes place in definite direction and amount, can raise the piston.

But, on the other hand, a still greater difficulty in tracing the relation of decay to function, arises from the admixture, with these changes, of the opposite ones which constitute nutrition. The watch is being wound up as it goes. Perpetually giving off its force in function, this force is as perpetually renewed from the world without. And the very organs which are active by decay, are, perhaps at the same moment, being restored by nutrition to their perfect state. The disentangling of these processes may well be allowed to have challenged man's highest powers.

Let us now endeavour to apply the conception we have set forth to some of the animal functions, and see how far it is confirmed or otherwise; and if true, to what point it carries us, and what further questions it suggests. We conceive, in the active structures of the body, a state of equilibrium very easily disturbed, existing between the chemical affinities of their elements, and a force which has opposed these affinities; and that by the operation of the stimuli which excite function, this equilibrium is overthrown.

Let us consider first the nervous system. Evidently we do not take into account the phenomena of thought, feeling, or will. These form another subject. But confining our attention to those operations of the

nervous system which are strictly physical in their character, it may be observed, that all the stimuli which excite them are adapted to bring into activity the repressed chemical affinities of the elements. Thus the nervous force is called into action by mechanical irritation, or motion, in whatever form applied, by changes of temperature, by chemical irritants, by electricity, light or sound, and by the taste and smell of bodies. It is hardly possible to perceive in these various agents any property in common to which their influence on the nervous system can with reason be referred, except the power they all, so far as they are known to us, possess of disturbing an unstable chemical equilibrium. Acting upon a tissue in which the affinities of the component elements are so delicately balanced, and the inherent tendency to change so strong, as in the nervous substance, it can hardly be otherwise than that they should overthrow that balance, and bring about a change of composition. "In compounds in which the free manifestation of chemical force has been impeded by other forces, a blow or mechanical friction, or the contact of a substance the particles of which are in a state of transformation, or any external cause whose activity is added to the stronger attraction of the elementary particles in another direction, may suffice to give the preponderance to the stronger attraction, and to alter the form and structure of the compound."*

And that a chemical change in the nervous tissue does ensue from the action of the stimulus, is proved by the fact that the same stimulus will not reproduce the effect until after the lapse of a certain interval. The necessity of time for the renewal of the irritability is evidence of an altered composition.

Fig. 1.

The nerve of the finger (after Kölliker). The smaller branches are covered with minute corpuscles. It is doubtful, however, whether these are concerned in the sense of touch.

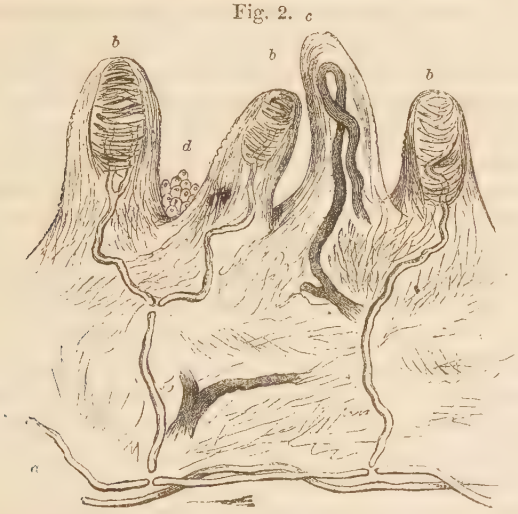
And may we not, in this light, form a clear and natural conception of the nervous force? A galvanic current, we know, results from chemical change in inorganic bodies. But when the nerves of any part are stimulated a chemical change is set up in or around them. When we touch any object, for example, the nerve tissue decomposes to a slight extent; the cellular substance which surrounds their terminations (Figs. 1 and 2) resembles to some degree the fulminating powders, and decomposes, though only to a limited extent, at a touch.

From the decomposition thus set up, is it not natural to believe that a peculiar force, or current, might arise, *like* the galvanic, but not the same, because the chemical changes, though resembling those which take place in inorganic substances, are not the same? The nervous force originates in a peculiar chemical change,

* Liebig.

and is therefore a peculiar force. But, as its source is very similar to that of galvanism, so are its characters very similar also. It is like, but different, at once in its source and nature.

Fig. 2.



A magnified view of the termination of the nerves of the forefinger of a child (after Wagner). *a* Nerve-trunk running on the side of the finger. *b* Termination of branch of the same within a cellular expansion, the "touch-corpuscle." *c* Loop of blood-vessel. *d* Portion of the cellular tissue of the skin.

Or let us take the case of hearing. In the auditory nerve, the equilibrium is so adjusted as to be disturbed by the sonorous vibrations. An illustration of the nature of the action is furnished by the fact mentioned by Mr. Rogers, that masses of ice and snow of considerable magnitude may be precipitated from the Alpine ridges by the sound of the human voice; the gravitation of the masses, and the resisting forces which maintained them in their places, being in such exact equilibrium that this slight motion of the atmosphere suffices to give the preponderance to the former. Of the chamois hunters of the Alps he says:—

> "From rock to rock, with giant bound,
> High on their iron poles they pass;
> Mute, lest the air, convulsed with sound,
> Rend from above a frozen mass."

This illustration, remote though it may seem, is valuable, as bringing clearly before the mind the essential character of the process which constitutes the animal function. For the stimulus in this case, the aërial vibration, evidently produces the resulting motion only by disturbing the equilibrium of the counteracting forces.

So, too, the photographic process is a true analogue of the physical part of vision. To prepare a plate for photographic purposes, it is only necessary to apply to it, in solution, chemical substances which tend to undergo a change of composition, and the equilibrium of which is so unstable as to be disturbed by the rays of light. Thus prepared, the paper is called

sensitive;—by a blind instinct, which is often truer than studied science, for the retina, or expansion of the optic nerve within the eye, is like it. The retina consists of matter prone to change. Its elements tend to break up, and enter into new combinations. What supposition can be better warranted than that the rays of light entering the eye permit a change of composition, as they are known to do in respect to the photographic salts?

Mr. Grove by a beautiful experiment* has shown that light, falling on a plate prepared for photography, will set up a galvanic current. Does not this unavoidably suggest itself as an illustration of the process of vision? Light impinging on the retina determines therein a chemical change, which developes in the optic nerve the nervous force. This force sets up in the brain an action of the same order as that in the retina. Hence again originates a nervous force, which, conveyed back to the eye, sets up yet a third time a chemical change (in the iris), which causes the contraction of the pupil.

If we pass from the nervous to the muscular system, we find abundant confirmation of our position. Of the means by which the decomposition of the muscle causes its contraction in length, and so results in motion, there is as yet no certain knowledge; but chemical action is one of the best known sources of motor force, and one of the most frequently employed. The flight of a bullet and the motion of the arm are phenomena of a similar kind. The appearances presented by muscles during contraction have been carefully observed. All muscles consist of fibres, of which 10,000 on an average would about occupy an inch. Each fibre runs the whole length of the muscle, and is connected with the tendons in which almost all muscles commence and terminate. These fibres are of two kinds, simple in the involuntary muscles, and *striped* in those over which the will has control. The stripes are transverse markings on each fibre, as if it were composed of

Fig. 3.

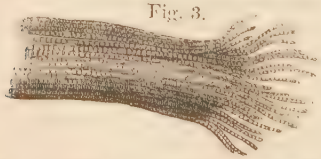


Fig. 4.

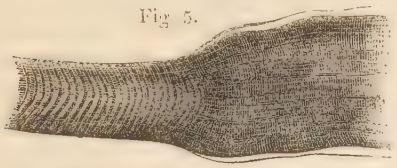
A fibre of striped, or "voluntary" muscle, showing its structure: magnified. Fig. 3 shows the longitudinal, and Fig. 4 the transverse splitting. These and the two following cuts are from Messrs. Todd and Bowman's Paper in the *Philosophical Transactions* for 1840.

separate discs arranged in lines (Figs. 3 and 4), and they afford a good means of examining the process of contraction. When a portion of fresh muscle is made to contract, under the microscope, by pricking or otherwise irritating it, the markings, or striæ, approach each other, the muscle diminishing in length and increasing in thickness (Fig. 5). The action is gradually propagated from the point of irritation to the adjacent parts, with a creeping motion, subsiding in one part as it reaches another, as shown in Fig. 6, until it has traversed the whole length exposed

* On the Correlation of the Physical Forces.

to view. This is most probably the mode in which contraction is effected during life; and in persistent muscular efforts it is believed that the different portions of the muscle alternately relax and contract again, and that all the fibres are not active together. The contraction of muscle is attended with a slight rustling sound, which may be heard by moving the ball of the thumb vigorously, close to the ear. In contracting, a muscle is not merely shortened; it undergoes a change which modifies its entire structure, and will bear a very much greater strain without rupture than in its uncontracted state.

Fig. 5.



Muscular fibre partly contracted, partly uncontracted. The increase in thickness, and approximation of the striæ, mark the state of contraction.

Fig. 6.

Striated muscular fibres contracting from irritation while under the microscope. The contraction is seen travelling in waves in the direction of the length of the muscle, and affecting chiefly its upper side.

The causes which determine contraction in a muscle are those which induce its decomposition. When placed beneath the microscope, it is seen to contract first at any spot where it has been broken or otherwise subjected to injury. The slightest mechanical irritation induces a local contraction, as does also the contact of air or water. In cases of lingering disease, in which the proneness to decay is increased, contraction of the muscles takes place with increased facility, and may often be excited by a touch. And the stimuli which, in health, induce muscular action most powerfully, are those which most strongly evoke their tendency to change of composition. Electricity, which ranks next to the nervous force as the exciter of muscular action, stands first among the physical forces as a promoter of chemical change, and is known to induce the speedier decomposition of muscles to which it is freely applied.

But we must, perforce, omit many topics, and hasten to notice one objection to the view that has been propounded, which should not be passed over, as it has probably weighed much with some minds. Certain stimulating substances, as alcohol, coffee, or tea, have been found to increase the activity, while they diminish, rather than increase, the waste of the body. This question can be properly discussed only after the subject of nutrition has been passed in review; but it may be observed that there are other processes of decomposition going on in the body, besides those on which functional activity depends. It may be that these stimulants diminish oxidation, which precedes, more or less completely, the elimination of the waste products from the body; but there is no sufficient reason to believe that function directly depends on oxidation. Or it may be, though this is not probable, that these bodies contain more force in a less amount of substance than ordinary food. Of one thing we may be confident, that no articles of diet will give us the means of creating force, or

of exerting power except at the expense of the power that is embodied in our food, and so is stored up within.

And now to what end is this discussion? What advantage is gained by adopting this view of the vital functions? First, a great simplification in our idea of the living body. In respect to one of its chief characteristics, the vital organism ceases to be contrasted with the rest of nature, and becomes to us an example of universal and familiar laws. One form of force acting as a resistance to another, and so accumulating a store of power, which operates on a structure adapted to direct it to given ends;—this is the plan on which the animal creation is constructed. It is the same plan that we adopt when we seek to store up force, and direct it for our own purposes. We imitate herein the Creator; humbly indeed, and with an infinite inferiority of wisdom and of power. But the principle is the same.

And some otherwise mysterious "properties" of living organs lose their mystery. The "contractility" of muscular fibre, and the "sensibility" of the nerves and brain, are seen to be, not mere inexplicable endowments, but names applied to the effect of their known tendency to undergo chemical change. Given the tendency to decompose, and the anatomical structure of the parts, and there must be a power to contract in muscle, and to originate the nervous force in brain.

And when, in this light, we consider the *vital* force, it presents no more the same unapproachable aspect. We exonerate it from one part of the task that has been assigned to it. The vital force is not the agent in the functions; they are effects of the chemical force which the vital force has been employed in opposing. And this is the office and nature of the vital force—to oppose and hold suspended the chemical affinities within the body, that by their operation power may be exerted, and the functions be performed. When we ask, therefore, What is the vital force? we inquire for that force—whence it is derived, and how it operates—which in the organic world opposes chemical affinity. Reverting to the illustration of the watch, we have seen the functions to arise from the unbending of the spring; in the vital force we seek the agency that bends it.

This is a future task. But before we leave the subject that has occupied us now, let us take one glance at another analogy which it suggests. The actions of the body result from one form of force resisting the operation of another;—are not the revolutions of the planets regulated by the same law? Motion opposing gravity—these are the forces which (in equilibrium perpetually destroyed and perpetually renewed) determine the sweep of the orbs about the sun. Nor does observation reveal to us, nor can thought suggest, any limit to the mutual action of these kindred, but balanced powers. Life sets its stamp upon the universe; in Nature the loftiest claims kindred with the lowest; and the bond which ties all in one Brotherhood, proclaims one Author.

Men of Genius.

Silent, the Lord of the world
Eyes from the heavenly height,
Girt by his far-shining train,
Us, who with banners unfurl'd
Fight life's many-chanc'd fight
Madly below, in the plain.

Then saith the Lord to his own:—
"See ye the battle below?
Turmoil of death and of birth!
Too long let we them groan.
Haste, arise ye, and go;
Carry my peace upon earth."

Gladly they rise at his call;
Gladly they take his command;
Gladly descend to the plain.
Alas! How few of them all—
Those willing servants—shall stand
In their Master's presence again!

Some in the tumult are lost:
Baffled, bewilder'd, they stray.
Some as prisoners draw breath.
Others—the bravest—are cross'd,
On the height of their bold-follow'd way,
By the swift-rushing missile of Death.

Hardly, hardly shall one
Come, with countenance bright,
O'er the cloud-wrapt, perilous plain:
His Master's errand well done,
Safe through the smoke of the fight,
Back to his Master again.

Matthew Arnold.

Framley Parsonage.

CHAPTER XIX.

Money Dealings.

Mr. Sowerby, in his resolution to obtain this good gift for the Vicar of Framley, did not depend quite alone on the influence of his near connection with the Lord Petty Bag. He felt the occasion to be one on which he might endeavour to move even higher powers than that, and therefore he had opened the matter to the duke—not by direct application, but through Mr. Fothergill. No man who understood matters ever thought of going direct to the duke in such an affair as that. If one wanted to speak about a woman or a horse or a picture the duke could, on occasions, be affable enough.

But through Mr. Fothergill the duke was approached. It was represented, with some cunning, that this buying over of the Framley clergyman from the Lufton side would be a praiseworthy spoiling of the Amalekites. The doing so would give the Omnium interest a hold even in the cathedral close. And then it was known to all men that Mr. Robarts had considerable influence over Lord Lufton himself. So guided, the Duke of Omnium did say two words to the Prime Minister, and two words from the duke went a great way, even with Lord Brock. The upshot of all this was, that Mark Robarts did get the stall; but he did not hear the tidings of his success till some days after his return to Framley.

Mr. Sowerby did not forget to tell him of the great effort—the unusual effort, as he of Chaldicotes called it—which the duke had made on the subject. "I don't know when he has done such a thing before," said Sowerby; "and you may be quite sure of this, he would not have done it now, had you not gone to Gatherum Castle when he asked you: indeed, Fothergill would have known that it was vain to attempt it. And I'll tell you what, Mark—it does not do for me to make little of my own nest, but I truly believe the duke's word will be more efficacious than the Lord Petty Bag's solemn adjuration."

Mark, of course, expressed his gratitude in proper terms, and did buy the horse for a hundred and thirty pounds. "He's as well worth it," said Sowerby, "as any animal that ever stood on four legs; and my only reason for pressing him on you is, that when Tozer's day does come round, I know you will have to stand to us to something about that tune." It did not occur to Mark to ask him why the horse should not be sold to some one else, and the money forthcoming in the regular way. But this would not have suited Mr. Sowerby.

Mark knew that the beast was good, and as he walked to his lodgings was half proud of his new possession. But then, how would he justify it to his wife, or how introduce the animal into his stables without attempt-

ing any justification in the matter? And yet, looking to the absolute amount of his income, surely he might feel himself entitled to buy a new horse when it suited him. He wondered what Mr. Crawley would say when he heard of the new purchase. He had lately fallen into a state of much wondering as to what his friends and neighbours would say about him.

He had now been two days in town, and was to go down after breakfast on the following morning so that he might reach home by Friday afternoon. But on that evening, just as he was going to bed, he was surprised by Lord Lufton coming into the coffee-room at his hotel. He walked in with a hurried step, his face was red, and it was clear that he was very angry.

"Robarts," said he, walking up to his friend and taking the hand that was extended to him, "do you know anything about this man, Tozer?"

"Tozer—what Tozer? I have heard Sowerby speak of such a man."

"Of course you have. If I do not mistake you have written to me about him yourself."

"Very probably. I remember Sowerby mentioning the man with reference to your affairs. But why do you ask me?"

"This man has not only written to me, but has absolutely forced his way into my rooms when I was dressing for dinner; and absolutely had the impudence to tell me that if I did not honour some bill which he holds for eight hundred pounds he would proceed against me."

"But you settled all that matter with Sowerby?"

"I did settle it at a very great cost to me. Sooner than have a fuss I paid him through the nose—like a fool that I was—everything that he claimed. This is an absolute swindle, and if it goes on I will expose it as such."

Robarts looked round the room, but luckily there was not a soul in it but themselves. "You do not mean to say that Sowerby is swindling you?" said the clergyman.

"It looks very like it," said Lord Lufton; "and I tell you fairly that I am not in a humour to endure any more of this sort of thing. Some years ago I made an ass of myself through that man's fault. But four thousand pounds should have covered the whole of what I really lost. I have now paid more than three times that sum; and, by heavens! I will not pay more without exposing the whole affair."

"But, Lufton, I do not understand. What is this bill?—has it your name to it?"

"Yes, it has: I'll not deny my name, and if there be absolute need I will pay it; but if I do so, my lawyer shall sift it, and it shall go before a jury."

"But I thought all those bills were paid?"

"I left it to Sowerby to get up the old bills when they were renewed,

and now one of them that has in truth been already honoured is brought against me."

Mark could not but think of the two documents which he himself had signed, and both of which were now undoubtedly in the hands of Tozer, or of some other gentleman of the same profession;—which both might be brought against him, the second as soon as he should have satisfied the first. And then he remembered that Sowerby had said something to him about an outstanding bill, for the filling up of which some trifle must be paid, and of this he reminded Lord Lufton.

"And do you call eight hundred pounds a trifle? If so, I do not."

"They will probably make no such demand as that."

"But I tell you they do make such a demand, and have made it. The man whom I saw, and who told me that he was Tozer's friend, but who was probably Tozer himself, positively swore to me that he would be obliged to take legal proceedings if the money were not forthcoming within a week or ten days. When I explained to him that it was an old bill that had been renewed, he declared that his friend had given full value for it."

"Sowerby said that you would probably have to pay ten pounds to redeem it. I should offer the man some such sum as that."

"My intention is to offer the man nothing, but to leave the affair in the hands of my lawyer with instructions to him to spare none;—neither myself, nor any one else. I am not going to allow such a man as Sowerby to squeeze me like an orange."

"But, Lufton, you seem as though you were angry with me."

"No, I am not. But I think it is as well to caution you about this man; my transactions with him lately have chiefly been through you, and therefore ——"

"But they have only been so through his and your wish: because I have been anxious to oblige you both. I hope you don't mean to say that I am concerned in these bills."

"I know that you are concerned in bills with him."

"Why, Lufton, am I to understand, then, that you are accusing me of having any interest in these transactions which you have called swindling?"

"As far as I am concerned there has been swindling, and there is swindling going on now."

"But you do not answer my question. Do you bring any accusation against me? If so, I agree with you that you had better go to your lawyer."

"I think that is what I shall do."

"Very well. But upon the whole, I never heard of a more unreasonable man, or of one whose thoughts are more unjust than yours. Solely with the view of assisting you, and solely at your request, I spoke to Sowerby about these money transactions of yours. Then at his request, which originated out of your request, he using me as his ambassador to

you, as you had used me as yours to him, I wrote and spoke to you. And now this is the upshot."

"I bring no accusation against you, Robarts; but I know you have dealings with this man. You have told me so yourself."

"Yes, at his request, to accommodate him, I have put my name to a bill."

"Only to one?"

"Only to one; and then to that same renewed, or not exactly to that same, but to one which stands for it. The first was for four hundred pounds; the last for five hundred."

"All which you will have to make good, and the world will of course tell you that you have paid that price for this stall at Barchester."

This was terrible to be borne. He had heard much lately which had frightened and scared him, but nothing so terrible as this; nothing which so stunned him, or conveyed to his mind so frightful a reality of misery and ruin. He made no immediate answer, but standing on the hearth-rug with his back to the fire, looked up the whole length of the room. Hitherto his eyes had been fixed upon Lord Lufton's face, but now it seemed to him as though he had but little more to do with Lord Lufton. Lord Lufton and Lord Lufton's mother were neither now to be counted among those who wished him well. Upon whom indeed, could he now count, except that wife of his bosom upon whom he was bringing all this wretchedness?

In that moment of agony ideas ran quickly through his brain. He would immediately abandon this preferment at Barchester, of which it might be said with so much colour that he had bought it. He would go to Harold Smith, and say positively that he declined it. Then he would return home and tell his wife all that had occurred;—tell the whole also to Lady Lufton, if that might still be of any service. He would make arrangement for the payment of both those bills as they might be presented, asking no questions as to the justice of the claim, making no complaint to any one, not even to Sowerby. He would put half his income, if half were necessary, into the hands of Forrest the banker, till all was paid. He would sell every horse he had. He would part with his footman and groom, and at any rate strive like a man to get again a firm footing on good ground. Then, at that moment, he loathed with his whole soul the position in which he found himself placed, and his own folly which had placed him there. How could he reconcile it to his conscience that he was there in London with Sowerby and Harold Smith, petitioning for church preferment to a man who should have been altogether powerless in such a matter, buying horses, and arranging about past due bills? He did not reconcile it to his conscience. Mr. Crawley had been right when he told him that he was a castaway.

Lord Lufton, whose anger during the whole interview had been extreme, and who had become more angry the more he talked, had now walked once or twice up and down the room; and as he so walked the

idea did occur to him that he had been unjust. He had come there with the intention of exclaiming against Sowerby, and of inducing Robarts to convey to that gentleman, that if he, Lord Lufton, were made to undergo any further annoyance about this bill, the whole affair should be thrown into the lawyer's hands; but instead of doing this, he had brought an accusation against Robarts. That Robarts had latterly become Sowerby's friend rather than his own in all these horrid money dealings, had galled him ; and now he had expressed himself in terms much stronger than he had intended to use.

"As to you personally, Mark," he said, coming back to the spot on which Robarts was standing, "I do not wish to say anything that shall annoy you."

"You have said quite enough, Lord Lufton."

"You cannot be surprised that I should be angry and indignant at the treatment I have received."

"You might, I think, have separated in your mind those who have wronged you, if there has been such wrong, from those who have only endeavoured to do your will and pleasure for you. That I, as a clergyman, have been very wrong in taking any part whatsoever in these matters, I am well aware. That as a man I have been outrageously foolish in lending my name to Mr. Sowerby, I also know well enough: it is perhaps as well that I should be told of this somewhat rudely; but I certainly did not expect the lesson to come from you."

"Well, there has been mischief enough. The question is, what we had better now both do?"

"You have said what you mean to do. You will put the affair into the hands of your lawyer."

"Not with any object of exposing you."

"Exposing me, Lord Lufton! Why, one would think that I had had the handling of your money."

"You will misunderstand me. I think no such thing. But do you not know yourself that if legal steps be taken in this wretched affair, your arrangements with Sowerby will be brought to light?"

"My arrangements with Sowerby will consist in paying or having to pay, on his account, a large sum of money, for which I have never had and shall never have any consideration whatever."

"And what will be said about this stall at Barchester?"

"After the charge which you brought against me just now, I shall decline to accept it."

At this moment three or four other gentlemen entered the room, and the conversation between our two friends was stopped. They still remained standing near the fire, but for a few minutes neither of them said anything. Robarts was waiting till Lord Lufton should go away, and Lord Lufton had not yet said that which he had come to say. At last he spoke again, almost in a whisper: "I think it will be best to ask Sowerby to come to my rooms to-morrow, and I think also that you should meet him there."

"I do not see any necessity for my presence," said Robarts. "It seems probable that I shall suffer enough for meddling with your affairs, and I will do so no more."

"Of course I cannot make you come; but I think it will be only just to Sowerby, and it will be a favour to me."

Robarts again walked up and down the room for half-a-dozen times, trying to resolve what it would most become him to do in the present emergency. If his name were dragged before the courts,—if he should be shown up in the public papers as having been engaged in accommodation bills, that would certainly be ruinous to him. He had already learned from Lord Lufton's innuendos what he might expect to hear as the public version of his share in these transactions! And then his wife,—how would she bear such exposure?

"I will meet Mr. Sowerby at your rooms to-morrow, on one condition," he at last said.

"And what is that?"

"That I receive your positive assurance that I am not suspected by you of having had any pecuniary interest whatever in any money matters with Mr. Sowerby, either as concerns your affairs or those of anybody else."

"I have never suspected you of any such thing. But I have thought that you were compromised with him."

"And so I am—I am liable for these bills. But you ought to have known, and do know, that I have never received a shilling on account of such liability. I have endeavoured to oblige a man whom I regarded first as your friend, and then as my own; and this has been the result."

Lord Lufton did at last give him the assurance that he desired, as they sat with their heads together over one of the coffee-room tables; and then Robarts promised that he would postpone his return to Framley till the Saturday, so that he might meet Sowerby at Lord Lufton's chambers in the Albany on the following afternoon. As soon as this was arranged, Lord Lufton took his leave and went his way.

After that, poor Mark had a very uneasy night of it. It was clear enough that Lord Lufton had thought, if he did not still think, that the stall at Barchester was to be given as pecuniary recompence in return for certain money accommodation to be afforded by the nominee to the dispenser of this patronage. Nothing on earth could be worse than this. In the first place it would be simony; and then it would be simony beyond all description mean and simoniacal. The very thought of it filled Mark's soul with horror and dismay. It might be that Lord Lufton's suspicions were now at rest; but others would think the same thing, and their suspicions it would be impossible to allay; those others would consist of the outer world, which is always so eager to gloat over the detected vice of a clergyman.

And then that wretched horse which he had purchased, and the purchase of which should have prohibited him from saying that nothing of value had accrued to him in these transactions with Mr. Sowerby! what

was he to do about that? And then of late he had been spending, and had continued to spend more money than he could well afford. This very journey of his up to London would be most imprudent, if it should become necessary for him to give up all hope of holding the prebend. As to that he had made up his mind; but then again he unmade it, as men always do in such troubles. That line of conduct which he had laid down for himself in the first moments of his indignation against Lord Lufton, by adopting which he would have to encounter poverty, and ridicule, and discomfort, the annihilation of his high hopes, and the ruin of his ambition—that, he said to himself over and over again, would now be the best for him. But it is so hard for us to give up our high hopes, and willingly encounter poverty, ridicule, and discomfort!

On the following morning, however, he boldly walked down to the Petty Bag office, determined to let Harold Smith know that he was no longer desirous of the Barchester stall. He found his brother there, still writing artistic notes to anxious peeresses on the subject of Buggins' non-vacant situation; but the great man of the place, the Lord Petty Bag himself, was not there. He might probably look in when the House was beginning to sit, perhaps at four or a little after; but he certainly would not be at the office in the morning. The functions of the Lord Petty Bag he was no doubt performing elsewhere. Perhaps he had carried his work home with him—a practice which the world should know is not uncommon with civil servants of exceeding zeal.

Mark did think of opening his heart to his brother, and of leaving his message with him. But his courage failed him, or perhaps it might be more correct to say that his prudence prevented him. It would be better for him, he thought, to tell his wife before he told any one else. So he merely chatted with his brother for half an hour and then left him.

The day was very tedious till the hour came at which he was to attend at Lord Lufton's rooms; but at last it did come, and just as the clock struck, he turned out of Piccadilly into the Albany. As he was going across the court before he entered the building, he was greeted by a voice just behind him.

"As punctual as the big clock on Barchester tower," said Mr. Sowerby "See what it is to have a summons from a great man, Mr. Prebendary."

He turned round and extended his hand mechanically to Mr. Sowerby, and as he looked at him he thought he had never before seen him so pleasant in appearance, so free from care, and so joyous in demeanour.

"You have heard from Lord Lufton," said Mark in a voice that was certainly very lugubrious.

"Heard from him! oh, yes, of course I have heard from him. I'll tell you what it is, Mark," and he now spoke almost in a whisper as they walked together along the Albany passage, "Lufton is a child in money matters—a perfect child. The dearest, finest fellow in the world, you know; but a very baby in money matters." And then they entered his lordship's rooms.

Lord Lufton's countenance also was lugubrious enough, but this did not in the least abash Sowerby, who walked quickly up to the young lord with his gait perfectly self-possessed and his face radiant with satisfaction.

"Well, Lufton, how are you?" said he. "It seems that my worthy friend Tozer has been giving you some trouble?"

Then Lord Lufton with a face by no means radiant with satisfaction again began the story of Tozer's fraudulent demand upon him. Sowerby did not interrupt him, but listened patiently to the end;—quite patiently, although Lord Lufton, as he made himself more and more angry by the history of his own wrongs, did not hesitate to pronounce certain threats against Mr. Sowerby, as he had pronounced them before against Mark Robarts. He would not, he said, pay a shilling, except through his lawyer; and he would instruct his lawyer, that before he paid anything, the whole matter should be exposed openly in court. He did not care, he said, what might be the effect on himself or any one else. He was determined that the whole case should go to a jury.

"To grand jury, and special jury, and common jury, and Old Jewry, if you like," said Sowerby. "The truth is, Lufton, you lost some money, and as there was some delay in paying it, you have been harassed."

"I have paid more than I lost three times over," said Lord Lufton stamping his foot.

"I will not go into that question now. It was settled, as I thought, some time ago by persons to whom you yourself referred it. But will you tell me this: Why on earth should Robarts be troubled in this matter? What has he done?"

"Well, I don't know. He arranged the matter with you."

"No such thing. He was kind enough to carry a message from you to me, and to convey back a return message from me to you. That has been his part in it."

"You don't suppose that I want to implicate him: do you?"

"I don't think you want to implicate any one, but you are hot-headed and difficult to deal with, and very irrational into the bargain. And, what is worse, I must say you are a little suspicious. In all this matter I have harassed myself greatly to oblige you, and in return I have got more kicks than halfpence."

"Did not you give this bill to Tozer—the bill which he now holds?"

"In the first place he does not hold it; and in the next place I did not give it to him. These things pass through scores of hands before they reach the man who makes the application for payment."

"And who came to me the other day?"

"That, I take it, was Tom Tozer, a brother of our Tozer's."

"Then he holds the bill, for I saw it with him."

"Wait a moment; that is very likely. I sent you word that you would have to pay for taking it up. Of course they don't abandon those sort of things without some consideration."

"Ten pounds, you said," observed Mark.

"Ten or twenty; some such sum as that. But you were hardly so soft as to suppose that the man would ask for such a sum. Of course he would demand the full payment. There is the bill, Lord Lufton," and Sowerby, producing a document, handed it across the table to his lordship. "I gave five-and-twenty pounds for it this morning."

Lord Lufton took the paper and looked at it. "Yes," said he, "that's the bill. What am I to do with it now?"

"Put it with the family archives," said Sowerby,—"or behind the fire, just which you please."

"And is this the last of them? Can no other be brought up?"

"You know better than I do what paper you may have put your hand to. I know of no other. At the last renewal that was the only outstanding bill of which I was aware."

"And you have paid five-and-twenty pounds for it?"

"I have. Only that you have been in such a tantrum about it, and would have made such a noise this afternoon if I had not brought it, I might have had it for fifteen or twenty. In three or four days they would have taken fifteen."

"The odd ten pounds does not signify, and I'll pay you the twenty-five, of course," said Lord Lufton, who now began to feel a little ashamed of himself.

"You may do as you please about that."

"Oh! it's my affair, as a matter of course. Any amount of that kind I don't mind," and he sat down to fill in a check for the money.

"Well, now, Lufton, let me say a few words to you," said Sowerby, standing with his back against the fireplace, and playing with a small cane which he held in his hand. "For heaven's sake try and be a little more charitable to those around you. When you become fidgety about anything, you indulge in language which the world won't stand, though men who know you as well as Robarts and I may consent to put up with it. You have accused me, since I have been here, of all manner of iniquity——"

"Now, Sowerby——"

"My dear fellow, let me have my say out. You have accused me, I say, and I believe that you have accused him. But it has never occurred to you, I daresay, to accuse yourself."

"Indeed it has."

"Of course you have been wrong in having to do with such men as Tozer. I have also been very wrong. It wants no great moral authority to tell us that. Pattern gentlemen don't have dealings with Tozer, and very much the better they are for not having them. But a man should have back enough to bear the weight which he himself puts on it. Keep away from Tozer, if you can, for the future; but if you do deal with him, for heaven's sake keep your temper."

"That's all very fine, Sowerby; but you know as well as I do——"

"I know this," said the devil, quoting Scripture, as he folded up the

check for twenty-five pounds, and put it in his pocket, "that when a man sows tares, he won't reap wheat, and it's no use to expect it. I am tough in these matters, and can bear a great deal—that is, if I be not pushed too far," and he looked full into Lord Lufton's face as he spoke; "but I think you have been very hard upon Robarts."

"Never mind me, Sowerby; Lord Lufton and I are very old friends."

"And may therefore take a liberty with each other. Very well. And now I've done my sermon. My dear dignitary, allow me to congratulate you. I hear from Fothergill that that little affair of yours has been definitely settled."

Mark's face again became clouded. "I rather think," said he, "that I shall decline the presentation."

"Decline it!" said Sowerby, who, having used his utmost efforts to obtain it, would have been more absolutely offended by such vacillation on the vicar's part than by any personal abuse which either he or Lord Lufton could heap upon him.

"I think I shall," said Mark.

"And why?"

Mark looked up at Lord Lufton, and then remained silent for a moment.

"There can be no occasion for such a sacrifice under the present circumstances," said his lordship.

"And under what circumstances could there be occasion for it?" asked Sowerby. "The Duke of Omnium has used some little influence to get the place for you as a parish clergyman belonging to his county, and I should think it monstrous if you were now to reject it."

And then Robarts openly stated the whole of his reasons, explaining exactly what Lord Lufton had said with reference to the bill transactions, and to the allegation which would be made as to the stall having been given in payment for the accommodation.

"Upon my word that's too bad," said Sowerby.

"Now, Sowerby, I won't be lectured," said Lord Lufton.

"I have done my lecture," said he, aware, perhaps, that it would not do for him to push his friend too far, "and I shall not give a second. But, Robarts, let me tell you this: as far as I know, Harold Smith has had little or nothing to do with the appointment. The duke has told the Prime Minister that he was very anxious that a parish clergyman from the county should go into the chapter, and then, at Lord Brock's request, he named you. If under those circumstances you talk of giving it up, I shall believe you to be insane. As for the bill which you accepted for me, you need have no uneasiness about it. The money will be ready; but of course, when that time comes, you will let me have the hundred and thirty for——"

And then Mr. Sowerby took his leave, having certainly made himself master of the occasion. If a man of fifty have his wits about him, and be

not too prosy, he can generally make himself master of the occasion, when his companions are under thirty.

Robarts did not stay at the Albany long after him, but took his leave, having received some assurances of Lord Lufton's regret for what had passed and many promises of his friendship for the future. Indeed Lord Lufton was a little ashamed of himself. "And as for the prebend, after what has passed, of course you must accept it." Nevertheless his lordship had not omitted to notice Mr. Sowerby's hint about the horse and the hundred and thirty pounds.

Robarts, as he walked back to his hotel, thought that he certainly would accept the Barchester promotion, and was very glad that he had said nothing on the subject to his brother. On the whole his spirits were much raised. That assurance of Sowerby's about the bill was very comforting to him; and strange to say, he absolutely believed it. In truth Sowerby had been so completely the winning horse at the late meeting, that both Lord Lufton and Robarts were inclined to believe almost anything he said;—which was not always the case with either of them.

CHAPTER XX.

Harold Smith in the Cabinet.

For a few days the whole Harold Smith party held their heads very high. It was not only that their man had been made a cabinet minister; but a rumour had got abroad that Lord Brock, in selecting him, had amazingly strengthened his party, and done much to cure the wounds which his own arrogance and lack of judgment had inflicted on the body politic of his government. So said the Harold-Smithians, much elated. And when we consider what Harold had himself achieved, we need not be surprised that he himself was somewhat elated also.

It must be a proud day for any man when he first walks into a cabinet. But when a humble-minded man thinks of such a phase of life, his mind becomes lost in wondering what a cabinet is. Are they gods that attend there or men? Do they sit on chairs, or hang about on clouds? When they speak, is the music of the spheres audible in their Olympian mansion, making heaven drowsy with its harmony? In what way do they congregate? In what order do they address each other? Are the voices of all the deities free and equal? Is plodding Themis from the Home Department, or Ceres from the Colonies, heard with as rapt attention as powerful Pallas of the Foreign Office, the goddess that is never seen without her lance and helmet? Does our Whitehall Mars make eyes there at bright young Venus of the Privy Seal, disgusting that quaint tinkering Vulcan, who is blowing his bellows at our Exchequer, not altogether unsuccessfully? Old Saturn of the Woolsack sits there mute, we will say, a relic of other days, as seated in this divan. The hall in which he rules is now elsewhere. Is our Mercury of the Post Office ever ready to fly nimbly from

globe to globe, as great Jove may order him, while Neptune, unaccustomed to the waves, offers needful assistance to the Apollo of the India Board? How Juno sits apart, glum and huffy, uncared for, Council President though she be, great in name, but despised among gods—that we can guess. If Bacchus and Cupid share Trade and the Board of Works between them, the fitness of things will have been as fully consulted as is usual. And modest Diana of the Petty Bag, latest summoned to these banquets of ambrosia,—does she not cling retiring near the doors, hardly able as yet to make her low voice heard among her brother deities? But Jove, great Jove—old Jove, the King of Olympus, hero among gods and men, how does he carry himself in these councils summoned by his voice? Does he lie there at his ease, with his purple cloak cut from the firmament around his shoulders? Is his thunder-bolt ever at his hand to reduce a recreant god to order? Can he proclaim silence in that immortal hall? Is it not there, as elsewhere, in all places, and among all nations, that a king of gods and a king of men is and will be king, rules and will rule, over those who are smaller than himself?

Harold Smith, when he was summoned to the august hall of divine councils, did feel himself to be a proud man; but we may perhaps conclude that at the first meeting or two he did not attempt to take a very leading part. Some of my readers may have sat at vestries, and will remember how mild, and for the most part, mute, is a new-comer at their board. He agrees generally, with abated enthusiasm; but should he differ, he apologizes for the liberty. But anon, when the voices of his colleagues have become habitual in his ears, when the strangeness of the room is gone, and the table before him is known and trusted, he throws off his awe and dismay, and electrifies his brotherhood by the vehemence of his declamation and the violence of his thumping. So let us suppose it will be with Harold Smith, perhaps in the second or third season of his cabinet practice. Alas! alas! that such pleasures should be so fleeting!

And then, too, there came upon him a blow which somewhat modified his triumph, a cruel, dastard blow, from a hand which should have been friendly to him, from one to whom he had fondly looked to buoy him up in the great course that was before him. It had been said by his friends that in obtaining Harold Smith's services the Prime Minister had infused new young healthy blood into his body. Harold himself had liked the phrase, and had seen at a glance how it might have been made to tell by some friendly Supplehouse or the like. But why should a Supplehouse out of Elysium be friendly to a Harold Smith within it? Men lapped in Elysium, steeped to the neck in bliss, must expect to see their friends fall off from them. Human nature cannot stand it. If I want to get anything from my old friend Jones, I like to see him shoved up into a high place. But if Jones, even in his high place, can do nothing for me, then his exaltation above my head is an insult and an injury. Who ever believes his own dear intimate companion to be fit for the highest promotion?

Mr. Supplehouse had known Mr. Smith too closely to think much of his young blood.

Consequently, there appeared an article in the *Jupiter*, which was by no means complimentary to the ministry in general. It harped a good deal on the young blood view of the question, and seemed to insinuate that Harold Smith was not much better than diluted water. "The Prime Minister," the article said, "having lately recruited his impaired vigour by a new infusion of aristocratic influence of the highest moral tone, had again added to himself another tower of strength chosen from among the people. What might he not hope, now that he possessed the services of Lord Brittleback and Mr. Harold Smith! Renovated in a Medea's caldron of such potency, all his effete limbs—and it must be acknowledged that some of them had become very effete—would come forth young and round and robust. A new energy would diffuse itself through every department; India would be saved and quieted; the ambition of France would be tamed; even-handed reform would remodel our courts of law and parliamentary elections; and Utopia would be realized. Such, it seems, is the result expected in the ministry from Mr. Harold Smith's young blood!"

This was cruel enough, but even this was hardly so cruel as the words with which the article ended. By that time irony had been dropped, and the writer spoke out earnestly his opinion upon the matter. "We beg to assure Lord Brock," said the article, "that such alliances as these will not save him from the speedy fall with which his arrogance and want of judgment threaten to overwhelm it. As regards himself we shall be sorry to hear of his resignation. He is in many respects the best statesman that we possess for the emergencies of the present period. But if he be so ill-judged as to rest on such men as Mr. Harold Smith and Lord Brittleback for his assistants in the work which is before him, he must not expect that the country will support him. Mr. Harold Smith is not made of the stuff from which cabinet ministers should be formed."

Mr. Harold Smith, as he read this, seated at his breakfast-table, recognized, or said that he recognized, the hand of Mr. Supplehouse in every touch. That phrase about the effete limbs was Supplehouse all over, as was also the realization of Utopia. "When he wants to be witty, he always talks about Utopia," said Mr. Harold Smith——to himself: for Mrs. Harold was not usually present in the flesh at these matutinal meals.

And then he went down to his office, and saw in the glance of every man that he met an announcement that that article in the *Jupiter* had been read. His private secretary tittered in evident allusion to the article, and the way in which Buggins took his coat made it clear that it was well known in the messengers' lobby. "He won't have to fill up my vacancy when I go," Buggins was saying to himself. And then in the course of the morning came the cabinet council, the second that he had attended, and he read in the countenance of every god and goddess there assembled that their chief was thought to have made another mistake. If Mr. Supple-

house could have been induced to write in another strain, then indeed that new blood might have been felt to have been efficacious.

All this was a great drawback to his happiness, but still it could not rob him of the fact of his position. Lord Brock could not ask him to resign because the *Jupiter* had written against him; nor was Lord Brock the man to desert a new colleague for such a reason. So Harold Smith girded his loins, and went about the duties of the Petty Bag with new zeal. "Upon my word the *Jupiter* is right," said young Robarts to himself, as he finished his fourth dozen of private notes explanatory of everything in and about the Petty Bag Office. Harold Smith required that his private secretary's notes should be so terribly precise.

But nevertheless, in spite of his drawbacks, Harold Smith was happy in his new honours, and Mrs. Harold Smith enjoyed them also. She certainly, among her acquaintance, did quiz the new cabinet minister not a little, and it may be a question whether she was not as hard upon him as the writer in the *Jupiter*. She whispered a great deal to Miss Dunstable about new blood, and talked of going down to Westminster Bridge to see whether the Thames were really on fire. But though she laughed she triumphed, and though she flattered herself that she bore her honours without any outward sign, the world knew that she was triumphing, and ridiculed her elation.

About this time she also gave a party—not a pure-minded conversazione like Mrs. Proudie, but a downright wicked worldly dance, at which there were fiddles, ices, and champagne sufficient to run away with the first quarter's salary accruing to Harold from the Petty Bag Office. To us this ball is chiefly memorable from the fact that Lady Lufton was among the guests. Immediately on her arrival in town she received cards from Mrs. H. Smith for herself and Griselda, and was about to send back a reply at once declining the honour. What had she to do at the house of Mr. Sowerby's sister? But it so happened that at that moment her son was with her, and as he expressed a wish that she should go, she yielded. Had there been nothing in his tone of persuasion more than ordinary,—had it merely had reference to herself, she would have smiled on him for his kind solicitude, have made out some occasion for kissing his forehead as she thanked him, and would still have declined. But he had reminded her both of himself and Griselda. "You might as well go, mother, for the sake of meeting me," he said; "Mrs. Harold caught me the other day, and would not liberate me till I had given her a promise."

"That is an attraction certainly," said Lady Lufton. "I do like going to a house when I know that you will be there."

"And now that Miss Grantly is with you—you owe it to her to do the best you can for her."

"I certainly do, Ludovic; and I have to thank you for reminding me of my duty so gallantly." And so she said that she would go to Mrs. Harold Smith's. Poor lady! She gave much more weight to those few words about Miss Grantly than they deserved. It rejoiced her heart to

think that her son was anxious to meet Griselda—that he should perpetrate this little *ruse* in order to gain his wish. But he had spoken out of the mere emptiness of his mind, without thought of what he was saying, excepting that he wished to please his mother.

But nevertheless he went to Mrs. Harold Smith's, and when there he did dance more than once with Griselda Grantly—to the manifest discomfiture of Lord Dumbello. He came in late, and at the moment Lord Dumbello was moving slowly up the room, with Griselda on his arm, while Lady Lufton was sitting near looking on with unhappy eyes. And then Griselda sat down, and Lord Dumbello stood mute at her elbow.

"Ludovic," whispered his mother, "Griselda is absolutely bored by that man, who follows her like a ghost. Do go and rescue her."

He did go and rescue her, and afterwards danced with her for the best part of an hour consecutively. He knew that the world gave Lord Dumbello the credit of admiring the young lady, and was quite alive to the pleasure of filling his brother nobleman's heart with jealousy and anger. Moreover, Griselda was in his eyes very beautiful, and had she been one whit more animated, or had his mother's tactics been but a thought better concealed, Griselda might have been asked that night to share the vacant throne at Lufton, in spite of all that had been said and sworn in the drawing-room of Framley parsonage.

It must be remembered that our gallant, gay Lothario had passed some considerable number of days with Miss Grantly in his mother's house, and the danger of such contiguity must be remembered also. Lord Lufton was by no means a man capable of seeing beauty unmoved or of spending hours with a young lady without some approach to tenderness. Had there been no such approach, it is probable that Lady Lufton would not have pursued the matter. But, according to her ideas on such subjects, her son Ludovic had on some occasions shown quite sufficient partiality for Miss Grantly to justify her in her hopes, and to lead her to think that nothing but opportunity was wanted. Now, at this ball of Mrs. Smith's, he did, for a while, seem to be taking advantage of such opportunity, and his mother's heart was glad. If things should turn out well on this evening she would forgive Mrs. Harold Smith all her sins.

And for a while it looked as though things would turn out well. Not that it must be supposed that Lord Lufton had come there with any intention of making love to Griselda, or that he ever had any fixed thought that he was doing so. Young men in such matters are so often without any fixed thoughts! They are such absolute moths. They amuse themselves with the light of the beautiful candle, fluttering about, on and off, in and out of the flame with dazzled eyes, till in a rash moment they rush in too near the wick, and then fall with singed wings and crippled legs, burnt up and reduced to tinder by the consuming fire of matrimony. Happy marriages, men say, are made in heaven, and I believe it. Most marriages are fairly happy, in spite of Sir Cresswell Cresswell; and yet how little care is taken on earth towards such a result!

"I hope my mother is using you well?" said Lord Lufton to Griselda, as they were standing together in a doorway between the dances.

"Oh, yes: she is very kind."

"You have been rash to trust yourself in the hands of so very staid and demure a person. And, indeed, you owe your presence here at Mrs. Harold Smith's first cabinet ball altogether to me. I don't know whether you are aware of that."

"Oh, yes: Lady Lufton told me."

"And are you grateful or otherwise? Have I done you an injury or a benefit? Which do you find best, sitting with a novel in the corner of a sofa in Bruton Street, or pretending to dance polkas here with Lord Dumbello?"

"I don't know what you mean. I haven't stood up with Lord Dumbello all the evening. We were going to dance a quadrille, but we didn't."

"Exactly; just what I say;—pretending to do it. Even that's a good deal for Lord Dumbello; isn't it?" And then Lord Lufton, not being a pretender himself, put his arm round her waist, and away they went up and down the room, and across and about, with an energy which showed that what Griselda lacked in her tongue she made up with her feet. Lord Dumbello, in the meantime, stood by, observant, thinking to himself that Lord Lufton was a glib-tongued, empty-headed ass, and reflecting that if his rival were to break the tendons of his leg in one of those rapid evolutions, or suddenly come by any other dreadful misfortune, such as the loss of all his property, absolute blindness, or chronic lumbago, it would only serve him right. And in that frame of mind he went to bed, in spite of the prayer which no doubt he said as to his forgiveness of other people's trespasses.

And then, when they were again standing, Lord Lufton, in the little intervals between his violent gasps for fresh breath, asked Griselda if she liked London. "Pretty well," said Griselda, gasping also a little herself.

"I am afraid—you were very dull—down at Framley."

"Oh, no;—I liked it—particularly."

"It was a great bore when you went—away, I know. There wasn't a soul—about the house worth speaking to." And they remained silent for a minute till their lungs had become quiescent.

"Not a soul," he continued—not of falsehood prepense, for he was not in fact thinking of what he was saying. It did not occur to him at the moment that he had truly found Griselda's going a great relief, and that he had been able to do more in the way of conversation with Lucy Robarts in one hour than with Miss Grantly during a month of intercourse in the same house. But, nevertheless, we should not be hard upon him. All is fair in love and war; and if this was not love, it was the usual thing that stands as a counterpart for it.

"Not a soul," said Lord Lufton. "I was very nearly hanging myself in the park next morning;—only it rained."

"What nonsense! You had your mother to talk to."

"Oh, my mother,—yes; and you may tell me too, if you please, that Captain Culpepper was there. I do love my mother dearly; but do you think that she could make up for your absence?" And his voice was very tender, and so were his eyes.

"And, Miss Robarts; I thought you admired her very much?"

"What, Lucy Robarts?" said Lord Lufton, feeling that Lucy's name was more than he at present knew how to manage. Indeed that name destroyed all the life there was in that little flirtation. "I do like Lucy Robarts, certainly. She is very clever; but it so happened that I saw little or nothing of her after you were gone."

To this Griselda made no answer, but drew herself up, and looked as cold as Diana when she froze Orion in the cave. Nor could she be got to give more than monosyllabic answers to the three or four succeeding attempts at conversation which Lord Lufton made. And then they danced again, but Griselda's steps were by no means so lively as before.

What took place between them on that occasion was very little more than what has been here related. There may have been an ice or a glass of lemonade into the bargain, and perhaps the faintest possible attempt at hand-pressing. But if so, it was all on one side. To such overtures as that Griselda Grantly was as cold as any Diana.

But little as all this was, it was sufficient to fill Lady Lufton's mind and heart. No mother with six daughters was ever more anxious to get them off her hands, than Lady Lufton was to see her son married,—married, that is, to some girl of the right sort. And now it really did seem as though he were actually going to comply with her wishes. She had watched him during the whole evening, painfully endeavouring not to be observed in doing so. She had seen Lord Dumbello's failure and wrath, and she had seen her son's victory and pride. Could it be the case that he had already said something, which was still allowed to be indecisive only through Griselda's coldness? Might it not be the case, that by some judicious aid on her part, that indecision might be turned into certainty, and that coldness into warmth? But then any such interference requires so delicate a touch,—as Lady Lufton was well aware.

"Have you had a pleasant evening?" Lady Lufton said, when she and Griselda were seated together with their feet on the fender of her ladyship's dressing-room. Lady Lufton had especially invited her guest into this, her most private sanctum, to which as a rule none had admittance but her daughter, and sometimes Fanny Robarts. But to what sanctum might not such a daughter-in-law as Griselda have admittance?

"Oh, yes—very," said Griselda.

"It seemed to me that you bestowed most of your smiles upon Ludovic." And Lady Lufton put on a look of good pleasure that such should have been the case.

"Oh! I don't know," said Griselda; "I did dance with him two or three times."

"Not once too often to please me, my dear. I like to see Ludovic dancing with my friends."

"I am sure I am very much obliged to you, Lady Lufton."

"Not at all, my dear. I don't know where he could get so nice a partner." And then she paused a moment, not feeling how far she might go. In the meantime Griselda sat still, staring at the hot coals. "Indeed, I know that he admires you very much," continued Lady Lufton.

"Oh! no, I am sure he doesn't," said Griselda; and then there was another pause.

"I can only say this," said Lady Lufton, "that if he does do so—and I believe he does—it would give me very great pleasure. For you know, my dear, that I am very fond of you myself."

"Oh! thank you," said Griselda, and stared at the coals more perseveringly than before.

"He is a young man of a most excellent disposition—though he is my own son, I will say that—and if there should be anything between you and him——"

"There isn't, indeed, Lady Lufton."

"But if there ever should be, I should be delighted to think that Ludovic had made so good a choice."

"But there will never be anything of the sort, I'm sure, Lady Lufton. He is not thinking of such a thing in the least."

"Well, perhaps he may, some day. And now, good-night, my dear."

"Good-night, Lady Lufton." And Griselda kissed her with the utmost composure, and betook herself to her own bedroom. Before she retired to sleep she looked carefully to her different articles of dress, discovering what amount of damage the evening's wear and tear might have inflicted.

CHAPTER XXI.

Why Puck, the Pony, was Beaten.

Mark Robarts returned home the day after the scene at the Albany, considerably relieved in spirit. He now felt that he might accept the stall without discredit to himself as a clergyman in doing so. Indeed, after what Mr. Sowerby had said, and after Lord Lufton's assent to it, it would have been madness, he considered, to decline it. And then, too, Mr. Sowerby's promise about the bills was very comfortable to him. After all, might it not be possible that he might get rid of all these troubles with no other drawback than that of having to pay 130*l.* for a horse that was well worth the money?

On the day after his return he received proper authentic tidings of his presentation to the prebend. He was, in fact, already prebendary, or would be as soon as the dean and chapter had gone through the form of instituting him in his stall. The income was already his own; and the house

also would be given up to him in a week's time—a part of the arrangement with which he would most willingly have dispensed had it been at all possible to do so. His wife congratulated him nicely, with open affection, and apparent satisfaction at the arrangement. The enjoyment of one's own happiness at such windfalls depends so much on the free and freely expressed enjoyment of others! Lady Lufton's congratulations had nearly made him throw up the whole thing; but his wife's smiles re-encouraged him; and Lucy's warm and eager joy made him feel quite delighted with Mr. Sowerby and the Duke of Omnium. And then that splendid animal, Dandy, came home to the Parsonage stables, much to the delight of the groom and gardener, and of the assistant stable boy who had been allowed to creep into the establishment, unawares as it were, since "master" had taken so keenly to hunting. But this satisfaction was not shared in the drawing-room. The horse was seen on his first journey round to the stable gate, and questions were immediately asked. It was a horse, Mark said, "which he had bought from Mr. Sowerby some little time since with the object of obliging him. He, Mark, intended to sell him again, as soon as he could do so judiciously." This, as I have said above, was not satisfactory. Neither of the two ladies at Framley Parsonage knew much about horses, or of the manner in which one gentleman might think it proper to oblige another by purchasing the superfluities of his stable; but they did both feel that there were horses enough in the Parsonage stable without Dandy, and that the purchasing of a hunter with the view of immediately selling him again, was, to say the least of it, an operation hardly congenial with the usual tastes and pursuits of a clergyman.

"I hope you did not give very much money for him, Mark," said Fanny.

"Not more than I shall get again," said Mark; and Fanny saw from the form of his countenance that she had better not pursue the subject any further at that moment.

"I suppose I shall have to go into residence almost immediately," said Mark, recurring to the more agreeable subject of the stall.

"And shall we all have to go and live at Barchester at once?" asked Lucy.

"The house will not be furnished, will it, Mark?" said his wife. "I don't know how we shall get on."

"Don't frighten yourselves. I shall take lodgings in Barchester."

"And we shall not see you all the time," said Mrs. Robarts with dismay. But the prebendary explained that he would be backwards and forwards at Framley every week, and that in all probability he would only sleep at Barchester on the Saturdays and Sundays—and, perhaps, not always then.

"It does not seem very hard work, that of a prebendary," said Lucy.

"But it is very dignified," said Fanny. "Prebendaries are dignitaries of the Church—are they not, Mark?"

"Decidedly," said he; "and their wives also, by special canon law. The worst of it is that both of them are obliged to wear wigs."

"Shall you have a hat, Mark, with curly things at the side, and strings through to hold them up?" asked Lucy.

"I fear that does not come within my perquisites."

"Nor a rosette? Then I shall never believe that you are a dignitary. Do you mean to say that you will wear a hat like a common parson—like Mr. Crawley, for instance?"

"Well—I believe I may give a twist to the leaf; but I am by no means sure till I shall have consulted the dean in chapter."

And thus at the parsonage they talked over the good things that were coming to them, and endeavoured to forget the new horse, and the hunting boots that had been used so often during the last winter, and Lady Lufton's altered countenance. It might be that the evils would vanish away, and the good things alone remain to them.

It was now the month of April, and the fields were beginning to look green, and the wind had got itself out of the east and was soft and genial, and the early spring flowers were showing their bright colours in the Parsonage garden, and all things were sweet and pleasant. This was a period of the year that was usually dear to Mrs. Robarts. Her husband was always a better parson when the warm months came than he had been during the winter. The distant county friends whom she did not know and of whom she did not approve went away when the spring came, leaving their houses innocent and empty. The parish duty was better attended to, and perhaps domestic duties also. At such period he was a pattern parson and a pattern husband, atoning to his own conscience for past shortcomings by present zeal. And then, though she had never acknowledged it to herself, the absence of her dear friend Lady Lufton was perhaps in itself not disagreeable. Mrs. Robarts did love Lady Lufton heartily; but it must be acknowledged of her ladyship, that, with all her good qualities, she was inclined to be masterful. She liked to rule, and she made people feel that she liked it. Mrs. Robarts would never have confessed that she laboured under a sense of thraldom; but perhaps she was mouse enough to enjoy the temporary absence of her kind-hearted cat. When Lady Lufton was away Mrs. Robarts herself had more play in the parish.

And Mark also was not unhappy, though he did not find it practicable immediately to turn Dandy into money. Indeed, just at this moment, when he was a good deal over at Barchester, going through those deep mysteries and rigid ecclesiastical examinations which are necessary before a clergyman can become one of a chapter, Dandy was rather a thorn in his side. Those wretched bills were to come due early in May, and before the end of April Sowerby wrote to him saying that he was doing his utmost to provide for the evil day; but that if the price of Dandy could be remitted to him *at once*, it would greatly facilitate his object. Nothing could be more different than Mr. Sowerby's tone about money at

different times. When he wanted to raise the wind, everything was so important; haste and superhuman efforts, and men running to and fro with blank acceptances in their hands, could alone stave off the crack of doom; but at other times, when retaliatory applications were made to him, he could prove with the easiest voice and most jaunty manner that everything was quite serene. Now, at this period, he was in that mood of superhuman efforts, and he called loudly for the hundred and thirty pounds for Dandy. After what had passed, Mark could not bring himself to say that he would pay nothing till the bills were safe; and therefore with the assistance of Mr. Forrest of the Bank, he did remit the price of Dandy to his friend Sowerby in London.

And Lucy Robarts—we must now say a word of her. We have seen how on that occasion, when the world was at her feet, she had sent her noble suitor away, not only dismissed, but so dismissed that he might be taught never again to offer to her the sweet incense of his vows. She had declared to him plainly that she did not love him and could not love him, and had thus thrown away not only riches and honour and high station, but more than that—much worse than that—she had flung away from her the lover to whose love her warm heart clung. That her love did cling to him, she knew even then, and owned more thoroughly as soon as he was gone. So much her pride had done for her, and that strong resolve that Lady Lufton should not scowl on her and tell her that she had entrapped her son.

I know it will be said of Lord Lufton himself that, putting aside his peerage and broad acres, and handsome, sonsy face, he was not worth a girl's care and love. That will be said because people think that heroes in books should be so much better than heroes got up for the world's common wear and tear. I may as well confess that of absolute, true heroism there was only a moderate admixture in Lord Lufton's composition; but what would the world come to if none but absolute true heroes were to be thought worthy of women's love? What would the men do? and what—oh! what would become of the women? Lucy Robarts in her heart did not give her dismissed lover credit for much more heroism than did truly appertain to him;—did not, perhaps, give him full credit for a certain amount of heroism which did really appertain to him; but, nevertheless, she would have been very glad to take him could she have done so without wounding her pride.

That girls should not marry for money we are all agreed. A lady who can sell herself for a title or an estate, for an income or a set of family diamonds, treats herself as a farmer treats his sheep and oxen—makes hardly more of herself, of her own inner self, in which are comprised a mind and soul, than the poor wretch of her own sex who earns her bread in the lowest stage of degradation. But a title, and an estate, and an income, are matters which will weigh in the balance with all Eve's daughters—as they do with all Adam's sons. Pride of place, and the power of living well in front of the world's eye, are dear to us all:—

are, doubtless, intended to be dear. Only in acknowledging so much, let us remember that there are prices at which these good things may be too costly. Therefore, being desirous, too, of telling the truth in this matter, I must confess that Lucy did speculate with some regret on what it would have been to be Lady Lufton. To have been the wife of such a man, the owner of such a heart, the mistress of such a destiny —what more or what better could the world have done for her? And now she had thrown all that aside because she would not endure that Lady Lufton should call her a scheming, artful girl! Actuated by that fear she had repulsed him with a falsehood, though the matter was one on which it was so terribly expedient that she should tell the truth.

And yet she was cheerful with her brother and sister-in-law. It was when she was quite alone, at night in her own room, or in her solitary walks, that a single silent tear would gather in the corner of her eye and gradually moisten her eyelids. "She never told her love," nor did she allow concealment to "feed on her damask cheek." In all her employments, in her ways about the house, and her accustomed quiet mirth, she was the same as ever. In this she showed the peculiar strength which God had given her. But not the less did she in truth mourn for her lost love and spoiled ambition.

"We are going to drive over to Hogglestock this morning," Fanny said one day at breakfast. "I suppose, Mark, you won't go with us?"

"Well, no; I think not. The pony carriage is wretched for three."

"Oh, as for that, I should have thought the new horse might have been able to carry you as far as that. I heard you say you wanted to see Mr. Crawley."

"So I do; and the new horse, as you call him, shall carry me there to-morrow. Will you say that I'll be over about twelve o'clock."

"You had better say earlier, as he is always out about the parish."

"Very well, say eleven. It is parish business about which I am going, so it need not irk his conscience to stay in for me."

"Well, Lucy, we must drive ourselves, that's all. You shall be charioteer going, and then we'll change coming back." To all which Lucy agreed, and as soon as their work in the school was over they started.

Not a word had been spoken between them about Lord Lufton since that evening, now more than a month ago, on which they had been walking together in the garden. Lucy had so demeaned herself on that occasion as to make her sister-in-law quite sure that there had been no love passages up to that time; and nothing had since occurred which had created any suspicion in Mrs. Robarts' mind. She had seen at once that all the close intimacy between them was over, and thought that everything was as it should be.

"Do you know, I have an idea," she said in the pony carriage that day, "that Lord Lufton will marry Griselda Grantly."

Lucy could not refrain from giving a little check at the words which she was holding, and she felt that the blood rushed quickly to her heart. But

she did not betray herself. "Perhaps he may," she said, and then gave the pony a little touch with her whip.

"Oh, Lucy, I won't have Puck beaten. He was going very nicely."

"I beg Puck's pardon. But you see when one is trusted with a whip one feels such a longing to use it."

"Oh, but you should keep it still. I feel almost certain that Lady Lufton would like such a match."

"I daresay she might. Miss Grantly will have a large fortune, I believe."

"It is not that altogether: but she is the sort of young lady that Lady Lufton likes. She is ladylike and very beautiful ——"

"Come, Fanny!"

"I really think she is; not what I should call lovely, you know, but very beautiful. And then she is quiet and reserved; she does not require excitement, and I am sure is conscientious in the performance of her duties."

"Very conscientious, I have no doubt," said Lucy, with something like a sneer in a tone. "But the question, I suppose, is whether Lord Lufton likes her."

"I think he does,—in a sort of way. He did not talk to her so much as he did to you ——"

"Ah! that was all Lady Lufton's fault, because she didn't have him properly labelled."

"There does not seem to have been much harm done?"

"Oh! by God's mercy, very little. As for me, I shall get over it in three or four years I don't doubt—that's if I can get ass's milk and change of air."

"We'll take you to Barchester for that. But as I was saying, I really do think Lord Lufton likes Griselda Grantly."

"Then I really do think that he has uncommon bad taste," said Lucy, with a reality in her voice differing much from the tone of banter she had hitherto used.

"What, Lucy!" said her sister-in-law, looking at her. "Then I fear we shall really want the ass's milk."

"Perhaps, considering my position, I ought to know nothing of Lord Lufton, for you say that it is very dangerous for young ladies to know young gentlemen. But I do know enough of him to understand that he ought not to like such a girl as Griselda Grantly. He ought to know that she is a mere automaton, cold, lifeless, spiritless, and even vapid. There is, I believe, nothing in her mentally, whatever may be her moral excellences. To me she is more absolutely like a statue than any other human being I ever saw. To sit still and be admired is all that she desires; and if she cannot get that, to sit still and not be admired would almost suffice for her. I do not worship Lady Lufton as you do; but I think quite well enough of her to wonder that she should choose such a girl as that for her son's wife. That she does wish it, I do not doubt. But I shall indeed be

surprised if he wishes it also." And then as she finished her speech, Lucy again flogged the pony. This she did in vexation, because she felt that the tell-tale blood had suffused her face.

"Why, Lucy, if he were your brother you could not be more eager about it."

"No, I could not. He is the only man friend with whom I was ever intimate, and I cannot bear to think that he should throw himself away. It's horridly improper to care about such a thing, I have no doubt."

"I think we might acknowledge that if he and his mother are both satisfied, we may be satisfied also."

"I shall not be satisfied. It's no use your looking at me, Fanny. You will make me talk of it, and I won't tell a lie on the subject. I do like Lord Lufton very much; and I do dislike Griselda Grantly almost as much. Therefore I shall not be satisfied if they become man and wife. However, I do not suppose that either of them will ask my consent; nor is it probable that Lady Lufton will do so." And then they went on for perhaps a quarter of a mile without speaking.

"Poor Puck!" at last Lucy said. "He shan't be whipped any more, shall he, because Miss Grantly looks like a statue? And, Fanny, don't tell Mark to put me into a lunatic asylum. I also know a hawk from a heron, and that's why I don't like to see such a very unfitting marriage." There was then nothing more said on the subject, and in two minutes they arrived at the house of the Hogglestock clergyman.

Mrs. Crawley had brought two children with her when she came from the Cornish curacy to Hogglestock, and two other babies had been added to her cares since then. One of these was now ill with croup, and it was with the object of offering to the mother some comfort and solace, that the present visit was made. The two ladies got down from their carriage, having obtained the services of a boy to hold Puck, and soon found themselves in Mrs. Crawley's single sitting-room. She was sitting there with her foot on the board of a child's cradle, rocking it, while an infant about three months old was lying in her lap. For the elder one, who was the sufferer, had in her illness usurped the baby's place. Two other children, considerably older, were also in the room. The eldest was a girl, perhaps nine years of age, and the other a boy three years her junior. These were standing at their father's elbow, who was studiously endeavouring to initiate them in the early mysteries of grammar. To tell the truth Mrs. Robarts would much have preferred that Mr. Crawley had not been there, for she had with her and about her certain contraband articles, presents for the children, as they were to be called, but in truth relief for that poor, much tasked mother, which they knew it would be impossible to introduce in Mr. Crawley's presence.

She, as we have said, was not quite so gaunt, not altogether so haggard as in the latter of those dreadful Cornish days. Lady Lufton and Mrs. Arabin between them, and the scanty comfort of their improved, though still wretched income had done something towards bringing her back to

the world in which she had lived in the soft days of her childhood. But even the liberal stipend of a hundred and thirty pounds a-year—liberal according to the scale by which the incomes of clergymen in some of our new districts are now apportioned—would not admit of a gentleman with his wife and four children living with the ordinary comforts of an artisan's family. As regards the mere eating and drinking, the amounts of butcher's meat and tea and butter, they of course were used in quantities which any artisan would have regarded as compatible only with demi-starvation. Better clothing for her children were necessary, and better clothing for him. As for her own raiment, the wives of few artisans would have been content to put up with Mrs. Crawley's best gown. The stuff of which it was made had been paid for by her mother when she with much difficulty bestowed upon her daughter her modest wedding *trousseau*.

Lucy had never seen Mrs. Crawley. These visits to Hogglestock were not frequent, and had generally been made by Lady Lufton and Mrs. Robarts together. It was known that they were distasteful to Mr. Crawley, who felt a savage satisfaction in being left to himself. It may almost be said of him that he felt angry with those who relieved him, and he had certainly never as yet forgiven the Dean of Barchester for paying his debts. The dean had also given him his present living; and consequently his old friend was not now so dear to him as when in old days he would come down to that farmhouse, almost as penniless as the curate himself. Then they would walk together for hours along the rock-bound shore, listening to the waves, discussing deep polemical mysteries, sometimes with hot fury, then again with tender, loving charity, but always with a mutual acknowledgment of each other's truth. Now they lived comparatively near together, but no opportunities arose for such discussions. At any rate once a quarter Mr. Crawley was pressed by his old friend to visit him at the deanery, and Dr. Arabin had promised that no one else should be in the house if Mr. Crawley objected to society. But this was not what he wanted. The finery and grandeur of the deanery, and the comfort of that warm, snug library, would silence him at once. Why did not Dr. Arabin come out there to Hogglestock, and tramp with him through the dirty lanes as they used to tramp? Then he could have enjoyed himself; then he could have talked; then old days would have come back to them. But now!——"Arabin always rides on a sleek, fine horse, now-a-days," he once said to his wife with a sneer. His poverty had been so terrible to himself that it was not in his heart to love a rich friend.

Vanitas Vanitatum.

How spake of old the Royal Seer?
(His text is one I love to treat on.)
This life of ours, he said, is sheer
Mataiotes Mataioteton.

O Student of this gilded Book,
Declare, while musing on its pages,
If truer words were ever spoke
By ancient, or by modern sages?

The various authors' names but note,*
French, Spanish, English, Russians, Germans:
And in the volume polyglot,
Sure you may read a hundred sermons!

What histories of life are here,
More wild than all romancers' stories;
What wondrous transformations queer,
What homilies on human glories!

What theme for sorrow or for scorn!
What chronicle of Fate's surprises—
Of adverse Fortune nobly borne,
Of chances, changes, ruins, rises!

Of thrones upset, and sceptres broke,
How strange a record here is written!
Of honours, dealt as if in joke;
Of brave desert unkindly smitten.

How low men were, and how they rise!
How high they were, and how they tumble!
O Vanity of vanities!
O laughable, pathetic jumble!

* Between a page by Jules Janin, and a poem by the Turkish Ambassador, in Madame de R——'s album, containing the autographs of kings, princes, poets, marshals, musicians, diplomatists, statesmen, artists, and men of letters of all nations.

Here, between honest Janin's joke
And his Turk Excellency's firman,
I write my name upon the book:
I write my name—and end my sermon.

O Vanity of vanities!
How wayward the decrees of Fate are;
How very weak the very wise,
How very small the very great are!

What mean these stale moralities,
Sir Preacher, from your desk you mumble?
Why rail against the great and wise,
And tire us with your ceaseless grumble?

Pray choose us out another text,
O man morose and narrow-minded!
Come turn the page—I read the next,
And then the next, and still I find it.

Read here how Wealth aside was thrust,
And Folly set in place exalted;
How Princes footed in the dust,
While lackies in the saddle vaulted.

Though thrice a thousand years are past,
Since David's son, the sad and splendid,
The weary King Ecclesiast,
Upon his awful tablets penned it,—

Methinks the text is never stale,
And life is every day renewing
Fresh comments on the old old tale
Of Folly, Fortune, Glory, Ruin.

Hark to the Preacher, preaching still!
He lifts his voice and cries his sermon,
Here at St. Peter's of Cornhill,
As yonder on the Mount of Hermon:

For you and me to heart to take
(O dear beloved brother readers)
To-day, as when the good King spake
Beneath the solemn Syrian cedars.

W. M. Thackeray.

Electricity and the Electric Telegraph.

Two hundred and sixty years ago, Dr. Gilbert, of Colchester, Court Physician to Elizabeth and James, published a work, entitled *Physiologia Nova, seu Tractatus de Magneti, et Corporibus Magneticis*, which comprised nearly all that was known on the subject of magnetism during the succeeding two centuries. Its chief merit lies, however, in the fact of its having formed the groundwork of electrical science. Greek philosophers had shown that when amber (*elektron*) was subjected to friction it attracted light bodies, such as feathers, or shreds of straw. Gilbert showed that this property was possessed by numerous substances, and explained the conditions under which it could be most favourably developed. Singularly enough, this remarkable treatise was severely condemned by Bacon in the *Novum Organum*. Not content with singling it out for citation as a peculiarly striking instance of inconclusive reasoning, and of truth distorted by "preconceived fancies," he elsewhere alludes to the "electric energy, concerning which *Gilbert has told so many fables!*" There are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of even in *his* philosophy. A century and a half later those "fables" assumed the form of realities a thousand times more incredible. The sweeping censure of so high an authority produced its natural effect, however, and the close of the seventeenth century saw the infant science still far from development. Edmund Halley—he whose self-exile on the rock of St. Helena contributed so greatly to the increase of astronomical knowledge—had indeed hazarded some opinions on the laws of magnetism; but the task of sinking a shaft into the precious mine was reserved for more obscure, though not less ardent labourers.

In the year 1730, a pensioner of the Charterhouse, named Stephen Grey—a philosopher more distinguished by enthusiasm than by sagacity—accidentally stumbled on the fact that most bodies are divisible into two classes in relation to electricity—namely, those which resist, and those which do not resist the passage of the fluid, or the *current*, as it is frequently termed. Thus, silk thread, glass, porcelain, and resinous bodies are non-conductors; or, to use a synonymous term, *insulators*, while all the metals, acids, and water, are conductors. Although such a distinction in terms is sufficiently convenient and precise for practical purposes, still it has been recently shown that absolute non-conductibility can nowhere be found. The difference between all bodies in relation to the passage of the fluid is, therefore, simply one of degree, not of kind. The *minimum* of resistance is found in the metals, the *maximum* in certain dry gases. The metals conduct better than the acids, and the acids better than water; one metal conducts better than another; one acid better than another; one kind of water better than another, and so on.

Dufaye, an acute Frenchman, subjected the discoveries of Grey to rigid

experimental tests, placed them on more philosophical bases, and established the theory of two fluids, by demonstrating the existence of what he deemed two opposite *kinds* of electricity, which he designated "vitreous" and "resinous;" the former being that evolved by rubbing glass, the latter that of gum, wax, &c. He also succeeded in transmitting a current through a wet cord to a distance of 1,300 feet.

A few years later considerable improvements were effected in the construction of apparatus. The ordinary method of evolving the fluid had been that of rubbing a glass tube on a silk or on a woollen cloth. Otto Guericke, of Magdeburg, the inventor of the air-pump, had, however, in the preceding century, employed a sphere of sulphur, revolving on a vertical, or on a horizontal axis. A cylinder of glass was now substituted, and the electric machine soon afterwards assumed its present well-known form. One of the immediate and most important results of this great improvement, was the invention of the Leyden jar, an instrument which acts as an electric condenser. It should seem that in 1746 Musschenbroek, Cuneus, and Von Kleist, of Leyden, had conceived the idea of electrifying water enclosed in a jar, to prevent the absorption of the electricity by the atmosphere. When the water seemed sufficiently charged, one of the experimentalists endeavoured to disengage the wire which led from the prime conductor of a machine, when he received a shock through his arms and breast. This startling and unexpected result created an extraordinary sensation. Musschenbroek declared that "he would not take a second shock for the kingdom of France;" whilst another philosopher "feared an ardent fever, and was obliged to have recourse to cooling medicines." The experiment was everywhere repeated; and English *savans* soon afterwards discovered that jars coated externally and internally with tinfoil served the purpose much more effectually. About the same time, Dr. Watson transmitted a shock through more than 12,000 feet of wire.

In the year 1747, Franklin instituted that series of brilliant experiments which have given his name such a conspicuous position in the earlier annals of the science. He asserted that every body is possessed, naturally, of a certain quantity of latent electricity; that the result of the process of attrition is, that one parts with a portion of its natural quantity, which is absorbed by the other. The absorbing body is "positively" electrified, whilst the other is "negatively" so. Charge a Leyden jar, and the electricity of the inside coating is *plus* (positive), whilst that of the outside is *minus* (negative). Discharge it, by establishing metallic communication between both coatings, and you simply restore the electric equilibrium which had previously existed. This ingenious theory, which implies the existence of only one fluid, and recognizes the "vitreous" and "resinous" electricities of Dufaye, as simple cases of excess or deficiency, was, however, soon afterwards questioned and combated by numerous experimentalists. During several years Franklin had observed the many points of resemblance which subsist between lightning and electricity; but it was only in 1752 that he succeeded in demonstrating their identity. His preconceived

opinions on this subject, transmitted in a series of letters to London, were received with roars of laughter by the members of the Royal Society!

The names of a few members of the Royal Society of that age still retain a comparatively obscure place in the scientific annals of their country, but the self-taught philosopher of Philadelphia holds a niche in the Temple of Fame, second only to that of Newton. A few years later he discovered the great law of induction. A metallic rod was suspended by silk cords, and an excited glass tube brought near, when a *new* current, which manifested every property of that developed by ordinary means, was instantly created or *induced* in the rod, its duration corresponding precisely with the length of time during which the tube was held in proximity.

A wide field now began to open itself; the domain of the science, rapidly extending, embraced within its range many phenomena which had long baffled human ingenuity; great laws, based on a few scattered facts, were thoroughly investigated; principles, hitherto resting on a narrow induction, were placed on broader foundations; whilst accidental circumstances occasionally half unveiled the hitherto unsuspected truth that electrical science bore an intimate relation to another and an equally interesting branch of human knowledge.

All the world knows the famous story of the origin of galvanism, as recorded by Arago; how, in the year 1790, Signora Galvani, the wife of a Bolognese professor, caught cold, and had frog soup prescribed for her use—how some skinned frogs lying near an electric machine, which was accidentally set in motion, gave what seemed signs of vitality, in virtue of the law of induction; and how, on passing copper hooks through their limbs, and suspending them on an iron railing, equally strong convulsions resulted, even in the absence of any apparent exciting cause. Galvani held that the muscles and nerves were analogous to the inner and outer coatings of a Leyden jar. Volta asserted that the source of the fluid lay in the contact of two dissimilar metals, whilst Fabroni saw in this phenomenon a suggestive indication of chemical change. The keen discussion which followed, terminated in Volta's invention, in 1800, of the pile; which consisted of alternate discs of zinc and silver, separated by pieces of cloth saturated with salt and water, and subsequently of the "*couronne des tasses*," a series of cups containing a saline solution, in which plates of zinc and silver were immersed. Such were the earliest types of the voltaic, or, as it is more frequently termed, the galvanic battery. Volta first made his discovery public in a letter communicated to Sir Joseph Banks, president of the Royal Society of London; and so great was the sensation which it produced, that Napoleon, then First Consul, invited the humble professor of natural philosophy to Paris, to explain his theory before the Academy of Sciences. The result was deemed so satisfactory, that the gold medal was unanimously awarded to the inventor, whilst two thousand crowns were paid him from the public treasury. Soon after the invention of the pile, Sir Humphry Davy, and Ritter, of Munich, discovered its property of decomposing numerous chemical combinations.

In the year 1820, Oersted, of Copenhagen, a celebrated Danish philosopher, published a Latin memoir, in which he announced his discovery of the fact, that if a magnetized needle, resting in its centre of gravity on a vertical axis, be brought into close proximity and placed parallel to a wire which conveys electricity, it will indicate a tendency to deviate from its natural position, either to the right or to the left, according to the direction of the current; and if the current be sufficiently strong, the needle will place itself at right angles to the wire: in other words, instead of pointing northwards, it will turn towards the east, or towards the west.

At a later period, Schwiegger showed that if a magnetized needle, free to move, be surrounded by an insulated wire, coiled into numerous convolutions, the influence of the current on its deviation would be greatly increased. This arrangement, termed a *Multiplier*, but more frequently a *Galvanometer*, is thus described by the Abbé Moigno: "A conducting wire twisted upon itself, and forming a hundred turns, will, when traversed by the same current, produce an effect a hundred times greater than a wire with a single turn; provided always that the electric fluid pass through the circumvolutions of the wire without passing laterally from one contour to another. To make a Multiplier, you take a silver or a copper wire, of any length or size, closely enveloped in silk thread, and wind it round a small frame within which the needle is suspended on a pivot, leaving a few inches free at each extremity. These are called the two wires of the Multiplier, and when in work the current enters by one end and passes off at the other." The value of this instrument in relation to telegraphy will be afterwards seen.

The discovery of Oersted, forming, as it did, the foundation of that interesting branch of the science termed Electro-magnetism, pointed to a field richer than any which had been hitherto explored. Within a few months after the publication of Oersted's memoir, Ampère laid a paper before the Parisian Academy, which was calculated to give a powerful stimulus to further inquiry. He considered that the deviation of the needle was the result of magnetic action induced in the wire by two currents moving in opposite directions, and supported his theory by numerous ingenious contrivances for exhibiting magnetic phenomena in helices of wire.

About the same time, Arago discovered that the two wires of a battery possess the property of attracting steel-filings so long as the circuit is complete. One of the best practical results of those researches was the invention of the electro-magnet by Sturgeon—a famous electrician who had wrought at the cobbler's last, as Faraday had done at the bookbinder's press. Bars of soft iron, or rods hammered into the shape of a horseshoe, are surrounded by insulated, or, in other words, covered wire, coiled spirally, and on connecting the two ends of the wire to the two poles of a battery, the iron gives indications of much greater magnetic power than the ordinary steel magnet. The essential difference between the two, lies in the fact that the magnetism of the one is temporary, whilst that of the

other is permanent. The virtue of the soft iron is wholly dependent on the fluid. Connect its wires to a battery, and you at once confer the power; disconnect them, and you as quickly remove that power. The virtue of the steel magnet can only be removed, however, by the action of intense heat.

In the year 1834, Dr. Faraday furnished additional proof of the identity of magnetism and electricity, by showing that a current could be induced in a helix of insulated wire by the alternate approximation and withdrawal of a bar of magnetized steel—a discovery second only to the invention of the voltaic pile.

Before entering on the question of the application of electricity to telegraphy, a brief recapitulation of the great physical facts on which every attempt of the kind has been based will render the subject more intelligible to the uninitiated. Frictional, or, as it is commonly termed, *statical* electricity, evolved by rubbing glass or kindred substances, is possessed of the property of attracting light substances, such as shreds of paper or pith balls. It also emits sparks, either in the process of evolution, or in its accumulated state, as in the discharge of Leyden jars. Voltaic electricity, evolved by chemical change, chemical combination, and the contact of two dissimilar metals, causes a magnetic needle to deviate from its natural position; it confers magnetism on soft iron; and it also possesses the power of decomposing numerous chemical combinations in solution. Magneto-electricity, evolved by the approximation of a bar of magnetized steel to a coil of wire, followed by its sudden withdrawal, produces effects precisely similar to those of voltaic electricity.

The question of the invention of the electric telegraph has long been a sorely vexed one. The honour has been claimed for America, for England, and for nearly every country on the continent. The scientific world is doubtless divided in its opinions as to the practicability of those early inventions which were worked by means of frictional electricity. But a series of experiments instituted in 1816, showed that the obstacles which had so frequently baffled preceding inventors, were partly of a pecuniary nature, and were not therefore absolutely insurmountable. The question, thus extricated from a labyrinth of prejudice, of conflicting claims, and of still more conflicting opinions, might therefore assume somewhat of the following historical development. One hundred and seven years ago, there appeared in the *Scots' Magazine* a remarkable letter dated from Renfrew, and headed, "An Expeditious Method for Conveying Intelligence." Premising that electricity is transmissible through a short wire without any apparent diminution of intensity, the writer shows how, in his opinion, it may be turned to practical account. Extend wires, equal in number to the letters of the alphabet, between two distant places; support them at intervals on glass fixed to solid bodies; let each wire terminate in a ball; place beneath each ball, a shred of paper on which the corresponding letter of the alphabet has been printed. Bring the further end of the first wire into contact with an excited glass tube, and the paper "A" will instantly rise

to the first ball, in virtue of the principle of attraction. Thus the whole alphabet may be represented. A series of electrical bells, decreasing in tone from "A" to "Z," may be employed instead of the paper. Possible objections are anticipated and met, by showing how the wires may be insulated throughout.

Such was the first electric telegraph invented in 1753: an instrument theoretically accurate in every detail, although rendered impracticable for any considerable distance by its cumbrous arrangement of wires. But the genius which was capable of contriving, was, no doubt, equal to the task of improving. Little is known of the inventor, beyond the fact that an elderly Scotch lady remembered a "very clever man" of obscure position, named Charles Marshall, who could make "lichtnin' write an' speak;" and who could "licht a room wi' coal-reek" (*Anglice*—coal-smoke). However humble the sphere in which he moved, Marshall was clearly a man of no ordinary intellect. Mark the significance of his words,—"*An Expeditious Method for Conveying Intelligence!*" At a time when the very alphabet of the science was unformed, he saw what had not only escaped the acute intellect of Franklin, but what had evidently never been dreamt of by men who inherited the thrones of Newton, of Halley, and of Boyle. In describing the intellectual aspects of that half-century, which not only saw Reid and Smith, Hume and Robertson, in the zenith of their fame, but gave birth to Burns, to Scott, and to Carlyle, some future Macaulay may adorn his "pictured page" by stories of humble Scotchmen, who gave to civilization the steam-engine, the steam-ship, the electric telegraph, and the gas with which we light our houses and our streets.

In the year 1774, Le Sage, a Frenchman, resident in Geneva, who has been hitherto recognized by many as the originator of electric communication, submitted a plan to Frederick of Prussia, which differed so slightly from that which we have just described, that an account of it might seem a *rifacimento* of the letter of Charles Marshall. The next we read of, that of M. Lomond, appeared in 1787, and consisted of only one wire; the signals being indicated by the attraction and repulsion of pith balls. Arthur Young—who explains the *modus operandi* in his *Travels*—describes the inventor as a "very ingenious and inventive mechanic." "As the length of the wire makes no difference in the effect," says the clever and vivacious advocate of *la grande culture*, "*a correspondence might be carried on at any distance.*" Other projects followed, in some of which the active principle was that of the discharge of Leyden jars; the first suggestion of which was made so early as 1767, by a professor of natural philosophy in Rome, named Bozolus, and not by Cavallo, as has been hitherto supposed. Each and all of those attempts may, however, be justly regarded as experiments, as it was not until 1816 that their practicability for a distance of eight or ten miles was satisfactorily demonstrated by Mr. Ronalds, of Hammersmith; who, by the provision of perfect insulation, overcame, to some extent, the difficulties which had so frequently baffled his predecessors. About that period, however, the superiority of

voltaic electricity over that of friction for such purposes became apparent. The former is regular, controllable, and easily held in its legitimate channel, whilst the latter is unsteady, and remarkable for its high tension, escaping easily from its conductors.

During the succeeding twenty years several inventions appeared, some of which were failures, whilst others were more or less successful on a limited scale. Still, grave doubts existed, even in the minds of some distinguished philosophers, as to the practicability of such schemes for great distances, until Professor Wheatstone asserted, in 1834, that the velocity of electricity exceeded 280,000 miles in a second. Three years later, he, in conjunction with Mr. Cooke, patented an invention which, in one sense, deserves to be recognized in the same light as the first steam-engine of Watt; and which, after having undergone numerous improvements, ultimately assumed the form of that "double-needle" instrument so common in this country. On the night of the 25th of June, 1837, this famous invention was subjected to trial in the presence of several distinguished men;—prominent among whom was the late Robert Stephenson. Wires stretching from Euston Square to Camden Town were connected with the instruments. At the one end stood the able and energetic Mr. Cooke, at the other his coadjutor, Professor Wheatstone. The experiment was successful. "Never," says one of the inventors, "never did I feel such a tumultuous sensation before, as, when all alone in the still room, I heard the needles click; and as I spelled the words, I felt all the magnitude of the invention, now proved to be practicable beyond cavil or dispute."

Another instrument, most extensively employed, is the recording one, invented in the autumn of 1837, by Professor Morse. In a letter addressed to the Secretary of the Treasury of the United States, written in September of that year, the inventor says:—"About five years ago, on my voyage home from Europe, the electric experiment of Franklin upon a wire some four miles in length was casually recalled to my mind in a conversation with one of the passengers, in which experiment it was ascertained that the electricity travelled through the whole circuit in a time apparently instantaneous. It immediately occurred to me, that if the presence of electricity could be made visible in any part of this circuit, it would not be difficult to construct a system of signs, by which intelligence could be instantaneously transmitted. From the pressure of unavoidable duties, I was compelled to postpone my experiments, and was not able to test the whole plan, until within a few weeks. The result has realized my most sanguine expectations."

In the following year Mr. Edward Davy patented an electro-chemical recording instrument, which formed the basis of the "printing" one of Bain, an obscure clockmaker from Watten in the "far north," whose ingenuity gave a powerful impetus to the art of telegraphy in the earlier stages of its progress.

As the "needle" instrument of Cooke and Wheatstone, the electro-magnetic one of Morse, and the electro-chemical one of Bain, form the

grand types of the telegraphic system, and are more extensively used than any other, we shall proceed to explain the relation of their component parts—the battery, the instrument, and the conductor,—with their respective modes of operation.

A battery, in its simplest and most intelligible form, consists of three elements, namely,—two plates of dissimilar metals, such as zinc and copper, and a solution of sulphuric acid and water. The moment the plates are metallically united, electricity is generated. Originating, we shall say, at the zinc, it traverses the wire, then proceeding down the copper, passes through the solution to the point whence it started. An unbroken "circuit" is thus formed, consisting of the zinc, the uniting wire, the copper, and the solution. Break the continuity of that circuit by snapping the wire, and no current can possibly be generated. Electricians have long differed in opinion as to the origin of the fluid. Volta had triumphantly shown that the mere contact of two dissimilar metals developed it, and his opinion still finds numerous advocates on the continent. The "contact theory" was combated, however, so early as 1792, by Fabroni, who, in a paper communicated to the Florentine Academy, attributed the fluid to chemical change. According to this theory, which has obtained universal assent in this country, it is the result of the union of the zinc with the oxygen of the water; the quantity of electricity being dependent on the amount of zinc oxydized. Thus chemical combination and chemical decomposition alike contribute to its generation.

To recur to our illustration. Make your uniting wire a hundred miles in length, instead of a few inches: the result, in rapidity of operation, and indeed in every respect, will be similar, save in the proportionate diminution of intensity, consequent on the greater length. Extend a wire from the zinc to a distance of one hundred miles, bury its further end in the ground, connect the copper by a short wire to the ground also, and the result will still be similar—a circumstance which obviates the necessity of "return" wires for electric telegraphs. Two theories, perhaps equally plausible, and equally consistent with certain recognized laws, have been propounded to account for this interesting phenomenon. The one implies that the current is a foreign element—something superadded to the wire, and that it must therefore be discharged into the *earth*—the great reservoir of superabundant electricity. The advocates of the other theory maintain that the fluid, starting from the zinc, traverses the long wire, and returns through the intervening ground to the copper plate. Should the question be asked, "Why should a current transmitted from Edinburgh to London not go elsewhere, rather than return to the precise point whence it started?" the answer given is, that the ground between the two places forms one half of the circuit—being equivalent to a "return" wire. A current cannot be generated in any battery unless an absolutely unbroken circuit exists—unless we provide a way, however roundabout, whereby the fluid evolved at one pole may return to the other. The battery has been in this case not inaptly

compared to a loaded gun; the completion of the circuit being equivalent to the fall of the trigger. A single pair of plates produces too feeble a current for telegraphic purposes, however, and it is found necessary to multiply the number by arranging a series of zinc and copper alternately in a trough. The combined force thus obtained may be said to be proportioned to the increase in number.

The needle instrument, which is now in operation over probably 25,000 miles of wire in England and Scotland alone, is based on the principle of the deviation of a magnetic needle when subjected to electric influence. If the one end of a telegraphic wire, stretching from Edinburgh, and having its other extremity buried in the *earth* in London, be connected with the *zinc* pole of a battery which has its *copper* one in metallic contact with the ground, a current, originating at the zinc, will flow along the wire to London, plunge there into the ground, and return through the intervening earth between the two cities to the copper. If while this current is flowing, a magnetic needle be placed in close proximity to the wire at any point between the two places, it will swing round from its natural position, and place itself at right angles; thus, instead of pointing northwards, it will point, say, towards the west. Now if we reverse the connections of the battery in Edinburgh, by putting the wire into contact with the copper end, whilst the zinc is connected to the ground, the magnetic needle would still place itself at right angles to the wire; but in this case it would swing round to an opposite direction, and point eastwards. If a Schwiegger's Multiplier, as described by Moigno, be interposed at London, *so that the current will flow round its convolutions before entering the ground*, the magnetic needle placed inside will deviate from its vertical position, say to the *right;* and if the battery connections be reversed in Edinburgh as formerly, it will change to the *left.*

Such an arrangement would be to all intents and purposes an electric telegraph. Any person in Edinburgh, having control over the battery, might transmit at will a series of preconcerted signals, consisting of movements to the right and to the left, intelligible to some one in London. Now if both cities are provided with batteries and with Schwiegger's Multipliers, it is obvious that the communication could be made reciprocal, so that Edinburgh could not only speak to London, but *vice versâ*. Multipliers might also be placed in circuit at any point between the two places, so that correspondence might be carried on simultaneously between twenty different towns—the essential condition being the provision of an unbroken metallic channel throughout the whole length, however numerous the *détours* from the main line of wire. The instruments generally require two wires, and contain two multipliers at the back of the dial. The indicating needle in front of the dial is fixed on the same axis as the magnetic one enveloped in the multiplier, so that the deviations of the one correspond with those of the other. The handles are simply mechanical expedients for bringing the battery power into play: for making and breaking the circuit; or for reversing the direction of the current—in short, for

performing with rapidity and precision what we previously supposed was done by the hand. It is obvious, therefore, that if Edinburgh *sends* a message to London, his handles are moved, but if he *receives* one, his needles alone are influenced.

The alphabet is formed partly by simple, partly by complex deviations. Take the *left*-hand needle:—Two movements to the left indicate A; three, B; once right and left, C; once left and right, D; once right, E; twice, F; three times, G. The following eight letters are formed by the simple movement of the *right*-hand needle, whilst the remaining portion of the alphabet is represented by *combined* movements. The rate of transmission varies greatly, being dependent not merely on the experience of the telegraphist, but on his education and quickness of comprehension. An intelligent operator would find no difficulty in reading forty words per minute, whilst an illiterate railway signalman would find *two* sufficient for *his* comprehension in an equal space of time. This instrument possesses some undoubted advantages over others, but experience has shown that for long lines, one or other of those recording instruments, which remain to be explained, are preferable.

The "printing" telegraph of Morse, so extensively used throughout America, and which is rapidly superseding every other form on the continent, is based on the principle of electro-magnetism. We have shown how the magnetic virtue can be conferred on a piece of soft iron, or removed at will. If a steel "pricker" or style attached to the armature of an electro-magnet, having its two horns upwards, be so arranged that a ribbon of paper may pass immediately *above* it, it is obvious that when a current is passed round the magnet, the armature will be attracted, and the "pricker" will scratch the paper. Now, suppose you are in London, and that by simply depressing a key, like that of a pianoforte, you could cause a current from a battery to flow along a wire to Edinburgh, so that it would pass round the wire of an electro-magnet placed there,—it is obvious that you would cause the armature to be attracted, and the paper, if any, to be scratched. Depress the key for an instant, and you leave a small scratch, resembling that of a pin-point; depress it a little longer, and a longer scratch is left. You have here the exact *modus operandi*. A ribbon of paper is unwound by mechanism, and during this process a series of dots and dashes are scratched on it, which are translated by the telegraphist. The alphabet, as given in a recent work, runs as follows:

A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I	
·—	—···	—·—·	—··	·	··—·	——·	····	··	&c.

It will be observed that this alphabet, which reminds us of the celebrated *A* and *B* cypher of Lord Bacon, is based on two primary characters. The instrument could produce only a long line, or a series of dots, and the result is a character unsurpassed in the history of cryptography for its simplicity and ingenuity. Another interesting circumstance in connection with this alphabet is its universality. Being as intelligible to the conti-

nental telegraphist as to the English one, a message in English may be rendered with the greatest accuracy in St. Petersburg, although the Russian operator may know no language but his own.

The "printing" instrument of Bain, in use on some English lines, is based on that principle of electro-chemical decomposition which Sir Humphry Davy and Ritter so successfully elucidated. If a piece of paper, dipped in an acidulated solution of yellow prussiate of potash, be brought into connection with the *zinc* end of a battery, a steel point conveying a current from the *copper* end will leave a deep blue mark, so long as the circuit is complete. A ribbon of paper so saturated, and resembling a roll of cotton tape, is unwound by mechanism, whilst the alphabet is also formed by dots and dashes. The *modus operandi* of this instrument resembles that of Morse so closely, that the only essential difference lies in the fact of the paper being chemically prepared.

A valuable adjunct to the last two machines deserves special mention. We allude to the "Relay." A current may be too weak to influence a large magnet, or to decompose a chemical solution *directly*, yet it may be adequate to the task of influencing a small magnet, or a needle, in such a way as to bring fresh *local* battery power into play sufficient for the required purpose. Contrivances of this kind, termed "relays," are also peculiarly valuable on long lines. A battery in London may be incapable of producing intelligible signals in Copenhagen, but it may possess sufficient power to work a "relay" placed in Hamburg, and so arranged that, bringing fresh power into operation, it repeats with the utmost accuracy the signals transmitted from London; re-impelling the message to Copenhagen as rapidly and correctly as if the London current had traversed the whole length, and thus performing efficiently by mechanical means what would otherwise be inefficiently done by the human hand.

Other kinds of instruments might be deemed worthy of a detailed description, such as those in which the letters are printed in Roman capitals, or represented by an indicator revolving on a circular dial; but as they are seldom used, being peculiarly liable to derangement—and more remarkable for ingenuity than for utility—we shall content ourselves with a simple statement of the fact, that in such cases, the object is attained by the liberation of mechanism through the influence of an electro-magnet: much in the same manner, indeed, as those bells which, occasionally appended to the "needle" instrument, we often hear ringing at railway stations.

The wire, stretched on poles, which conveys the current to its destination, is generally made of iron which has been previously subjected to the process termed *galvanization*, by being raised to a high temperature and drawn through a bath of melted zinc. The sole object of this amalgamation is the prevention of oxidation, or rust. In such cases, however, the bare wire must be supported by *insulators*, made of earthenware, porcelain, or glass; which, in virtue of their non-conductibility, serve to keep the fluid to its legitimate channel,—the great object of insulation being the prevention of any escape to the ground, through

moisture or other causes. Underground wires, and those which are stretched in damp tunnels, are generally made of copper, invested with one or two coatings of gutta percha.

Another interesting branch of our subject is that of submarine telegraphy. Although, from an early period, it was obvious to those who were conversant with electrical science that an insulated wire could convey a current under water as easily as on the land, still it was not until the introduction of gutta percha as an element in the construction of telegraphs, that subaqueous communication was recognized as *un fait accompli*. A perfect non-conductor, and apparently possessed of the requisite homogeneous, plastic, and pliant properties, no substance seemed better adapted for such purposes, and in the first great trial to which it was subjected in September 1850 between France and England, the result was highly satisfactory. As the feeble experimental rope submerged on that occasion snapped, however, within a few days, submarine communication may be said to date only from October 1851, when a strong one was successfully deposited. In manufacturing a cable, the conducting medium—generally a copper wire—receives three distinct coatings of gutta percha, with a view to the prevention of leakage; it is then surrounded by one or two coatings of hemp or tow soaked in pitch, and is finally surrounded by a sheathing of galvanized iron wires, twisted longitudinally, so that it may acquire the requisite strength, protection, and flexibility.

The failure of the last effort to establish trans-Atlantic communication may be attributed to certain mechanical and engineering defects, which are not likely to operate in any future attempt. Difficulties of a much more serious nature remain, however, to be encountered. Long submarine cables are found to be practically elongated Leyden jars. The conducting wire is analogous to the internal coating, the outer metallic sheathing to the external one. The wire must, therefore, be regularly discharged of the superfluous fluid before it can be used for its legitimate purpose. It has also been found that long lines running parallel to the equator, are peculiarly susceptible of the disturbing influences of induced currents of terrestrial magnetism. Judging from such circumstances, and the results of recent experiment, we think that it would be scarcely possible to transmit more than three or four brief messages per hour by one wire to Newfoundland. There can be no doubt, however, as to the ultimate success of the Atlantic scheme, in a mechanical and engineering point of view, if the necessary conditions are scrupulously fulfilled.

In endeavouring to explain our subject, we have been influenced by a desire to illustrate essential principles rather than subsidiary details. The modifications of the battery are endless, but the fundamental principle of chemical decomposition and chemical affinity is in every case the same. The instrument may assume forms which appear widely different from those which we have selected as types, but each and all will generally be found to be based on one or other of those great physical laws which we have endeavoured to illustrate.

It is unnecessary to enter into any details as to the manifold purposes to which the electric telegraph is now applied. Already it has become an indispensable agent of civilized society — materially influencing the political, social, and commercial relations of every country in Europe. And from whatever point of view we regard it, we cannot but feel convinced that science, in this her most brilliant achievement, has placed in our hands an instrument which adds another link to that chain of causes which is slowly, silently, and imperceptibly bridging over the chasms which separate nation from nation and race from race; and whose influence on the future of civilization it is impossible to estimate. Its frail tendrils have not only penetrated into every corner of Europe—into remote lands whose religious systems and social institutions exist now as they existed at a time when our ancestors were mere barbarians, but it conveys its own significant lesson to the Indian in his wigwam, to the Hottentot in his kraal, and to the Arab in the desert.

In conclusion: What is electricity? Science has hitherto failed to answer the question satisfactorily. Some hold that it is a *state* or *condition of matter;* others, that it is an independent substance, an impalpable, imponderable, and highly elastic fluid. The nomenclature of the science is, therefore grounded, in some measure, on hypothesis. *Fluid*, *current*, *positive*, *negative*, are simply the convenient terms of convenient theories. We talk of electricity "traversing a wire;" but an opinion has long been gaining ground that it merely influences the molecular arrangement of the conductor: that, instead of propagating itself by a series of pulsations, it simply causes every component particle to assume certain electrical conditions. We talk of "positive" and "negative," as if there were two distinct currents, one of which is more powerful than the other; whilst in reality this dual force is co-existent, co-active, and mutually dependent, just as if there were only one which, under certain conditions, is capable of producing diametrically opposite results. This uncertainty is by no means confined to electrical science. We produce light and heat; we throw a stone into the air with an absolute conviction that it will fall to the ground. There are laws of light and of heat, and there is a law of gravitation. But a law implies something—a force, an agency; and what are those forces or agencies? We talk proudly of "man's dominion over nature," of "scanning the heavens," of "taming the lightning," but we can see little beyond the shows of things. The shadow is there, but the substance eludes our grasp. Like the physiognomist, we may indeed decipher something of Nature from the aspect of her countenance, but we cannot see the workings of her inmost heart. The greatest philosopher among us is still, as in the days of Newton, like a child standing on the seashore. The illimitable ocean lies outstretched before him. Now and then she casts a pearl at his feet. But her richest treasures lie far down in those unfathomable depths which mortal hand can never reach, and mortal eye can never pierce.

The Portent.

III.—THE OMEN FULFILLED.

One day, exactly three weeks after the last recorded event, as I was sitting with my three pupils, Lady Alice entered the room, and began to look on the bookshelves for some volume she seemed to want. After a few moments, she turned, and, approaching the table, said to me, in an abrupt yet hesitating way,—

"Mr. Campbell, I cannot spell. What am I to do to learn?"

I thought for a moment, and replied: "I would recommend you to copy a passage every day from some favourite author, referring to the book constantly for the spelling. Then, if you will allow me to see it, I shall be most happy to point out to you any mistakes you may have made."

"Thank you, Mr. Campbell: I will; but I am afraid you will despise me, when you find how deficient I am."

"There is no fear of that," I rejoined. "It is a mere peculiarity. So long as one can *think* well, spelling is altogether secondary."

"Thank you: I will try," she said, and left the room.

Next day, she brought me an old ballad, written tolerably, but in a school-girl's hand. She had copied the antique spelling letter for letter.

"This is quite correct," I said; "but to copy such as this will not teach you sufficiently, because this is very old, and consequently old-fashioned."

"Is it old? Don't we spell like that now? You see I do not know anything about it. You must set me my tasks then."

This I undertook with more pleasure than I dared to show. Every day she brought me the appointed exercise, written with a steadily improving hand. To my surprise, I never found a single error in the spelling. Of course, when, advancing a step in the process, I made her write from my dictation, she did make blunders, but not so many as I had expected; and she seldom repeated one after correction.

This new association gave me many opportunities of doing far more for her than merely teaching her to spell. We talked about the portions she copied; and I had to explain and tell her about the writers. Soon she expressed a desire to know something of figures. We commenced arithmetic, and I proposed geometry along with it. I found the latter especially fitted to her powers. One by one we included several other necessary branches; and ere long, I had four around the study-table—equally my pupils. Whether the efforts previously made had been insufficient or misdirected, or whether her intellectual powers had commenced a fresh growth, I could not tell, but I partly leaned to the latter conclusion; especially when I observed that the peculiarity of her

remarks had become somewhat modified in form, though without losing any of their originality. The unearthliness of her beauty likewise disappeared, a slight colour displacing the almost marbly whiteness of her cheek.

Long before Lady Alice had made this progress, my nightly struggles had begun to diminish in violence, and had now entirely ceased. The temptation had left me. I felt certain that for many weeks she had never walked in her sleep. She was beyond my power, and I was glad of it.

At length the change in Lady Alice's habits and appearance seemed to have attracted the attention of Lady Hilton; for one morning she appeared at the door of the study and called her. Lady Alice rose, with a slight gesture of impatience, and went to her. In a few minutes she returned, looking angry and determined, and resumed her seat. But whatever had passed between them, it had destroyed that quiet flow of the feelings which was necessary to the working of her thoughts. In vain she tried: she could do nothing correctly. At last she burst into tears and left the room. I was almost beside myself with distress and apprehension. She did not return that day. Next morning she entered at the usual hour, looking composed, but paler than of late, and with signs of recent weeping. When we were all seated, and had commenced work, happening to look up, I caught her eyes intently fixed on me. They dropped instantly, but without any appearance of confusion. She went on with her arithmetic, and succeeded tolerably. But this peace was of short duration. Lady Hilton again entered and called her. She rose angrily, and my quick ear caught the half-uttered words: "That woman will make an idiot of me again." She did not return; and never from that moment resumed her place at the study-table.

The time passed heavily. She appeared at dinner, looking proud and constrained; and spoke only in monosyllables. Day followed day, the one the child of the other. But her old paleness and unearthly look began to reappear; and, strange to tell, my midnight temptation revived. After a time she ceased to dine with us, and for days I never saw her. It was the old story of suffering, only more intense than before. The day was dreary, and the night stormy.

I was lying on the floor of my room one midnight, with my face on my hands, when I suddenly heard a low, sweet, strange voice singing somewhere. The moment I became conscious that I heard it, I felt as if I had been listening to it unconsciously for some minutes past. I lay still, whether charmed so as to be unable to rise, or only fearful of breaking the spell, I do not know. As I lay, the feeling came over me that I was in bed in a castle, on the sea-shore; that the wind was coming from the sea every now and then in chill *eerie soughs*, and that the waves were falling with a kind of threatful tone upon the beach, murmuring many maledictions, and whispering many keen and cruel purposes as they drew back, hissing and gurgling, through the million narrow ways of the pebbly

ramparts; and that a maiden in white was standing in the cold wind by the angry sea, singing. Filled as with a dream-belief, but overpowered by the spell of the music, I still lay and listened. Keener and stronger, under the impulses of my will, grew the power of my hearing. At last I could clearly distinguish the words. The ballad was *Annie of Lochroyan*. I had shown it once to Lady Alice. It was she who was singing it. I sprang to my feet, opened the hidden door—and there she stood. I did not speak, but stepped aside. She passed me and entered the room. I closed the door. When I re-entered, she already lay still and restful upon the couch, covered with my plaid. I sat beside her, and gazed upon her, waiting. It was strange: she could sing too. That she was possessed of very superior intellectual powers, whatever might be the cause of their having lain dormant so long, I had already fully convinced myself; but I was not prepared to find art as well as intellect. Here was a song, of her own making as to the music, so true and so potent, that before I knew anything of the words, it had surrounded me with a very dream of the kind of place in which the scene of the ballad was laid. It did not then occur to me that perhaps our idiosyncracies were such as not to require even the music of the ballad to produce *rapport* between our minds, and generate in the brain of the one the vision present in the brain of the other. It seemed that some obstruction in the gateways outward prevented her, in her waking hours, from being able at all to utter herself; and that this very obstruction, damming back upon their sources the outgoings of life, threw her into this abnormal sleep; in which the impulse to utterance, still unsatisfied, so wrought within her unable yet compliant form, that she could not rest, but rose and walked. And now, in this condition, a fresh surge from the unknown sea of her hidden being, unrepressed by the *hitherto* of the objects of sense, had burst the gates and bars, swept the obstructions from its path, and poured from her in melodious song.

The germs of these thoughts appeared in my mind while I sat and gazed on the sleeping girl. Once more I had the delight of watching a spirit-dawn, a soul-rise, in that lovely form. The light flushing of the circumjacent pallors was the first sign, as before. But I dreaded the flash of lovely flame, and the outburst of "low melodious thunder," ere I should have time to say that no blame lay at my door. At length, the full dawn, the slow sunrise came, but with all the gentleness of a cloudy summer morn. Never did a more "celestial rosy red" hang about the skirts of the level sun than deepened and glowed upon her face, when, opening her eyes, she saw me beside her. She covered her face with her hands for a moment; and instead of the words of indignant reproach which I dreaded to hear, she murmured behind the snowy screen: "I am glad you have broken your promise."

My heart gave a bound and was still. I grew faint with delight. "No," I said; "I have not broken my promise, Lady Alice; I have struggled nearly to madness to keep it,—and I have kept it."

"I have come then of myself. Worse and worse! But it is their fault."

The silent tears now found their way through the repressing fingers. I could not endure to see her weep. I kneeled beside her, and while she still covered her face with her hands, I said—I do not know what I said. They were wild, and, doubtless, foolish words in themselves. When I ceased to speak, I knew that I had ceased only by the great silence around me. I was still looking at her hands. Slowly she withdrew them. It was as when the sun breaks forth on a cloudy day. The winter was over and gone; the time of the singing of birds had come. She smiled, looking at me through her tears, and heart met heart in the light of that smile. She rose to go, and I begged for no delay—I only stood with clasped hands gazing at her. She turned when she had reached the door, and said: "I daresay I shall come again; I am afraid I cannot help it; only mind you do not wake me." Before I could reply, I was alone.

I laid myself on the couch she had left, but not to sleep. A new pulse of life, stronger than I could bear, seemed throbbing within me. I dreaded a fever, lest I should talk in it, and drop the clue to my secret treasure. But the light of the morning stilled me, and a bath in ice-cold water made me feel strong again. Yet I felt all that day as if I were dying a most delicious death, and going to a yet more exquisite life. As far as I might, however, I sought to repress all indications of my delight; and endeavoured, for the sake both of duty and prudence, to be as attentive to my pupils and their studies as it was possible for man to be. This likewise helped to keep me in my right mind. But more than all, the pain, which, as far as my experience goes, invariably accompanies, and even sometimes seems to usurp the place of the pleasure which gave it birth, was efficacious in keeping me sane. Night came, but no Lady Alice. It was a week before I saw her again. Her heart seemed to have been stilled, and she was able to sleep aright.

Seven nights after she came. I waited her awaking as usual, but possessed with one painful thought, which I longed to impart to her. She awoke with a smile, covered her face for a moment, but only for a moment, and then sat up. I sat beside her, took her hand, and said: "Lady Alice, ought I not to go?"

"No," she replied at once. "I claim from them your stay as some compensation for the wrong which I cannot now doubt they have been trying to do me. Do you know in what relation I stand to Lord and Lady Hilton? They are but my stepmother and her husband."

"I know that."

"Well, I have a fortune of my own, about which I never thought or cared—till—till—within the last eight days. Lord Hilton is my guardian. Whether they helped to make me the stupid creature I *was*, I do not know; but I believe they have reported my peculiarities to be greater and more extravagant than they are, in order to prevent people from inviting me or coming to see me. They prevented my going on with my lessons, because they saw I was getting to understand things, and grow like other people, and that would not suit their purposes. It would be false delicacy

in you to leave me to their power, when you can make me such rich amends for their injustice. Their behaviour to me deprives them of the rights of guardianship, while it frees you from any obligation of honour, by substituting the obligations of justice and mercy."

I was astonished to hear her talk in this way; and was very willing to be persuaded to what was so unspeakably my desire. But whether the reasoning was quite just or not, I am not yet sure. Perhaps it might be so for her, and yet not for me; I do not know; I am a poor casuist.

She went on, laying her other hand upon mine:—

"It would be to tell the soul which you have called forth, to go back into its dark meaning cavern, and never more come out to the light of day."

This I could not resist. A long pause ensued.

"It is strange," said she, "to feel, when I lie down at night, that I may awake in your presence, without knowing how; and that, although I should be utterly ashamed to come wittingly, I feel no confusion when I find myself here. When I feel myself coming awake, I lie for a little while with my eyes closed, wondering and hoping, and afraid to open them, lest I should find myself only in my own chamber; shrinking a little too—just a little—from the first glance into your face."

"But when you awake, do you know nothing of what has taken place in your sleep?"

"Nothing whatever."

"Have you no vague sensations, no haunting shadows, no dim ghostly moods, seeming to belong to that condition, left?"

"None whatever."

She rose, said "Good-night," and left me.

Again seven days passed before she re-visited me. Indeed, her visits had always an interval of days between, amounting to seven, or a multiple of seven. But since the last a maddening jealousy had seized me. For did she not sometimes awake with a smile, returning from those unknown regions into which her soul had wandered away, and where she had stayed for hours? How could I know that she did not lead two distinct existences?—that she had not some loving spirit, or man who had left the body behind like her, for a time, who was all in all to her in that region, and whom she forgot when she forsook it, as she forgot me when she entered it. It was a thought I could not brook. But I bore it as well as I could, till she should come again; for I could not now endure the thought of compelling the attendance of her unconscious form; of making her body, like a living cage, transport to my presence the unresisting soul. I shrank from it, as a true man would shrink from kissing the lips of a sleeping woman whom he loved, if he did not know that she loved him in return. It may well be said that to harbour such a doubt was "to inquire too curiously;" but once the thought had begun, and grown, and been born, how was I to slay the monster, and be free of its hated presence? Was it not a possibility? Yet how could even she help me,

for she knew nothing about it? How could she vouch for the unknown? What news could the serene face of the moon, ever the same to us, give of the hidden half of herself turned towards what seems to us but the blind and abysmal darkness, which yet has its own light and its own love? All I could do was to see her, that I might tell her, and be comforted at least by her smile.

My saving angel glided blind into my room, lay down upon her bier, and awaited the resurrection. I sat and waited for mine, longing to throw from my heart the cold death-worm that twisted and twined around it, but unable to refrain from picturing to myself a glow of love on the averted face of the beautiful spirit, bending towards a radiant companion all that light which had been withdrawn from the vacant but still lovely form by my side. The light began to return. "She is coming, she is coming," I said within me. "Back from its glowing south travels the sun of my spring, the glory of my summer." Floating slowly up from the infinite depths of her being, came the conscious woman; up—up from the unseen stillness of the realms that lie deeper than the plummet of self-knowledge can sound; up from the formless, up into the known, up into the material, up to the windows that look forth on the imbodied mysteries around. Her eyelids rose. One look of love almost slew my fear. When I told her my grief, she said with a smile of pity, yet half of disdain at the thought, "If ever I find it so, I will kill myself there, that I may go to my Hades with you. But, indeed, how is it that if I am dreaming of another, I always rise in my vision and come to you? You will go crazy if you fancy such foolish things." The spectral thought vanished, and I was free. "Shall I tell you," she continued, covering her face with her hands, "why I behaved so proudly to you from the first day you entered the house, and what made me so fierce when I first found myself in your room? It was because, when I passed you as you walked towards the house on your arrival, I felt a strange, undefinable attraction towards you, which continued, although I could not account for it and would not yield to it. I was heartily annoyed at it. But you see," she added, with a smile, "it was of no use—here I am."—She never came to my room again.

When day after day passed, and the longing to speak to her grew and remained unsatisfied, new doubts arose. Perhaps she was tired of me. Perhaps her new studies filled her mind with the clear, gladsome morning light of the pure intellect, which always throws doubt and distrust and a kind of negation upon the moonlight of passion, mysterious, and mingled ever with faint shadows of pain. I walked as in an unresting sleep. Utterly as I loved her, I was yet alarmed and distressed to find how entirely my being had grown dependent upon her love; how little of individual, self-existing, self-upholding life I seemed to have left; how little I cared for anything, save as I could associate it with her.

In the midst of this despondency, I was sitting, late one night, in my room. I had almost given up every hope of her coming. It

seemed that I had deprived her of the power. I was brooding over this, when I suddenly felt as if I were looking into the haunted room. It seemed to be lighted by the moon shining through the stained windows. The feeling came and went suddenly, as such visions of places generally do; but this had something about it more clear and real, than such unforeseen resurrections of the past commonly possess; and a great longing seized me to look into the room once more. I rose as if yielding to the irresistible, left my room, groped my way through the hall and up the oak staircase (for I had never thought of taking a light with me), and entered the corridor. No sooner had I entered it than the thought sprang up in my mind—"What if she should be there!" and, like a wounded deer, my heart stood still for a moment, and then bounded on, with a pang in every bound. The corridor was ghostly still, with only a dim, bluish-gray light from the windows, hardly sufficing for more than to mark their own spaces. I stole through it, and, without erring once, went straight to the haunted chamber. The door stood half open. I entered, and was bewildered by the dim, mysterious, dreamy loveliness upon which I gazed. The moon shone full upon the windows, and a thousand coloured lights and shadows crossed and intertwined upon the walls and floor, all so soft, and mingling, and undefined, that the brain was filled as with a flickering dance of ghostly rainbows. But I had little time to think of these; for out of the only dark corner in the room came a white figure, flitting across the chaos of lights, bedewed, sprinkled, bespattered, as she passed, with their multitudinous colours. I was speechless, motionless, with something far beyond joy. With a low moan of delight, Lady Alice sank into my arms. Then looking up, with a light laugh—"The scales are turned, dear," she said; "you are in my power now: I brought you here. I thought I could, and I tried, for I wanted so much to see you—and you are come." She led me across the room to the spot where she had been seated, and we sat side by side.

"I thought you had forgotten me," I said, "or had grown tired of me."

"Did you? That was unkind. You have made my heart so still, that, body and soul, I sleep at night."

"Then shall I never see you more?"

"We can meet here; this is the best place. No one dares come near the haunted room at night. We might even venture in the evening. Look, now, from where we are sitting, across the air, between the windows and the shadows on the floor. Do you see nothing moving?"

I looked, but could see nothing. She resumed:—

"I almost fancy sometimes that what my old nurse has told me about this room, may be partly true. I could fancy now that I see dim transparent forms in ancient armour, or in strange antique dresses, men and women, moving about, meeting, speaking, embracing, parting, coming and going. But I was never afraid of such beings. I am sure *these* would not—could not hurt us."

As she spoke, either from my imagination becoming more active and operating on my brain, or from the mysterious communication of her fancies to me, or that the room was really what it was well fitted to be—a rendezvous for the ghosts of the past—I almost, if not altogether, fancied that I saw such dim undefined forms, of a substance only denser than the moonlight, flitting, fleeting, and floating about between the windows and the illuminated floor. Could they have been any of the coloured shadows thrown from the stained glass upon the fine dust with which the slightest motion in such an old and neglected room must fill its atmosphere? But then I did not think of that.

"I could persuade myself that I too see them," I replied; "and I cannot say that I am much afraid of such beings either—if only they will not speak."

"Ah!" she replied, with a lengthened, meaning utterance, as if it rose from a hidden thought, which sympathized with what I said: "I know what you mean. I too am afraid of hearing things. And that reminds me, I have never yet been able to ask you about the galloping horse. I too hear the sound of a loose horse-shoe sometimes; and it always betokens some evil to me; but I do not know what it means. Do you?"

"Do you know," I rejoined, "that your family and mine are connected, somewhere far back in their history?"

"No. Are they? How glad I am! Then perhaps you and I are related, and that is how we are so much alike, and have power over each other, and hear the same things."

"Yes. I suppose that is the reason."

"But can you account for that sound which we both hear now and then?"

"I will tell you what my old foster-mother told me," I replied.

I began by narrating when and where I had first heard the sound; and then repeated, as nearly as I could, the whole of the legend which nurse had recounted to me, omitting, however, its association with the events of my birth, for I feared exciting her imagination too much. She listened to it very quietly, and then only said: "Of course, we cannot tell how much of it is true, but there may be something in it. I have never heard anything of the sort, and I too have an old nurse. She is with me still. You shall see her some day."

She rose to go.

"Will you meet me here again soon?" I said.

"As soon as you wish," she answered.

"Then to-morrow, at midnight?"

"Yes."

And we parted at the door of the haunted chamber. I watched the flickering with which her whiteness just set the darkness in motion and nothing more, seeming to see it long after I knew she must have turned aside to descend the steps leading towards her own room. Then I turned and groped my way back to mine.

We often met after this in the haunted room. Indeed my spirit haunted it all day and all night long. And when we met amid the shadows, we were wrapt in the mantle of love, and from its folds looked out fearlessly on the ghostly world about us. Ghosts or none, they never annoyed us. Our love was a talisman, yea, an elixir of life, which made us equal to the twice-born,—the disembodied dead. And they were as a wall of fear about us, to keep far off the unfriendly foot and the prying eye. Gladly would I die for a thousand years, might I then awake for one night in the haunted chamber, a ghost among the ghosts who crowd its stained moonbeams, and see my dead Alice smiling across the glimmering rays, and beckoning me to the old nook, she, too, having come awake, out of the sleep of death, in the dream of the haunted chamber. Might we but sit there through the night, as of old, and love and comfort each other, till the moon go down, and the pale dawn, which is the night of the ghosts, begin to arise, then gladly would I go to sleep for another thousand years, with the hope that when I next became conscious of life, it might be in another such ghostly night, in the chamber of the ghosts.

* * * * * *

The weeks went by. We met for the last time in that fear-sentried room, and arranged everything for our flight. This concluded, we sat silent for a few moments. It occurred to me, for the first time, to ask Alice how old she was.

"Nineteen, almost twenty," was her reply. "I never think of my age without recalling one circumstance connected with my birth, to which my nurse often refers: that, when she was summoned to my mother's bedside, she saw, in passing up the stair, a bright star just within the tip of the crescent moon; and that before it had passed over, I was born; for as she crossed the room with me in her arms, she saw it just at the opposite horn. My mother was very ill; and a week after, she died. Who knows how different I might have been had she lived!"

How long it was before I spoke, I do not know; but the awfully mysterious thoughts roused in my mind by these few words, held me long silent. At length I was just able to say, without any intention of imparting the accompanying thoughts,—"Then you and I, Alice, were born the same hour, and our mothers died the same day." Receiving no answer, I looked round to her face: she had been sitting for some time with my arm round her, and her head lying on my shoulder. She was fast asleep, and breathing gentle, full breaths. I could not bear to wake her.

We had continued in this position, perhaps for half an hour, when suddenly a cold shiver ran through me, and all at once I became aware of the far-off gallop of a horse. It drew nearer. On and on it seemed to come, till I distinguished, or thought I distinguished, quite plainly, the clank of the broken shoe. At that moment Lady Alice started from her sleep, and springing to her feet, stood one moment listening, then crying out,—"The horse with the clanking shoe!" flung her arms

around me, her face white as the spectral moon which looked in through a clear pane beside us, and gazed fearfully, yet wildly defiant towards the door. We clung to each other. We both heard the sound come nearer and nearer, till it seemed to thunder right up to the very door of the room, terribly loud. It ceased. But that moment the door was flung open, and Lord Hilton entered, followed by servants with lights.

* * * * * *

I suppose I fainted from the loss of blood, for when I came to myself, I found myself lying on a wide moor, with the night-wind blowing about me. I was left with my memories and my hopes, though sometimes despair blotted both from my brain.

I enlisted as a private in the Scotch Greys, rose from the ranks to a commission; and after the battle of Waterloo, rode into Brussels with a broken arm and a sabre-cut in the head. As we passed through one of the streets, I heard a cry which I knew. I looked up. At a barred window I saw her face; but, alas!—I will not tell what I saw—I dropped from my horse. As soon as I could move, I went to the place, and found it was an asylum for the insane; but when permitted to see the inmates, discovered no one resembling her.

I know not whether she is alive or dead. I have sought her far and near; have wandered over England, France, and Germany, hopelessly searching; listening at *tables-d'hôte;* lurking about madhouses; haunting theatres and churches; often begging my way from house to house in wild regions: I have not found her. I have made my way, unseen, to the ghostly chamber; have sat there through the phantom-crowded night: she was not amongst them. I have condensed my whole being into a single intensity of will, that she should come to me, and sustained it until I fainted with the effort: she did not come. I desisted, because I bethought me what torture it must cause her, not to be able to obey it.

They say that Time and Space exist not, save in our thoughts. If so, then that which has been, is, and the past can never cease. She is mine, and I shall find her—what matters it where, or when, or how? Till then, my soul is but a moon-lighted chamber of ghosts; and I sit within, the dreariest of them all. When she enters, it will be a home of love; and I wait—I wait.

A Musical Instrument.

I.

What was he doing, the great god Pan,
  Down in the reeds by the river?
Spreading ruin and scattering ban,
Splashing and paddling with hoofs of a goat,
And breaking the golden lilies afloat
  With the dragon-fly on the river?

II.

He tore out a reed, the great god Pan,
  From the deep cool bed of the river.
The limpid water turbidly ran,
And the broken lilies a-dying lay,
And the dragon-fly had fled away,
  Ere he brought it out of the river.

III.

High on the shore sate the great god Pan,
  While turbidly flowed the river,
And hacked and hewed as a great god can,
With his hard bleak steel at the patient reed,
Till there was not a sign of a leaf indeed
  To prove it fresh from the river.

IV.

He cut it short, did the great god Pan,
  (How tall it stood in the river!)
Then drew the pith, like the heart of a man,
Steadily from the outside ring,
Then notched the poor dry empty thing
  In holes as he sate by the river.

"THE GREAT GOD PAN."

V.

"This is the way," laughed the great god Pan,
(Laughed while he sate by the river!)
"The only way since gods began
To make sweet music they could succeed."
Then, dropping his mouth to a hole in the reed,
He blew in power by the river.

VI.

Sweet, sweet, sweet, O Pan,
Piercing sweet by the river!
Blinding sweet, O great god Pan!
The sun on the hill forgot to die,
And the lilies revived, and the dragon-fly
Came back to dream on the river.

VII.

Yet half a beast is the great god Pan
To laugh, as he sits by the river,
Making a poet out of a man.
The true gods sigh for the cost and pain,—
For the reed that grows nevermore again
As a reed with the reeds in the river.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

Adulteration, and its Remedy.

THERE is a certain ugly little monster of most insidious habits, and endowed with the power of rendering himself invisible, of assuming a variety of forms and shapes, and of being almost ubiquitous. He not only infests our clothes—the cloth of men's coats, and the silk of ladies' dresses—but he is to be found concealed in most of the articles we consume, whether food or drink. Indeed, he is scarcely ever absent from a single meal of which we partake; being found alike at the breakfast, the dinner, and the supper table. At breakfast he lies hidden in the milk-jug, the butter-dish, and the tea or the coffee pot; at dinner, in the sauces, in the cayenne, in the beer, and even in the bright red wine with which we would cheer ourselves; while, at night, the rascal often hides himself in the tumbler of punch, which so many are accustomed to take, and regard in the light of a composing draught.

His great desire seems to be to make his way into our stomachs, and, when there, to work all the mischief in his power—giving us headaches, making us sick, and disordering our systems in a variety of ways: he won't even allow us to smoke our pipes in peace; and, as to taking a pinch of snuff without his making his way into our nostrils, that is quite out of the question. Not only is his presence almost universal, but he may be found in a variety of places and articles at one and the same time.

He is not only a Protean but even a seductive monster, resembling, in his power of assuming different forms, the Evil One, who now in the form of a serpent, now in that of a toad, tempted our first parents. Sometimes he tempts us through our eyes, making things poisonous and deadly look attractive and inviting; especially bottled fruits, pickles, and the sweets and bonbons which we give to our children; at others, he tempts us through the palate by adding grains of paradise to gin, or through the nose, as when he augments the pungency of snuff by mixing with it the deleterious and stinging chromates of potash.

Add to these characteristics the further one that he possesses the power of haunting us with the fear of his presence, thus working almost as much harm as though he were really present.

Lastly, the monster has a provoking way of insinuating that he lurks in our coffee, cocoa or mustard, not for any evil purpose, but entirely for our good: for the advantage of our pockets, and the benefit of our health. The name by which this strange, disgusting, and poisonous demon is known, is—ADULTERATION.

Some acquaintances of ours, a certain Eve and Adam, had a great horror of this pestilent little intruder, and resolved to guard themselves in every possible way against his attacks. They examined the bread and other articles they consumed, and for a time thought themselves secure;

but in an unguarded and unlucky moment, Eve saw in a shop-window some West India pickles, presenting a most verdant and attractive appearance. She hastened to secure the prize, took them home and tempted the unfortunate Adam with them; he also was deceived, and they both partook of what should have been to them forbidden fruit. Soon they were seized with certain qualms—not as in the case of their progenitors, of conscience—but of sickness, with cramps, diarrhœa, headache, and other suspicious symptoms. Suddenly the thought rushed into Adam's mind, "Have I been caught at last? has that fiend Adulteration poisoned me?" Possessing some chemical lore, he thrust into the too tempting pickles the bright blade of a steel knife, and, after a time, to his horror and consternation, drew the monster forth in the form of a layer of copper sheathing the knife. Here, then, was the cause of all the mischief—of the danger to his own life and that of his deluded Eve.

It is very obvious that something must be done to put a stop to the vicious pranks of this domestic pest; but possessing as he does the qualities of ubiquity and invisibility, and the Protean power of assuming different shapes, it is difficult to determine how most effectually he may be dealt with.

Some may exclaim, "Fine him." Ah! but he is rich, and would scarcely care for your fines: he does not play all these tricks with our bread, beer, and wine, for nothing; being a consummate rogue, he has grown rich by cheating. Indeed, he thinks little of making his way into your breeches' pocket, and transferring the money therein contained to his own. Your fines, then, would not stop him in his evil courses.

Why not try imprisonment? Well, to be committed as a rogue, and made to labour at the treadmill for a time, would be a fitting punishment. But fines and imprisonment, though deterring, are not preventives. Expose the rascal, and you may frustrate his devices. Summon to your aid the resources of science, resort to the test-tube and the microscope, track him through all his devious ways, discover all his bad practices, strip him of the artifices by which he is enabled to render himself invisible, and hold him up to the gaze and scorn of the world. In this way, we may hope in time to succeed in expelling him from the country.

But, it may be asked, what proofs have we that he plays such tricks with our food and drink, and even with the medicines administered to us for the relief of sickness? Unfortunately, they are overwhelming.

For some years *The Lancet* published from week to week the results of the analyses of nearly every important article of food and drink, as well as of many medicines. These analyses at length amounted to between two and three thousand, each representing a separate sample or article. From these results it appeared that the demon had been playing his tricks with by far the larger proportion of the samples: watering the milk, red-leading the cayenne, coppering the pickles, poisoning the confectionery, and bedevilling nearly everything. Of the accuracy of the results no room for even the shadow of doubt was left, for in every instance the name and residence of the vendor of every article analyzed, whether it

was found to be genuine or adulterated, was printed in full, and thus publicly proclaimed. In this way the very strongest testimony which it was possible to give was afforded of the truthfulness of the analyses: in fact, a similar guarantee was never before offered in the case of any analogous scientific inquiries.

The results disclosed by the labours of the Analytical Sanatory Commission of *The Lancet* were of so serious and alarming a character, that they excited almost universal attention. The public and the press took the matter up energetically; at length, Parliament was moved, and a select committee of the House of Commons appointed to consider the subject. This committee examined a great number of witnesses—including scientific men, manufacturers, and shopkeepers; so that both sides of the question were fully heard. Its report—a very remarkable document,—states: "We cannot avoid the conclusion that adulteration widely prevails;" adding that, "Not only is the public health thus exposed to danger, and pecuniary fraud committed on the whole community, but the public morality is tainted, and the high commercial character of the country seriously lowered, both at home and in the eyes of foreign countries." Grave statements, emanating from such high authority. The committee further stated, that the evil was one which required to be dealt with by the Legislature; and they made certain suggestions and recommendations to the House for the suppression of adulteration.

There are, then, abundant and conclusive proofs of the prevalence of adulteration. Let us now explain its nature.

In a work treating of the methods by which adulteration may be discovered,* the following clear definition of the practice is given:—

"It consists in the intentional addition to an article, for purposes of gain or deception, of any substance or substances, the presence of which is not acknowledged in the name under which the article is sold."

According to this definition, the sale of coffee mixed with chicory as coffee, of cocoa with which sugar and starch have been purposely mixed, and of mustard consisting of mustard, flour, and turmeric, as cocoa and mustard, constitute so many adulterations.

The consumer entering a shop, and asking for any article, has a right to expect that he will be supplied with what he wants, and for which he pays: this right undeniably belongs to the purchaser.

The words coffee, cocoa, and mustard, convey distinct ideas; these are the names of certain vegetable productions; coffee, of the berries of the coffee-plant; cocoa and mustard, of the seeds of the cocoa and mustard plants, bruised and reduced to powder. Any application, therefore, of these terms to mixtures and compounds is obviously deceptive and fraudulent.

Adulteration not only lowers the money value of an article, but it lessens its dietetical qualities, and in many cases it renders it positively unwholesome: as when injurious substances are introduced.

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* *Adulterations Detected.* Longmans.

Further, it has of late years become a complete science, and it is now practised with consummate art and skill; not only are a host of different substances employed, but much ingenuity is displayed in the manner of their use. Thus, substances of less value are used, for the sake of their bulk and weight, as substitutes for dearer articles, under the names of which alone they are generally sold: it is for this purpose that roasted wheat and rye have been added to ground chicory and coffee, water to milk, and so on with many other articles.

But this addition of cheaper substitutes, often of a different colour from that of the article with which they are mixed, frequently so alters the appearance of the genuine commodity, that it becomes necessary, in order to restore the colour, to have recourse to the use of pigments. Now it is through these that a variety of injurious and even poisonous substances are introduced into articles of food and drink. It is to conceal other adulterations that Venetian red is added to adulterated chicory and cocoa, burnt sugar or black-jack to coffee, annatto to milk, &c.

Again, the dilution of articles renders not only the employment of colouring matters necessary, but by reducing the natural flavour and strength of the diluted articles, necessitates the use of a third class of substances: as treacle to restore the sweetness to milk reduced with water, of cocculus indicus to give apparent strength to beer, and of grains of paradise to impart pungency to gin, when its real or alcoholic strength has been lowered by the addition of water.

Lastly, a fourth class of substances is employed to impart to various articles of consumption a more attractive appearance than they would otherwise possess; simply to please the eye, in fact. This is constantly done at the expense of the wholesomeness of the articles thus treated. It is with this view that Bole Armenian, a red earth, is added to essence of anchovies, potted meats and fish, &c.; copper to pickles, bottled and crystallized fruits; pigmentary poisons of all sorts to sugar confectionery; and alum to bread, to cause the flour to appear whiter than it would be naturally.

Port-wine, or what is often sold as such, affords an example of the skill and cunning employed in adulteration. First, the wine itself is more or less compounded of logwood, sugar, and spirit; next, the crust on the bottle is precipitated by artificial means, with a view to give it the appearance of age; the corks are stained with the same object; and even the very cobwebs which envelop the bottles are often borrowed.

There are two means, by one or other of which the majority of the adulterations practised may be discovered,—chemistry and the microscope. The former had long been employed for the purpose; but it is only recently that the microscope has been used with that object; and a very serviceable and important application of that instrument it has proved.

Chemistry is adapted particularly to the detection of the various chemical substances and salts used for adulteration, as these are for the most part of an inorganic nature.

The microscope, on the other hand, is specially suited to the detection of all organized structures or substances, as those of animals and plants. On examining with the naked eye any animal or plant, we detect a variety of evidences of organization or structure; but there is in every part of every animal or vegetable production a vast amount of organization wholly invisible to the unaided sight, and which is revealed only to the powers of the microscope. Now, this minute and microscopical organization is different in different parts of the same animal or plant, and different in different animals and plants; so that by means of these differences rightly understood, the skilful microscopical observer is enabled to identify in many cases infinitely minute portions of animal or vegetable tissues, and to refer them to the species to which they belong.

By means of the microscope, therefore, one vegetable substance may very generally be discriminated from another; one root or stem from another, one kind of starch or flour from another, and one kind of seed from another. In this way the microscope becomes an invaluable and indispensable aid in the discovery of adulteration.

Up to the period of the employment of the microscope, many hundreds of substances might be, and were used for adulteration, the detection of which by chemical means was wholly impossible. Thus, by chemistry, it is seldom possible to distinguish one vegetable powder from another, while, by means of that wonder-revealing instrument, there is scarcely a vegetable substance which may not be identified and distinguished with certainty.

And this discrimination, by means of the microscope, can even be accomplished when the vegetable substances have been pulverized, and reduced by the aid of powerful machinery to the condition of almost impalpable powder. Further, it is not merely possible to distinguish between one vegetable powder and another when separate, but if a variety of different vegetable substances are mixed together in the pulverulent condition—as roots, seeds, the starches—the whole may, in general, by a skilled microscopic observer, be identified. As many as ten distinct vegetable powders, all blended with each other, have been thus distinguished.

And, still more singular to relate, the majority of vegetable substances may be recognized in the powdered state even after having been roasted, charred, or partially burned. Thus, it is very easy to identify the coffee, chicory, rye, and wheat flour contained in the mixture often sold as ground coffee.

In the microscope, then, the scientific observer is provided with a most powerful and searching means of discovering adulteration. The first application of this instrument created no little surprise and alarm amongst the perpetrators of such frauds. Hundreds of sophistications were brought to light which had for years escaped discovery, and thus a blow was given to adulteration from which it can never wholly recover; for the security, and consequent impunity, with which it had hitherto been practised, have been thereby destroyed.

We now propose to consider what has been done with a view to carry into effect the recommendations for the suppression of adulteration made by the Committee of the House of Commons, as contained in their report.

Three sessions since, Mr. Scholefield, the chairman of the Adulteration Committee, introduced a Bill into Parliament for the Prevention of Adulteration; but the session terminated before an opportunity apparently occurred for the discussion of the measure. Another Bill was introduced the following session, but was also withdrawn. At the commencement of the present session, a measure was brought forward for the third time, and, on this occasion, with greater success, for it has passed the House of Commons, and has been sent to the Upper House for the consideration of their Lordships.

It will be profitable at the present juncture to consider the provisions of this Bill, in order to ascertain to what extent it is adapted to check the evil in question, and put an end to the tricks of trade involved in the practice of adulteration.

In the first place the Bill is entirely permissive: nobody is compelled to do anything whatever under it; and should the vestries, district boards, and other local authorities in whom the power of appointing analysts is vested, so determine, it may remain a dead letter: a result in most cases highly probable; for it is hardly to be supposed that these vestries, composed as in great part they are of tradespeople, will be desirous of carrying out the Bill efficiently.

Secondly, it is to be observed, that its operation is confined to articles of food and drink: it does not include drugs, although the prevention of the adulteration of these is of the utmost consequence. To reduce the strength of a medicine by adulteration—the doses of medicines being fixed quantities, determined by careful observation and experiment, and the amount of adulteration being indefinite—is to introduce into the practice of medicine the greatest uncertainty and confusion. If, affirms an able writer, we could possibly eliminate from the mass of human disease that occasioned by the constant use of deleterious food, we should find that it amounted to a very large percentage of the whole, and that one of the best friends of the doctor would prove to be the adulterator. But even our refuge fails us in our hour of need, when the tools of the medical man, like those of the Sappers and Miners before Sebastopol, often turn out to be worthless.

Further, its application is hampered by certain restrictions which will go far in practice to render it inoperative.

It applies—

1st. To the sale of articles which, to the knowledge of the seller, are adulterated in such a way as to be injurious to health.

2nd. To the sale of articles expressly warranted as pure and unadulterated, which are adulterated and not pure.

The precise words of the clause are:—"Every person who shall sell

any article of food or drink, with which, to the knowledge of such person, any ingredient or material injurious to the health of persons eating or drinking such article has been mixed; and every person who shall sell, expressly warranted as pure or unadulterated, any article of food or drink which is adulterated or not pure, shall for every such offence," &c.

It will be evident, on an attentive consideration of these words, that, under the Bill, articles may (and doubtless will) be sold with impunity, which are adulterated in a manner injurious to health, in those cases where knowledge of the adulteration cannot be established. It will also be apparent that articles will still be sold which are adulterated and not pure; there being no restriction whatever on the sale of such articles, provided they are not expressly warranted.

Thus, under the Bill, ample opportunity will be afforded for the practice of adulteration. Mixtures of all kinds may still be sold without let or hindrance, if not warranted; and this although the names under which they are sold do not convey any intimation of their compound character. Regarded from one point of view, the measure actually legalizes the sale of mixed articles, when not warranted: that is, under certain circumstances, it affords a legal sanction to the perpetration of adulteration, and the consequent robbery of the public.

The restrictions to which we have referred, as impairing greatly the chances of any benefit to the public from the Bill, are various.

In the case of the sale of articles adulterated in a manner injurious to health, *knowledge of the fact* on the part of the seller must be proved. Now, in the majority of cases, it will be impossible to produce legal evidence of this knowledge; so that this kind of adulteration will still continue to be practised to a great extent, and that with absolute impunity.

A second restriction is, that in the absence of a warranty, any now injurious mixture may be sold; now it is chiefly through the sale of such mixtures that so much fraud is committed.

These distinctions are wholly unnecessary, while they go far, as already stated, to deprive the Bill of any value it may possess. The sale of an adulterated article without knowledge on the part of the seller, and without express warranty, ought to be sufficient to constitute an offence under the Bill; the knowledge of the fact, or its absence, ought merely to make a difference in the degree of the offence, and in the extent of the consequent punishment.

The words "expressly warranted" were introduced in order to permit the unrestrained sale of such mixed articles as cocoa and mustard. If they did this, and nothing more, not much harm would be done; but, indirectly, they legalize all those adulterations which consist in the mixture of a cheaper non-injurious substance with a dearer article, under the name of which such mixture is usually sold: a practice that constitutes the great profit of adulteration as heretofore carried on.

Now, in place of departing from right principle in order to meet the

exceptional cases of cocoa and mustard, the proper course would have been to alter the names of those mixed articles so as to render apparent the fact that they are really mixtures, and not, as the names now used imply, that they are composed wholly of cocoa and mustard. This could have been done readily enough, and without injury to the trade of those engaged in the manufacture of such articles. Thus the article now called mustard, and which consists of wheat-flour, turmeric, and mustard, in nearly varying proportions, might be sold as what it really is, under the name of "mustard condiment;" and the various preparations vended as cocoa, granulated, dietetic, homœopathic cocoa, &c., might be sold with the addition of the word "mixture," or by substituting the word "chocolate," which is known to be a compound article for cocoa: *e.g.* "granulated cocoa mixture," "granulated chocolate," "dietetic chocolate," and so on. Were these alterations made, these compound articles might have been warranted under the Bill, which cannot now be done. The true course was to have left the manufacturers of these articles to conform to the law, and not to have altered the law to suit them: especially to the injury of the public. The earlier Bills introduced into the House of Commons did not contain any such concession.

Other restrictions are to be found embodied in the second clause of the Bill, which provides that the purchaser shall give notice to the seller or his servants, of his intention to have the articles purchased analyzed, and shall also afford him the opportunity of accompanying the purchaser to an analyst appointed under the Act, in order to secure such article from being tampered with. The first condition is reasonable enough, but the second borders upon the absurd. With such a provision as this, the chances of prosecution under the Act are but few. Supposing an analyst to be appointed for a large district or for a whole county, the seller and the purchaser, perhaps a timid woman or a nervous man, would have to travel in each other's company some ten or twenty miles, as the case might be. Fancy what an agreeable journey, and how amicable the conversation by the way! Surely such cases might be left to be proved by the ordinary rules of evidence: the witnesses are examined on oath; and it is not more likely that they would perjure themselves in a case of adulteration than in any other case. It was scarcely possible to have adopted any provision more calculated than this to destroy the efficiency of the Bill.

The punishments for adulteration consist, for the first offence, in the infliction of a fine of not less than five shillings nor more than five guineas; for the second offence it is rendered lawful for the justices to publish the name, place of abode, and offence, of the person convicted of adulteration.

The opinion has already been expressed that fines are insufficient to meet the evil, and certainly such small fines as those named in the Bill will do but little good. Of what avail will it be to fine a manufacturer, who sells his tons of adulterated goods weekly, five shillings or five pounds?

The man who gets drunk is fined five shillings: ought the fraud involved in the practice of adulteration to receive no greater punishment? The Wine Licences Bill contains a more efficient provision than this. It provides for the infliction of a fine of not less than ten pounds or more than twenty pounds on any person who shall "fraudulently dilute or in any ways adulterate" such wines as he may sell; and this for a first offence, while for a second the licence to sell is altogether suspended for five years.

Nothing can be more appropriate, and it may be added, more efficient than the punishment provided for second offences; and much good might have been expected to have resulted from it, had the other provision of the Bill been of a less feeble character: but considering the nature of the Bill altogether, there is much reason to fear that the penalty for second convictions will rarely if ever be inflicted.

Such are the chief provisions of the "Adulteration of Food and Drink Bill." A few others may be very briefly noticed. The complaints are to be heard by magistrates, and to be disposed of by summary conviction before two justices of the peace, with a right of appeal to Quarter Sessions. The purchaser of any article of food may have it analyzed, where any analyst has been appointed under the Bill, on payment of not less than two-and-sixpence or more than ten-and-sixpence. Lastly, justices may order articles to be analyzed, on complaint being made, by any skilled person whom they may appoint. This is a very excellent provision, because it is evident from it that the purchaser may at once make his complaint before the justices, whether an analyst has been appointed or not, and the justices may at their own discretion order the analysis of the suspected article.

One very great defect in the Bill is the absence of any provision authorizing the appointment of a central authority for the regulation of the whole subject; for reference in doubtful or disputed cases; and for the issuing of general instructions.

Neither does the Bill define what constitutes injurious adulteration: it has left this an open question, which, in the event of prosecutions under it, will occasion endless diversity of opinion, and give rise to much litigation.

The number of substances possessing more or less injurious properties, employed in adulteration, is considerable, as will be apparent on an examination of the following statement:—

INJURIOUS SUBSTANCES ACTUALLY DETECTED IN ADULTERATED ARTICLES OF CONSUMPTION.

Substances.	*Articles.*
Cocculus indicus - - - - -	Beer, rum.
Arsenite of copper, emerald green, or Scheele's green - - - - -	Coloured sugar confectionery.
Sulphate of copper or blue vitriol, and acetate of copper or verdigris - -	Pickles, bottled fruits and vegetables, preserves, dried and crystallized fruits.

Substances.	*Articles.*
Carbonate of copper, or verditer	Coloured sugar confectionery.
The three chromates of lead	Custard powders, sugar confectionery, tea, snuff.
Red oxide of lead	Cayenne, currie powder, snuff.
Red ferruginous earths, as Venetian red, bole Armenian, red and yellow ochres, umber, &c.	Red sauces, as shrimps, lobster, anchovy, and tomata sauces; and in potted meats and fish, anchovies, cocoa, chicory, annatto, cheese, tea, snuff, &c.
Carbonate of lead	Sugar confectionery, snuff.
Acetate of lead	Wine, cyder, rum.
Plumbago, or black lead	In certain black and lie teas.
Bisulphuret of mercury, or cinnabar	Cayenne and sugar confectionery.
Sulphate of iron	Re-dried tea, and in beer.
Sulphate of copper	Bread, rarely; annatto.
Cayenne	Gin, rum, ginger, mustard.
Gamboge	Sugar confectionery.
Chromates of potash	Tea, snuff.
The three false Brunswick greens, being mixtures of the chromates of lead and indigo or Prussian blue	Sugar confectionery.
Oxychlorides of copper or true Brunswick greens	Ditto.
Orpiment, or sulphuret of arsenicum	Ditto.
Ferrocyanide of iron, or Prussian blue	Ditto; also in green tea.
Antwerp blue, or Prussian blue and chalk	Sugar confectionery.
Indigo	Ditto; and in green tea.
Ultramarine	Sugar confectionery.
Artificial ultramarine	Ditto.
Hydrated sulphate of lime, mineral white, or plaster-of-paris	Flour, bread, cocoa, mustard, sugar confectionery, annatto.
Carbonate of lime	Cocoa, mustard, annatto.
Terra alba, or Cornish clay	Flour, starch, cocoa.
Alum	Flour, bread.
Sulphuric acid	Vinegar, gin.
Bronze powders, or alloys of copper and zinc	Sugar confectionery.

While, therefore, the Bill must be regarded as a very weak one, we would fain entertain the hope that some good may result from it, and that it may be influential in diminishing an evil which is wide-spread and generally felt and acknowledged.

One beneficial effect it will have: the system of warranting articles will under it become very general. Traders and shopkeepers will find it to their advantage, whenever they can do so, to warrant the articles they sell. The public, on its part, must be sure to inquire for those expressly warranted goods; and it ought to regard with especial and habitual suspicion all articles the genuineness of which is not guaranteed by a warranty; for we may feel assured, as a general rule, that when articles are not warranted, there is something wrong about them. The purchaser should require that the warranty be written or printed upon each package or article purchased; and he should further require that the goods enume-

rated in any invoice or bill be likewise warranted. If this precaution be adopted, indirectly, some good cannot fail to ensue from the measure.

"Put not your faith in princes:" to which we may add, nor in Parliaments either, especially in any case in which people can help themselves. In the matter of adulteration the public can do much to protect itself, by requiring with all purchases of articles of food or drink the guarantee to which we have adverted; but there is a second means of affording great additional protection, and that is, an organization originating with and supported by consumers. It should consist of members paying a small annual fee, and have for its object the analyzation, free of any further charge, of such articles as are forwarded for analysis by the members. Periodical reports should be issued under the sanction of a committee of management, giving the results, whatever these might be, of the examination of the various articles. Such an organization as this would do immense good,—much more, indeed, than the proposed Act of Parliament, the provisions of which we have been engaged in considering.

We have now shown that the remedy which the parliamentary doctors, under the guidance of Dr. Scholefield, have provided as a cure for a great social evil, is weak, diluted, and itself adulterated; partaking rather of the character of a Placebo, than that of an effective and searching medicine adapted for an active and potent disease. Let us, at least, comfort ourselves with the hope that it is only a first prescription, embracing the preliminary treatment, as the doctors call it, and intended to be followed by more decided and vigorous remedies.

Such treatment will hardly scotch the monster Adulteration, much less kill him: he will still be caught from time to time at his old tricks. There is nothing, in fact, to prevent him from still colouring our cayenne with red lead, adding cocculus indicus to beer, destroying the coats of the drinker's stomach by doses of a mixture of cayenne, or grains of paradise and gin, and poisoning our children through the sweets made so attractive in order to tempt them; nay, he will still destroy the last hope of the physician by deteriorating the drugs upon which he relies for the salvation of life. In fact, there will still be "death in the pot," and even in the gallipot.

William Hogarth:

PAINTER, ENGRAVER, AND PHILOSOPHER.

Essays on the Man, the Work, and the Time.

VI.—The Rake's Progress: A Drama in Eight Acts.

And what if all this should be but a Barmecide Feast? or worse, a meagre banquet of Dead Sea apples, husks and draff, peelings, and outside leaves of lettuces, and the like unpalatable food? I have talked largely, for I don't know how many pages, of a succulent Hogarth ordinary—of rich viands and rare wines; and lo! I have nothing better to offer you than the skimmings of skimmed milk, and the gyle of thrice-brewed malt. Here is your mess of pottage; here is your soup *à la purée de pavé;* but I give you simply the paving-stone, and have kept back the savoury stock of meat, and spices, and pungent herbs. Are my many good friends to be fed with Æolic digammas, and shall I fill their bellies with the east wind? Oh! I can write out the bill of fare well enough: white and brown soups, *hors-d'œuvres*, *entrées*, roasts, *relévés*, dessert, coffee, and *chasse;* but, good Mr. Essayist, where is the dinner? or rather, *where are the plates?* Can there be anything more meagre and unsatisfactory than the description of a series of pictorial performances without the pictures themselves? and of what avail are these dissertations upon William Hogarth, Painter and Engraver, without some of Hogarth's pictures by way of illustration? Of little more tangible use, I fear, than the purse now empty, but which once held all those brave bank notes—of little more than a cask of home-brewed without a key, and with no gimlet handy—than the bill for a feast that is over and paid—than the gay hat and feathers which come home for the dear child who died yesterday. Have you ever opened a desk, and found a pair of cards, a large and a small one, tied together with a true-lover's knot in silver twist? These were for your own wedding; only that ceremony never came off as intended, as you know full well, grizzling over your gruel in those lonely chambers, with the laundress filching the contents of the caddy from under your nose, and muttering disparagement of yourself to the bootboy on the staircase.

I should have liked to possess an empire, and I have but a little Elba of Essay. I should have wished my bald prose to serve but as a framework to Hogarth's rich, pregnant pictures. I revel in dreams of a vast edition, a big book that you might knock down an enemy with—nay, barricade your door withal against the button-holding world. Isn't there a size called "elephant folio?" "Ho! there, thou Barmecidean cook! Send me up such an elephantine Hogarth of my own, full of plates, line for line, touch for touch, tint for tint, of the master's handling. Serve me swiftly a *catalogue raisonné* of all my hero's pictures and all his engravings,

to his minutest snuff-box achievements and pen-and-ink scratchings. Let me whet my palate with footnotes as with Spanish olives, and give me a varied appendix by way of dessert." The Barmecide says this, and claps his hands, and flourishes his table napkin; but the cook doesn't serve up anything worthy of the name of a feast, hot or cold. Shamefaced, I glance at a few tiny woodcuts which chequer these pages, and admit that at my banquet there have been little beyond hand-clapping and napkin-flourishing, with some sparse halfpenny loaves, and latten spoons and forks, and a plated cruetstand. What happened to the Barmecide who boasted of his hot joints? Alas! *he had his ears boxed.* My own lobes tingle at the apologue. What happens to the finger-post which points out the way, and goeth not itself any way? It is consulted, and passed by in indifference. And what is the doom of the showman whose exhibition is always "going to begin," and never does begin at all? The public at last grow tired; pouch up their pence, or wisely expend them at the next booth, where there is a real live armadillo and a spotted girl whom one can really pinch. Only —let this stand on record for all explanation and excuse — were I to give you even the sketchiest copy of every one of Hogarth's pictures to illustrate these Essays on his life and character, you would have to wait until the year 1870 for the delivery of volume the first of my elephant folio. For the writer's life is very short, and the engraver's art is very long. *Cras mihi*, it may be, O dear friends and brothers gone before! and many a man vainly hoping to sit under his own umbrageous fig-tree and his own vine, finds a chill strike to his marrow, for indeed he is sitting in the cold shade of the cypress and the yew.

I had some thoughts of issuing modest proposals for a subscription—I think ten thousand pounds would be sufficient—to enable me to illuminate a copious biography of Hogarth, with facsimiles of his performances. You should see how the price of steel plates would rise forthwith in the market, and how I would set all the etching-needles and graving-tools of our Cousenses, our Lewises, our Barlows, to work. I had some thoughts of advertising for a patron—a nobleman preferred. I find the descendants of Lorenzo de' Medici numerous enough, and supplying the needy from their golden-balled palaces with funds to any amount; but alas! the Medici only lend at interest, and on tangible security. So, for the present, these papers must be without plates, and the drama of the RAKE'S PROGRESS must be performed without dresses, scenery, properties, decorations, or even a shovelful of blue fire.

Do we need a prologue to scene the first? Here are a few lines that may serve, from Mr. Pope's epistle to Lord Bathurst:—

> "Who sees pale Mammon pine amidst his store
> Sees but a backward steward for the poor:
> This year a reservoir to keep and spare;
> The next a fountain, spouting through his heir." *

* I admire the originality of the image by which a spendthrift is compared to a conduit-pipe; but, as often happens with Pope, his exquisite polish and musical

And again: the reverend Doctor Hoadly's epigraph:—

"O vanity of Age untoward,
Ever spleeny, ever froward!
Why those bolts and massy chains—
Squint Suspicion's jealous pains?
Why, thy toilsome journey o'er,
Lay'st thou in a useless store?
Hope along with Time is flown—
Nor canst thou reap of field thou'st sown."

It is all very true. Why, indeed? Yet the old gentleman who was the reservoir, and has now left all to his heir, at the sign of the Fountain, has only done as Harpagon, and Gripewell, and Vulture Hopkins, and John Elwes, Esquire, delighted to do. The Rake's papa saved thousands of candle-ends. Young Squander comes and burns them at either extremity, setting the welkin in a blaze.

Let me adopt a nomenclature that for the nonce may serve the purpose of showmanship. You see that Ralph Grindall Mucklethrift Moneypenny, Esq., of Foreclose Court, near Parchment-Regis, Bondshire, somewhere in the west of England it may be, is gathered to his fathers. He leaves all to his son Thomas, who speedily obtains the royal permission to assume the name and arms of Rakewell. His mamma was one of the Rakewells of Staffordshire, a family which in their time have entertained several crowned heads; and Tom's maternal grandfather left him a snug estate to swell the fortune—mainly a ready-money one—left him by his old scrivening father.

So Tom has come into his property, and stands in the musty parlour of his father's house, eager, trembling, almost fevered with that odd sensation of Possession. Even princes, heirs-apparent, for years expectant of a crown, have been thus feverishly nervous on the great day when the

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rise and fall often conceal a careless, an illogical, and sometimes a mischievous argument. If "pale Mammon" be but a "backward steward to the poor," keeping and sparing in a reservoir which will afterwards spout up in his squandercash heir's—*grandes eaux!* there is no such great harm done. The poor are only kept out of their dues for a time, and come to their own at last. If Pope's moral be taken *tale quale*, alternate avarice and improvidence must be in the main very good things, and charity only lies fallow for a time to produce a more abundant harvest. Yet I have little doubt that had Pope been philosophizing in prose instead of verse he would have drawn a very different conclusion. Would it not be more rational to inculcate the position that excessive frugality and excessive lavishness are both equally pernicious? The miser keeps money out of circulation, stints his household, starves himself, and grinds the faces of the poor. The prodigal spends the long-hoarded gold, indeed, with a free hand; but to whom does it go? To sharpers, and bullies, and bona-robas, and rascal mountebanks, fiddlers, squallers, and tavern-drawers. It is as on the Derby day, lobsters, pigeon pies, and half-emptied champagne flasks are flung to the rapscallionry of pseudo-Bohemia and Ethiopia. Hogarth was a sounder philosopher than Pope. No honest man profits by the rake's fortune. It was all got over Lucifer's back, and it is all spent under his abdomen. *Ce que vient par la flûte, s'en va par le tambour.* In contradistinction to this, we see that when Francis Goodchild, the industrious apprentice, attains wealth, he feeds Lazarus blind and Lazarus crippled at his gate.

old king has turned his face to the wall, and the courtiers have come trooping through the antechambers to pay homage and lip-service to the new monarch. So Frederick, who was to be called Great, was feverish and nervous when the Hof. Kammerer told him that the drunken old corporal his father was dead, would never more thrash subjects with his cane, or scourge precentors' daughters, and that he, the bullied, despised Fritz, was "König von Preussen." And I have heard of a duke, who the day after he had ceased to be a marquis by courtesy, scribbled his ducal signature some two hundred and fifty times over his blotting-pad. The old miser's memorandum-book lies on the ground. Hogarth makes entry for him of the date when "my son Tom came from Oxford," when he "dined at the French ordinary"—treating Tom, doubtless,—and when he "put off his bad shilling." Young Thomas has done with Oxford and all its humours. He may dine at whatever ordinary he chooses; and if he does not "put off his bad shilling," he will at least put off a great many good guineas of his own.

For all the guineas are his, and the moidores, and pieces of eight, even to the hoard of worn Jacobuses which come tumbling from the rooftree (even as they did when the Heir of Lynn was about to hang himself) as the servant nails the black hangings to the cornice. A bale of black cloth has come from the draper's, and awaits hanging in its due place. How it would have twisted the heartstrings of the deceased curmudgeon to see this waste of stout Yorkshire in vain trappings; and how he would have invoked the gibbet law of Halifax against those who were "back-barend" and "handhabend" with that precious store of well-teazled broadcloth! The old man was the architect of his own fortunes—chiefly built of cheese and mousetraps, with parchment dressings—you may be sure; but the undertakers have found out a scutcheon for him to deck his funeral pomps withal. The bearings are, significantly, "on a field sable, three vices proper;" motto, "Beware." Like almost everything our Hogarth does, the motto is as a two-edged sword, and cuts both ways. The motto is better word-play than the patrician, *Ver non semper viret*. The hard-screwed vices express not only the tenacity of the old man's love of gold; and the motto acts not only as a caution to prodigals against falling into the clutches of a usurer; but, to my thinking, there is a counter allusion to the "vices" of human nature; and that the "Beware" may also be taken as a counsel to young Tom.

Already this young man has sore need of warning. Look at that pair of sorrowing women—mother and daughter—in the right-hand corner of the picture. Tom has wronged the girl, cruelly—that is painfully manifest. Young Tom Moneypenny, screwed down to a starvation allowance by his papa, may have promised marriage to this poor mantua-maker—the miser's housekeeper's pretty daughter, perhaps; but Thomas Rakewell, Esq., could not think of contracting so degrading an alliance. So he strives to cover that broken heart with a golden plaster. A handful of guineas must surely atone for the mere breach of a solemn oath. Tom

gives freely enough, and the girl cries and points to the ring the traitor has bought her, while the mother—a virago every inch of her—scolds and objurgates.

What does it matter—this tiny capful of wind on the great idle Lake of Pleasure? Tom's steward—the harsh-visaged man with the pen in his mouth—thinks that it *does* matter; and that the richer is the heir, the greater care he should have of his ready money. He places his hand on a bag of gold which Master Tom has by him for present emergencies, and would prevent further disbursements if he could. The expression of his face, the mere action of the hand on the money-bag, half in remonstrance, half in the instinct of avarice—for he is a true disciple of the old money-spinner deceased—are very eloquent.

The heir thinks merely to trim his barque by casting this golden ballast overboard:—so *vogue la galère*. Sir Sans Pitié the False has disdainfully flung a handful of ducats to the damsel he has betrayed, and ridden away. Tom has other things than distressed damsels to think of. The tailor is measuring him for his fine new clothes. The steward tells him dazzling tales of the India bonds, the mortgages, leases and releases that he inherits. Before him stretches in glittering perspective the Promised Land of Pleasure. The era of pinching and pining is over, and Plenty comes swaggering in with a full horn. A decrepit old woman comes to light a fire, for the first time these many years, in the fireplace, of which the grate is dull, and the bars rusty. Soon the faggots will crackle and leap up into a rare blaze—it would be as well to burn that apronful of love-letters beginning, "To Mrs. Sarah Young—My dearest life," which the exasperated old mother displays to the false-swearer. The fire had need blaze away, even if it made a bonfire of every memento of the old man's penuriousness. He saved everything. There is a cupboard full of old clothes, worn-out boots, and the dilapidated cauls of periwigs. The lamp outside his door was smashed in a frolic by the Mohocks. The miser brought the wreck of iron and glass indoors, and saved it. He was bidden to Venture Hopkins, or some equally famous usurer's funeral. The miser purloined the gravedigger's spade, hid it under his cloak, and brought it home, to save it. He had bought a handsome Bible at the price of wastepaper. The sole of his shoe wanted mending; and you see, in the foreground, how he has pieced it with a portion of the cover of the holy volume. He kept a cat, which he nine-tenths starved. You see the wretched animal mewing over a chest crammed with massy plate, and wishing, doubtless, that the chased silver was wholesome paunch. There is a Flemish picture on the wall—the usual miser gloating over the usual money-sacks; but I will warrant the painting was not there merely for ornament. It must have served a turn many and many a time to eke out the little cash, and the great discount in a bill. A rusty spur, a pair of horn spectacle-frames, without glasses; the old man's furred cap, his crutch, his walking-cane, a pair of battered swords he kept for fear of robbers,

and a long-disused jack and spit, removed from the fireplace, and thrown by in a cupboard, where they are hoarded as old iron—attest with eloquence difficult to be improved, all the self-torturing avarice of this poor, wealthy, griping wretch. Let us close the scene upon his sordid memory, and follow the fortunes of his heir.*

Thomas is himself again in Act the Second of this tragi-comedy, "*The Rake's Levée.*" He lives in a splendid suite of apartments—say in Pall Mall, or in Soho Square, or in Great Queen Street, Lincoln's Inn. We don't see the ceiling in the picture; else, I daresay, we should find it painted with the story of Danaë, or that of the Golden Fleece. A splendid picture, in a frame as splendid, of the *Judgment of Paris*, is the principal ornament of the grand saloon; but that it has been bought merely for show, and not through any love for art, is plain from its pair of pendants; portraits of gamecocks, in gaudy frames. An arched doorway exhibits beyond a gaudy antechamber, where the humbler class of courtiers cool their heels. There is a French tailor; a poet—yes, a poet, who reads one of his own epistles to wile away the time; and a milliner. Now the milliner—you know her by the long cardboard-box under her arm—is, I can't help thinking, our old friend, the deceived Sarah Young. Has the golden ointment healed her heart? Has she accepted the Rake's money, and gone into business for herself? Not at a mean frock-shop as Hogarth's own sisters did, selling (see engraved card) "y^e best and most fashionable ready-made frocks, stript dimity and flañel, blue and canvas frocks, and blue-coat boys' Dra^rs. Likewise tickens and Hollands at y^e piece." But rather as a fashionable *modiste* in the New Exchange, like that celebrated

* Gilpin—*Essay on Prints*—greatly and justly admires the perspective of this picture; and it may be termed, without pedantry, an ingenious isometrical projection. Thomas Cook, engraver, author of *Hogarth Restored* (London, 1813), and who himself engraved many unpublished Hogarths, speaks of the Rake's face, in this first stage of his history, as "marked by that uneasy, unmeaning vacancy, which seems, by nature, the characteristic of a dupe." But I rather discern in poor young Tom's countenance the simplicity, the eagerness, and the carelessness of youth, as yet unmarred by the stamp of cynical sinfulness. The features are eminently beautiful; and although he has already been a profligate, and ruined this unhappy Sarah Young, I fancy I can trace a struggle between conscience and shame, and the recklessness of the nascent spendthrift. Tom does not wholly belong to the Evil One yet, else he would be content with laughing at his victim, and would not take the trouble to give her any money. It is likewise the opinion of Thomas Cook, that the harsh-visaged man with the pen, whom I described as the miser's steward, is "a pettifogging attorney," and when he lays his hands on the bag of gold, is actuated by "propensities too often attributed to certain practisers of the law," and "seizing the earliest opportunity of robbing his employer;" but I believe in the steward's fidelity, and only think him to be remonstrating on the folly of spending money at all. Such men love gold, not for the sake of what it will purchase, but for its own sake,—because it is gold. When Lucrèce Borgia, in Victor Hugo's play, asks Gubetta why he borrows money from the young nobles, he being so much richer than they,—he makes answer, "*Pardieu! madame, pour en avoir.*" To *have* money, and, having some, to have *more*. "All the baccy in the world," and then—"more baccy," was the sailor's notion of perfect happiness and unlimited riches.

"white milliner," the Duchess of Tyrconnell, or "Mrs. Holt," who lived at the "two Olive Posts in y^e^ Broad part of the Strand," for whom Hogarth also engraved a card, and who sold "Lustrings, Sattins, Padesois, Velvets, Damasks, Fans, Legorne hats, Violin strings, Books of Essences, Venice treacle, Balsomes;" and in a back warehouse (!) all sorts of Italian wines, Florence cordials, Oyl, Olives, Anchovies, Capers, Vermicelli, Saussidges, Parmesan cheese, and Naples soap." Sarah Young, with that odd, half-vindictive, half-affectionate hankering after the man who has deceived her—a hankering by no means uncommon to her sex—has solicited the high honour of being milliner in ordinary to his worship Thomas Rakewell, Esq.—for gentlemen had female milliners in 1735; just as ladies had staymakers and "taylors" of the ruder sex. Sarah, then, furnishes Thomas with his bands of Valenciennes and Point de Dunquerque, with his ruffles and laced nightcaps, with essences and ribbons for his hair. And you may be certain that Thomas, who has quite forgotten those fervent billets in which she was his "dearest life," does not forget, while condescending to patronize, to run a long bill with her. Will Sarah turn out to be Nemesis? Will this deceived white milliner become *Alba cura*, jump up behind Tom's chariot, and bid the coachman drive to Styx Old Stairs, where his worship will take water, in Charon's barge—like young Bibo—for Tartarus? Ah, no! A vulgar melodramatist would, with much speed, have brought about this consummation; but William Hogarth knew better. Five thousand times better did he know the inexhaustible love, and tenderness, and longsuffering, and mercy, that are for ever welling, even from the bruised heart of a betrayed woman.

Such love and tenderness are lost upon the graceless prodigal. Three years have elapsed. The uncouth, but not quite hardened hobbledehoy has cast off his awkwardness, and his conscience, and has all the allures of a fine gentleman. He holds levées. His mode of life may be quoted from Brampton's *Man of Taste*:—

> "Without Italian, and without an ear,
> To Bononcini's music I adhere.
> To boon companions I my time would give,
> With players, pimps, and parasites I'd live;
> I would with jockeys from Newmarket dine,
> And to rough riders give my choicest wine;
> My evenings all I would with sharpers spend,
> And make the thief-taker my bosom friend;
> In Figg, the prizefighter, the day delight,
> And sup with Colley Cibber every night."

Cio-è. I would hotly dispute concerning Verdi and Donizetti, and go into ecstasies over the sixpenny libretto books, not knowing one word of Italian. I would affect to despise the grand old music of the English school, and give a guinea a lesson to some lantern-jawed sallow face, who, before he turned music-master, was a barber at Bologna. I would stop late in my club, billiard-rooms, and smoking-rooms, and have my toadies and my convenient men. Yes, I would dine with Newmarket jockeys, and give rough riders Clos Vougeot; and look in at night at the subscription hazard-

tables; and sometimes, for fun, go the rounds of Thieves' Kitchens and Rats' Castles, under the guidance and guardianship of Inspector Bull's-eye. I should be sure to attend the "international" prizefights, and be full of solicitude as to the designs of the Staleybridge Chicken upon the vacant belt; and I might sup with the low comedian at night, and make the man who sings Nigger songs tipsy with champagne. And upon my word, I, Thomas Rakewell, suppositious prodigal, must be 125 years old; for in this present year, 1860, I am precisely the same Thomas Rakewell, and indulge in precisely the same refined and agreeable pleasures that marked my *Progress* in 1735.

"Thou hast it now," Thomas; "King Cawdor, Glamis all." In the grand saloon the Rake receives his courtiers of the first class. There is the fencing-master, with his "saha!" his carte and his tierce, and his *raison demonstrative*.* There is the *Improver of Gardens*, designed by Hogarth for a certain Bridgeman, "a worshipper of the modern style, who attempted to create landscape, to realize painting, and to improve nature"—in short, an archetype of "Capability Brown." There is the kneeling Horse Jockey, the descendant of Cromwell's Dick Pace, of "coffin mare" celebrity, who holds a silver race-cup, inscribed, "Won at Epsom by Silly Tom," a very appropriate name for Squire Rakewell's "Crack." Observe the turned-up shade to the jockey's cap, his easy tunic, the loose turn-over tops to his boots, and the tremendous weight of his whip.† There is the hired bravo, the Sparafucile, the Saltabadil to this young monarch *qui s'amuse*—who kills or cudgels in town or country, with promptitude and despatch—with his bloated form, black wig, dingy laced hat, and a patch over his nose. He has his hand, curiously, on his *right* side, as if he didn't know where his heart was; but he knows well enough where to lay his right hand: namely, on the hilt of his hanger, as he enters into the stereotype protestations of fidelity. He has brought a characteristic letter of recommendation to his new patron:—"Sir, the captain is a man of honour, and his sword may serve you. Yours, W^m^ Stab." The foolish, sensuous rake, in 'broidered slippers and richly laced morning gown and cap, seems much inclined to take the honourable captain into his employ; from which we may glean, that fond as he may be of midnight frolics, beating the watch, roasting tradesmen, terrifying women and so forth, active courage is not among the characteristics of Thomas Rakewell, Esq., and that he needs

* The fencing-master is intended for the portrait of one Dubois, a *maître d'armes* of much renown. He was killed in a duel with one of the same name. See *Grub Street Journal* (May 16, 1734). "Yesterday, between two and three in the afternoon, a duel was fought in Marylebone fields, between Mr. Dubois, a Frenchman, and Mr. Dubois, an Irishman, both fencing-masters, the former of which was run through the body, but walked a considerable way from the place, and is now under the hands of an able surgeon, who hath great hopes of his recovery." But afterwards, in the same journal, under date of May 23: "Yesterday morning, died Mr. Dubois, of a wound he received in a duel."

† "Feather weights" were unknown in those early days of the turf. Heats were not ridden by pigmies; and race-horses were strong, muscular, large-limbed animals, not satin-skinned, greyhound-like, hot-house plants.

the bravo's brawny arm to protect him in his pranks, and give impunity to his impertinences.

There is a blower on the French horn present too; and a heavy, somewhat good-natured looking man, with a couple of quarter-staves, whom we may take for Figg, the pugilist.*

The prominent figure standing to the left of the Rake is Essex, the dancing-master. He is even a greater dandy than Tom Rakewell. Laced coat and ruffles, monstrous cuffs, resplendent wig, silk stockings, and

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* There is some difficulty in "making out" likenesses in a period when almost everybody went clean shaven, and wore a wig; but comparing the bewigged pugilist in the levée scene with the bare-polled prizefighter holding the broadsword, who stands on the platform, in the card etched by Simpson, after a design by Hogarth, for James Figg, there can be little doubt, I think, that both are meant for the same person. The inscription describes Figg as "master of y^e^ noble science of defence;" and states that he dwelt "on y^e^ right hand in Oxford Road, near Adam and Eve Court;" and that "he teaches gentlemen y^e^ use of y^e^ small backsword and quarter-staff, at home and abroad." There is not a word said about fisticuffs or the "gloves." Figg appears to have been in the "zenith of his glory" about 1731. His portrait was also painted by Ellis, a man who imitated Hogarth in small "conversations;" and the Ellis-Figg portrait was engraved in mezzotint by Faber, and published in October of the year just mentioned. It is not at all uncommon, now, to see daubs in the curiosity-shops about Leicester Square, which purport to be "original" portraits of Figg, by Hogarth. The admirers of Messrs. Sayers and Heenan may find delectation in the following flight towards Parnassus anent this distinguished Mr. Figg:

> "The mighty combatant, the first in fame,
> The lasting glory of his native shame (?)
> Rash and unthinking men, at length be wise;
> Consult your safety, and resign the prize:
> Nor tempt superior force, but timely fly
> The vigour of his arm, the quickness of his eye."

In the name of the prophet—Figg! Captain John Godfrey, in his quarto pamphlet on *The Useful Science of Defence* (1747), calls Figg "the Atlas of the sword;" "and may he long," the captain continues, "remain the gladiating statue! In him strength, resolution, and unparalleled judgment conspired to form a matchless master. There was a majesty shone in his countenance and blazed in all his actions beyond all I ever saw." And yet the captain was old enough to have seen Marlborough, and Peterborough, and Eugène, and Tallard, and Vendôme. Perhaps those heroes, although their actions were certainly "blazing," were not very "majestic" as to their countenances. Chetwood, in his *History of the Stage*, tells us that Figg informed him that he had not bought a shirt for twenty years, but had sold some dozens. The aristocracy were his purveyors of body-linen. In the sixth volume of Dodsley's *Collection of Fugitive Pieces*, there are some verses by the witty Doctor Byrom of a sword contest between Figg and Sutton, in which the first was victorious. Figg appeared on the stage calm and sedate, "with a fresh shaven pate." They wore "armigers," too. Figg's arm was encircled with a blue ribbon; Sutton's with a red one. The fortune of the day was for a long time suspended, till Figg hit his opponent a stroke on the knee, and so disabled him. At his amphitheatre in the Oxford Road he engaged with not only Sutton, but "William Holmes and Felix MacGuire, the two first (Hibernicè) and most profound swordsmen of the kingdom of Ireland. 'Tis not," the advertisement sets forth, "the accidental blow which Mr. Holmes received on his metacarpus the last time he fought with Mr. Figg has cooled his courage, or given room to Mr. MacGuire to decline his interest." An impression of Figg's card has been sold for eight guineas.

diamond buckles, deck his radiant person: but for that unmistakeable self-satisfied smirk, and that ridiculously diminutive "kit," and that exquisitely pointed toe, you might mistake the predecessor of Vestris and D'Egville for a dancing-master. It is fated that the Rake—whether he have rings on his fingers, or bells on his toes, or not—shall have, for the present, music wherever he goes. Besides the twanging of the French horn—the probabilities are a little violated by its professor presuming to sound that instrument while his worship, Squire Thomas, is conferring with Captain Saltabadil—besides the squeaking of Mr. Essex's kit, we have the strumming of a harpsichord, touched by the figure with the enormous periwig, who sits with his back to the audience. He is trying over a new opera, *The Rape of the Sabines.** The *dramatis personæ* appear on the fly-leaf, and include the name of Senesino. But *majora canamus!* over the back of the maestro's chair there hangs, to trail at length far over the ground, a document, resembling several "yards of songs" tacked to a bill of costs in a Chancery suit, and inscribed with an enumeration of the gorgeous presents bestowed on the Italian opera-singer, Farinelli, by the nobility and gentry of this kingdom. The extremity of the schedule half covers an engraving, representing a lady of fashion kneeling at an altar erected before the statue of the illustrious soprano; and exclaiming, label-wise, "One God, one Farinelli,"—an impious ejaculation attributed to some aristocratic female devotee of the signor. Poor Farinelli! He was the friend of princes, and abounded in diamond snuff-boxes, but his singing, after all, must have resembled the tootle-tooing of a flute.

This then is the morning's reflection bearing on the previous night's entertainment of T. R., Esq. It must be admitted that while evidences of vanity and frivolity are plentiful enough, young Tom's pursuits do not, as yet, appear outrageously vicious. On that long schedule over the chair you read that Thomas Rakewell, Esq., has presented a golden snuff-box, chased with the story of Orpheus charming the brutes, to Farinelli. By the way, why shouldn't the periwigged unknown at the harpsichord be the signor himself? There is nothing so very unpardonable in making such gifts. At least, the apologist may urge, there are no soda-water bottles, betting books, ends of cigars—were those vanities then invented?—about, to mark the sensual, unprofitable mode of life adopted by this deluded young man. Tom seems, at the worst, to be simply wasting his time; and the student of Fielding, when he has well considered Hogarth's levée, will turn to the description of a fashionable Do-nothing's day, as set forth in *Joseph Andrews:* "In the morning I arose, took my great stick, and walked out in my green frock, with my hair in papers (a groan from

* The figure of the maestro at the harpsichord has by some commentators been held to be Handel, but there is no evidence to go to the jury. It must certainly be remembered that he who was afterwards to write the *Messiah* was at one period of his career manager of the Italian Opera; but I don't think it likely that he would spend his mornings at Tom Rakewell's levées. Besides, Brampton makes *his* rake say, "To Bononcini's music I adhere." B. and H. were sworn foes.

Adams), and sauntered about till ten. Went to the auction; told Lady —— she had a dirty face; laughed heartily at something Captain —— said,—I can't remember what, for I did not very well hear it; whispered Lord ——; bowed to the Duke of ——; and was going to bid for a snuff-box, but did not, for fear I should have had it. From two to four dressed myself. (A groan.) Four to six dined. (A groan.) Six to eight coffee-house; eight to nine Drury Lane playhouse; nine to ten Lincoln's Inn Fields"—you see Fielding does not make Mr. Abraham Adams groan at the mention of coffee-houses and theatres—"Ten to twelve drawing-room. (A great groan.) At which Adams said with some vehemence, 'Sir, this is below the life of an animal, hardly above vegetation.'"

And so it is; but worse is to follow: vice active in lieu of vice passive. Prompter, sound the whistle; and shift the scene, ye carpenters. We come to the third tableau of the *Rake's Progress*.

Orgie: and, I am afraid the less said about it the better; yet there must be some definite record made of this stage in Tom's journey; and after all, I am writing about William Hogarth's works and time; about the suckling of fools, indeed, but *not* the chronicles of small beer. Truth must out, and Tom is going to the dogs with dreadful swiftness. Act three represents a very different scene of dissipation to the dull sensuality of the topers in the *Modern Midnight Conversation*, for alas! woman, vicious, and impudent, and fallen, but still, under Hogarth's pencil, angelically beautiful, is there. Tom is far gone in foreign wines, drunk on the splendid and disreputable premises he condescends to patronize. There are nine ladies, two ballad-singers, and a drawer (in the background) visible, but only two gentlemen. Tom has just been robbed of his watch by the fair one who declares she adores him. Fair one Number 1 passes the stolen property to fair one Number 2; and fair one Number 3—a very hideous negress indeed—looks on with a grin of approval. Two fair ones have quarrelled, and one is squirting aqua-vitæ from her mouth at her adversary; the shot is a good one, and the range is long, at least three feet. In the background another daughter of Folly is setting fire to a map of the world. A rich mirror of Venice glass has been smashed in a scuffle; but Thomas will pay for all, or will halve the damage with that other intoxicated gentleman, whose wig falling off reveals his neat black crop beneath. He is quite imbecile, and is as a sheep for the shearers. The portraits of the twelve Cæsars grace this abode of revelry; while the Kitcat effigy of mine host, Pontac, looks down in plethoric serenity on the agreeable scene. Mine host, you have the best of it; the triumph of the fair ones is short-lived; the beadles of Bridewell wait for them, and there is hemp galore to beat. After all—for apoplexy, an excise information, or a man killed at an orgie, may put a stop to Pontac's profits—those ragged minstrels and ballad-singers, who come bawling and twanging in, may derive most benefit from the joyous company and the gay life. *They last*, these scrapers and caterwaulers; so do the beggars. We go to India, and

returning, find our old vagabond acquaintances as ragged as ever, and yet not older, so it seems. They watch the procession defile, the panorama unroll, the farce play itself through; they watch and grin, and shout, and call us noble captains, and fair ladies, and have their share of our loose coppers, and see us all out. Our friends die, but the vagabonds remain and flourish. And I *have* seen the seed of the righteous begging their bread.*

I cannot be more explicit in describing young Thomas's evening's entertainment, beyond hinting that, to judge from the trophies in the foreground, he has been to a masquerade, and in a conflict with some semi-paralytic watchman—where is Captain Saltabadil?—has carried off the staff and lantern of the guardian of the night. Many more pages could be devoted to the consideration of the Pontacian symposium; but I can't tell all the things that are on the tip of my tongue. I can't tell them, at least, on Cornhill. There is reverence due to young readers. You must wait until the advent of my elephant folio. Meanwhile, go you to Hogarth's own picture, and study its sad details.

It is to be noted as an intentional feature of this young man's career, that from the first he is, as to the belongings of his own sex, Alone. The unlucky lad is an orphan, nay, most probably has never known a mother's care. I can't discover in his after career, until his marriage, that he has any friends, nay, that any living soul save Mrs. Sarah Young, the milliner, cares anything about him. He has, even, no associates, young and wild as himself; and knows nobody beyond tavern-drawers, prize-fighters, and buffoons. He is solitary in the midst of all this revelry and all this vice. Probably Hogarth so isolated him to concentrate the tragic interest of the drama in his person; and yet, I think, some thought prepense must have moved him to teach us that a pocket full of money, lavishly spent, won't buy us friends, or even companions, more reputable than Captain Saltabadil, or Lieutenant Sparafucile, or "Yrs. W^m^ Stab."

Yet Thomas Rakewell, Esq., goes to Court. All kinds of queer people could make their bow at St. James's a century and a quarter ago; and a birthday reception was almost as incongruous a medley as one of those New Year's night balls at the Czar's Winter Palace, to which almost every man in St. Petersburg who can manage to raise a dress coat, and a pair of patent leather boots, was invited. Moreover, in 1735, there were two excellent recipes for becoming a man of fashion: to wear fine clothes, and to frequent the coffee-houses. Now-a-days, dress has ceased to denote

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* The Cæsars,—only six of them are visible, but we may be permitted to assume the existence of the remaining half-dozen,—have been barbarously mutilated. The heads have been cut bodily from the canvas, with one exception, Nero. To complete the propriety of the exemption there should surely have been added to the Cæsars a *silhouette*, at least, of Elagabalus. Pray note the face and figure of the woman ballad-singer yelling out the "Black Joke," the melody of which questionable ditty was selected by Thomas Moore whereto to set the curiously antithetical words beginning "Sublime was the warning that liberty spoke." I think the air is also known by the title of the "Sprig of shamrock so green."

rank, and clubs and the ballot have done away with coffee-house life. Where can a man "drop in" now, and boast that he has mingled with "the wits?" Bah! the wits themselves have departed in peace. Grub Street is pulled down, and Buttons's, Wills's, Toms's are shadows.

Nevertheless, Thomas, in raiment of most astounding splendour, shall go to Court. So wills it Hogarth, in Act the Fourth of the *Rake's Progress*. It is the 1st of March, the birthday of Queen Caroline, and likewise St. David's day. With his usual happy ingenuity, Hogarth has fixed the date by the introduction of a Welsh gentleman (doubtless, a lineal descendant of Captain Fluellen), who—a prodigious leek adorning his hat—is marching proudly along St. James's Street. This Cambro-Briton carries his hands in a muff—a somewhat strange ornament for a gentleman; but muffs were much worn at this time. You may see a beau with a muff in Hogarth's *Taste in High Life;* and I remember that Voltaire, in his *Siècle de Louis Quinze*, tells us, that when Damiens attempted to assassinate the well-beloved king, the courtiers, in consequence of the intense cold, had their hands thrust in enormous muffs.

Tom, embroidered, laced, and powdered up to the eyes, goes to Court in a sedan-chair. It is a hired one, No. 41, and the hinder chairman, by the leek in his hat, would also appear to be a Welshman. The rake's affairs have been going but badly lately. He is deeply dipped. He has made ducks and drakes of all the ready money, all the India bonds and mortgages, all the leases and re-leases. He has been shaking his elbow, my dear. Hogarth insists very plainly on the gambling element in his career. In front of his sedan a group of blackguard boys are gambling on the flags of St. James's Street. Two shoeblacks are deep in dice. Two other ragged little losels—one a news-hawker, it would appear by the post-horn in his girdle, and who carries a voting-ticket in his hat; the other absurdly accoutred in the dilapidated periwig of some adult gambler gone to grief—are equally deep in cards. The hand visible to the spectator —that of the boy in the wig—shows only *black* pips; and on a post you read the word "black." On the other hand, a flash of lightning breaks through the stormy sky,* and points direct to *White's* notorious gaming-house. The allusion is passably significant. It is, doubtless, at White's that Tom has gambled away the paternal thousands; but, be it as it may, it is in St. James's Street, going to the birthday drawing-room, that the rake feels the first practical effect of the heraldic monition—"Beware!" The sheriff of Middlesex has been long running up and down in his bailiwick seeking for Tom; and now two catchpoles march up to the sedan-chair, and capture the body of Thomas Rakewell, him to have and to hold at the suit of our sovereign Lord the King and somebody else—very possibly the tailor who had made that fine suit of lace clothes for him. The poor wretch, at best but a faint-hearted shirker of responsibilities, is

* The sky, and indeed the whole background of the fourth tableau, are very badly engraved, and, evidently, not by Hogarth.

quite overwhelmed and cowed at his arrest. Not yet, however, is he to languish in the Fleet or the Marshalsea. Mrs. Sarah Young, the milliner, happens to be passing with her bandbox. Her tender heart is touched at the sight of the perfidious Tom's misery. Bless her for a good woman! She lays her hand on the catchpole's arm. She "stays harsh justice in its mid career;" she whips out a washleather bag full of money, and I declare that she pays Tom's debt and costs, and very presumably gives the catchpoles a guinea for themselves.

Thomas, there is yet time. Thomas, you may make Sarah Young an honest woman, assist her in the millinery business, and become a reputable citizen, occasionally indulging in connubial junketings at Sadler's Wells, or the Bell at Edmonton. There is time. The veiled lady comes on the eve of that fatal supper to warn the libertine, Don Juan. The Commendatore knocks a loud rap at the front door before he comes upstairs. Even Sganarelle was saved—although he lost his wages. He quaked and repented amid the terrors of that Feast of Stone. Turn again, Thomas; ere thou herdest with swine. Alas! I think the wretched youth might have turned indeed, if he had had a father or mother. He had none, and there was no fatted calf at home. There was Sarah Young; and ——

Thus he requites her in Act the Fifth—the last act in most dramas; but there are more to come in Tom's life history. Released from the catchpoles' claws, the ungrateful Rakewell, now become mercenary, hunts up what is called a "City fortune." A rich old maid, dreadfully ugly, and with a decided cast in her eye, is foolish enough to marry him; and married the badly-assorted pair are in Marylebone Church. See them at the altar. The parson is purblind, the clerk is gaunt and hungry-looking. The rake has grown unhealthily fat. The bride is very splendid and hideous. Not so the little charity-boy, who adjusts the hassock for her to kneel upon. He has a pretty, innocent face, but his clothes are patched and ragged, as if the governors of the Charitable Grinders, to whose school he belongs, didn't treat him very liberally. Indeed, there is a woeful want of charity visible in the whole proceeding. Arachne has been busy with the poor-box; and an overgrown spider's web has been woven over the orifice of that charitable coffer. A crack runs through the ninth commandment on the tablet within the communion-rails. Two dogs are snarling at one another.* In the distant aisle, the pew-openers and almswomen are squabbling, and even coming to blows—clapperclawing one another with great fury—over the largess given by the bridegroom; while—can I believe my eyes?—there appears, meekly kneeling as bridesmaid, and holding up the bride's train, a comely young woman, who bears a remarkable resemblance to Mrs. Sarah Young. Surely, it is somewhat

* The presence of these animals in the sacred edifice has been objected to as an anomaly; but it must be remembered that church doors stood open somewhat wider than at present in Hogarth's time, and that it was one of the specified duties of the beadle to "WHIP THE DOGS OUT OF THE CHURCH." The beadle in Hogarth's picture is probably busied in counting his gains on the church-steps.

overdoing charity and longsuffering for her to officiate at the marriage of this wrinkled harridan with the man she has loved. Perhaps the likeness may be accidental; or, perhaps, it may be acceptable as a supportable hypothesis that Sarah, deprived of her capital by her generosity to the rake in his distress, has been compelled to give up the millinery business, and go into service as lady's-maid to the squinting spinster, even as Lydia became handmaiden to the widow Green. Her mistress being married, she accompanies her to church, and tells not her love, but suffers, and loves on unrepiningly.

The money Rakewell got by this marriage of perjury goes very soon in the pandemonium where his first patrimony was wasted. He gambles it away. The scene of the gaming-house is terrible. Artistically, it is one of the finest compositions ever designed by a painter. The rake, now haggard and battered, bare-pated, carelessly arrayed, frantic at his losses, kneels with uplifted arm and clinched fist, uttering vain imprecations to Heaven. He is ruined, body and bones. A drunken lord hugs a bully who steals his silver-hilted sword. Another *magnifico*, sumptuously attired, is borrowing money of an ancient usurer in rags;—he knew Tom's father well, but would not lend the beggared profligate a guinea now. Of all the dreadful company the money-lender is sober, cool, and collected, and makes a neat entry in his memoranda of his loan to my lord. One man has gone to sleep; another, an old gambler, seems stupefied by his reverses, and cannot hear the waiter-lad who brings him a glass of liquor, and bawls in his ear for payment. It is but a squalid kind of Hades, and there is no trust. A fierce black dog—he is the usurer's watch-dog Tear'em, you may be sure—leaps up at the blaspheming rake, and adds by his yelling to the outcry of this demoniacal crew. A sharper, whose face we cannot see, but whose flabby, covetous hand is strangely suggestive, takes advantage of a sudden alarm to purloin the stakes on the table. Do you know what the alarm is? It is Fire. Some crazed desperado has been brandishing a flambeau. The wainscot catches. The watch come bursting in, and Hades is in flames!

The race of "silly Tom," begun at Epsom, is nearly run. Tattenham Corner has been turned long ago, and he is fast approaching the post and the Judge's chair. But he has a couple more stands to pass. Behold the penultimate in Act the Seventh of this eventful history. Tom is a hopeless captive for debt in the Fleet Prison. He has squandered the "city fortune" of his squinting wife. The gold is gone; but the oblique-eyed lady remains to plague and torture him with her face and her reproaches. She visits him in prison, only to scold and abuse. Thomas is on his last legs. He has turned dramatic author, and has written a play, which he has sent to Manager Rich, and which Manager Rich won't have. "Sir,—I have read your play, and find it will not *doe*. Yours, J. R." Such is the impresario's curt form of refusal. The keeper—a crafty-looking successor of the far-famed Bambridge, with his big key and his yawning account-book, glozes over the shoulder of the penniless spendthrift, and

demands "garnish." The boy from the neighbouring tavern won't leave the pot of porter unless he is paid for it. Trust is dead; and the manuscript of the rejected play would not bring twopence, even as waste paper.

Hither, unalterable in her devotion, comes the poor wronged milliner to comfort the ruined man. Unhappily her visit is paid at the time when the vixen lady with the squint is present. There is a passage of arms, or rather of words, between the two. The ex-old maid has the best of the encounter over the ex-young one. Sarah faints; the legitimate Mrs. Rakewell shaking her fist at, and vituperating her. Some pity is to be found even in this abode of woe. A miserable inmate assists the fainting Sarah. Poor wretch! he has every mark of having long been an inhabitant of this dismal mansion. From his pocket is pendent a scroll, on which is written: "A scheme to pay the National Debt. By J. L., now a prisoner in the Fleet." All his attention is given to the debts of the Commonwealth. His own private liabilities he has forgotten. Sarah has a child with her—Tom's child, alas!—and the cries of this infant serve—for you really hear them, as it were—to heighten the sad interest of the scene. On the tester of a bed are a huge pair of wings, doubtless the crack-brained invention of some prisoner who has striven to wile away the weary hours of his confinement by vain attempts to imitate Dædalus; but there is a chemist in the background happily absorbed in contemplating his retort, and caring nothing for all the noise and squalor and wretchedness around him. We will drop the curtain, if you please.

To raise it again in Act the Eighth, and last; in one of the wards of Bedlam. Tom Rakewell has gone stark, staring mad, and ends here—here among the maniacs that gibber, and those that howl, and those that fancy themselves kings and popes. He ends here on straw, naked and clawing himself, and manacled. But Sarah Young, the woman whom he has wronged, is with him to the last, and comforts and cherishes him; and—Heaven be merciful to us all! So ends the *Rake's Progress;* a drama in Eight Acts, as I have designated it, and, assuredly, one of the saddest and most forcible dramas that was ever conceived by human brain, or executed by human hand. I have dwelt at this length upon it, because I think it exhibits, in the superlative degree, the development of those qualities in art and in philosophy which have made William Hogarth so justly famous.

The House that John Built.

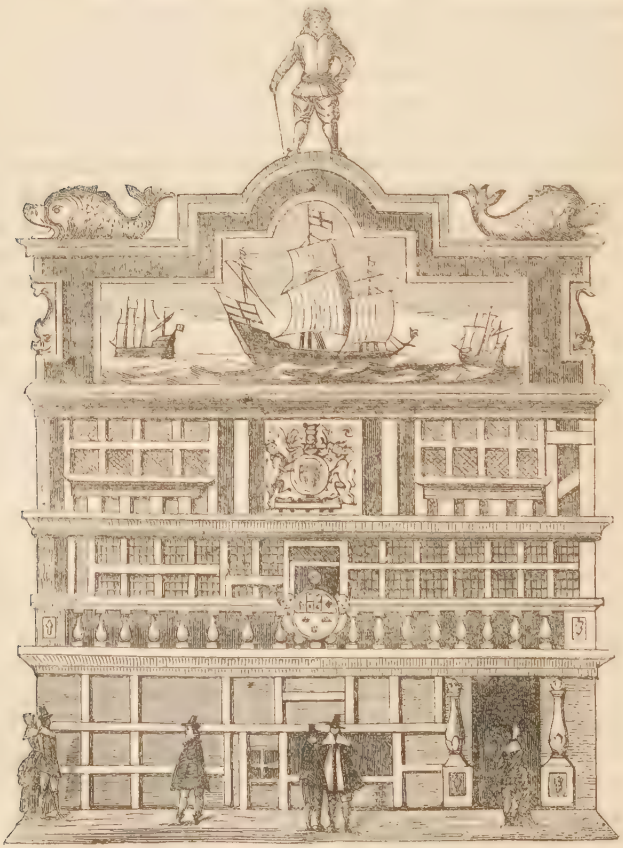
The house in which Mr. John Company lived and died is to be let; or to be sold to the highest bidder. His successor is going "farther West." It is the way with this generation. The homes in which their fathers dwelt and prospered, and made their fortunes—the good old roomy family mansions, in the heart of the Metropolis, are not good enough for them. They must spend their inheritance in the "neighbourhood of the parks." All their friends, they tell you, live in those regions, and it is so much more convenient for them. The successor, therefore, of the late Mr. John Company, only does like the rest of the world, when he sighs for straitened space in a more fashionable atmosphere, and emigrates from Leadenhall Street to Westminster.

There are manifest signs, already, of this coming migration; and, after the lapse of a few months, all that will be left of Mr. Company's once thriving and populous establishment will be the walls of his deserted house. It will be a sore trial for many to watch the after-growth of this desertion. The great, solemn, suggestive pile, with all its historical associations, will be pulled down and sold, as so many lots of brick and plaster. To what vile uses the empty site will be put, it lies not in my knowledge to record. My mind is agitated by a succession of rumours. I hear of a railway-station on one day; on the next, they talk to me of an extension of the market; then again, of a great street, or square, of offices and chambers. It does not much matter. I shall never pass that way again. When Mr. Company's once famous residence is blotted out, like another Carthage, Leadenhall Street will not be Leadenhall Street; the City will not be the City to me. I, indeed, who have ascended the steps of that venerable mansion, man and boy, every week-day (holidays excepted), for fifty years, can hardly realize the idea of a London without Mr. Company's house.

It is said, that his successor is minded to build a fine new mansion of his own in the aristocratic regions of Whitehall. He has been talking about it now ever since good Mr. Company's decease; but he cannot make up his mind whether to content himself with an Italian palace or with a Gothic cathedral. Mr. Company was above all foppery of that kind. He had an eye to business, not to show; and his house was good for business purposes. Moreover, he was too proud, after he had retired from trade, to live in hired lodgings, as his successor is about to do. And *such* lodgings! The fag-end of a public-house! Passing up Victoria Street, the other day, with a friend, to look at the new Victoria railway station, the place taken for the transaction of the business of the late Mr. Company was pointed out to me. And when I saw the wretched, attenuated, wedge-

shaped affair—more like a house built of cards, than of dignified masonry—I could not help exclaiming to my companion, in bitterness of spirit, "Call you that thing an India House, indeed?"

I do not purpose to follow my new master to his West-end lodgings. Not that, in the abstract, I have any objection to a tavern; for, in his early days, Mr. Company transacted business at the Bull Inn, in Bishopsgate Street; or at the Nag's Head, over against Bishopsgate Church. For Mr. Company was a man of small beginnings; and being thrifty, as became him at first, he was slow to spend his substance on such costly commodities as brick and mortar. When he first went to Leadenhall, he took, at a yearly rent of 100*l.*, the house known by that name, the property of Sir William Craven, and there he lived and transacted business for many years; and what sort of a residence it was, may be learnt by the inspection of a rare print, from an old Dutch painting in the possession of Mr. Pulman, formerly an esteemed servant of Mr. Company.



MR. COMPANY'S FIRST HOUSE IN LEADENHALL.

It was not until a comparatively recent period, when the good gentleman's trade had insensibly drifted into conquest, and much to his own chagrin he had become the owner of forts, as well as factories, in the East, and was fast swelling into a possessor of extensive territories, and lord of I know not how many millions of subjects, that he became the proprietor of a dignified mansion of his own building. As his estate increased, he added to, and ornamented the structure, until it grew into the stately edifice which has absorbed the best part of my life.*

I cannot go to work elsewhere. Why should I? I have served my time. My sands of business-life have run out. I am too old now to reconcile myself to any new associations. I cannot, with complacency, foster the idea of the diurnal walk down Whitehall, jostled by the young popinjays of the Foreign Office and the Treasury. It was bruited, at one time, that the former—the gentlemen who do the foreign business of Mr. Bull—were to share with Mr. Company's successor one vast quadrilateral abode. I shudder at the thought of the consequences. I have heard that the foreign gentlemen are wont to smoke all day at their office; and I cannot forget that smoking is a vice, against falling into which it was the custom of Mr. Company, in most impressive language, to warn *his* young gentlemen, before he dismissed them for the East. I have heard the venerable master illustrate, in the presence of a score or so of fine young striplings, in his military committee-room, with such a flow of forcible and appropriate words, the dreadful tendencies of the pipe, that every youth in Mr. Company's presence, who had commenced his downward career with a mild Havannah, must have seen a dreadful end before him—dying of delirium tremens in a ditch—and must have felt the delinquent weeds turning to red-hot cinders in his pocket, beneath the kindling eloquence of the experienced monitor. And now,

* The engraving on the opposite page is a facsimile of an old print, representing the house in Leadenhall Street, in which the East India Company transacted their business between the years 1648 and 1726. It was described as "a very large building with spacious rooms, very commodious for such a public concern," with an extensive hall or vestibule, a courtyard, and a garden, with warehouses on the Lime Street side, by which the Company's goods were carried in and out. This structure escaped the ravages of the Great Fire. But in 1726 it was pulled down; the Company's business had outgrown the capacities of the house; and a new building was erected on the old site, the Company, whilst the work of reconstruction was going on, transacting their affairs at the old Custom House, in Fenchurch Street. The house erected in 1726 is described by some contemporary writers as "very magnificent, in the Doric order." But after the Company expanded into conquerors and rulers, some doubt of the magnificence of their house appears to have been entertained; what was a splendid abode for a corporation of merchants was held to be a mean asylum for the sovereigns of a great empire; and the India House was then described by Mr. Pennant as "not worthy of the Lords of Hindostan." Before the end of the century, the Company themselves grew ashamed of their unassuming tenement, and they decorated it with its present portico, and otherwise improved the building. The new works were commenced in 1797, and completed two years afterwards, Mr. Jupp, the Company's surveyor, being the architect. Subsequent additions were made by Cockerell and Wilkins.

to think that this good man's counter-blast should be so forgotten; that there is a near prospect of even his domestic servants, vitiated by example, doing their work with pipes in their mouths!

West-end habits will be the natural growth of a West-end atmosphere. The once regular, punctual establishment of Mr. Company, transplanted to the neighbourhood of the Parks, will dribble into office at one o'clock. Ten o'clock, ante meridiem, was Mr. Company's time; and it pleased him to see his servants, except upon especial occasions, such as as court-days, or the despatch of a mail to the East, clear out at four o'clock. There was a general stir at the great house about that hour; and for years I had my dinner, close upon Ball's Pond, at the hour of five; recovering sufficiently therefrom before eight, to despatch two hours' extra work before retiring to rest. But now the late Mr. Company's servants do not know when they may get home. Their master comes and goes at all hours. He has other duties to perform, and other places to attend. Her most Gracious Majesty requires his presence at the Palace; the High Court of Parliament has need of him at St. Stephen's; a Cabinet Council of the great Ministers of State cannot do without his particular wisdom in Downing Street. He must come to office when he can—when other people will let him. It was not so with Mr. Company, who had his own time at his command, and kept business hours, from ten to four, like a good citizen and a good Christian.

And very excellent domestic servants had Mr. Company, who lived with him in his great house, and did his business with regularity and precision. He paid them handsomely, and they served him well. "A good day's wage for a good day's work," was his motto. There was not an establishment in all the country whereat men wrought more diligently during their appointed time, or were better cared for at the end of it. Good Mr. Company had many ways of showing his kindness, or what he was wont to call, his gratitude, to his servants. Once a year he formally thanked them in the Court-room. For any especial proficiency shown—proficiency combined with diligence—he would, in the most gracious manner, increase the wages of the worthy servant; so that every one had a strong incentive to exertion, feeling that he was sure of his reward. He bestowed liberal pensions upon his old servants, and established a provident fund, whereto he contributed largely from his own stores, for the relief of the widow and the orphan. And he was always prone to take into his establishment the sons of those who had served him well; for he held that such service founded an irresistible claim to his patronage, and he had no light fancies on the score of what is now called public competition. He took into his pay whomsoever he pleased, and would have thought it a shame not to have about him men in the second and third generation of hereditary service; so that even a humble clerk like myself would feel, as his sons grew up around him, writing fair, legible hands, that he would, under Providence and good Mr. Company, be able to find desks for them in the great mansion in Leadenhall. There was, I have often

been told, much comfort and sustentation in this thought; but thereof I know nothing of myself, my hopes in that direction having been sorely blighted about the same time, and in the same mournful manner, as the great hopes of the British nation were cut off by the untimely death of her Royal Highness the Princess Charlotte of Wales, the grief and anxiety engendered by which lamentable event brought my Emily Jane, a week afterwards, in her twentieth year, to the grave, with *her* scarce-born baby at her breast.

A solitary man ever since, I have seen the sons and the grandsons of my fellow-servants enter Mr. Company's establishment, and I have rejoiced in their success. I have not yet brought myself to think that the Civil Service Commissioners would have fostered the growth of a more exemplary class of public functionaries. It is true that many may have gone into his house, knowing little or nothing of the special business which they were to be called upon to perform. But, in these days of competitive examinations, the case is no better; for a capacity to name the person who introduced Homer's writings into Greece, or to describe the functions of the Areopagitæ, does not help a man to understand the system of revenue collection on the estates of the late Mr. Company; and I doubt whether a youth is likely to learn whether a pergunnah is a human being, a wild beast, or a tract of country, less promptly and accurately, for having a father or an elder brother to explain it to him. But it was good Mr. Company's notion that, in every large establishment like his, there should be good heads and good hands. The good hands might grow into good heads, but, if not, he said he must go abroad in search of the latter. And he often did so; looking only for merit, and finding it sometimes in unexpected places. Thus there was a just balance preserved between the hands and the heads; and he was wont to observe sometimes, in a jocular way, that he supposed, under the new system, there would be nothing but heads; everybody thinking it his vocation to dictate despatches, and nobody condescending to write them.

Among Mr. Company's servants, from time to time, have been some distinguished authors, known and honoured by the present generation, and presenting fair claims to the knowledge and the honour of remote posterity. Among these was the famous Mr. Hoole, who translated into English verse some of the principal works of the Italian poets, Tasso and Ariosto—regarding one of which translations a noble English bard observed, tauntingly, that it was "but so-so,"—which must not be held to detract from the learned gentleman's reputation as a servant of Mr. Company, who carried on no Italian trade. Mr. Hoole lived before my time; but there was another celebrated writer, of whose large head and small legs I have a lively recollection—the late Mr. Charles Lamb. He was a highly-esteemed author in his time, and is still held in pleasant remembrance by the whole Anglo-Saxon race. Literary aspirants from the United States of America have come down to Mr. Company's house in Leadenhall Street, on a pilgrimage to see the stool on which Mr. Lamb performed the duties

of his office. Those duties were neither of an imaginative nor a humorous kind, and I have not heard that he attained to any very high place in Mr. Company's establishment. But we are all in our house rather proud of him, the more especially as he once let fall a very famous joke, which the traditions of Leadenhall Street will "not willingly let die." It having been remarked to him one day, by the head of his department, that he was in the habit of coming somewhat late to office, he pleasantly replied that he "made up for it by going away early."

There were other stories told concerning him whereof I can only remember one, namely, that on a certain occasion, playing at cards, he observed to a friend, "If dirt were trumps, what hands you would hold!" a remark which, if made to one of his fellow-servants, must have had strictly material application, for, figuratively, Mr. Company's domestic servants have always been famous for clean hands. Though continually beset by suitors with long purses and a natural gift of bribery, it is not on record that, though many have been tempted, they ever once yielded to temptation. I know one who might quietly have grown rich in this way, had he so willed, but who, having a family that has increased faster than his wages, is now poor and in debt.

We have not had many jokes to enliven us since worthy Mr. Lamb retired on his pension; indeed, the atmosphere of Mr. Company's house is rather solemn and decorous, and such levities (whereof, however, I confess myself to be weakly tolerant) may be regarded as out of place. This, however, is of the nature of a digression or parenthesis. Mr. Company had other very distinguished servants, who occupied high places in his house. There was the celebrated historian Mr. James Mill, who wrote an account of India in three volumes quarto, which I read with much attention, after office hours, in the first years of my service, before the famous battle of Waterloo, which resulted in the defeat of Napoleon Bonaparte's troops and the downfall of the usurper. We were reasonably proud of Mr. James Mill; but as years advanced we took a still greater pride in his son, who was brought up amongst us, and who, if he did not imbibe philosophy with his mother's milk, must have found it in some odd corner of Mr. Company's house. This was the great logician and political economist, Mr. John Stuart Mill, whose wisdom was not inferior to that of King Solomon, or of my Lord-Chancellor Bacon. I use the past tense only with reference to the great man's position in this establishment, for it delights me to say that he is still one of the living ornaments of his generation. There is another, too, of Mr. Company's old servants whose light is still shining amongst us—whose wisdom delights in more playful forms of expression than any to which Mr. Mill ever condescended, but who is a philosopher in spite of the motley, wherein the author of *Crotchet Castle* and *Headlong Hall* is sometimes pleased to attire the body of his thoughts.

A hospitable gentleman, too, in his day, was Mr. Company. He gave magnificent banquets on great occasions, and there was continually flowing

on, in his house, a small under-current of festivity. All day long, trays were passing to and fro, in the passages and vestibules of his spacious mansion, bearing breakfasts of divers sorts, early and late. He determined that his principal servants should not faint under their work, and he provided them with refreshments of a cheering, but not inebriating kind. Whether this good old custom was originally ingrained upon his vocation of tea-dealer, I do not pretend to know. But I have often thought that perhaps, as grocers suffer their apprentices to consume figs and raisins at discretion (until they are sick of them), so this great, princely tea-dealer set no stint upon his supplies of tea. But abuses presently crept in; and tea was commuted for coffee; and coffee for cocoa—until all three were in a state of rival currency through Mr. Company's house, at all hours, from the opening to the closing of the establishment. After some thirty years' of service, I attained by gradual promotion, a position in the house entitling me to the regulation refreshments. But scarcely was the good old master cold in his grave, when this privilege was altogether withdrawn, and not even a crumb of bread was to be obtained without paying for it. I was sometimes, under this deprivation, induced to think of the saying of a certain driver of a hack cabriolet, in one of the *jeux-d'esprit* of the humorous Mr. Punch,—"The genteeler the party, the worser the fare." But I am bound, in honesty, though not in gratitude, to add, that whatever may have been the intention of the retrenchment, the result was not otherwise than beneficent; for, although mindful of the very proper monition "not to look a gift-horse in the mouth," I can say nothing against the mild demulcent beverages, gratuitously supplied by Mr. Company to his servants, having substituted therefor, at my own charges, a glass of Mr. Bass's tonic ale, with the modest accompaniment of a hard biscuit, I feel so much advantaged by the change, that I do not begrudge the daily groat it costs me.

But it was on the occasion of his great civic banquets that the magnificent hospitality of this good gentleman was most conspicuously manifested. He would never suffer a departing governor, or a commander, to go forth on his Oriental mission without bidding him God-speed in the richest turtle and the finest claret. I have heard from the chief of my department (for being only a clerk, I was not admitted within the pale of Mr. Company's personal guests) that these banquets were so well ordered that the city has never seen the like of them before or since. They combined, as I have been told, the splendour of regal festivity with the comfort and sociality of a private party. Not only were the right men in the right places, but the right number of men were in the right number of places. There was no crowding and no confusion. Obsequious waiters proffered you, as if by instinct, the right thing at the right time. There was an anticipation of your particular want, only to be equalled in the fabulous entertainments of the "Arabian Nights." And I have heard that the after-dinner eloquence was often of the best kind. The leading men of both Houses of Parliament sate as guests at Mr. Company's board.

And it was with a rare appreciation of the dignity both of the entertainer and the entertained that Mr. Harker, or Mr. Toole, the toastmaster, was wont to perform the duties of his office. I have often heard speak of the tone of meek but sonorous entreaty with which he invited those present to listen to a coming toast:—"My lords and gen-tle-men, pray si-lence for the chair"—pausing deferentially between each syllable, and, as it were, apologizing to the august assembly for his intrusion; differing therein greatly from his wont on vulgar occasions, such as charity-dinners, to which I have obtained admission by payment of a guinea, and have been authoritatively rebuked into attention by the curt, dictatorial mandate—"Silence gentlemen chair;" as if the toast-master was altogether demeaning himself, and was there only under protest.

To these banquets and to others, which Mr. Company called his family parties, and which were served with equal magnificence—for he made no distinction between his guests—he was wont to invite such of his servants as had returned from his East Indian estates, and were recruiting their health in the milder climate of their native country. It was a compliment due to them by Mr. Company, who being much immersed in business during the day, had not time to give receptions to his servants coming from abroad, and yet was unwilling to suffer them to slink into England and slink out of it altogether unnoticed. I am sure that no one was ever a worse soldier or a worse civilian for having partaken of Mr. Company's turtle; and I have often thought, on the other hand, that there may have been odd times, when, in that exhausting Eastern climate, the flagging zeal and waning energies of his servants, may have been stimulated and renewed, by a genial reminiscence of Mr. Company's venerable face, glowing with Burgundy and Benevolence, at the head of that great table, surrounded by the princes and the honourable of the earth, and with a gallery full of beautiful ladies opposite, showering down upon him their angelic regards. I have heard something called "the cheap defence of nations." But I know nothing to which the phrase can be so aptly applied as to Mr. Company's dinners. When they ceased to be given, everything went wrong.

Everything went wrong—so wrong, at last, that Mr. Company was killed by the shock. How it happened will, perhaps, never be rightly explained. There was a great commotion on the good gentleman's Indian estates; and the black people rose up against their white masters, and there was bloodshed and terror everywhere. Mr. Company took it sorely to heart. He grieved for his distant servants, and he wrought mightily to deliver them, sending out, at his own charges, large bodies of troops, and otherwise exerting himself to rescue his imperilled people. But there was great loss of life and treasure all the same, which was a grievous thorn in poor Mr. Company's flesh; and he groaned in spirit, day and night, praying for fortitude and patience to bear it all, which perhaps would have been vouchsafed to him if there had not been worse trials behind. It fell out that when things were at their worst, some of the chief servants

of Mr. Bull fell upon him and mocked him. They laid at his door all the offences which either they had committed themselves or had urged him to commit. He said it was cowardly; for they smote him when he was down. He rose up against this wrong, and turned, and resisted it. But his enemies were too strong for him, and they prevailed. He was laid upon the couch of death, and the last agonies were upon him; but he sate up ere he died, and in solemn oracular accents cried, "Beware of Par——," and before the word was finished, fell back and expired. Some said that the word he would have spoken was "Parliament;" some said it was "Party;" others said it was all the same thing; it did not matter; they might take their choice. He was, doubtless, thinking of his vast estates in India, and how they were likely to be lost.

When I have talked about a monument to Mr. Company, I have received from more than one of his devoted servants the significant answer, "Sir, his monument is the continent of India. There is a picture of it in every book of maps." And there is a grandeur in the thought worthy of the occasion. But I still hope, that if the dear old house wherein he lived and flourished is to be levelled with the ground, they will erect a pillar on the site of Mr. Company's famous court-room, with a decorous inscription, setting forth that on that spot lived and died an English worthy, who contributed more, in his time, to the greatness of his country, than any man who ever lived. As for myself, I purpose, for my few remaining years, to keep my gratitude alive in another way. I shall become possessor of a fragment—a few cubic inches—of the house itself, and I shall place it under a glass case, in the best room of my humble villa in Barnsbury Park, Islington; and it shall go down, with my poor savings, to my next of kin, with an inscription engraved upon it, suggestive alike of the dear old mansion and the dear old master:—

A BRICK
OF THE
HOUSE THAT JOHN BUILT.

Roundabout Papers.—No. V.

THORNS IN THE CUSHION.

In the Essay with which our first Number closed, the Cornhill Magazine was likened to a ship sailing forth on her voyage, and the captain uttered a very sincere prayer for her prosperity. The dangers of storm and rock; the vast outlay upon ship and cargo, and the certain risk of the venture, gave the chief officer a feeling of no small anxiety; for who could say from what quarter danger might arise, and how his owner's property might be imperilled? After a six months' voyage, we with very thankful hearts could acknowledge our good fortune; and, taking up the apologue in the Roundabout manner, we composed a triumphal procession in honour of the Magazine, and imagined the Imperator thereof riding in a sublime car to return thanks in the Temple of Victory. Cornhill is accustomed to grandeur and greatness, and has witnessed, every ninth of November for I don't know how many centuries, a prodigious annual pageant, chariot progress, and flourish of trumpetry; and our publishing office being so very near the Mansion-House, I am sure the reader will understand how the idea of pageant and procession came naturally to my mind. The imagination easily supplied a gold coach, eight cream-coloured horses of your true Pegasus breed, huzzaying multitudes, running footmen, and clanking knights in armour, a chaplain and a sword-bearer with a muff on his head, scowling out of the coach-window, and a Lord Mayor all crimson, fur, gold chain, and white ribbons, solemnly occupying the place of state. A playful fancy could have carried the matter farther, could have depicted the feast in the Egyptian Hall, the ministers, chief-justices, and right reverend prelates taking their seats round about his lordship, the turtle and other

delicious viands, and Mr. Toole behind the central throne, bawling out to the assembled guests and dignitaries: "My Lord So-and-so, my Lord What-d'ye-call-'em, my Lord Etcætera, the Lord Mayor pledges you all in a loving cup." Then the noble proceedings come to an end; Lord Simper proposes the ladies; the company rises from table, and adjourns to coffee and muffins. The carriages of the nobility and guests roll back to the West. The Egyptian Hall, so bright just now, appears in a twilight glimmer, in which waiters are seen ransacking the dessert, and rescuing the spoons. His lordship and the Lady Mayoress go into their private apartments. The robes are doffed, the collar and white ribbons are removed. The Mayor becomes a man, and is pretty surely in a fluster about the speeches which he has just uttered; remembering too well now, wretched creature, the principal points which he *didn't* make when he rose to speak. He goes to bed to headache, to care, to repentance, and, I daresay, to a dose of something which his body-physician has prescribed for him. And there are ever so many men in the city who fancy that man happy!

Now, suppose that all through that 9th of November his lordship has had a racking rheumatism, or a toothache, let us say, during all dinner-time—through which he has been obliged to grin and mumble his poor old speeches. Is he enviable? Would you like to change with his lordship? Suppose that bumper which his golden footman brings him, instead i'fackins of ypocras or canary, contains some abomination of senna. Away! Remove the golden goblet, insidious cup-bearer! You now begin to perceive the gloomy moral which I am about to draw.

Last month we sang the song of glorification, and rode in the chariot of triumph. It was all very well. It was right to huzzay, and be thankful, and cry, Bravo, our side! and besides, you know, there was the enjoyment of thinking how pleased Brown, and Jones, and Robinson (our dear friends) would be at this announcement of success. But now that the performance is over, my good sir, just step into my private room, and see that it is not all pleasure—this winning of successes. Cast your eye over those newspapers, over those letters. See what the critics say of your harmless jokes, neat little trim sentences, and pet waggeries! Why, you are no better than an idiot; you are drivelling; your powers have left you; this always overrated writer is rapidly sinking to &c.

This is not pleasant; but neither is this the point. It may be the critic is right, and the author wrong. It may be that the archbishop's sermon is not so fine as some of those discourses twenty years ago which used to delight the faithful in Granada. Or it may be (pleasing thought!) that the critic is a dullard, and does not understand what he is writing about. Everybody who has been to an exhibition has heard visitors discoursing about the pictures before their faces. One says, "This is very well;" another says, "This is stuff and rubbish;" another cries, "Bravo! this is a masterpiece:" and each has a right to his opinion. For example, one of the pictures I admired most at the Royal Academy

is by a gentleman on whom I never, to my knowledge, set eyes. This picture is No. 346, *Moses*, by Mr. S. Solomon. I thought it had a great intention. I thought it finely drawn and composed. It nobly represented, to my mind, the dark children of the Egyptian bondage, and suggested the touching story. My newspaper says: "Two ludicrously ugly women, looking at a dingy baby, do not form a pleasing object;" and so good-bye, Mr. Solomon. Are not most of our babies served so in life? and doesn't Mr. Robinson consider Mr. Brown's cherub an ugly, squalling little brat? So cheer up, Mr. S. S. It may be the critic who discoursed on your baby is a bad judge of babies. When Pharaoh's kind daughter found the child, and cherished and loved it, and took it home, and found a nurse for it, too, I daresay there were grim, brickdust-coloured chamberlains, or some of the tough, old, meagre, yellow princesses at court, who never had children themselves, who cried out, "Faugh! the horrid little squalling wretch!" and knew he would never come to good; and said, "Didn't I tell you so?" when he assaulted the Egyptian.

Never mind then, Mr. S. Solomon, I say, because a critic pooh-poohs your work of art—your Moses—your child—your foundling. Why, did not a wiseacre in *Blackwood's Magazine* lately fall foul of *Tom Jones?* O hypercritic! So, to be sure, did good old Mr. Richardson, who could write novels himself—but you, and I, and Mr. Gibbon, my dear sir, agree in giving our respect, and wonder, and admiration, to the brave old master.

In these last words I am supposing the respected reader to be endowed with a sense of humour, which he may or may not possess; indeed, don't we know many an honest man who can no more comprehend a joke, than he can turn a tune. But I take for granted, my dear sir, that you are brimming over with fun—you mayn't make jokes, but you could if you would—you know you could: and in your quiet way you enjoy them extremely. Now many people neither make them, nor understand them when made, nor like them when understood; and are suspicious, testy, and angry with jokers. Have you ever watched an elderly male or female—an elderly "party," so to speak, who begins to find out that some young wag of the company is "chaffing" him. Have you ever tried the sarcastic or Socratic method with a child? Little simple he or she, in the innocence of the simple heart, plays some silly freak, or makes some absurd remark, which you turn to ridicule. The little creature dimly perceives that you are making fun of him, writhes, blushes, grows uneasy, bursts into tears—upon my word it is not fair to try the weapon of ridicule upon that innocent young victim. The awful objurgatory practice he is accustomed to. Point out his fault, and lay bare the dire consequences thereof: expose it roundly, and give him a proper, solemn, moral whipping—but do not attempt to *castigare ridendo*. Do not laugh at him writhing, and cause all the other boys in the school to laugh. Remember your own young days at school, my friend—the tingling cheeks, burning ears, bursting heart, and passion of desperate tears, with which

you looked up, after having performed some blunder, whilst the doctor held you to public scorn before the class, and cracked his great clumsy jokes upon you—helpless, and a prisoner! Better the block itself, and the lictors, with their fasces of birch-twigs, than the maddening torture of those jokes!

Now with respect to jokes—and the present company of course excepted—many people, perhaps most people, are as infants. They have little sense of humour. They don't like jokes. Raillery in writing annoys and offends them. The coarseness apart, I think I have met very, very few women who liked the banter of Swift and Fielding. Their simple, tender natures revolt at laughter. Is the satyr always a wicked brute at heart, and are they rightly shocked at his grin, his leer, his horns, hoofs, and ears? *Fi donc, le vilain monstre*, with his shrieks, and his capering crooked legs! Let him go and get a pair of well-wadded black silk stockings, and pull them over those horrid shanks; put a large gown and bands over beard and hide; and pour a dozen of lavender-water into his lawn handkerchief, and cry, and never make a joke again. It shall all be highly-distilled poesy, and perfumed sentiment, and gushing eloquence; and the foot *shan't* peep out, and a plague take it. Cover it up with the surplice. Out with your cambric, dear ladies, and let us all whimper together.

Now, then, hand on heart, we declare that it is not the fire of adverse critics which afflicts or frightens the editorial bosom. They may be right; they may be rogues who have a personal spite; they may be dullards who kick and bray as their nature is to do, and prefer thistles to pine-apples; they may be conscientious, acute, deeply learned, delightful judges, who see your joke in a moment, and the profound wisdom lying underneath. Wise or dull, laudatory or otherwise, we put their opinions aside. If they applaud, we are pleased: if they shake their quick pens, and fly off with a hiss, we resign their favours and put on all the fortitude we can muster. I would rather have the lowest man's good word than his bad one, to be sure; but as for coaxing a compliment, or wheedling him into good-humour, or stopping his angry mouth with a good dinner, or accepting his contributions for a certain Magazine, for fear of his barking and snapping elsewhere—*allons donc!* These shall not be our acts. Bow-wow, Cerberus! Here shall be no sop for thee, unless—unless Cerberus is an uncommonly good dog, when we shall bear no malice because he flew at us from our neighbour's gate.

What, then, is the main grief you spoke of as annoying you—the toothache in the Lord Mayor's jaw, the thorn in the cushion of the editorial chair? It is there. Ah! it stings me now as I write. It comes with almost every morning's post. At night I come home, and take my letters up to bed (not daring to open them), and in the morning I find one, two, three thorns on my pillow. Three I extracted yesterday; two I found this morning. They don't sting quite so sharply as they did; but a skin is a skin, and they bite, after all, most wickedly. It is all very

fine to advertise on the Magazine, "Contributions are only to be sent to 65, Cornhill, and not to the Editor's private residence." My dear sir, how little you know man- or woman- kind, if you fancy they will take that sort of warning! How am I to know (though, to be sure, I begin to know now) as I take the letters off the tray, which of those envelopes contains a real *bonâ fide* letter, and which a thorn? One of the best invitations this year I mistook for a thorn-letter, and kept it without opening. This is what I call a thorn-letter:—

"Camberwell, June 4.

"Sir,—May I hope, may I entreat, that you will favour me by perusing the enclosed lines, and that they may be found worthy of insertion in the Cornhill Magazine. We have known better days, sir. I have a sick and widowed mother to maintain, and little brothers and sisters who look to me. I do my utmost as a governess to support them. I toil at night when they are at rest, and my own hand and brain are alike tired. If I could add but *a little* to our means by my pen, many of my poor invalid's wants might be supplied, and I could procure for her comforts to which she is now a stranger. Heaven knows it is not for want of *will* or for want of *energy* on my part, that she is now in ill-health, and our little household almost without bread. Do—do cast a kind glance over my poem, and if you can help us, the widow, the orphans will bless you! I remain, sir, anxious expectancy.

"Your faithful servant,
"S. S. S."

And enclosed is a little poem or two, and an envelope with its penny stamp—Heaven help us!—and the writer's name and address.

Now you see what I mean by a thorn. Here is the case put with true female logic. "I am poor; I am good; I am ill; I work hard; I have a sick mother and hungry brothers and sisters dependent on me. You can help us if you will." And then I look at the paper, with the thousandth part of a faint hope that it may be suitable, and I find it won't do: and I knew it wouldn't do: and why is this poor lady to appeal to my pity and bring her poor little ones kneeling to my bedside, and calling for bread which I can give them if I choose? No day passes but that argument *ad misericordiam* is used. Day and night that sad voice is crying out for help. Thrice it appealed to me yesterday. Twice this morning it cried to me: and I have no doubt when I go to get my hat, I shall find it with its piteous face and its pale family about it, waiting for me in the hall. One of the immense advantages which women have over our sex is, that they actually like to read these letters. Like letters? O mercy on us! Before I was an editor I did not like the postman much:—but now!

A very common way with these petitioners is to begin with a fine flummery about the merits and eminent genius of the person whom they are addressing. But this artifice, I state publicly, is of no avail. When I see

that kind of herb, I know the snake within it, and fling it away before it has time to sting. Away, reptile, to the waste-paper basket, and thence to the flames!

But of these disappointed people, some take their disappointment and meekly bear it. Some hate and hold you their enemy because you could not be their friend. Some, furious and envious, say: "Who is this man who refuses what I offer, and how dares he, the conceited coxcomb, to deny my merit?"

Sometimes my letters contain not mere thorns, but bludgeons. Here are two choice slips from that noble Irish oak, which has more than once supplied alpeens for this meek and unoffending skull:—

"Theatre Royal, Donnybrook.

"SIR,—I have just finished reading the first portion of your Tale, *Lovel the Widower*, and am much surprised at the unwarrantable strictures you pass therein on the *corps de ballet*.

"I have been for more than ten years connected with the theatrical profession, and I beg to assure you that the majority of the *corps de ballet* are virtuous, well-conducted girls, and, consequently, that snug cottages are not taken for them in the Regent's Park.

"I also have to inform you that theatrical managers are in the habit of speaking good English, possibly better English than authors.

"You either know nothing of the subject in question, or you assert a wilful falsehood.

"I am happy to say that the characters of the *corps de ballet*, as also those of actors and actresses, are superior to the snarlings of dyspeptic libellers, or the spiteful attacks and *brutum fulmen* of ephemeral authors.

"I am, sir, your obedient servant,

"The Editor of the CORNHILL MAGAZINE." "A. B. C."

"Theatre Royal, Donnybrook.

"SIR,—I have just read, in the CORNHILL MAGAZINE for January, the first portion of a Tale written by you, and entitled *Lovel the Widower*.

"In the production in question you employ all your malicious spite (and you have great capabilities that way) in trying to degrade the character of the *corps de ballet*. When you imply that the majority of ballet-girls have villas taken for them in the Regent's Park, *I say you tell a deliberate falsehood*.

"Haveing been brought up to the stage from infancy, and, though now an actress, haveing been seven years principal dancer at the opera, I am competent to speak on the subject. I am only surprised that so vile a libeller as yourself should be allowed to preside at the Dramatic Fund dinner on the 22nd instant. I think it would be much better if you were to reform your own life, instead of telling lies of those who are immeasurably your superiors.

"Yours in supreme disgust,

"A. D."

The signatures of the respected writers are altered, and for the site of their Theatre Royal an adjacent place is named, which (as I may have been falsely informed) used to be famous for quarrels, thumps, and broken heads. But, I say, Is this an easy chair to sit on, when you are liable to have a pair of such shillelaghs flung at it? And prithee, what was all the quarrel about? In the little history of *Lovel the Widower* I described, and brought to condign punishment, a certain wretch of a ballet-dancer, who lived splendidly for awhile on ill-gotten gains, had an accident, and lost her beauty, and died poor, deserted, ugly, and every way odious. In the same page, other little ballet-dancers are described, wearing homely clothing, doing their duty, and carrying their humble savings to the family at home. But nothing will content my dear correspondents but to have me declare that the majority of ballet-dancers have villas in the Regent's Park, and to convict me of "deliberate falsehood." Suppose, for instance, I had chosen to introduce a red-haired washerwoman into a story? I might get an expostulatory letter saying, "Sir, In stating that the majority of washerwomen are red-haired, you are a liar! and you had best not speak of ladies who are immeasurably your superiors." Or suppose I had ventured to describe an illiterate haberdasher? One of the craft might write to me, "Sir, In describing haberdashers as illiterate, you utter a wilful falsehood. Haberdashers use much better English than authors." It is a mistake, to be sure. I have never said what my correspondents say I say. There is the text under their noses, but what if they choose to read it their own way. "Hurroo, lads! Here's for a fight. There's a bald head peeping out of the hut. There's a bald head! It must be Tim Malone's." And whack! come down both the bludgeons at once.

Ah me! we wound where we never intended to strike; we create anger where we never meant harm; and these thoughts are the Thorns in our Cushion. Out of mere malignity, I suppose, there is no man who would like to make enemies. But here, in this editorial business, you can't do otherwise: and a queer, sad, strange, bitter thought it is, that must cross the mind of many a public man: "Do what I will, be innocent or spiteful, be generous or cruel, there are A and B, and C and D, who will hate me to the end of the chapter—to the chapter's end—to the Finis of the page—when hate, and envy, and fortune, and disappointment shall be over."

THE CRAWLEY FAMILY

THE

CORNHILL MAGAZINE.

AUGUST, 1860.

Framley Parsonage.

CHAPTER XXII.

Hogglestock Parsonage.

At the end of the last chapter, we left Lucy Robarts waiting for an introduction to Mrs. Crawley, who was sitting with one baby in her lap while she was rocking another who lay in a cradle at her feet. Mr. Crawley, in the meanwhile, had risen from his seat with his finger between the leaves of an old grammar out of which he had been teaching his two elder children. The whole Crawley family was thus before them when Mrs. Robarts and Lucy entered the sitting-room.

"This is my sister-in-law, Lucy," said Mrs. Robarts. "Pray don't move now, Mrs. Crawley; or if you do, let me take baby." And she put out her arms and took the infant into them, making him quite at home there; for she had work of this kind of her own, at home, which she by no means neglected, though the attendance of nurses was more plentiful with her than at Hogglestock.

Mrs. Crawley did get up, and told Lucy that she was glad to see her, and Mr. Crawley came forward, grammar in hand, looking humble and meek. Could we have looked into the innermost spirit of him and his life's partner, we should have seen that mixed with the pride of his poverty there was some feeling of disgrace that he was poor, but that with her, regarding this matter, there was neither pride nor shame. The realities of life had become so stern to her that the outward aspects of them were as nothing. She would have liked a new gown because it would have been useful; but it would have been nothing to her if all the county knew that the one in which she went to church had been turned three times. It galled him, however, to think that he and his were so poorly dressed.

"I am afraid you can hardly find a chair, Miss Robarts," said Mr. Crawley.

"Oh, yes; there is nothing here but this young gentleman's library,"

said Lucy, moving a pile of ragged, coverless books on to the table. "I hope he'll forgive me for moving them."

"They are not Bob's,—at least, not the most of them, but mine," said the girl.

"But some of them are mine," said the boy; "ain't they, Grace?"

"And are you a great scholar?" asked Lucy, drawing the child to her.

"I don't know," said Grace, with a sheepish face. "I am in Greek Delectus and the irregular verbs."

"Greek Delectus and the irregular verbs!" And Lucy put up her hands with astonishment.

"And she knows an ode of Horace all by heart," said Bob.

"An ode of Horace!" said Lucy, still holding the young shamefaced female prodigy close to her knees.

"It is all that I can give them," said Mr. Crawley, apologetically. "A little scholarship is the only fortune that has come in my way, and I endeavour to share that with my children."

"I believe men say that it is the best fortune any of us can have," said Lucy, thinking, however, in her own mind, that Horace and the irregular Greek words savoured too much of precocious forcing in a young lady of nine years old. But, nevertheless, Grace was a pretty, simple-looking girl, and clung to her ally closely, and seemed to like being fondled. So that Lucy anxiously wished that Mr. Crawley could be got rid of and the presents produced.

"I hope you have left Mr. Robarts quite well," said Mr. Crawley, with a stiff, ceremonial voice, differing very much from that in which he had so energetically addressed his brother clergyman when they were alone together in the study at Framley.

"He is quite well, thank you. I suppose you have heard of his good fortune?"

"Yes; I have heard of it," said Mr. Crawley, gravely. "I hope that his promotion may tend in every way to his advantage here and hereafter."

It seemed, however, to be manifest from the manner in which he expressed his kind wishes, that his hopes and expectations did not go hand-in-hand together.

"By-the-by he desired us to say that he will call here to-morrow; at about eleven, didn't he say, Fanny?"

"Yes; he wishes to see you about some parish business, I think," said Mrs. Robarts, looking up for a moment from the anxious discussion in which she was already engaged with Mrs. Crawley on nursery matters.

"Pray tell him," said Mr. Crawley, "that I shall be happy to see him; though, perhaps, now that new duties have been thrown upon him, it will be better that I should visit him at Framley."

"His new duties do not disturb him much as yet," said Lucy. "And his riding over here will be no trouble to him."

"Yes; there he has the advantage over me. I unfortunately have no horse."

And then Lucy began petting the little boy, and by degrees slipped a small bag of gingerbread-nuts out of her muff into his hands. She had not the patience necessary for waiting, as had her sister-in-law.

The boy took the bag, peeped into it, and then looked up into her face.

"What is that, Bob?" said Mr. Crawley.

"Gingerbread," faltered Bobby, feeling that a sin had been committed, though, probably, feeling also that he himself could hardly as yet be accounted as deeply guilty.

"Miss Robarts," said the father, "we are very much obliged to you; but our children are hardly used to such things."

"I am a lady with a weak mind, Mr. Crawley, and always carry things of this sort about with me when I go to visit children; so you must forgive me, and allow your little boy to accept them."

"Oh, certainly. Bob, my child, give the bag to your mamma, and she will let you and Grace have them, one at a time." And then the bag in a solemn manner was carried over to their mother, who, taking it from her son's hands, laid it high on a bookshelf.

"And not one now?" said Lucy Robarts, very piteously. "Don't be so hard, Mr. Crawley,—not upon them, but upon me. May I not learn whether they are good of their kind?"

"I am sure they are very good; but I think their mamma will prefer their being put by for the present."

This was very discouraging to Lucy. If one small bag of gingerbread-nuts created so great a difficulty, how was she to dispose of the pot of guava jelly and box of bonbons, which were still in her muff; or how distribute the packet of oranges with which the pony carriage was laden? And there was jelly for the sick child, and chicken broth, which was, indeed, another jelly; and, to tell the truth openly, there was also a joint of fresh pork and a basket of eggs from the Framley parsonage farmyard, which Mrs. Robarts was to introduce, should she find herself capable of doing so; but which would certainly be cast out with utter scorn by Mr. Crawley, if tendered in his immediate presence. There had also been a suggestion as to adding two or three bottles of port; but the courage of the ladies had failed them on that head, and the wine was not now added to their difficulties.

Lucy found it very difficult to keep up a conversation with Mr. Crawley—the more so, as Mrs. Robarts and Mrs. Crawley presently withdrew into a bedroom, taking the two younger children with them. "How unlucky," thought Lucy, "that she has not got my muff with her!" But the muff lay in her lap, ponderous with its rich enclosures.

"I suppose you will live in Barchester for a portion of the year now," said Mr. Crawley.

"I really do not know as yet; Mark talks of taking lodgings for his first month's residence."

"But he will have the house, will he not?"

"Oh, yes; I suppose so."

"I fear he will find it interfere with his own parish—with his general utility there: the schools, for instance."

"Mark thinks that, as he is so near, he need not be much absent from Framley, even during his residence. And then Lady Lufton is so good about the schools."

"Ah! yes; but Lady Lufton is not a clergyman, Miss Robarts."

It was on Lucy's tongue to say that her ladyship was pretty nearly as bad, but she stopped herself.

At this moment Providence sent great relief to Miss Robarts in the shape of Mrs. Crawley's red-armed maid-of-all-work, who, walking up to her master, whispered into his ear that he was wanted. It was the time of day at which his attendance was always required in his parish school; and that attendance being so punctually given, those who wanted him looked for him there at this hour, and if he were absent, did not scruple to send for him.

"Miss Robarts, I am afraid you must excuse me," said he, getting up and taking his hat and stick. Lucy begged that she might not be at all in the way, and already began to speculate how she might best unload her treasures. "Will you make my compliments to Mrs. Robarts, and say that I am sorry to miss the pleasure of wishing her good-bye? But I shall probably see her as she passes the school-house." And then, stick in hand, he walked forth, and Lucy fancied that Bobby's eyes immediately rested on the bag of gingerbread-nuts.

"Bob," said she, almost in a whisper, "do you like sugar-plums?"

"Very much indeed," said Bob, with exceeding gravity, and with his eye upon the window to see whether his father had passed.

"Then come here," said Lucy. But as she spoke the door again opened, and Mr. Crawley reappeared. "I have left a book behind me," he said; and, coming back through the room, he took up the well-worn prayer-book which accompanied him in all his wanderings through the parish. Bobby, when he saw his father, had retreated a few steps back, as also did Grace, who, to confess the truth, had been attracted by the sound of sugar-plums, in spite of the irregular verbs. And Lucy withdrew her hand from her muff, and looked guilty. Was she not deceiving the good man—nay, teaching his own children to deceive him? But there are men made of such stuff that an angel could hardly live with them without some deceit.

"Papa's gone now," whispered Bobby; "I saw him turn round the corner." He, at any rate, had learned his lesson—as it was natural that he should do.

Some one else, also, had learned that papa was gone; for while Bob and Grace were still counting the big lumps of sugar-candy, each employed the while for inward solace with an inch of barley-sugar, the front door opened, and a big basket, and a bundle done up in a kitchen-cloth, made surreptitious entrance into the house, and were quickly unpacked by Mrs. Robarts herself on the table in Mrs. Crawley's bedroom.

"I did venture to bring them," said Fanny, with a look of shame, "for I know how a sick child occupies the whole house."

"Ah! my friend," said Mrs. Crawley, taking hold of Mrs. Robarts' arm and looking into her face, "that sort of shame is over with me. God has tried us with want, and for my children's sake I am glad of such relief."

"But will he be angry?"

"I will manage it. Dear Mrs. Robarts, you must not be surprised at him. His lot is sometimes very hard to bear: such things are so much worse for a man than for a woman."

Fanny was not quite prepared to admit this in her own heart, but she made no reply on that head. "I am sure I hope we may be able to be of use to you," she said, "if you will only look upon me as an old friend, and write to me if you want me. I hesitate to come frequently for fear that I should offend him."

And then, by degrees, there was confidence between them, and the poverty-stricken helpmate of the perpetual curate was able to speak of the weight of her burden to the well-to-do young wife of the Barchester prebendary. "It was hard," the former said, "to feel herself so different from the wives of other clergymen around her—to know that they lived softly, while she, with all the work of her hands, and unceasing struggle of her energies, could hardly manage to place wholesome food before her husband and children. It was a terrible thing—a grievous thing to think of, that all the work of her mind should be given up to such subjects as these. But, nevertheless, she could bear it," she said, "as long as he would carry himself like a man, and face his lot boldly before the world." And then she told how he had been better there at Hogglestock than in their former residence down in Cornwall, and in warm language she expressed her thanks to the friend who had done so much for them.

"Mrs. Arabin told me that she was so anxious you should go to them," said Mrs. Robarts.

"Ah, yes; but that I fear is impossible. The children, you know, Mrs. Robarts."

"I would take care of two of them for you."

"Oh, no; I could not punish you for your goodness in that way. But he would not go. He could go and leave me at home. Sometimes I have thought that it might be so, and I have done all in my power to persuade him. I have told him that if he could mix once more with the world, with the clerical world you know, that he would be better fitted for the performance of his own duties. But he answers me angrily, that it is impossible—that his coat is not fit for the dean's table," and Mrs. Crawley almost blushed as she spoke of such a reason.

"What! with an old friend like Dr. Arabin? Surely that must be nonsense."

"I know that it is. The dean would be glad to see him with any coat. But the fact is that he cannot bear to enter the house of a rich man unless his duty calls him there."

"But surely that is a mistake?"

"It is a mistake. But what can I do? I fear that he regards the rich as his enemies. He is pining for the solace of some friend to whom he could talk—for some equal, with a mind educated like his own, to whose thoughts he could listen, and to whom he could speak his own thoughts. But such a friend must be equal, not only in mind, but in purse; and where can he ever find such a man as that?"

"But you may get better preferment."

"Ah, no; and if he did, we are hardly fit for it now. If I could think that I could educate my children; if I could only do something for my poor Grace——"

In answer to this Mrs. Robarts said a word or two, but not much. She resolved, however, that if she could get her husband's leave, something should be done for Grace. Would it not be a good work? and was it not incumbent on her to make some kindly use of all the goods with which Providence had blessed herself?

And then they went back to the sitting-room, each again with a young child in her arms, Mrs. Crawley having stowed away in the kitchen the chicken broth and the leg of pork and the supply of eggs. Lucy had been engaged the while with the children, and when the two married ladies entered, they found that a shop had been opened at which all manner of luxuries were being readily sold and purchased at marvellously easy prices; the guava jelly was there, and the oranges, and the sugar-plums, red and yellow and striped; and, moreover, the gingerbread had been taken down in the audacity of their commercial speculations, and the nuts were spread out upon a board, behind which Lucy stood as shop-girl, disposing of them for kisses.

"Mamma, mamma," said Bobby, running up to his mother, "you must buy something of her," and he pointed with his fingers at the shop-girl. "You must give her two kisses for that heap of barley-sugar." Looking at Bobby's mouth at the time, one would have said that his kisses might be dispensed with.

When they were again in the pony carriage, behind the impatient Puck, and were well away from the door, Fanny was the first to speak.

"How very different those two are," she said; "different in their minds and in their spirit!"

"But how much higher toned is her mind than his! How weak he is in many things, and how strong she is in everything! How false is his pride, and how false his shame!"

"But we must remember what he has to bear. It is not every one that can endure such a life as his without false pride and false shame."

"But she has neither," said Lucy.

"Because you have one hero in a family, does that give you a right to expect another?" said Mrs. Robarts. "Of all my own acquaintance, Mrs. Crawley, I think, comes nearest to heroism."

And then they passed by the Hogglestock school, and Mr. Crawley, when he heard the noise of the wheels, came out.

"You have been very kind," said he, "to remain so long with my poor wife."

"We had a great many things to talk about, after you went."

"It is very kind of you, for she does not often see a friend, now-a-days. Will you have the goodness to tell Mr. Robarts that I shall be here at the school, at eleven o'clock to-morrow?"

And then he bowed, taking off his hat to them, and they drove on.

"If he really does care about her comfort, I shall not think so badly of him," said Lucy.

CHAPTER XXIII.

The Triumph of the Giants.

And now about the end of April news arrived almost simultaneously in all quarters of the habitable globe that was terrible in its import to one of the chief persons of our history;—some may think to the chief person in it. All high parliamentary people will doubtless so think, and the wives and daughters of such. The Titans warring against the Gods had been for awhile successful. Typhœus and Mimas, Porphyrion and Rhœcus, the giant brood of old, steeped in ignorance and wedded to corruption, had scaled the heights of Olympus, assisted by that audacious flinger of deadly ponderous missiles, who stands ever ready armed with his terrific sling—Supplehouse, the Enceladus of the press. And in this universal cataclasm of the starry councils, what could a poor Diana do, Diana of the Petty Bag, but abandon her pride of place to some rude Orion? In other words, the ministry had been compelled to resign, and with them Mr. Harold Smith.

"And so poor Harold is out, before he has well tasted the sweets of office," said Sowerby, writing to his friend the parson; "and as far as I know, the only piece of church patronage which has fallen in the way of the ministry since he joined it, has made its way down to Framley—to my great joy and contentment." But it hardly tended to Mark's joy and contentment on the same subject that he should be so often reminded of the benefit conferred upon him.

Terrible was this break-down of the ministry, and especially to Harold Smith, who to the last had had confidence in that theory of new blood. He could hardly believe that a large majority of the House should vote against a government which he had only just joined. "If we are to go on in this way," he said to his young friend Green Walker, "the Queen's government cannot be carried on." That alleged difficulty as to carrying on the Queen's government has been frequently mooted in late years since a certain great man first introduced the idea. Nevertheless, the Queen's government is carried on, and the propensity and aptitude of men for this

work seems to be not at all on the decrease. If we have but few young statesmen, it is because the old stagers are so fond of the rattle of their harness.

"I really do not see how the Queen's government is to be carried on," said Harold Smith to Green Walker, standing in a corner of one of the lobbies of the House of Commons on the first of those days of awful interest, in which the Queen was sending for one crack statesman after another; and some anxious men were beginning to doubt whether or no we should, in truth, be able to obtain the blessing of another cabinet. The gods had all vanished from their places. Would the giants be good enough to do anything for us or no? There were men who seemed to think that the giants would refuse to do anything for us. "The House will now be adjourned over till Monday, and I would not be in her Majesty's shoes for something," said Mr. Harold Smith.

"By Jove! no," said Green Walker, who in these days was a stanch Harold Smithian, having felt a pride in joining himself on as a substantial support to a cabinet minister. Had he contented himself with being merely a Brockite, he would have counted as nobody. "By Jove! no," and Green Walker opened his eyes and shook his head, as he thought of the perilous condition in which her Majesty must be placed. "I happen to know that Lord —— won't join them unless he has the Foreign Office," and he mentioned some hundred-handed Gyas supposed to be of the utmost importance to the counsels of the Titans.

"And that, of course, is impossible. I don't see what on earth they are to do. There's Sidonia; they do say that he's making some difficulty now." Now Sidonia was another giant, supposed to be very powerful.

"We all know that the Queen won't see him," said Green Walker, who, being a member of parliament for the Crewe Junction, and nephew to Lady Hartletop, of course had perfectly correct means of ascertaining what the Queen would do, and what she would not.

"The fact is," said Harold Smith, recurring again to his own situation as an ejected god, "that the House does not in the least understand what it is about;—doesn't know what it wants. The question I should like to ask them is this: do they intend that the Queen shall have a government, or do they not? Are they prepared to support such men as Sidonia and Lord De Terrier? If so, I am their obedient humble servant; but I shall be very much surprised, that's all." Lord De Terrier was at this time recognized by all men as the leader of the giants.

"And so shall I,—deucedly surprised. They can't do it, you know. There are the Manchester men. I ought to know something about them down in my country; and I say they can't support Lord De Terrier. It wouldn't be natural."

"Natural! Human nature has come to an end, I think," said Harold Smith, who could hardly understand that the world should conspire to throw over a government which he had joined, and that, too, before the

world had waited to see how much he would do for it; "the fact is this, Walker, we have no longer among us any strong feeling of party."

"No, not a d——," said Green Walker, who was very energetic in his present political aspirations.

"And till we can recover that, we shall never be able to have a government firm-seated and sure-handed. Nobody can count on men from one week to another. The very members who in one month place a minister in power, are the very first to vote against him in the next."

"We must put a stop to that sort of thing, otherwise we shall never do any good."

"I don't mean to deny that Brock was wrong with reference to Lord Brittleback. I think that he was wrong, and I said so all through. But, heavens on earth ——!" and instead of completing his speech Harold Smith turned away his head, and struck his hands together in token of his astonishment at the fatuity of the age. What he probably meant to express was this: that if such a good deed as that late appointment made at the Petty Bag Office were not held sufficient to atone for that other evil deed to which he had alluded, there would be an end of all justice in sublunary matters. Was no offence to be forgiven, even when so great virtue had been displayed?

"I attribute it all to Supplehouse," said Green Walker, trying to console his friend.

"Yes," said Harold Smith, now verging on the bounds of parliamentary eloquence, although he still spoke with bated breath, and to one solitary hearer. "Yes; we are becoming the slaves of a mercenary and irresponsible press—of one single newspaper. There is a man endowed with no great talent, enjoying no public confidence, untrusted as a politician, and unheard of even as a writer by the world at large, and yet, because he is on the staff of the *Jupiter*, he is able to overturn the government and throw the whole country into dismay. It is astonishing to me that a man like Lord Brock should allow himself to be so timid." And nevertheless it was not yet a month since Harold Smith had been counselling with Supplehouse how a series of strong articles in the *Jupiter*, together with the expected support of the Manchester men, might probably be effective in hurling the minister from his seat. But at that time the minister had not revigorated himself with young blood. "How the Queen's government is to be carried on, that is the question now," Harold Smith repeated. A difficulty which had not caused him much dismay at that period, about a month since, to which we have alluded.

At this moment Sowerby and Supplehouse together joined them, having come out of the House, in which some unimportant business had been completed after the ministers' notice of adjournment.

"Well, Harold," said Sowerby, "what do you say to your governor's statement?"

"I have nothing to say to it," said Harold Smith, looking up very solemnly from under the penthouse of his hat, and, perhaps, rather

savagely. Sowerby had supported the government at the late crisis; but why was he now seen herding with such a one as Supplehouse?

"He did it pretty well, I think," said Sowerby.

"Very well, indeed," said Supplehouse; "as he always does those sort of things. No man makes so good an explanation of circumstances, or comes out with so telling a personal statement. He ought to keep himself in reserve for those sort of things."

"And who in the meantime is to carry on the Queen's government?" said Harold Smith, looking very stern.

"That should be left to men of lesser mark," said he of the *Jupiter*. "The points as to which one really listens to a minister, the subjects about which men really care, are always personal. How many of us are truly interested as to the best mode of governing India? but in a question touching the character of a prime minister we all muster together like bees round a sounding cymbal."

"That arises from envy, malice, and all uncharitableness," said Harold Smith.

"Yes; and from picking and stealing, evil speaking, lying, and slandering," said Mr. Sowerby.

"We are so prone to desire and covet other men's places," said Supplehouse.

"Some men are so," said Sowerby; "but it is the evil speaking, lying, and slandering, which does the mischief. Is it not, Harold?"

"And in the meantime how is the Queen's government to be carried on?" said Mr. Green Walker.

On the following morning it was known that Lord De Terrier was with the Queen at Buckingham Palace, and at about twelve a list of the new ministry was published, which must have been in the highest degree satisfactory to the whole brood of giants. Every son of Tellus was included in it, as were also very many of the daughters. But then, late in the afternoon, Lord Brock was again summoned to the palace, and it was thought in the West End among the clubs that the gods had again a chance. "If only," said the *Purist*, an evening paper which was supposed to be very much in the interest of Mr. Harold Smith, "if only Lord Brock can have the wisdom to place the right men in the right places. It was only the other day that he introduced Mr. Smith into his government. That this was a step in the right direction every one has acknowledged, though unfortunately it was made too late to prevent the disturbance which has since occurred. It now appears probable that his lordship will again have an opportunity of selecting a list of statesmen with the view of carrying on the Queen's government; and it is to be hoped that such men as Mr. Smith may be placed in situations in which their talents, industry, and acknowledged official aptitudes, may be of permanent service to the country."

Supplehouse, when he read this at the club with Mr. Sowerby at his elbow, declared that the style was too well marked to leave any doubt as

to the author; but we ourselves are not inclined to think that Mr. Harold Smith wrote the article himself, although it may be probable that he saw it in type.

But the *Jupiter* the next morning settled the whole question, and made it known to the world that, in spite of all the sendings and re-sendings, Lord Brock and the gods were permanently out, and Lord De Terrier and the giants permanently in. That fractious giant who would only go to the Foreign Office had, in fact, gone to some sphere of much less important duty, and Sidonia, in spite of the whispered dislike of an illustrious personage, opened the campaign with all the full appanages of a giant of the highest standing. "We hope," said the *Jupiter*, "that Lord Brock may not yet be too old to take a lesson. If so, the present decision of the House of Commons, and we may say of the country also, may teach him not to put his trust in such princes as Lord Brittleback, or such broken reeds as Mr. Harold Smith." Now, this parting blow we always thought to be exceedingly unkind, and altogether unnecessary, on the part of Mr. Supplehouse.

"My dear," said Mrs. Harold, when she first met Miss Dunstable after the catastrophe was known, "how am I possibly to endure this degradation?" And she put her deeply-laced handkerchief up to her eyes.

"Christian resignation," suggested Miss Dunstable.

"Fiddlestick!" said Mrs. Harold Smith. "You millionnaires always talk of Christian resignation, because you never are called on to resign anything. If I had any Christian resignation, I shouldn't have cared for such pomps and vanities. Think of it, my dear; a cabinet minister's wife for only three weeks!"

"How does poor Mr. Smith endure it?"

"What? Harold? He only lives on the hope of vengeance. When he has put an end to Mr. Supplehouse, he will be content to die."

And then there were further explanations in both houses of parliament, which were altogether satisfactory. The high-bred, courteous giants assured the gods that they had piled Pelion on Ossa and thus climbed up into power, very much in opposition to their own good wills; for they, the giants themselves, preferred the sweets of dignified retirement. But the voice of the people had been too strong for them; the effort had been made, not by themselves, but by others, who were determined that the giants should be at the head of affairs. Indeed, the spirit of the times was so clearly in favour of giants that there had been no alternative. So said Briareus to the Lords, and Orion to the Commons. And then the gods were absolutely happy in ceding their places; and so far were they from any uncelestial envy or malice which might not be divine, that they promised to give the giants all the assistance in their power in carrying on the work of government; upon which the giants declared how deeply indebted they would be for such valuable counsel and friendly assistance. All this was delightful in the extreme; but not the less did ordinary men seem to expect that the usual battle would go on in the old customary way. It is

easy to love one's enemy when one is making fine speeches; but so difficult to do so in the actual everyday work of life.

But there was and always has been this peculiar good point about the giants, that they are never too proud to follow in the footsteps of the gods. If the gods, deliberating painfully together, have elaborated any skilful project, the giants are always willing to adopt it as their own, not treating the bantling as a foster-child, but praising it and pushing it so that men should regard it as the undoubted offspring of their own brains. Now just at this time there had been a plan much thought of for increasing the number of the bishops. Good active bishops were very desirable, and there was a strong feeling among certain excellent churchmen that there could hardly be too many of them. Lord Brock had his measure cut and dry. There should be a Bishop of Westminster to share the Herculean toils of the metropolitan prelate, and another up in the North to christianize the mining interests and wash white the blackamoors of Newcastle: Bishop of Beverley he should be called. But, in opposition to this, the giants, it was known, had intended to put forth the whole measure of their brute force. More curates, they said, were wanting, and district incumbents; not more bishops rolling in carriages. That bishops should roll in carriages was very good; but of such blessings the English world for the present had enough. And therefore Lord Brock and the gods had had much fear as to their little project.

But now, immediately on the accession of the giants, it was known that the bishop bill was to be gone on with immediately. Some small changes would be effected so that the bill should be gigantic rather than divine; but the result would be altogether the same. It must, however, be admitted that bishops appointed by ourselves may be very good things, whereas those appointed by our adversaries will be anything but good. And, no doubt, this feeling went a long way with the giants. Be that as it may, the new bishop bill was to be their first work of government, and it was to be brought forward and carried, and the new prelates selected and put into their chairs all at once,—before the grouse should begin to crow and put an end to the doings of gods as well as giants.

Among other minor effects arising from this decision was the following, that Archdeacon and Mrs. Grantly returned to London, and again took the lodgings in which they had before been staying. On various occasions also during the first week of this second sojourn, Dr. Grantly might be seen entering the official chambers of the First Lord of the Treasury. Much counsel was necessary among high churchmen of great repute before any fixed resolution could wisely be made in such a matter as this; and few churchmen stood in higher repute than the Archdeacon of Barchester. And then it began to be rumoured in the world that the minister had disposed at any rate of the see of Westminster.

This present time was a very nervous one for Mrs. Grantly. What might be the aspirations of the archdeacon himself, we will not stop to

inquire. It may be that time and experience had taught him the futility of earthly honours, and made him content with the comfortable opulence of his Barsetshire rectory. But there is no theory of church discipline which makes it necessary that a clergyman's wife should have an objection to a bishopric. The archdeacon probably was only anxious to give a disinterested aid to the minister, but Mrs. Grantly did long to sit in high places, and be at any rate equal to Mrs. Proudie. It was for her children, she said to herself, that she was thus anxious,—that they should have a good position before the world, and the means of making the best of themselves. "One is able to do nothing, you know, shut up there, down at Plumstead," she had remarked to Lady Lufton on the occasion of her first visit to London, and yet the time was not long past when she had thought that rectory house at Plumstead to be by no means insufficient or contemptible.

And then there came a question whether or no Griselda should go back to her mother; but this idea was very strongly opposed by Lady Lufton, and ultimately with success. "I really think the dear girl is very happy with me," said Lady Lufton; "and if ever she is to belong to me more closely, it will be so well that we should know and love one another."

To tell the truth, Lady Lufton had been trying hard to know and love Griselda, but hitherto she had scarcely succeeded to the full extent of her wishes. That she loved Griselda was certain,—with that sort of love which springs from a person's volition and not from the judgment. She had said all along to herself and others that she did love Griselda Grantly. She had admired the young lady's face, liked her manner, approved of her fortune and family, and had selected her for a daughter-in-law in a somewhat impetuous manner. Therefore she loved her. But it was by no means clear to Lady Lufton that she did as yet know her young friend. The match was a plan of her own, and therefore she stuck to it as warmly as ever, but she began to have some misgivings whether or no the dear girl would be to her herself all that she had dreamed of in a daughter-in-law.

"But, dear Lady Lufton," said Mrs. Grantly, "is it not possible that we may put her affections to too severe a test? What, if she should learn to regard him, and then——"

"Ah! if she did, I should have no fear of the result. If she showed anything like love for Ludovic, he would be at her feet in a moment. He is impulsive, but she is not."

"Exactly, Lady Lufton. It is his privilege to be impulsive and to sue for her affection, and hers to have her love sought for without making any demonstration. It is perhaps the fault of young ladies of the present day that they are too impulsive. They assume privileges which are not their own, and thus lose those which are."

"Quite true! I quite agree with you. It is probably that very feeling that has made me think so highly of Griselda. But then——"

But then a young lady, though she need not jump down a gentleman's throat, or throw herself into his face, may give some signs that she is made of flesh and blood; especially when her papa and mamma and all belonging to her are so anxious to make the path of her love run smooth. That was what was passing through Lady Lufton's mind; but she did not say it all; she merely looked it.

"I don't think she will ever allow herself to indulge in an unauthorized passion," said Mrs. Grantly.

"I am sure she will not," said Lady Lufton, with ready agreement, fearing perhaps in her heart that Griselda would never indulge in any passion, authorized or unauthorized.

"I don't know whether Lord Lufton sees much of her now," said Mrs. Grantly, thinking perhaps of that promise of Lady Lufton's with reference to his lordship's spare time.

"Just lately, during these changes, you know, everybody has been so much engaged. Ludovic has been constantly at the House, and then men find it so necessary to be at their clubs just now."

"Yes, yes, of course," said Mrs. Grantly, who was not at all disposed to think little of the importance of the present crisis, or to wonder that men should congregate together when such deeds were to be done as those which now occupied the breasts of the Queen's advisers. At last, however, the two mothers perfectly understood each other. Griselda was still to remain with Lady Lufton; and was to accept her ladyship's son, if he could only be induced to exercise his privilege of asking her; but in the meantime, as this seemed to be doubtful, Griselda was not to be debarred from her privilege of making what use she could of any other string which she might have to her bow.

"But, mamma," said Griselda, in a moment of unwatched intercourse between the mother and daughter, "is it really true that they are going to make papa a bishop?"

"We can tell nothing as yet, my dear. People in the world are talking about it. Your papa has been a good deal with Lord De Terrier."

"And isn't he prime minister?"

"Oh, yes; I am happy to say that he is."

"I thought the prime minister could make any one a bishop that he chooses,—any clergyman, that is."

"But there is no see vacant," said Mrs. Grantly.

"Then there isn't any chance," said Griselda, looking very glum.

"They are going to have an Act of Parliament for making two more bishops. That's what they are talking about at least. And if they do——"

"Papa will be Bishop of Westminster—won't he? And we shall live in London?"

"But you must not talk about it, my dear."

"No, I won't. But, mamma, a Bishop of Westminster will be higher than a Bishop of Barchester; won't he? I shall so like to be able to snub

those Miss Proudies." It will therefore be seen that there were matters on which even Griselda Grantly could be animated. Like the rest of her family she was devoted to the church.

Late on that afternoon the archdeacon returned home to dine in Mount Street, having spent the whole of the day between the Treasury Chambers, a meeting of Convocation, and his club. And when he did get home it was soon manifest to his wife that he was not laden with good news.

"It is almost incredible," he said, standing with his back to the drawing-room fire.

"What is incredible?" said his wife, sharing her husband's anxiety to the full.

"If I had not learned it as fact, I would not have believed it, even of Lord Brock," said the archdeacon.

"Learned what?" said the anxious wife.

"After all, they are going to oppose the bill."

"Impossible!" said Mrs. Grantly.

"But they are."

"The bill for the two new bishops, archdeacon? oppose their own bill!"

"Yes—oppose their own bill. It is almost incredible; but so it is. Some changes have been forced upon us; little things which they had forgotten—quite minor matters; and they now say that they will be obliged to divide against us on these twopenny-halfpenny, hair-splitting points. It is Lord Brock's own doing too, after all that he said about abstaining from factious opposition to the government."

"I believe there is nothing too bad or too false for that man," said Mrs. Grantly.

"After all they said, too, when they were in power themselves, as to the present government opposing the cause of religion! They declare now that Lord De Terrier cannot be very anxious about it, as he had so many good reasons against it a few weeks ago. Is it not dreadful that there should be such double-dealing in men in such positions?"

"It is sickening," said Mrs. Grantly.

And then there was a pause between them as each thought of the injury that was done to them.

"But, archdeacon——"

"Well?"

"Could you not give up those small points and shame them into compliance?"

"Nothing would shame them."

"But would it not be well to try?"

The game was so good a one, and the stake so important, that Mrs. Grantly felt that it would be worth playing for to the last.

"It is no good."

"But I certainly would suggest it to Lord De Terrier. I am sure the country would go along with him; at any rate the church would."

"It is impossible," said the archdeacon. "To tell the truth, it did

occur to me. But some of them down there seemed to think that it would not do."

Mrs. Grantly sat awhile on the sofa, still meditating in her mind whether there might not yet be some escape from so terrible a downfall.

"But, archdeacon——"

"I'll go upstairs and dress," said he, in despondency.

"But, archdeacon, surely the present ministry may have a majority on such a subject as that; I thought they were sure of a majority now."

"No; not sure."

"But at any rate the chances are in their favour? I do hope they'll do their duty, and exert themselves to keep their members together."

And then the archdeacon told out the whole of the truth.

"Lord De Terrier says that under the present circumstances he will not bring the matter forward this session at all. So we had better go back to Plumstead."

Mrs. Grantly then felt that there was nothing further to be said, and it will be proper that the historian should drop a veil over their sufferings.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Magna est Veritas.

It was made known to the reader that in the early part of the winter Mr. Sowerby had a scheme for retrieving his lost fortunes, and setting himself right in the world, by marrying that rich heiress, Miss Dunstable. I fear my friend Sowerby does not, at present, stand high in the estimation of those who have come on with me thus far in this narrative. He has been described as a spendthrift and gambler, and as one scarcely honest in his extravagance and gambling. But nevertheless there are worse men than Mr. Sowerby, and I am not prepared to say that, should he be successful with Miss Dunstable, that lady would choose by any means the worst of the suitors who are continually throwing themselves at her feet. Reckless as this man always appeared to be, reckless as he absolutely was, there was still within his heart a desire for better things, and in his mind an understanding that he had hitherto missed the career of an honest English gentleman. He was proud of his position as member for his county, though hitherto he had done so little to grace it; he was proud of his domain at Chaldicotes, though the possession of it had so nearly passed out of his own hands; he was proud of the old blood that flowed in his veins; and he was proud also of that easy, comfortable, gay manner, which went so far in the world's judgment to atone for his extravagance and evil practices. If only he could get another chance, as he now said to himself, things should go very differently with him. He would utterly forswear the whole company of Tozers. He would cease to deal in bills, and to pay heaven only knows how many hundred per cent. for his moneys. He

would no longer prey upon his friends, and would redeem his title-deeds from the clutches of the Duke of Omnium. If only he could get another chance!

Miss Dunstable's fortune would do all this and ever so much more, and then, moreover, Miss Dunstable was a woman whom he really liked. She was not soft, feminine, or pretty, nor was she very young; but she was clever, self-possessed, and quite able to hold her own in any class; and as to age, Mr. Sowerby was not very young himself. In making such a match he would have no cause of shame. He could speak of it before his friends without fear of their grimaces, and ask them to his house, with the full assurance that the head of his table would not disgrace him. And then as the scheme grew clearer and clearer to him, he declared to himself that if he should be successful, he would use her well, and not rob her of her money—beyond what was absolutely necessary.

He had intended to have laid his fortunes at her feet at Chaldicotes; but the lady had been coy. Then the deed was to have been done at Gatherum Castle, but the lady ran away from Gatherum Castle just at the time on which he had fixed. And since that one circumstance after another had postponed the affair in London, till now at last he was resolved that he would know his fate, let it be what it might. If he could not contrive that things should speedily be arranged, it might come to pass that he would be altogether debarred from presenting himself to the lady as Mr. Sowerby of Chaldicotes. Tidings had reached him, through Mr. Fothergill, that the duke would be glad to have matters arranged; and Mr. Sowerby well knew the meaning of that message.

Mr. Sowerby was not fighting this campaign alone, without the aid of any ally. Indeed, no man ever had a more trusty ally in any campaign than he had in this. And it was this ally, the only faithful comrade that clung to him through good and ill during his whole life, who first put it into his head that Miss Dunstable was a woman and might be married.

"A hundred needy adventurers have attempted it, and failed already," Mr. Sowerby had said, when the plan was first proposed to him.

"But, nevertheless, she will some day marry some one; and why not you as well as another?" his sister had answered. For Mrs. Harold Smith was the ally of whom I have spoken.

Mrs. Harold Smith, whatever may have been her faults, could boast of this virtue—that she loved her brother. He was probably the only human being that she did love. Children she had none; and as for her husband, it had never occurred to her to love him. She had married him for a position; and being a clever woman, with a good digestion and command of her temper, had managed to get through the world without much of that unhappiness which usually follows ill-assorted marriages. At home she managed to keep the upper hand, but she did so in an easy, good-humoured way that made her rule bearable; and away from home she assisted her lord's political standing, though she laughed more keenly than any one else at his foibles. But the lord of her heart was her

brother; and in all his scrapes, all his extravagance, and all his recklessness, she had ever been willing to assist him. With the view of doing this she had sought the intimacy of Miss Dunstable, and for the last year past had indulged every caprice of that lady. Or rather, she had had the wit to learn that Miss Dunstable was to be won, not by the indulgence of caprices, but by free and easy intercourse, with a dash of fun, and, at any rate, a semblance of honesty. Mrs. Harold Smith was not, perhaps, herself very honest by disposition; but in these latter days she had taken up a theory of honesty for the sake of Miss Dunstable—not altogether in vain, for Miss Dunstable and Mrs. Harold Smith were certainly very intimate.

"If I am to do it at all, I must not wait any longer," said Mr. Sowerby to his sister a day or two after the final break-down of the gods. The affection of the sister for the brother may be imagined from the fact that at such a time she could give up her mind to such a subject. But, in truth, her husband's position as a cabinet minister was as nothing to her compared with her brother's position as a county gentleman.

"One time is as good as another," said Mrs. Harold Smith.

"You mean that you would advise me to ask her at once."

"Certainly. But you must remember, Nat, that you will have no easy task. It will not do for you to kneel down and swear that you love her."

"If I do it at all, I shall certainly do it without kneeling—you may be sure of that, Harriet."

"Yes, and without swearing that you love her. There is only one way in which you can be successful with Miss Dunstable—you must tell her the truth."

"What!—tell her that I am ruined, horse, foot, and dragoons, and then bid her help me out of the mire?"

"Exactly: that will be your only chance, strange as it may appear."

"This is very different from what you used to say, down at Chaldicotes."

"So it is; but I know her much better than I did when we were there. Since then I have done but little else than study the freaks of her character. If she really likes you—and I think she does—she could forgive you any other crime but that of swearing that you loved her."

"I should hardly know how to propose without saying something about it."

"But you must say nothing—not a word; you must tell her that you are a gentleman of good blood and high station, but sadly out at elbows."

"She knows that already."

"Of course she does; but she must know it as coming directly from your own mouth. And then tell her that you propose to set yourself right by marrying her—by marrying her for the sake of her money."

"That will hardly win her, I should say."

"If it does not, no other way, that I know of, will do so. As I told

you before, it will be no easy task. Of course you must make her understand that her happiness shall be cared for; but that must not be put prominently forward as your object. Your first object is her money, and your only chance for success is in telling the truth."

"It is very seldom that a man finds himself in such a position as that," said Sowerby, walking up and down his sister's room; "and, upon my word, I don't think I am up to the task. I should certainly break down. I don't believe there's a man in London could go to a woman with such a story as that, and then ask her to marry him."

"If you cannot, you may as well give it up," said Mrs. Harold Smith. "But if you can do it—if you can go through with it in that manner—my own opinion is that your chance of success would not be bad. The fact is," added the sister after awhile, during which her brother was continuing his walk and meditating on the difficulties of his position—"the fact is, you men never understand a woman; you give her credit neither for her strength, nor for her weakness. You are too bold, and too timid: you think she is a fool and tell her so, and yet never can trust her to do a kind action. Why should she not marry you with the intention of doing you a good turn? After all, she would lose very little: there is the estate, and if she redeemed it, it would belong to her as well as to you."

"It would be a good turn, indeed. I fear I should be too modest to put it to her in that way."

"Her position would be much better as your wife than it is at present. You are good-humoured and good-tempered, you would intend to treat her well, and, on the whole, she would be much happier as Mrs. Sowerby, of Chaldicotes, than she can be in her present position."

"If she cared about being married, I suppose she could be a peer's wife to-morrow."

"But I don't think she cares about being a peer's wife. A needy peer might perhaps win her in the way that I propose to you; but then a needy peer would not know how to set about it. Needy peers have tried—half a dozen I have no doubt—and have failed because they have pretended that they were in love with her. It may be difficult, but your only chance is to tell her the truth."

"And where shall I do it?"

"Here if you choose; but her own house will be better."

"But I never can see her there—at least, not alone. I believe that she never is alone. She always keeps a lot of people round her in order to stave off her lovers. Upon my word, Harriet, I think I'll give it up. It is impossible that I should make such a declaration to her as that you propose."

"Faint heart, Nat—— you know the rest."

"But the poet never alluded to such wooing as that you have suggested. I suppose I had better begin with a schedule of my debts, and make reference, if she doubts me, to Fothergill, the sheriff's officers, and the Tozer family."

"She will not doubt you, on that head; nor will she be a bit surprised."

Then there was again a pause, during which Mr. Sowerby still walked up and down the room, thinking whether or no he might possibly have any chance of success in so hazardous an enterprise.

"I tell you what, Harriet," at last he said; "I wish you'd do it for me."

"Well," said she, "if you really mean it, I will make the attempt."

"I am sure of this, that I shall never make it myself. I positively should not have the courage to tell her in so many words, that I wanted to marry her for her money."

"Well, Nat, I will attempt it. At any rate, I am not afraid of her. She and I are excellent friends, and, to tell the truth, I think I like her better than any other woman that I know; but I never should have been intimate with her, had it not been for your sake."

"And now you will have to quarrel with her, also for my sake?"

"Not at all. You'll find that whether she accedes to my proposition or not, we shall continue friends. I do not think that she would die for me—nor I for her. But as the world goes we suit each other. Such a little trifle as this will not break our loves."

And so it was settled. On the following day Mrs. Harold Smith was to find an opportunity of explaining the whole matter to Miss Dunstable, and was to ask that lady to share her fortune—some incredible number of thousands of pounds—with the bankrupt member for West Barsetshire, who in return was to bestow on her—himself and his debts.

Mrs. Harold Smith had spoken no more than the truth in saying that she and Miss Dunstable suited one another. And she had not improperly described their friendship. They were not prepared to die, one for the sake of the other. They had said nothing to each other of mutual love and affection. They never kissed, or cried, or made speeches, when they met or when they parted. There was no great benefit for which either had to be grateful to the other; no terrible injury which either had forgiven. But they suited each other; and this, I take it, is the secret of most of our pleasantest intercourse in the world.

And it was almost grievous that they should suit each other, for Miss Dunstable was much the worthier of the two, had she but known it herself. It was almost to be lamented that she should have found herself able to live with Mrs. Harold Smith on terms that were perfectly satisfactory to herself. Mrs. Harold Smith was worldly, heartless—to all the world but her brother—and, as has been above hinted, almost dishonest. Miss Dunstable was not worldly, though it was possible that her present style of life might make her so; she was affectionate, fond of truth, and prone to honesty, if those around would but allow her to exercise it. But she was fond of ease and humour, sometimes of wit that might almost be called broad, and she had a thorough love of ridiculing

the world's humbugs. In all these propensities Mrs. Harold Smith indulged her.

Under these circumstances they were now together almost every day. It had become quite a habit with Mrs. Harold Smith to have herself driven early in the forenoon to Miss Dunstable's house; and that lady, though she could never be found alone by Mr. Sowerby, was habitually so found by his sister. And after that they would go out together, or each separately, as fancy or the business of the day might direct them. Each was easy to the other in this alliance, and they so managed that they never trod on each other's corns.

On the day following the agreement made between Mr. Sowerby and Mrs. Harold Smith, that lady as usual called on Miss Dunstable, and soon found herself alone with her friend in a small room which the heiress kept solely for her own purposes. On special occasions persons of various sorts were there admitted; occasionally a parson who had a church to build, or a dowager laden with the last morsel of town slander, or a poor author who could not get due payment for the efforts of his brain, or a poor governess on whose feeble stamina the weight of the world had borne too hardly. But men who by possibility could be lovers did not make their way thither, nor women who could be bores. In these latter days, that is, during the present London season, the doors of it had been oftener opened to Mrs. Harold Smith than to any other person.

And now the effort was to be made with the object of which all this intimacy had been effected. As she came thither in her carriage, Mrs. Harold Smith herself was not altogether devoid of that sinking of the heart which is so frequently the forerunner of any difficult and hazardous undertaking. She had declared that she would feel no fear in making the little proposition. But she did feel something very like it; and when she made her entrance into the little room she certainly wished that the work was done and over.

"How is poor Mr. Smith to-day?" asked Miss Dunstable, with an air of mock condolence, as her friend seated herself in her accustomed easy-chair. The downfall of the gods was as yet a history hardly three days old, and it might well be supposed that the late lord of the Petty Bag had hardly recovered from his misfortune.

"Well, he is better, I think, this morning; at least I should judge so from the manner in which he confronted his eggs. But still I don't like the way he handles the carving-knife. I am sure he is always thinking of Mr. Supplehouse at those moments."

"Poor man! I mean Supplehouse. After all, why shouldn't he follow his trade as well as another? Live and let live, that's what I say."

"Ay, but it's kill and let kill with him. That is what Horace says. However, I am tired of all that now, and I came here to-day to talk about something else."

"I rather like Mr. Supplehouse myself," exclaimed Miss Dunstable "He never makes any bones about the matter. He has a certain work to do, and a certain cause to serve—namely, his own; and in order to do that work, and serve that cause, he uses such weapons as God has placed in his hands."

"That's what the wild beasts do."

"And where will you find men honester than they? The tiger tears you up because he is hungry and wants to eat you. That's what Supplehouse does. But there are so many among us tearing up one another without any excuse of hunger. The mere pleasure of destroying is reason enough."

"Well, my dear, my mission to you to-day is certainly not one of destruction, as you will admit when you hear it. It is one, rather, very absolutely of salvation. I have come to make love to you."

"Then the salvation, I suppose, is not for myself," said Miss Dunstable.

It was quite clear to Mrs. Harold Smith that Miss Dunstable had immediately understood the whole purport of this visit, and that she was not in any great measure surprised. It did not seem from the tone of the heiress's voice, or from the serious look which at once settled on her face, that she would be prepared to give a very ready compliance. But then great objects can only be won with great efforts.

"That's as may be," said Mrs. Harold Smith. "For you and another also, I hope. But I trust, at any rate, that I may not offend you?"

"Oh, laws, no; nothing of that kind ever offends me now."

"Well, I suppose you're used to it."

"Like the eels, my dear. I don't mind it the least in the world—only sometimes, you know, it is a little tedious."

"I'll endeavour to avoid that, so I may as well break the ice at once. You know enough of Nathaniel's affairs to be aware that he is not a very rich man."

"Since you do ask me about it, I suppose there's no harm in saying that I believe him to be a very poor man."

"Not the least harm in the world, but just the reverse. Whatever may come of this, my wish is that the truth should be told scrupulously on all sides; the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth."

"*Magna est veritas*," said Miss Dunstable. "The Bishop of Barchester taught me as much Latin as that at Chaldicotes; and he did add some more, but there was a long word, and I forgot it."

"The bishop was quite right, my dear, I'm sure. But if you go to your Latin, I'm lost. As we were just now saying, my brother's pecuniary affairs are in a very bad state. He has a beautiful property of his own, which has been in the family for I can't say how many centuries—long before the Conquest, I know."

"I wonder what my ancestors were then?"

"It does not much signify to any of us," said Mrs. Harold Smith,

with a moral shake of her head, "what our ancestors were; but it's a sad thing to see an old property go to ruin."

"Yes, indeed; we none of us like to see our property going to ruin, whether it be old or new. I have some of that sort of feeling already, although mine was only made the other day out of an apothecary's shop."

"God forbid that I should ever help you to ruin it," said Mrs. Harold Smith. "I should be sorry to be the means of your losing a ten-pound note."

"*Magna est veritas*, as the dear bishop said," exclaimed Miss Dunstable. "Let us have the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, as we agreed just now."

Mrs. Harold Smith did begin to find that the task before her was difficult. There was a hardness about Miss Dunstable when matters of business were concerned on which it seemed almost impossible to make any impression. It was not that she had evinced any determination to refuse the tender of Mr. Sowerby's hand; but she was so painfully resolute not to have dust thrown in her eyes! Mrs. Harold Smith had commenced with a mind fixed upon avoiding what she called humbug; but this sort of humbug had become so prominent a part of her usual rhetoric, that she found it very hard to abandon it.

"And that's what I wish," said she. "Of course my chief object is to secure my brother's happiness."

"That's very unkind to poor Mr. Harold Smith."

"Well, well, well—you know what I mean."

"Yes, I think I do know what you mean. Your brother is a gentleman of good family, but of no means."

"Not quite so bad as that."

"Of embarrassed means, then, or anything that you will; whereas I am a lady of no family, but of sufficient wealth. You think that if you brought us together and made a match of it it would be a very good thing for—for whom?" said Miss Dunstable.

"Yes, exactly," said Mrs. Harold Smith.

"For which of us? Remember the bishop now and his nice little bit of Latin."

"For Nathaniel then," said Mrs. Harold Smith, boldly. "It would be a very good thing for him." And a slight smile came across her face as she said it. "Now that's honest, or the mischief is in it."

"Yes, that's honest enough. And did he send you here to tell me this?"

"Well, he did that, and something else."

"And now let's have the something else. The really important part, I have no doubt, has been spoken."

"No, by no means, by no means all of it. But you are so hard on one, my dear, with your running after honesty, that one is not able to tell the real facts as they are. You make one speak in such a bald, naked way."

"Ah, you think that anything naked must be indecent; even truth."

"I think it is more proper-looking, and better suited, too, for the world's work, when it goes about with some sort of a garment on it. We are so used to a leaven of falsehood in all we hear and say, now-a-days, that nothing is more likely to deceive us than the absolute truth. If a shopkeeper told me that his wares were simply middling, of course, I should think that they were not worth a farthing. But all that has nothing to do with my poor brother. Well, what was I saying?"

"You were going to tell me how well he would use me, no doubt."

"Something of that kind."

"That he wouldn't beat me; or spend all my money if I managed to have it tied up out of his power; or look down on me with contempt because my father was an apothecary! Was not that what you were going to say?"

"I was going to tell you that you might be more happy as Mrs. Sowerby of Chaldicotes than you can be as Miss Dunstable——"

"Of Mount Lebanon. And had Mr. Sowerby no other message to send?—nothing about love, or anything of that sort? I should like, you know, to understand what his feelings are before I take such a leap."

"I do believe he has as true a regard for you as any man of his age ever does have——"

"For any woman of mine. That is not putting it in a very devoted way certainly; but I am glad to see that you remember the bishop's maxim."

"What would you have me say? If I told you that he was dying for love, you would say, I was trying to cheat you; and now because I don't tell you so, you say that he is wanting in devotion. I must say you are hard to please."

"Perhaps I am, and very unreasonable into the bargain. I ought to ask no questions of the kind when your brother proposes to do me so much honour. As for my expecting the love of a man who condescends to wish to be my husband, that, of course, would be monstrous. What right can I have to think that any man should love me? It ought to be enough for me to know that as I am rich, I can get a husband? What business can such as I have to inquire whether the gentleman who would so honour me really would like my company, or would only deign to put up with my presence in his household?"

"Now, my dear Miss Dunstable——"

"Of course I am not such an ass as to expect that any gentleman should love me; and I feel that I ought to be obliged to your brother for sparing me the string of complimentary declarations which are usual on such occasions. He, at any rate, is not tedious—or rather you on his behalf; for no doubt his own time is so occupied with his parliamentary duties that he cannot attend to this little matter himself. I do feel grateful to him; and perhaps nothing more will be necessary than to give

him a schedule of the property, and name an early day for putting him in possession."

Mrs. Smith did feel that she was rather badly used. This Miss Dunstable, in their mutual confidences, had so often ridiculed the love-making grimaces of her mercenary suitors, had spoken so fiercely against those who had persecuted her, not because they had desired her money, but on account of their ill-judgment in thinking her to be a fool, that Mrs. Smith had a right to expect that the method she had adopted for opening the negotiation would be taken in a better spirit. Could it be possible, after all, thought Mrs. Smith to herself, that Miss Dunstable was like other women, and that she did like to have men kneeling at her feet? Could it be the case that she had advised her brother badly, and that it would have been better for him to have gone about his work in the old-fashioned way? "They are very hard to manage," said Mrs. Harold Smith to herself, thinking of her own sex.

"He was coming here himself," said she, "but I advised him not to do so."

"That was so kind of you."

"I thought that I could explain to you more openly and more freely, what his intentions really are."

"Oh! I have no doubt that they are honourable," said Miss Dunstable. "He does not want to deceive me in that way, I am quite sure."

It was impossible to help laughing, and Mrs. Harold Smith did laugh. "Upon my word, you would provoke a saint," said she.

"I am not likely to get into any such company by the alliance that you are now suggesting to me. There are not many saints usually at Chaldicotes, I believe;—always excepting my dear bishop and his wife."

"But, my dear, what am I to say to Nathaniel?"

"Tell him, of course, how much obliged to him I am."

"Do listen to me one moment. I daresay that I have done wrong to speak to you in such a bold, unromantic way."

"Not at all. The truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. That's what we agreed upon. But one's first efforts in any line are always apt to be a little uncouth."

"I will send Nathaniel to you himself."

"No, do not do so. Why torment either him or me? I do like your brother; in a certain way I like him much. But no earthly consideration would induce me to marry him. Is it not so glaringly plain that he would marry me for my money only, that you have not even dared to suggest any other reason?"

"Of course it would have been nonsense to say that he had no regard whatever towards your money."

"Of course it would—absolute nonsense. He is a poor man with a good position, and he wants to marry me because I have got that which he wants. But, my dear, I do not want that which he has got, and therefore the bargain would not be a fair one."

"But he would do his very best to make you happy."

"I am so much obliged to him; but, you see, I am very happy as I am. What should I gain?"

"A companion whom you confess that you like."

"Ah! but I don't know that I should like too much, even of such a companion as your brother. No, my dear—it won't do. Believe me when I tell you, once for all, that it won't do."

"Do you mean, then, Miss Dunstable, that you'll never marry?"

"To-morrow—if I met any one that I fancied, and he would have me. But I rather think that any that I may fancy won't have me. In the first place, if I marry any one, the man must be quite indifferent to money."

"Then you'll not find him in this world, my dear."

"Very possibly not," said Miss Dunstable.

All that was further said upon the subject need not be here repeated. Mrs. Harold Smith did not give up her cause quite at once, although Miss Dunstable had spoken so plainly. She tried to explain how eligible would be her friend's situation as mistress of Chaldicotes, when Chaldicotes should owe no penny to any man: and went so far as to hint that the master of Chaldicotes, if relieved of his embarrassments and known as a rich man, might in all probability be found worthy of a peerage when the gods should return to Olympus. Mr. Harold Smith, as a cabinet minister, would, of course, do his best. But it was all of no use. "It's not my destiny," said Miss Dunstable, "and therefore do not press it any longer."

"But we shall not quarrel," said Mrs. Harold Smith, almost tenderly.

"Oh, no—why should we quarrel?"

"And you won't look glum at my brother?"

"Why should I look glum at him? But, Mrs. Smith, I'll do more than not looking glum at him. I do like you, and I do like your brother, and if I can in any moderate way assist him in his difficulties, let him tell me so."

Soon after this, Mrs. Harold Smith went her way. Of course, she declared in a very strong manner that her brother could not think of accepting from Miss Dunstable any such pecuniary assistance as that offered—and, to give her her due, such was the feeling of her mind at the moment; but as she went to meet her brother and gave him an account of this interview, it did occur to her that possibly Miss Dunstable might be a better creditor than the Duke of Omnium for the Chaldicotes property.

"Unto this Last."*

I.—THE ROOTS OF HONOUR.

Among the delusions which at different periods have possessed themselves of the minds of large masses of the human race, perhaps the most curious—certainly the least creditable—is the modern *soi-disant* science of political economy, based on the idea that an advantageous code of social action may be determined irrespectively of the influence of social affection.

Of course, as in the instances of alchemy, astrology, witchcraft, and other such popular creeds, political economy has a plausible idea at the root of it. "The social affections," says the economist, "are accidental and disturbing elements in human nature; but avarice and the desire of progress are constant elements. Let us eliminate the inconstants, and, considering the human being merely as a covetous machine, examine by what laws of labour, purchase, and sale, the greatest accumulative result in wealth is obtainable. Those laws once determined, it will be for each individual afterwards to introduce as much of the disturbing affectionate element as he chooses, and to determine for himself the result on the new conditions supposed."

This would be a perfectly logical and successful method of analysis, if the accidentals afterwards to be introduced were of the same nature as the powers first examined. Supposing a body in motion to be influenced by constant and inconstant forces, it is usually the simplest way of examining its course to trace it first under the persistent conditions, and afterwards introduce the causes of variation. But the disturbing elements in the social problem are not of the same nature as the constant ones; they alter the essence of the creature under examination the moment they are added; they operate, not mathematically, but chemically, introducing conditions which render all our previous knowledge unavailable. We made learned experiments upon pure nitrogen, and have convinced ourselves that it is a very manageable gas; but behold! the thing which we have practically to deal with is its chloride, and this, the moment we touch it on our established principles, sends us and our apparatus through the ceiling.

Observe, I neither impugn nor doubt the conclusions of the science, if its terms are accepted. I am simply uninterested in them, as I should be in those of a science of gymnastics which assumed that men had no skeletons. It might be shown, on that supposition, that it would be advantageous to roll the students up into pellets, flatten them into cakes, or

* "I will give unto this last, even as unto thee."—*Matt.* xx. 14.

stretch them into cables; and that when these results were effected, the re-insertion of the skeleton would be attended with various inconveniences to their constitution. The reasoning might be admirable, the conclusions true, and the science deficient only in applicability. Modern political economy stands on a precisely similar basis. Assuming, not that the human being has no skeleton, but that it is all skeleton, it founds an ossifiant theory of progress on this negation of a soul; and having shown the utmost that may be made of bones, and constructed a number of interesting geometrical figures with death's-heads and humeri, successfully proves the inconvenience of the reappearance of a soul among these corpuscular structures. I do not deny the truth of this theory: I simply deny its applicability to the present phase of the world.

This inapplicability has been curiously manifested during the embarrassment caused by the late strikes of our workmen. Here occurs one of the simplest cases, in a pertinent and positive form, of the first vital problem which political economy has to deal with (the relation between employer and employed); and at a severe crisis, when lives in multitudes, and wealth in masses, are at stake, the political economists are helpless—practically mute; no demonstrable solution of the difficulty can be given by them, such as may convince or calm the opposing parties. Obstinately the masters take one view of the matter; obstinately the operatives another; and no political science can set them at one.

It would be strange if it could, it being not by "science" of any kind that men were ever intended to be set at one. Disputant after disputant vainly strives to show that the interests of the masters are, or are not, antagonistic to those of the men: none of the pleaders ever seeming to remember that it does not absolutely or always follow that the persons must be antagonistic because their interests are. If there is only a crust of bread in the house, and mother and children are starving, their interests are not the same. If the mother eats it, the children want it; if the children eat it, the mother must go hungry to her work. Yet it does not necessarily follow that there will be "antagonism" between them, that they will fight for the crust, and that the mother, being strongest, will get it, and eat it. Neither, in any other case, whatever the relations of the persons may be, can it be assumed for certain that, because their interests are diverse, they must necessarily regard each other with hostility, and use violence or cunning to obtain the advantage.

Even if this were so, and it were as just as it is convenient to consider men as actuated by no other moral influences than those which affect rats or swine, the logical conditions of the question are still indeterminable. It can never be shown generally either that the interests of master and labourer are alike, or that they are opposed; for, according to circumstances, they may be either. It is, indeed, always the interest of both that the work should be rightly done, and a just price obtained for it; but, in the division of profits, the gain of the one may or may not be

the loss of the other. It is not the master's interest to pay wages so low as to leave the men sickly and depressed, nor the workman's interest to be paid high wages if the smallness of the master's profit hinders him from enlarging his business, or conducting it in a safe and liberal way. A stoker ought not to desire high pay if the company is too poor to keep the engine-wheels in repair.

And the varieties of circumstance which influence these reciprocal interests are so endless, that all endeavour to deduce rules of action from balance of expediency is in vain. And it is meant to be in vain. For no human actions ever were intended by the Maker of men to be guided by balances of expediency, but by balances of justice. He has therefore rendered all endeavours to determine expediency futile for evermore. No man ever knew, or can know, what will be the ultimate result to himself, or to others, of any given line of conduct. But every man may know, and most of us do know, what is a just and unjust act. And all of us may know also, that the consequences of justice will be ultimately the best possible, both to others and ourselves, though we can neither say what *is* the best, or how it is likely to come to pass.

I have said balances of justice, meaning, in the term justice, to include affection,—such affection as one man *owes* to another. All right relations between master and operative, and all their best interests, ultimately depend on these.

We shall find the best and simplest illustration of the relations of master and operative in the position of domestic servants.

We will suppose that the master of a household desires only to get as much work out of his servants as he can, at the rate of wages he gives. He never allows them to be idle; feeds them as poorly and lodges them as ill as they will endure, and in all things pushes his requirements to the exact point beyond which he cannot go without forcing the servant to leave him. In doing this, there is no violation on his part of what is commonly called "justice." He agrees with the domestic for his whole time and service, and takes them;—the limits of hardship in treatment being fixed by the practice of other masters in his neighbourhood; that is to say, by the current rate of wages for domestic labour. If the servant can get a better place, he is free to take one, and the master can only tell what is the real market value of his labour, by requiring as much as he will give.

This is the politico-economical view of the case, according to the doctors of that science; who assert that by this procedure the greatest average of work will be obtained from the servant, and therefore, the greatest benefit to the community, and through the community, by reversion, to the servant himself.

That, however, is not so. It would be so if the servant were an engine of which the motive power was steam, magnetism, gravitation, or any other agent of calculable force. But he being, on the contrary, an engine

whose motive power is a Soul, the force of this very peculiar agent, as an unknown quantity, enters into all the political economist's equations, without his knowledge, and falsifies every one of their results. The largest quantity of work will not be done by this curious engine for pay, or under pressure, or by help of any kind of fuel which may be supplied by the chaldron. It will be done only when the motive force, that is to say, the will or spirit of the creature, is brought to its greatest strength by its own proper fuel; namely, by the affections.

It may indeed happen, and does happen often, that if the master is a man of sense and energy, a large quantity of material work may be done under mechanical pressure, enforced by strong will and guided by wise method; also it may happen, and does happen often, that if the master is indolent and weak (however good-natured), a very small quantity of work, and that bad, may be produced by the servant's undirected strength, and contemptuous gratitude. But the universal law of the matter is that, assuming any given quantity of energy and sense in master and servant, the greatest material result obtainable by them will be, not through antagonism to each other, but through affection for each other; and that if the master, instead of endeavouring to get as much work as possible from the servant, seeks rather to render his appointed and necessary work beneficial to him, and to forward his interests in all just and wholesome ways, the real amount of work ultimately done, or of good rendered, by the person so cared for, will indeed be the greatest possible.

Observe, I say, "of good rendered," for a servant's work is not necessarily or always the best thing he can give his master. But good of all kinds, whether in material service, in protective watchfulness of his master's interest and credit, or in joyful readiness to seize unexpected and irregular occasions of help.

Nor is this one whit less generally true because indulgence will be frequently abused, and kindness met with ingratitude. For the servant who, gently treated, is ungrateful, treated ungently, will be revengeful; and the man who is dishonest to a liberal master will be injurious to an unjust one.

In any case, and with any person, this unselfish treatment will produce the most effective return. Observe, I am here considering the affections wholly as a motive power; not at all as things in themselves desirable or noble, or in any other way abstractedly good. I look at them simply as an anomalous force, rendering every one of the ordinary political economist's calculations nugatory; while, even if he desired to introduce this new element into his estimates, he has no power of dealing with it; for the affections only become a true motive power when they ignore every other motive and condition of political economy. Treat the servant kindly, with the idea of turning his gratitude to account, and you will get, as you deserve, no gratitude, nor any value for your kindness; but treat him kindly without any economical purpose, and all economical purposes

will be answered; in this, as in all other matters, whosoever will save his life shall lose it, whoso loses it shall find it.*

The next clearest and simplest example of relation between master and operative is that which exists between the commander of a regiment and his men.

Supposing the officer only desires to apply the rules of discipline so as, with least trouble to himself, to make the regiment most effective, he will not be able, by any rules, or administration of rules, on this selfish principle, to develop the full strength of his subordinates. If a man of sense and firmness, he may, as in the former instance, produce a better result than would be obtained by the irregular kindness of a weak officer; but let the sense and firmness be the same in both cases, and assuredly the officer who has the most direct personal relations with his men, the most care for their interests, and the most value for their lives, will develop their effective strength, through their affection for his own person, and trust in his character, to a degree wholly unattainable by other means. The law applies still more stringently as the numbers concerned are larger; a charge may often be successful, though the men dislike their officers; a battle has rarely been won, unless they loved their general.

Passing from these simple examples to the more complicated relations existing between a manufacturer and his workmen, we are met first by certain curious difficulties, resulting, apparently, from a harder and colder state of moral elements. It is easy to imagine an enthusiastic affection

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* The difference between the two modes of treatment, and between their effective material results, may be seen very accurately by a comparison of the relations of Esther and Charlie in *Bleak House*, with those of Miss Brass and the Marchioness in *Master Humphrey's Clock*.

The essential value and truth of Dickens's writings have been unwisely lost sight of by many thoughtful persons, merely because he presents his truth with some colour of caricature. Unwisely, because Dickens's caricature, though often gross, is never mistaken. Allowing for his manner of telling them, the things he tells us are always true. I wish that he could think it right to limit his brilliant exaggeration to works written only for public amusement; and when he takes up a subject of high national importance, such as that which he handled in *Hard Times*, that he would use severer and more accurate analysis. The usefulness of that work (to my mind, in several respects the greatest he has written) is with many persons seriously diminished because Mr. Bounderby is a dramatic monster, instead of a characteristic example of a worldly master; and Stephen Blackpool a dramatic perfection, instead of a characteristic example of an honest workman. But let us not lose the use of Dickens's wit and insight, because he chooses to speak in a circle of stage fire. He is entirely right in his main drift and purpose in every book he has written; and all of them, but especially *Hard Times*, should be studied with close and earnest care by persons interested in social questions. They will find much that is partial, and, because partial, apparently unjust; but if they examine all the evidence on the other side, which Dickens seems to overlook, it will appear, after all their trouble, that his view was the finally right one, grossly and sharply told.

existing among soldiers for the colonel. Not so easy to imagine an enthusiastic affection among cotton-spinners for the proprietor of the mill. A body of men associated for purposes of robbery (as a Highland clan in ancient times) shall be animated by perfect affection, and every member of it be ready to lay down his life for the life of his chief. But a band of men associated for purposes of legal production and accumulation is usually animated, it appears, by no such emotions, and none of them are in anywise willing to give his life for the life of his chief. Not only are we met by this apparent anomaly, in moral matters, but by others connected with it, in administration of system. For a servant or soldier is engaged at a definite rate of wages, for a definite period; but a workman at a rate of wages variable according to the demand for labour, and with the risk of being at any time thrown out of his situation by chances of trade. Now, as, under these contingencies, no action of the affections can take place, but only an explosive action of disaffections, two points offer themselves for consideration in the matter.

The first.—How far the rate of wages may be so regulated as not to vary with the demand for labour.

The second.—How far it is possible that bodies of workmen may be engaged and maintained at such fixed rate of wages (whatever the state of trade may be), without enlarging or diminishing their number, so as to give them permanent interest in the establishment with which they are connected, like that of the domestic servants in an old family, or an *esprit de corps*, like that of the soldiers in a crack regiment.

The first question is, I say, how far it may be possible to fix the rate of wages irrespectively of the demand for labour.

Perhaps one of the most curious facts in the history of human error is the denial by the common political economist of the possibility of thus regulating wages; while, for all the important, and much of the unimportant labour on the earth, wages are already so regulated.

We do not sell our prime-ministership by Dutch auction; nor, on the decease of a bishop, whatever may be the general advantages of simony, do we (yet) offer his diocese to the clergyman who will take the episcopacy at the lowest contract. We (with exquisite sagacity of political economy!) do indeed sell commissions, but not, openly, generalships: sick, we do not inquire for a physician who takes less than a guinea; litigious, we never think of reducing six-and-eightpence to four-and-sixpence; caught in a shower, we do not canvass the cabmen, to find one who values his driving at less than sixpence a mile.

It is true that in all these cases there is, and in every conceivable case there must be, ultimate reference to the presumed difficulty of the work, or number of candidates for the office. If it were thought that the labour necessary to make a good physician would be gone through by a sufficient number of students with the prospect of only half-guinea fees, public consent would soon withdraw the unnecessary half-guinea. In this ultimate

sense, the price of labour is indeed always regulated by the demand for it; but so far as the practical and immediate administration of the matter is regarded, the best labour always has been, and is, as *all* labour ought to be, paid by an invariable standard.

"What!" the reader, perhaps, answers amazedly: "pay good and bad workmen alike?"

Certainly. The difference between one prelate's sermons and his successor's,—or between one physician's opinion and another's,—is far greater, as respects the qualities of mind involved, and far more important in result to you personally, than the difference between good and bad laying of bricks (though that is greater than most people suppose). Yet you pay with equal fee, contentedly, the good and bad workmen upon your soul, and the good and bad workmen upon your body; much more may you pay, contentedly, with equal fees, the good and bad workmen upon your house.

"Nay, but I choose my physician and (?) my clergyman, thus indicating my sense of the quality of their work." By all means, also, choose your bricklayer; that is the proper reward of the good workman, to be "chosen." The natural and right system respecting all labour is, that it should be paid at a fixed rate, but the good workman employed, and the bad workman unemployed. The false, unnatural, and destructive system is when the bad workman is allowed to offer his work at half-price, and either take the place of the good, or force him by his competition to work for an inadequate sum.

This equality of wages, then, being the first object towards which we have to discover the directest available road—the second is, as above stated, that of maintaining constant numbers of workmen in employment, whatever may be the accidental demand for the article they produce.

I believe the sudden and extensive inequalities of demand which necessarily arise in the mercantile operations of an active nation, constitute the only essential difficulty which has to be overcome in a just organization of labour. The subject opens into too many branches to admit of being investigated in a paper of this kind; but the following general facts bearing on it may be noted.

The wages which enable any workman to live are necessarily higher if his work is liable to intermission than if it is assured and continuous; and however severe the struggle for work may become, the general law will always hold, that men must get more daily pay if, on the average, they can only calculate on work three days a week, than they would require if they were sure of work six days a week. Supposing that a man cannot live on less than a shilling a day, his seven shillings he must get, either for three days' violent work, or six days' deliberate work. The tendency of all modern mercantile operations is to throw both wages and trade into the form of a lottery, and to make the workman's pay depend

on intermittent exertion, and the principal's profit on dexterously used chance.

In what partial degree, I repeat, this may be necessary, in consequence of the activities of modern trade, I do not here investigate; contenting myself with the fact, that in its fatallest aspects it is assuredly unnecessary, and results merely from love of gambling on the part of the masters, and from ignorance and sensuality in the men. The masters cannot bear to let any opportunity of gain escape them, and frantically rush at every gap and breach in the walls of Fortune, raging to be rich, and affronting, with impatient covetousness, every risk of ruin; while the men prefer three days of violent labour, and three days of drunkenness, to six days of moderate work and wise rest. There is no way in which a principal, who really desires to help his workmen, may do it more effectually than by checking these disorderly habits both in himself and them; keeping his own business operations on a scale which will enable him to pursue them securely, not yielding to temptations of precarious gain; and, at the same time, leading his workmen into regular habits of labour and life, either by inducing them rather to take low wages in the form of a fixed salary, than high wages, subject to the chance of their being thrown out of work; or, if this be impossible, by discouraging the system of violent exertion for nominally high day wages, and leading the men to take lower pay for more regular labour.

In effecting any radical changes of this kind, doubtless there would be great inconvenience and loss incurred by all the originators of movement. That which can be done with perfect convenience and without loss, is not always the thing that most needs to be done, or which we are most imperatively required to do.

I have already alluded to the difference hitherto existing between regiments of men associated for purposes of violence, and for purposes of manufacture; in that the former appear capable of self-sacrifice—the latter, not; which singular fact is the real reason of the general lowness of estimate in which the profession of commerce is held, as compared with that of arms. Philosophically, it does not, at first sight, appear reasonable (many writers have endeavoured to prove it unreasonable) that a peaceable and rational person, whose trade is buying and selling, should be held in less honour than an unpeaceable and often irrational person, whose trade is slaying. Nevertheless, the consent of mankind has always, in spite of the philosophers, given precedence to the soldier.

And this is right.

For the soldier's trade, verily and essentially, is not slaying, but being slain. This, without well knowing its own meaning, the world honours it for. A bravo's trade is slaying; but the world has never respected bravos more than merchants: the reason it honours the soldier is, because he holds his life at the service of the State. Reckless he may be—fond of pleasure or of adventure—all kinds of bye-motives and mean impulses

may have determined the choice of his profession, and may affect (to all appearance exclusively) his daily conduct in it; but our estimate of him is based on this ultimate fact—of which we are well assured—that, put him in a fortress breach, with all the pleasures of the world behind him, and only death and his duty in front of him, he will keep his face to the front; and he knows that this choice may be put to him at any moment, and has beforehand taken his part,—virtually takes such part continually—does, in reality, die daily.

Not less is the respect we pay to the lawyer and physician, founded ultimately on their self-sacrifice. Whatever the learning or acuteness of a great lawyer, our chief respect for him depends on our belief that, set in a judge's seat, he will strive to judge justly, come of it what may. Could we suppose that he would take bribes, and use his acuteness and legal knowledge to give plausibility to iniquitous decisions, no degree of intellect would win for him our respect. Nothing will win it, short of our tacit conviction, that in all important acts of his life justice is first with him; his own interest, second.

In the case of a physician, the ground of the honour we render him is clearer still. Whatever his science, we should shrink from him in horror if we found him regard his patients merely as subjects to experiment upon; much more, if we found that, receiving bribes from persons interested in their deaths, he was using his best skill to give poison in the mask of medicine.

Finally, the principle holds with utmost clearness as it respects clergymen. No goodness of disposition will excuse want of science in a physician, or of shrewdness in an advocate; but a clergyman, even though his power of intellect be small, is respected on the presumed ground of his unselfishness and serviceableness.

Now there can be no question but that the tact, foresight, decision, and other mental powers, required for the successful management of a large mercantile concern, if not such as could be compared with those of a great lawyer, general, or divine, would at least match the general conditions of mind required in the subordinate officers of a ship, or of a regiment, or in the curate of a country parish. If, therefore, all the efficient members of the so-called liberal professions are still, somehow, in public estimate of honour, preferred before the head of a commercial firm, the reason must lie deeper than in the measurement of their several powers of mind.

And the essential reason for such preference will be found to lie in the fact that the merchant is presumed to act always selfishly. His work may be very necessary to the community; but the motive of it is understood to be wholly personal. The merchant's first object in all his dealings must be (the public believe) to get as much for himself, and leave as little to his neighbour (or customer) as possible. Enforcing this upon him, by political statute, as the necessary principle of his action; recom-

mending it to him on all occasions, and themselves reciprocally adopting it; proclaiming vociferously, for law of the universe, that a buyer's function is to cheapen, and a seller's to cheat,—the public, nevertheless, involuntarily condemn the man of commerce for his compliance with their own statement, and stamp him for ever as belonging to an inferior grade of human personality.

This they will find, eventually, they must give up doing. They must not cease to condemn selfishness; but they will have to discover a kind of commerce which is not exclusively selfish. Or, rather, they will have to discover that there never was, or can be, any other kind of commerce; that this which they have called commerce was not commerce at all, but cozening; and that a true merchant differs as much from a merchant according to laws of modern political economy, as the hero of the *Excursion* from Autolycus. They will find that commerce is an occupation which gentlemen will every day see more need to engage in, rather than in the businesses of talking to men, or slaying them; that, in true commerce, as in true preaching, or true fighting, it is necessary to admit the idea of occasional voluntary loss;—that sixpences have to be lost, as well as lives, under a sense of duty; that the market may have its martyrdoms as well as the pulpit; and trade its heroisms, as well as war.

May have—in the final issue, must have—and only has not had yet, because men of heroic temper have always been misguided in their youth into other fields, not recognizing what is in our days, perhaps, the most important of all fields; so that, while many a zealous person loses his life in trying to teach the form of a gospel, very few will lose a hundred pounds in showing the practice of one.

The fact is, that people never have had clearly explained to them the true functions of a merchant with respect to other people. I should like the reader to be very clear about this.

Five great intellectual professions, relating to daily necessities of life, have hitherto existed—three exist necessarily, in every civilized nation:

The Soldier's profession is to *defend* it.

The Pastor's, to *teach* it.

The Physician's, to *keep it in health.*

The Lawyer's, to *enforce justice* in it.

The Merchant's, to *provide* for it.

And the duty of all these men is, on due occasion, to *die* for it.

"On due occasion," namely:—

The Soldier, rather than leave his post in battle.

The Physician, rather than leave his post in plague.

The Pastor, rather than teach Falsehood.

The Lawyer, rather than countenance Injustice.

The Merchant—What is *his* "due occasion" of death?

It is the main question for the merchant, as for all of us. For, truly, the man who does not know when to die, does not know how to live.

Observe, the merchant's function (or manufacturer's, for in the broad sense in which it is here used the word must be understood to include both) is to provide for the nation. It is no more his function to get profit for himself out of that provision than it is a clergyman's function to get his stipend. The stipend is a due and necessary adjunct, but not the object, of his life, if he be a true clergyman, any more than his fee (or *honorarium*) is the object of life to a true physician. Neither is his fee the object of life to a true merchant. All three, if true men, have a work to be done irrespective of fee—to be done even at any cost, or for quite the contrary of fee; the pastor's function being to teach, the physician's to heal, and the merchant's, as I have said, to provide. That is to say, he has to understand to their very root the qualities of the thing he deals in, and the means of obtaining or producing it; and he has to apply all his sagacity and energy to the producing or obtaining it in perfect state, and distributing it at the cheapest possible price where it is most needed.

And because the production or obtaining of any commodity involves necessarily the agency of many lives and hands, the merchant becomes in the course of his business the master and governor of large masses of men in a more direct, though less confessed way, than a military officer or pastor; so that on him falls, in great part, the responsibility for the kind of life they lead: and it becomes his duty, not only to be always considering how to produce what he sells in the purest and cheapest forms, but how to make the various employments involved in the production, or transference of it, most beneficial to the men employed.

And as into these two functions, requiring for their right exercise the highest intelligence, as well as patience, kindness, and tact, the merchant is bound to put all his energy, so for their just discharge he is bound, as soldier or physician is bound, to give up, if need be, his Life, in such way as it may be demanded of him. Two main points he has in his Providing function to maintain: first, his engagements (faithfulness to engagements being the real root of all possibilities in commerce); and secondly, the perfectness and purity of the thing provided; so that, rather than fail in any engagement, or consent to any deterioration, adulteration, or unjust and exorbitant price of that which he provides, he is bound to meet fearlessly any form of distress, poverty, or labour, which may, through maintenance of these points, come upon him.

Again: in his office as governor of the men employed by him, the merchant or manufacturer is invested with a distinctly paternal authority and responsibility. In most cases, a youth entering a commercial establishment is withdrawn altogether from home influence; his master must become his father, else he has, for practical and constant help, no father at hand: in all cases the master's authority, together with the general tone and atmosphere of his business, and the character of the men with whom the youth is compelled in the course of it to associate, have more immediate and pressing weight than the home influence, and will usually neutralize it

either for good or evil; so that the only means which the master has of doing justice to the men employed by him is to ask himself sternly whether he is dealing with such subordinate as he would with his own son, if compelled by circumstances to take such a position.

Supposing the captain of a frigate saw it right, or were by any chance obliged, to place his own son in the position of a common sailor; as he would then treat his son, he is bound always to treat every one of the men under him. So, also, supposing the master of a manufactory saw it right, or were by any chance obliged, to place his own son in the position of an ordinary workman; as he would then treat his son, he is bound always to treat every one of his men. This is the only effective, true, or practicable RULE which can be given on this point of political economy.

And as the captain of a ship is bound to be the last man to leave his ship in case of wreck, and to share his last crust with the sailors in case of famine, so the manufacturer, in any commercial crisis or distress, is bound to take the suffering of it with his men, and even to take more of it for himself than he allows his men to feel; as a father would in a famine, shipwreck, or battle, sacrifice himself for his son.

All which sounds very strange: the only real strangeness in the matter being, nevertheless, that it should so sound. For all this is true, and that not partially nor theoretically, but everlastingly and practically: all other doctrine than this respecting matters political being false in premises, absurd in deduction, and impossible in practice, consistently with any progressive state of national life; all the life which we now possess as a nation showing itself in the resolute denial and scorn, by a few strong minds and faithful hearts, of the economic principles taught to our multitudes, which principles, so far as accepted, lead straight to national destruction. Respecting the modes and forms of destruction to which they lead, and, on the other hand, respecting the farther practical working of true polity, I hope to reason further in a following paper.

J. R.

Physiological Riddles.

II.—Why we Grow.

We are continually dying. In all our actions force is given off, the very same force by which the body lives; and portions of our frame, accordingly, waste and are cast off. This process implies an opposite one. The life, constantly ceasing, is constantly renewed. Throughout the adult state nutrition proceeds *pari passu* with decay; in youth it is in excess, and results in growth; in age, the preponderance of the decay predicts the end. But new life springs from the old, and in its offspring the perishing organism repeats and multiplies its youth. How is this marvel wrought? By what agency does the perpetually failing life renew itself, and rise up fresh and vigorous from its ceaseless struggle with decay?

It is a wonderful thing—Life, ever growing old, yet ever young; ever dying, ever being born; cut down and destroyed by accident, by violence, by pestilence, by famine, preying remorselessly and insatiably upon itself, yet multiplying and extending still, and filling every spot of earth on which it once obtains a footing; so delicate, so feeble, so dependent upon fostering circumstances and the kindly care of nature, yet so invincible; endowed as if with supernatural powers, like spirits of the air, which yield to every touch and seem to elude our force, subsisting by means impalpable to our grosser sense, yet wielding powers which the mightiest agencies obey. Weakest, and strongest, of the things that God has made, Life is the heir of Death, and yet his conqueror. Victim at once and victor. All living things succumb to Death's assault; Life smiles at his impotence, and makes the grave her cradle.

Truly it seems as if there were something here not only mysterious and wonderful (for that everything in Nature is), but peculiar and unlike all beside. It seems as if a power had its seat in living things, which could maintain and extend itself by some inherent faculty, could subdue by a spontaneous operation surrounding forces, and hold in subjugation all that tended to its injury. And for a long while this view was entertained. It is natural; and until an extensive knowledge of the physical laws had been attained, it seemed to be necessary. All have heard of the Vital Principle. This was the agent supposed to reside in living things, and (either with conscious design or unconsciously) to build up, model, maintain, and use the organic frame.

This figment, however, has long been overthrown. The labours of physiologists (among which those of Dr. Carpenter hold an eminent place: see especially his paper on the Correlation of the Physical and Vital Forces in the *Philosophical Transactions* for 1850) have revealed the proofs of a profounder harmony in Nature. Life is strong, because it is dependent; immortal, because it draws its being from a perennial source. All things

minister to it. The tender organic frame needs no self-preserving power within, because all the natural powers are its servants. The earth and air and distant orbs of heaven feed it with ceaseless care, and supply, with unfailing constancy, its wants. Life is in league with universal forces, and subsists by universal law.

For the growth and nourishment of organic bodies may be seen to result from well-known agencies, and to be in conformity with common and all-pervading laws. But, first, it is needful to limit our inquiries, and to mark out distinctly the question to be considered. The fable of the fagot of sticks which were easily broken one by one, but resisted all efforts when tied together, is peculiarly applicable to the study of Life, though its moral needs to be read the other way. We must divide to conquer. Already we have discussed the active powers or "functions" of the body, and have seen them to result from chemical changes within it, by which (as by the relaxation of a tense spring) force is set free, and the characteristic actions of the various organs ensue. In living bodies chemical affinity has been opposed, so that they represent forces in a state of tension; their elements are arranged in a manner from which chemical affinity tends to draw them. The question we now propose is,—By what means is this arrangement of the elements effected? The actions of the body, produced by chemical change within it (its partial and regulated decomposition), have been compared to the motions of a clock, produced by the regulated gravitation of its weights. The present question, therefore, would be, How are the weights raised?

It is evident that this question does not cover all the ground that remains. It leaves on one side at least two distinct subjects—one, the first origination of Life; the other, the Forms which organic bodies assume. Neither of these questions comes within our present regard. Our inquiry is, how living organisms grow and are nourished under existing conditions; and that only in one aspect of the case. For the body not only increases in size and weight, from its first formation till maturity, but while this process is going on it receives a certain shape. It is not only *nourished* but *organized*. The various parts are fitted to each other, and the whole presents, in every order of creatures, a typical or specific form, which is, indeed, one of the chief distinctions of the organic world. But we do not here concern ourselves with this curious fact. We ask only, by what means new materials are added to the living body in its earlier stages, and waste is repaired when it has attained its perfect stature? How these materials are shaped into characteristic forms is a future question. We will take our fagot stick by stick.

To make clear our meaning, let us suppose ourselves looking at a portion of the white of an egg—albumen, as it is called. This has no power of performing actions; it has no defined shape; it is contained in the shell as it might be in any other vessel; it has not even any structure, such as fibres or cells, which the microscope reveals; it is simply a viscous fluid. Yet it is an organic substance. Life is in it. It

is, indeed, the very basis of all animal structures, and the great source from which they are formed and nourished. That which constitutes it living is the mode in which its elements are arranged. It consists mainly of three gases (hydrogen, oxygen, and nitrogen), and one solid (carbon), with small quantities of other bodies, of which the chief are sulphur, phosphorus, and lime. But these elements are not arranged according to their ordinary affinities. Exposed to the air, albumen decays; the carbon unites with oxygen to form carbonic acid, the hydrogen unites with oxygen and forms water, and with nitrogen to form ammonia. Similarly, the sulphur and phosphorus select some other ingredients of the albumen, or of the atmosphere, to unite with them into simpler compounds. In time, the process is complete, and from being an organic substance the albumen has wholly passed into a variety of inorganic substances. In doing so, it has given out a certain amount of force, chiefly in the form of heat (the temperature of decaying bodies is well known to be above that of the surrounding air); and this force, if the albumen had formed part of a muscle or a nerve, would have been operative in the function of the same. Now it is on account of this force, which is in the albumen, and is not in the inorganic substances which are formed by its decay, that it is called organic. It could not be albumen without some force having made it so. Hydrogen, and nitrogen, and carbon, and oxygen would no more form albumen (against their tendency to form carbonic acid and water and ammonia), without some force compelling them, than a stone would poise itself in the air (against its tendency to fall to the ground), without some force compelling it.

We seek, then, the source and laws of the force by which the elements of the living body are placed in these relations to each other, and instead of forming the ordinary chemical compounds, are formed into organic substances. And here we turn to facts. Every one knows that decaying substances are the seats of life. The "mould" that infests the stores of thriftless housekeepers, and the fungi that grow on damp and rotting wood, are instances. These low forms of vegetation live on the decaying matter. Let us consider what takes place in their growth. On the one hand, the wood or other substance, in its decay, is giving out force; on the other, the developing plants are acted upon by force, and are embodying it in their structure. One body is ceasing to be organic, and therein is giving off its force, and in immediate connection with it another body is becoming organic, and therefore is receiving force into itself. Can we be misinterpreting these facts in saying that the former process is the cause of the latter; and that the decay gives out the force which produces the growth?

To take an illustration. Conceive two watch-springs, one bent, the other relaxed (and the former somewhat the more powerful), so connected together that the unbending of the one should cause the bending of the other. The bent state here would be transferred from the one spring to the other; the one would cease to be bent as the other became bent. But we have seen that the organic state of matter may be compared to the

bent state of a spring; that it also is an embodying of force. Is it not quite as simple, then, that the "organic state" should be transferred from the decaying body to the growing one? It is, in each case, simply a transference of force from the one to the other; of the presence of which force the organic state, like the mechanical tension, is the effect and sign. Thus in the case of plants growing on decaying substances, the decomposing process in their food becomes an organizing process in them; the force arising from the decomposition becomes, and is, their "vital force."

Let us trace the process again: the wood, as an organic substance, contains vital force; as it decays, it passes into inorganic substances (such as carbonic acid, &c.) in which there is no vital force. During this decay, therefore, the vital force that was in the wood has passed forth from it. What has become of it? Part of it has been given out as heat; but part of it, evidently, has been, as it were, transferred to the fungus which has grown at its expense. The wood *was* living, the fungus lives now; the wood has decayed, the fungus has grown; the wood, in its decay, has given out force; the fungus, in its growth, has taken up and embodied force, and is ready in *its* decay to give it off again. The life of the wood has, in short, been transferred to the fungus. The force has changed its form, but it is the same force in both.

The fungus could not have grown if the wood had not decayed, the force would have been wanting; as in the action of a balance, one scale cannot rise unless the other falls. The living state is in respect to the force of chemical affinity, as the raised state is in respect to the force of gravity. When one scale of a balance falls, the "raised state" is transferred from it to the other scale; so, when one organic body decays and another grows upon it, the "living state" is transferred from the decaying to the growing body. It is transferred to the one, while it ceases, and because it ceases, in the other.

In this instance the law of growth is presented to us. Matter is rendered organic, either through the decomposition of other organic matter, or through the medium of chemical processes which resemble that decomposition in giving out force. The nutrition of living bodies is, in brief, an illustration of the axiom that action and re-action are equal and opposite.

This is easily perceived if the conception of the organic state as involving an opposition to chemical affinity is kept before the mind. The decomposition of one portion of organic matter may cause other matter to become organic, as the fall of one portion of matter may cause another portion to rise. The downward movement generates force, the upward absorbs it; the fallen body represents the inorganic, the raised body the organic state. Or it is as the downward motion of a pendulum develops the force from which its upward movement results; or as a heated body contracts while it cools, and causes expansion in the things around. But in truth, the possible illustrations are innumerable, for a process essentially the same is presented to us continually in nature under

every variety of form:—a change of one kind producing its opposite. It is this to which (in its mechanical form) the name of *Vibration* has been applied; as when a tense string that has been deflected from the straight line is let go, its motion towards the central line reproduces the deflection; the one motion producing the force, which the other, as it were, uses, or absorbs.

The vital force, from carbonic acid, water, and ammonia, produces albumen; chemical force from albumen produces carbonic acid, water, and ammonia. These two processes are not only different, they are strictly opposite to each other, and because they are opposite, they are so closely interlinked. The opposition of life to chemistry is the secret of its source. Life is an action produced by its opposite. It has its root in death, and is nourished by decay.

A view similar to this has been beautifully exhibited by Professor Le Conte, of the South Carolina College, Columbia.* "It is well known that in the animal body there are going on constantly two distinct and apparently opposite processes, viz. decomposition and recomposition of the tissues; and that the energy of life is exactly in proportion to the rapidity of these processes. Now, according to the ordinary view, the animal body must be looked upon as the scene of continual strife between antagonistic forces, chemical and vital; the former constantly tearing down and destroying, the latter as constantly building up and repairing the breach. In this unnatural warfare the chemical forces are constantly victorious, so that the vital forces are driven to the necessity of contenting themselves with the simple work of reparation. As cell after cell is destroyed by chemical forces, others are put in their place by vital forces, until finally the vital forces give up the unequal contest, and death is the result. I do not know if this view is held by the scientific minds of the present day as a fact, but it certainly is generally regarded as the most convenient method of representing all the phenomena of animal life, and, as such, has passed into the best literature of the age. Certain it is, however, that the usual belief, even among the best physiologists, is that the animal tissue is in a state of unstable equilibrium; that constant decomposition is the result of this instability, and that this decomposition, and this alone, creates the necessity of recomposition—in other words, creates the necessity of food. But according to the view which I now propose, decomposition is necessary to develop the force by which organization of food or nutrition is effected, and by which the various purely animal functions of the body are carried on: that decomposition not only creates the necessity, but at the same time furnishes the force of recomposition."

The phenomena of fermentation afford a test of the soundness of this conception. Vegetable juices during fermentation undergo a process of

* See the *American Journal of Physical Science*, November, 1859; or the *Philosophical Magazine*, February, 1860.

slow decomposition. If, during this process, certain peculiar germs are present, a plant consisting of cells, and low in the scale of vegetable life, is developed. This plant is what we call the Yeast. Now, if the force given out by the liquid in fermenting be the cause of the growth of the plant, yeast should never be formed unless fermentation is going on. If, on the other hand, the growth of the plant be (as has been supposed by some) the cause of the decomposition, then fermentation should never occur unless that growth takes place. But it is well known that the yeast plant is never developed except during fermentation, while fermentation will take place, although more slowly, without any formation of yeast. It follows, therefore, that the growth depends upon the decomposition, and not the decomposition upon the growth.

But fermentation is excited by the addition of yeast, and proceeds more successfully in proportion to the rapidity with which the yeast cells are developed. Why should this be if the formation of the living cells is only the effect, and not the cause, of fermentation?

The intimate connection of growth and decay explains this fact. The yeast excites fermentation because it is itself exceedingly prone to decompose; more prone than the liquid to which it is added. And in decomposing it communicates the impulse of its own change to the matter around it, so disturbing the equilibrium of the elements, and bringing about, in a few hours, chemical changes that would otherwise have occupied a much longer time. And this more active decomposition in the fermenting fluid reacts again upon the cells of the yeast, and produces in them a rapid growth and multiplication. They afford the outlet, as it were, for the force given out by the chemical changes to which they have furnished the stimulus.

In thus inducing a more vigorous growth by instituting, primarily, a more energetic decay, the effect of the yeast-plant is analogous to many processes in the animal body. For example, we know that the limbs are powerfully developed by exercise, and that muscles waste if not kept in use. But the action of a muscle depends upon an energetic decomposition in it, and in this more energetic decomposition of the active than of the inactive muscle, we may easily recognize the cause of its greater vital development. The stimuli which call it into functional activity produce chemical changes in it, as the yeast does in fermentable liquids; and the larger growth consequent thereon is like the more abundant development of the yeast cells in actively fermenting fluids.

This effect may be illustrated mechanically. The pendulum rises by the force of its fall, and will be made to rise the higher by any impulse which makes its fall more rapid.

Recognizing this dependence of nutrition on decay, we have in our hands a clue which will guide us through the labyrinth of the vital phenomena. For the most striking, and at the first view the most marvellous aspect of life, is the coexistence and inseparable interlinking, in every part

and process, of these opposites. Building up and pulling down, formation and destruction, results of chemical force and results opposed to chemical force, are ever going on together. Till the one class of operations is seen to be a consequence of the other, an air of impenetrable mystery rests over all. But if this relation is recognized, the entire cycle of physical life presents itself to us under a new aspect; and the problem of vitality, though peculiar in its details, and of almost infinite complexity, is seen to belong essentially to a class of problems already solved.

Water regaining its level, and rising, as in an enclosed circuit it will do, by virtue of its fall, presents to us in a simple form the very same relations of force. "You see," says Bishop Berkeley, at the conclusion of his celebrated *Dialogues on Matter*, "the water of yonder fountain, how it is forced upwards in a round column to a certain height, at which it breaks and falls back into the basin from whence it rose; its ascent as well as descent proceeding from the same uniform law or principle of gravitation." May not a fountain, indeed, picture to us the relations of the forces in the organic body? How mysterious a fountain would be to an observer unacquainted with the law that water will find its level, and that a gravitating motion may produce a motion opposed to gravity! How like its continued upward and downward flow, with its hidden source, is to the intermingled processes of life; two opposites bound up in one, and presenting to us the effects of a single cause! For chemical force is to the organic body as gravity is to the fountain, the source of all its actions, opposite though they are.

In a fountain the operation of gravity is regulated, and directed in a certain way, so as to produce, in the elevation of the water, an effect directly opposed to its own primary action; in life, the operation of chemical force is regulated and directed in certain ways, so as to produce, in nutrition, results directly opposed to its primary action. Thus chemical affinity, at the same time, produces and destroys the living frame, as gravity at the same time produces and destroys the fountain. There is a constant flux maintained by a hidden power: a mystery, necessarily, until the more mysterious simplicity and grandeur of the LAW are known.

Life is like a vortex, or whirlpool, as Cuvier said; a circle of force, a stream turned, as it were, upon itself, and running in opposite directions, but in obedience to one impulse.

We must take a larger view than we are naturally apt to take of the vital relations, and extend our thoughts to embrace processes which do not present themselves immediately to our sense. There is in organic life, truly, a threefold process: the first link of which is a chemical operation external to the living frame itself, a part of the general force of nature, of which the vital force is a particular form and modification only. In the apparent aspect of living things, this primary operation is concealed from sight, and so it is naturally overlooked, as in a fountain the uninstructed eye takes no account of the previous elevation and fall of the water. Life seems to begin with the nutrition—an action opposed to chemical force;

but we look farther back, and recognize a precedent chemical change as the originating power. In respect to force, the chain is this: first, in the world around, an action due to chemical force; then, resulting from this, a change opposed to chemical force, which is the nutrition of the living body; then again a chemical change, which is its function or decay. So in the fountain there is, first, the gravitating motion of the water, then the upward motion due thereto; and then again a gravitating motion.

And thus, too, we may discern in what the special characteristic of the vital process consists. It does not lie in the forces at work, nor in the laws according to which they operate. Physical life is a result of the natural laws, and not an exception to them; but the conditions are peculiar. As in a fountain the force of gravity, so in a living body the force of chemical affinity, receives a particular direction; and instead of producing heat, or electricity, or motion, as it does in the inorganic world, it is made to produce a force which directly opposes its own effects. This special direction of the effect of chemical force is the peculiarity of life.

But why the peculiar substances which constitute organic bodies should be formed;—why the chemical force, thus acting, should produce the albumen, fibrine, and gelatine, of which animals chiefly consist, or the woody fibre which makes up the mass of vegetable structures;—is a separate question, and one on which at present much darkness rests. Not that it is a *peculiar* mystery. The formation of water from hydrogen and oxygen, or of chalk from carbon, oxygen, hydrogen, and lime, in obedience to their chemical affinities, is no more understood than the formation of albumen from these and other elements in opposition to the affinities which draw them another way. When the chemist has told us why two gases, chemically united, should form water, he may ask the physiologist with a good grace why four or five gases and solids, vitally united, should form albumen. These two facts rest on the same basis. The relation of what the chemist calls "elements" to the substances formed by their union, is one on which science is yet almost wholly silent. Meanwhile the relations of the forces concerned are capable of a separate demonstration, and we need not delay, until we know why albumen or fibrine should be formed, our inquiry into the laws displayed in their formation.

To be seen in its true bearings, the conception of organic life as the result of a twofold operation of one force, should be applied to the various facts of the animal and vegetable world. But space for the present fails, and, possibly, the reader thinks that he has had enough.

AVE CÆSAR.

The Four Georges.

SKETCHES OF MANNERS, MORALS, COURT, AND TOWN LIFE.

II.—George the Second.

ON the afternoon of the 14th of June, 1727, two horsemen might have been perceived galloping along the road from Chelsea to Richmond. The foremost, cased in the jackboots of the period, was a broad-faced, jolly-looking, and very corpulent cavalier; but, by the manner in which he urged his horse, you might see that he was a bold as well as a skilful rider. Indeed, no man loved sport better; and in the hunting-fields of Norfolk, no squire rode more boldly after the fox, or cheered Ringwood and Sweettips more lustily, than he who now thundered over the Richmond road.

He speedily reached Richmond Lodge, and asked to see the owner of the mansion. The mistress of the house and her ladies, to whom our friend was admitted, said he could not be introduced to the master, however pressing the business might be. The master was asleep after his dinner; he always slept after his dinner: and woe be to the person who interrupted him! Nevertheless, our stout friend of the jackboots put the affrighted ladies aside, opened the forbidden door of the bedroom, wherein upon the bed lay a little gentleman; and here the eager messenger knelt down in his jack-boots.

He on the bed started up, and with many oaths and a strong German accent asked who was there, and who dared to disturb him?

"I am Sir Robert Walpole," said the messenger. The awakened sleeper hated Sir Robert Walpole. "I have the honour to announce to your Majesty that your royal father, King George I., died at Osnaburg, on Saturday last, the 10th instant."

"*Dat is one big lie!*" roared out his sacred Majesty King George II.: but Sir Robert Walpole stated the fact, and from that day until three and thirty years after, George, the second of the name, ruled over England.

How the king made away with his father's will under the astonished nose of the Archbishop of Canterbury; how he was a choleric little sove-

reign; how he shook his fist in the face of his father's courtiers; how he kicked his coat and wig about in his rage, and called everybody thief, liar, rascal, with whom he differed: you will read in all the history books; and how he speedily and shrewdly reconciled himself with the bold minister, whom he had hated during his father's life, and by whom he was served during fifteen years of his own with admirable prudence, fidelity, and success. But for Sir Robert Walpole, we should have had the Pretender back again. But for his obstinate love of peace, we should have had wars, which the nation was not strong enough nor united enough to endure. But for his resolute counsels and good-humoured resistance we might have had German despots attempting a Hanoverian regimen over us: we should have had revolt, commotion, want, and tyrannous misrule, in place of a quarter of a century of peace, freedom, and material prosperity, such as the country never enjoyed, until that corrupter of parliaments, that dissolute tipsy cynic, that courageous lover of peace and liberty, that great citizen, patriot, and statesman governed it. In religion he was little better than a heathen; cracked ribald jokes at bigwigs and bishops, and laughed at High Church and Low. In private life the old pagan revelled in the lowest pleasures: he passed his Sundays tippling at Richmond; and his holydays bawling after dogs, or boozing at Houghton with boors over beef and punch. He cared for letters no more than his master did: he judged human nature so meanly that one is ashamed to have to own that he was right, and that men could be corrupted by means so base. But, with his hireling House of Commons, he defended liberty for us; with his incredulity he kept Church-craft down. There were parsons at Oxford as doubledealing and dangerous as any priests out of Rome, and he routed them both. He gave Englishmen no conquests, but he gave them peace, and ease, and freedom; the three per cents. nearly at par; and wheat at five and six and twenty shillings a quarter.

It was lucky for us that our first Georges were not more high-minded men; especially fortunate that they loved Hanover so much as to leave England to have her own way. Our chief troubles began when we got a king who gloried in the name of Briton, and, being born in the country, proposed to rule it. He was no more fit to govern England than his grandfather and great-grandfather, who did not try. It was righting itself during their occupation. The dangerous, noble old spirit of cavalier loyalty was dying out; the stately old English High Church was emptying itself: the questions dropping, which, on one side and the other;—the side of loyalty, prerogative, church, and king;—the side of right, truth, civil and religious freedom,—had set generations of brave men in arms. By the time when George III. came to the throne, the combat between loyalty and liberty was come to an end; and Charles Edward, old, tipsy, and childless, was dying in Italy.

Those who are curious about European Court history of the last age know the memoirs of the Margravine of Bayreuth, and what a Court was that of Berlin, where George II.'s cousins ruled sovereign. Frederick the

Great's father knocked down his sons, daughters, officers of state; he kidnapped big men all Europe over to make grenadiers of; his feasts, his parades, his wine parties, his tobacco parties, are all described. Jonathan Wild the Great in language, pleasures, and behaviour, is scarcely more delicate than this German sovereign. Louis XV., his life, and reign, and doings, are told in a thousand French memoirs. Our George II., at least, was not a worse king than his neighbours. He claimed and took the royal exemption from doing right which sovereigns assumed. A dull little man of low tastes he appears to us in England; yet Hervey tells us that this choleric prince was a great sentimentalist, and that his letters—of which he wrote prodigious quantities—were quite dangerous in their powers of fascination. He kept his sentimentalities for his Germans and his queen. With us English, he never chose to be familiar. He has been accused of avarice, yet he did not give much money, and did not leave much behind him. He did not love the fine arts, but he did not pretend to love them. He was no more a hypocrite about religion than his father. He judged men by a low standard; yet, with such men as were near him, was he wrong in judging as he did? He readily detected lying and flattery, and liars and flatterers were perforce his companions. Had he been more of a dupe, he might have been more amiable. A dismal experience made him cynical. No boon was it to him to be clear-sighted, and see only selfishness and flattery round about him. What could Walpole tell him about his Lords and Commons, but that they were all venal? Did not his clergy, his courtiers, bring him the same story? Dealing with men and women in his rude, sceptical way, he comes to doubt about honour, male and female, about patriotism, about religion. "He is wild, but he fights like a man," George I., the taciturn, said of his son and successor. Courage George II. certainly had. The Electoral Prince, at the head of his father's contingent, had approved himself a good and brave soldier under Eugene and Marlborough. At Oudenarde he specially distinguished himself. At Malplaquet the other claimant to the English throne won but little honour. There was always a question about James's courage. Neither then in Flanders, nor afterwards in his own ancient kingdom of Scotland, did the luckless Pretender show much resolution. But dapper little George had a famous tough spirit of his own, and fought like a Trojan. He called out his brother of Prussia, with sword and pistol; and I wish, for the interest of romancers in general, that that famous duel could have taken place. The two sovereigns hated each other with all their might; their seconds were appointed; the place of meeting was settled; and the duel was only prevented by strong representations made to the two, of the European laughter which would have been caused by such a transaction.

Whenever we hear of dapper George at war, it is certain that he demeaned himself like a little man of valour. At Dettingen his horse ran away with him, and with difficulty was stopped from carrying him into the enemy's lines. The king, dismounting from the fiery quadruped, said

bravely: "Now I know I shall not run away;" and placed himself at the head of the foot, drew his sword, brandishing it at the whole of the French army, and calling out to his own men to come on, in bad English, but with the most famous pluck and spirit. In '45, when the Pretender was at Derby, and many people began to look pale, the king never lost his courage—not he. "Pooh! don't talk to me that stuff!" he said, like a gallant little prince as he was, and never for one moment allowed his equanimity, or his business, or his pleasures, or his travels, to be disturbed. On public festivals he always appeared in the hat and coat he wore on the famous day of Oudenarde; and the people laughed, but kindly, at the odd old garment, for bravery never goes out of fashion.

In private life the prince showed himself a worthy descendant of his father. In this respect, so much has been said about the first George's manners, that we need not enter into a description of the son's German harem. In 1705 he married a princess remarkable for beauty, for cleverness, for learning, for good temper—one of the truest and fondest wives ever prince was blessed with, and who loved him and was faithful to him, and he, in his coarse fashion, loved her to the last. It must be told to the honour of Caroline of Anspach, that, at the time when German princes thought no more of changing their religion than you of altering your cap, she refused to give up Protestantism for the other creed, although an Archduke, afterwards to be an Emperor, was offered to her for a bridegroom. Her Protestant relations in Berlin were angry at her rebellious spirit; it was they who tried to convert her (it is droll to think that Frederick the Great, who had no religion at all, was known for a long time in England as the Protestant hero), and these good Protestants set upon Caroline a certain Father Urban, a very skilful Jesuit, and famous winner of souls. But she routed the Jesuit; and she refused Charles VI.; and she married the little Electoral Prince of Hanover, whom she tended with love, and with every manner of sacrifice, with artful kindness, with tender flattery, with entire self-devotion, thenceforward until her life's end.

When George I. made his first visit to Hanover, his son was appointed regent during the royal absence. But this honour was never again conferred on the Prince of Wales; he and his father fell out presently. On the occasion of the christening of his second son, a royal row took place, and the prince, shaking his fist in the Duke of Newcastle's face, called him a rogue, and provoked his august father. He and his wife were turned out of St. James's, and their princely children taken from them, by order of the royal head of the family. Father and mother wept piteously at parting from their little ones. The young ones sent some cherries, with their love, to papa and mamma; the parents watered the fruit with tears. They had no tears thirty-five years afterwards, when Prince Frederick died—their eldest son, their heir, their enemy.

The king called his daughter-in-law "*cette diablesse madame la princesse.*" The frequenters of the latter's court were forbidden to appear at the king's: their royal highnesses going to Bath, we read how the

courtiers followed them thither, and paid that homage in Somersetshire which was forbidden in London. That phrase of "*cette diablesse madame la princesse*" explains one cause of the wrath of her royal papa. She was a very clever woman: she had a keen sense of humour: she had a dreadful tongue: she turned into ridicule the antiquated sultan and his hideous harem. She wrote savage letters about him home to members of her family. So, driven out from the royal presence, the prince and princess set up for themselves in Leicester Fields, "where," says Walpole, "the most promising of the young gentlemen of the next party, and the prettiest and liveliest of the young ladies, formed the new court." Besides Leicester House, they had their lodge at Richmond, frequented by some of the pleasantest company of those days. There were the Herveys, and Chesterfield, and little Mr. Pope from Twickenham, and with him, sometimes, the savage Dean of St. Patrick's, and quite a bevy of young ladies, whose pretty faces smile on us out of history. There was Lepell, famous in ballad song; and the saucy, charming Mary Bellenden, who would have none of the Prince of Wales's fine compliments, who folded her arms across her breast, and bade H.R.H. keep off; and knocked his purse of guineas into his face, and told him she was tired of seeing him count them. He was not an august monarch, this Augustus. Walpole tells how, one night at the royal card-table, the playful princesses pulled a chair away from under Lady Deloraine, who, in revenge, pulled the king's from under him, so that his Majesty fell on the carpet. In whatever posture one sees this royal George, he is ludicrous somehow; even at Dettingen, where he fought so bravely, his figure is absurd—calling out in his broken English, and lunging with his rapier, like a fencing-master. In contemporary caricatures, George's son, "the Hero of Culloden," is also made an object of considerable fun, as witness the following picture of him defeated by the French (1757) at Hastenbeck:

I refrain to quote from Walpole regarding George—for those charming volumes are in the hands of all who love the gossip of the last century

Nothing can be more cheery than Horace's letters. Fiddles sing all through them: wax-lights, fine dresses, fine jokes, fine plate, fine equipages, glitter and sparkle there: never was such a brilliant, jigging, smirking Vanity Fair as that through which he leads us. Hervey, the next great authority, is a darker spirit. About him there is something frightful: a few years since his heirs opened the lid of the Ickworth box; it was as if a Pompeii was opened to us—the last century dug up, with its temples and its games, its chariots, its public places—lupanaria. Wandering through that city of the dead, that dreadfully selfish time, through those godless intrigues and feasts, through those crowds, pushing, and eager, and struggling—rouged, and lying, and fawning—I have wanted some one to be friends with. I have said to friends conversant with that history, "Show me some good person about that Court; find me, among those selfish courtiers, those dissolute, gay people, some one being that I can love and regard. There is that strutting little sultan, George II.; there is that hunchbacked, beetle-browed Lord Chesterfield; there is John Hervey, with his deadly smile, and ghastly, painted face—I hate them. There is Hoadly, cringing from one bishopric to another: yonder comes little Mr. Pope, from Twickenham, with his friend, the Irish dean, in his new cassock, bowing too, but with rage flashing from under his bushy eyebrows, and scorn and hate quivering in his smile. Can you be fond of these? Of Pope I might: at least I might love his genius, his wit, his greatness, his sensibility—with a certain conviction that at some fancied slight, some sneer which he imagined, he would turn upon me and stab me. Can you trust the queen? She is not of our order: their very position makes kings and queens lonely. One inscrutable attachment that inscrutable woman has. To that she is faithful, through all trial, neglect, pain, and time. Save her husband, she really cares for no created being. She is good enough to her children, and even fond enough of them: but she would chop them all up into little pieces to please him. In her intercourse with all around her, she was perfectly kind, gracious, and natural: but friends may die, daughters may depart, she will be as perfectly kind and gracious to the next set. If the king wants her, she will smile upon him, be she ever so sad; and walk with him, be she ever so weary; and laugh at his brutal jokes, be she in ever so much pain of body or heart. Caroline's devotion to her husband is a prodigy to read of. What charm had the little man? What was there in those wonderful letters of thirty pages long, which he wrote to her when he was absent, and to his mistresses at Hanover, when he was in London with his wife? Why did Caroline, the most lovely and accomplished princess of Germany, take a little red-faced staring princeling for a husband, and refuse an emperor? Why, to her last hour, did she love him so? She killed herself because she loved him so. She had the gout, and would plunge her feet in cold water in order to walk with him. With the film of death over her eyes, writhing in intolerable pain, she yet had a livid smile and a gentle word for her master. You have read the wonderful history of that death-bed? How she bade

him marry again, and the reply the old king blubbered out, "*Non, non: j'aurai des maîtresses.*" There never was such a ghastly farce. I watch the astonishing scene—I stand by that awful bedside, wondering at the ways in which God has ordained the lives, loves, rewards, successes, passions, actions, ends of his creatures—and can't but laugh, in the presence of death, and with the saddest heart. In that often-quoted passage from Lord Hervey, in which the queen's death-bed is described, the grotesque horror of the details surpasses all satire: the dreadful humour of the scene is more terrible than Swift's blackest pages, or Fielding's fiercest irony. The man who wrote the story had something diabolical about him: the terrible verses which Pope wrote respecting Hervey, in one of his own moods of almost fiendish malignity, I fear are true. I am frightened as I look back into the past, and fancy I behold that ghastly, beautiful face; as I think of the queen writhing on her death-bed, and crying out, "Pray!—pray!"—of the royal old sinner by her side, who kisses her dead lips with frantic grief, and leaves her to sin more;—of the bevy of courtly clergymen, and the archbishop, whose prayers she rejects, and who are obliged for propriety's sake to shuffle off the anxious inquiries of the public, and vow that her Majesty quitted this life "in a heavenly frame of mind." What a life!—to what ends devoted! What a vanity of vanities! It is a theme for another pulpit than the lecturer's. For a pulpit?—I think the part which pulpits play in the deaths of kings is the most ghastly of all the ceremonial: the lying eulogies, the blinking of disagreeable truths, the sickening flatteries, the simulated grief, the falsehoods and sycophancies—all uttered in the name of Heaven in our State churches: these monstrous threnodies have been sung from time immemorial over kings and queens, good, bad, wicked, licentious. The State parson must bring out his commonplaces; his apparatus of rhetorical black-hangings. Dead king or live king, the clergyman must flatter him—announce his piety whilst living, and when dead, perform the obsequies of "our most religious and gracious king."

I read that Lady Yarmouth (my most religious and gracious king's favourite) sold a bishopric to a clergyman for 5,000*l.* (She betted him 5,000*l.* that he would not be made a bishop, and he lost, and paid her.) Was he the only prelate of his time led up by such hands for consecration? As I peep into George II.'s St. James's, I see crowds of cassocks rustling up the back-stairs of the ladies of the Court; stealthy clergy slipping purses into their laps; that godless old king yawning under his canopy in his Chapel Royal, as the chaplain before him is discoursing. Discoursing about what?—about righteousness and judgment? Whilst the chaplain is preaching, the king is chattering in German almost as loud as the preacher; so loud that the clergyman—it may be one Dr. Young, he who wrote *Night Thoughts*, and discoursed on the splendours of the stars, the glories of heaven, and utter vanities of this world—actually burst out crying in his pulpit because the defender of the faith and dispenser of bishoprics would not listen to him! No wonder that the clergy were corrupt and indifferent amidst this indifference and corruption. No

wonder that sceptics multiplied and morals degenerated, so far as they depended on the influence of such a king. No wonder that Whitfield cried out in the wilderness, that Wesley quitted the insulted temple to pray on the hill-side. I look with reverence on those men at that time. Which is the sublimer spectacle—the good John Wesley, surrounded by his congregation of miners at the pit's mouth, or the queen's chaplains mumbling through their morning office in their ante-room, under the picture of the great Venus, with the door opened into the adjoining chamber, where the queen is dressing, talking scandal to Lord Hervey, or uttering sneers at Lady Suffolk, who is kneeling with the basin at her mistress's side? I say I am scared as I look round at this society—at this king, at these courtiers, at these politicians, at these bishops—at this flaunting vice and levity. Whereabouts in this Court is the honest man? Where is the pure person one may like? The air stifles one with its sickly perfumes. There are some old-world follies and some absurd ceremonials about our Court of the present day, which I laugh at, but as an Englishman, contrasting it with the past, shall I not acknowledge the change of to-day? As the mistress of St. James's passes me now, I salute the sovereign, wise, moderate, exemplary of life; the good mother; the good wife; the accomplished lady; the enlightened friend of art; the tender sympathizer in her people's glories and sorrows.

Of all the Court of George and Caroline, I find no one but Lady Suffolk with whom it seems pleasant and kindly to hold converse. Even the misogynist Croker, who edited her letters, loves her, and has that regard for her with which her sweet graciousness seems to have inspired almost all men and some women who came near her. I have noted many little traits which go to prove the charms of her character (it is not merely because she is charming, but because she is characteristic, that I allude to her). She writes delightfully sober letters. Addressing Mr. Gay at Tunbridge (he was, you know, a poet, penniless and in disgrace), she says: "The place you are in, has strangely filled your head with physicians and cures; but, take my word for it, many a fine lady has gone there to drink the waters without being sick; and many a man has complained of the loss of his heart, who had it in his own possession. I desire you will keep yours; for I shall not be very fond of a friend without one, and I have a great mind you should be in the number of mine."

When Lord Peterborough was seventy years old, that indomitable youth addressed some flaming love-, or rather gallantry-, letters to Mrs. Howard—curious relics they are of the romantic manner of wooing sometimes in use in those days. It is not passion; it is not love; it is gallantry: a mixture of earnest and acting; high-flown compliments, profound bows, vows, sighs and ogles, in the manner of the Clelie romances, and Millamont and Doricourt in the comedy. There was a vast elaboration of ceremonies and etiquette, of raptures—a regulated form for kneeling and wooing which has quite passed out of our downright manners. Henrietta Howard accepted the noble old earl's philandering; answered the

queer love-letters with due acknowledgment; made a profound curtsey to Peterborough's profound bow; and got John Gay to help her in the composition of her letters in reply to her old knight. He wrote her charming verses, in which there was truth as well as grace. "O wonderful creature!" he writes:—

"O wonderful creature, a woman of reason!
Never grave out of pride, never gay out of season!
When so easy to guess who this angel should be,
Who would think Mrs. Howard ne'er dreamt it was she?"

The great Mr. Pope also celebrated her in lines not less pleasant, and painted a portrait of what must certainly have been a delightful lady:—

"I know a thing that's most uncommon—
Envy, be silent and attend!—
I know a reasonable woman,
Handsome, yet witty, and a friend:
"Not warp'd by passion, aw'd by rumour,
Not grave through pride, or gay through folly:
An equal mixture of good-humour
And exquisite soft melancholy.
"Has she no faults, then (Envy says), sir?
Yes, she has one, I must aver—
When all the world conspires to praise her,
The woman's deaf, and does not hear!"

Even the women concurred in praising and loving her. The Duchess of Queensberry bears testimony to her amiable qualities, and writes to her: "I tell you so and so, because you love children, and to have children love you." The beautiful, jolly Mary Bellenden, represented by contemporaries as "the most perfect creature ever known," writes very pleasantly to her "dear Howard," her "dear Swiss," from the country, whither Mary had retired after her marriage, and when she gave up being a maid of honour. "How do you do, Mrs. Howard?" Mary breaks out. "How do you do, Mrs. Howard? that is all I have to say. This afternoon I am taken with a fit of writing; but as to matter, I have nothing better to entertain you, than news of my farm. I therefore give you the following list of the stock of eatables that I am fatting for my private tooth. It is well known to the whole county of Kent, that I have four fat calves, two fat hogs, fit for killing, twelve promising black pigs, two young chickens, three fine geese, with thirteen eggs under each (several being duck-eggs, else the others do not come to maturity); all this, with rabbits, and pigeons, and carp in plenty, beef and mutton at reasonable rates. Now, Howard, if you have a mind to stick a knife into anything I have named, say so!"

A jolly set must they have been, those maids of honour. Pope introduces us to a whole bevy of them, in a pleasant letter. "I went," he says, "by water to Hampton Court, and met the Prince, with all his ladies, on horseback, coming from hunting. Mrs. Bellenden and Mrs. Lepell took me into protection, contrary to the laws against harbouring papists, and gave me a dinner, with something I liked better, an opportunity of conversation with Mrs. Howard. We all agreed that the life of a maid of honour was of all things the most miserable, and wished that all women who envied it had a specimen of it. To eat Westphalia ham of a morning, ride over

hedges and ditches on borrowed hacks, come home in the heat of the day with a fever, and (what is worse a hundred times) with a red mark on the forehead from an uneasy hat—all this may qualify them to make excellent wives for hunters. As soon as they wipe off the heat of the day, they must simper an hour and catch cold in the princess's apartment; from thence to dinner with what appetite they may; and after that till midnight, work, walk, or think which way they please. No lone house in Wales, with a mountain and rookery, is more contemplative than this Court. Miss Lepell walked with me three or four hours by moonlight, and we met no creature of any quality but the king, who gave audience to the vice-chamberlain all alone under the garden wall."

I fancy it was a merrier England, that of our ancestors, than the island which we inhabit. People high and low amused themselves very much more. I have calculated the manner in which statesmen and persons of condition passed their time—and what with drinking, and dining, and supping, and cards, wonder how they got through their business at all. They played all sorts of games, which, with the exception of cricket and tennis, have quite gone out of our manners now. In the old prints of St. James's Park, you still see the marks along the walk, to note the balls when the Court played at Mall. Fancy Birdcage Walk now so laid out, and Lord John and Lord Palmerston knocking balls up and down the avenue! Most of those jolly sports belong to the past, and the good old games of England are only to be found in old novels, in old ballads, or the columns of dingy old newspapers, which say how a main of cocks is to be fought at Winchester between the Winchester men and the Hampton men; or how the Cornwall men and the Devon men are going to hold a great wrestling-match at Totnes, and so on.

A hundred and twenty years ago there were not only country towns in England, but people who inhabited them. We were very much more gregarious; we were amused by very simple pleasures. Every town had its fair, every village its wake. The old poets have sung a hundred jolly ditties about great cudgel-playings, famous grinning through horse-collars, great maypole meetings, and morris-dances. The girls used to run races clad in very light attire; and the kind gentry and good parsons thought no shame in looking on. Dancing bears went about the country with pipe and tabor. Certain well-known tunes were sung all over the land for hundreds of years, and high and low rejoiced in that simple music. Gentlemen who wished to entertain their female friends constantly sent for a band. When Beau Fielding, a mighty fine gentleman, was courting the lady whom he married, he treated her and her companion at his lodgings to a supper from the tavern, and after supper they sent out for a fiddler—three of them. Fancy the three, in a great wainscoted room, in Covent Garden or Soho, lighted by two or three candles in silver sconces, some grapes and a bottle of Florence wine on the table, and the honest fiddler playing old tunes in quaint old minor keys, as the Beau takes out one lady after the other, and solemnly dances with her!

The very great folks, young noblemen, with their governors, and the like, went abroad and made the grand tour; the home satirists jeered at the Frenchified and Italian ways which they brought back; but the greater number of people never left the country. The jolly squire often had never been twenty miles from home. Those who did go went to the baths, to Harrogate, or Scarborough, or Bath, or Epsom. Old letters are full of these places of pleasure. Gay writes to us about the fiddlers at Tunbridge; of the ladies having merry little private balls amongst themselves; and the gentlemen entertaining them by turns with tea and music. One of the young beauties whom he met did not care for tea: "We have a young lady here," he says, "that is very particular in her desires. I have known some young ladies, who, if ever they prayed, would ask for some equipage or title, a husband or matadores: but this lady, who is but seventeen, and has 30,000*l.* to her fortune, places all her wishes on a pot of good ale. When her friends, for the sake of her shape and complexion, would dissuade her from it, she answers, with the truest sincerity, that by the loss of shape and complexion she could only lose a husband, whereas ale is her passion."

Every country town had its assembly-room—mouldy old tenements, which we may still see in deserted inn-yards, in decayed provincial cities, out of which the great wen of London has sucked all the life. York, at assize times, and throughout the winter, harboured a large society of northern gentry. Shrewsbury was celebrated for its festivities. At Newmarket, I read of "a vast deal of good company, besides rogues and blacklegs;" at Norwich, of two assemblies, with a prodigious crowd in the hall, the rooms, and the gallery. In Cheshire (it is a maid of honour of Queen Caroline who writes, and who is longing to be back at Hampton Court, and the fun there) I peep into a country house, and see a very merry party: "We meet in the work-room before nine, eat and break a joke or two till twelve, then we repair to our own chambers and make ourselves ready, for it cannot be called dressing. At noon the great bell fetches us into a parlour, adorned with all sorts of fine arms, poisoned darts, several pair of old boots and shoes worn by men of might, with the stirrups of King Charles I., taken from him at Edgehill,"—and there they have their dinner, after which comes dancing and supper.

As for Bath, all history went and bathed and drank there. George II. and his queen, Prince Frederick and his Court, scarce a character one can mention of the early last century, but was seen in that famous Pump-room where Beau Nash presided, and his picture hung between the busts of Newton and Pope:

> "This picture, placed these busts between,
> Gives satire all its strength:
> Wisdom and Wit are little seen,
> But Folly at full length."

I should like to have seen the Folly. It was a splendid, embroidered, beruffled, snuff-boxed, red-heeled, impertinent Folly, and knew how to make itself respected. I should like to have seen that noble old madcap

Peterborough in his boots (he actually had the audacity to walk about Bath in boots!), with his blue ribbon and stars, and a cabbage under each arm, and a chicken in his hand, which he had been cheapening for his dinner. Chesterfield came there many a time and gambled for hundreds, and grinned through his gout. Mary Wortley was there, young and beautiful; and Mary Wortley, old, hideous, and snuffy. Miss Chudleigh came there, slipping away from one husband, and on the look-out for another. Walpole passed many a day there; sickly, supercilious, absurdly dandified, and affected; with a brilliant wit, a delightful sensibility; and, for his friends, a most tender, generous, and faithful heart. And if you and I had been alive then, and strolling down Milsom Street—hush! we should have taken our hats off, as an awful, long, lean, gaunt figure, swathed in flannels, passed by in its chair, and a livid face looked out from the window—great fierce eyes staring from under a bushy, powdered wig, a terrible frown, a terrible Roman nose—and we whisper to one another, "There he is! There's the great commoner! There is Mr. Pitt!" As we walk away, the abbey bells are set a-ringing; and we meet our testy friend Toby Smollett, on the arm of James Quin the actor, who tells us that the bells ring for Mr. Bullock, an eminent cowkeeper from Tottenham, who has just arrived to drink the waters; and Toby shakes his cane at the door of Colonel Ringworm—the Creole gentleman's lodgings next his own—where the colonel's two negroes are practising on the French horn.

When we try to recall social England, we must fancy it playing at cards for many hours every day. The custom is well nigh gone out among us now, but fifty years ago was general, fifty years before that almost universal, in the country. "Gaming has become so much the fashion," writes Seymour, the author of the *Court Gamester*, "that he who in company should be ignorant of the games in vogue, would be reckoned low-bred, and hardly fit for conversation." There were cards everywhere. It was considered ill-bred to read in company. "Books were not fit articles for drawing-rooms," old ladies used to say. People were jealous, as it were, and angry with them. You will find in Hervey that George II. was always furious at the sight of books; and his queen, who loved reading, had to practise it in secret in her closet. But cards were the resource of all the world. Every night, for hours, kings and queens of England sat down and handled their majesties of spades and diamonds. In European Courts, I believe the practice still remains, not for gambling, but for pastime. Our ancestors generally adopted it. "Books! prithee, don't talk to me about books," said old Sarah Marlborough. "The only books I know are men and cards." "Dear old Sir Roger de Coverley sent all his tenants a string of hogs' puddings and a pack of cards at Christmas," says the *Spectator*, wishing to depict a kind landlord. One of the good old lady writers in whose letters I have been dipping, cries out, "Sure, cards have kept us women from a great deal of scandal!" Wise old Johnson regretted that he had not learnt to play. "It is very

useful in life," he says; "it generates kindness, and consolidates society." David Hume never went to bed without his whist. We have Walpole, in one of his letters, in a transport of gratitude for the cards. "I shall build an altar to Pam," says he, in his pleasant, dandified way, "for the escape of my charming Duchess of Grafton." The duchess had been playing cards at Rome, when she ought to have been at a cardinal's concert, where the floor fell in, and all the monsignors were precipitated into the cellar. Even the Nonconformist clergy looked not unkindly on the practice. "I do not think," says one of them, "that honest Martin Luther committed sin by playing at backgammon for an hour or two after dinner, in order by unbending his mind to promote digestion." As for the High Church parsons, they all played, bishops and all. On Twelfth-day the Court used to play in state. "This being Twelfth-day, his Majesty, the Prince of Wales, and the Knights Companions of the Garter, Thistle, and Bath, appeared in the collars of their respective orders. Their Majesties, the Prince of Wales, and three eldest Princesses, went to the Chapel Royal, preceded by the heralds. The Duke of Manchester carried the sword of State. The king and prince made offering at the altar of gold, frankincense, and myrrh, according to the annual custom. At night their Majesties played at hazard with the nobility, for the benefit of the groom-porter; and 'twas said the king won 600 guineas, the queen, 360; Princess Amelia, twenty; Princess Caroline, ten; the Duke of Grafton and the Earl of Portmore, several thousands."

Let us glance at the same chronicle, which is of the year 1731, and see how others of our forefathers were engaged. "Cork, 15th January. —This day, one Tim Croneen was, for the murder and robbery of Mr. St. Leger and his wife, sentenced to be hanged two minutes, then his head to be cut off, and his body divided in four quarters, to be placed in four cross-ways. He was servant to Mr. St. Leger, and committed the murder with the privity of the servant-maid, who was sentenced to be burned; also of the gardener, whom he knocked on the head, to deprive him of his share of the booty."

"January 3.—A postboy was shot by an Irish gentleman on the road near Stone, in Staffordshire, who died in two days, for which the gentleman was imprisoned."

"A poor man was found hanging in a gentleman's stables at Bungay, in Norfolk, by a person who cut him down, and running for assistance, left his penknife behind him. The poor man recovering, cut his throat with the knife; and a river being nigh, jumped into it; but company coming, he was dragged out alive, and was like to remain so."

"The Honourable Thomas Finch, brother to the Earl of Nottingham, is appointed ambassador at the Hague, in the room of the Earl of Chesterfield, who is on his return home."

"William Cowper, Esq., and the Rev. Mr. John Cowper, chaplain in ordinary to her Majesty, and rector of Great Berkhampstead, in the county of Hertford, are appointed clerks of the commissioners of bankruptcy."

"Charles Creagh, Esq., and — Macnamara, Esq., between whom an old grudge of three years had subsisted, which had occasioned their being bound over about fifty times for breaking the peace, meeting in company with Mr. Eyres, of Galloway, they discharged their pistols, and all three were killed on the spot—to the great joy of their peaceful neighbours, say the Irish papers."

"Wheat is 26*s.* to 28*s.*, and barley 20*s.* to 22*s.* a quarter; three per cents. 92; best loaf sugar, 9¼*d.*; Bohea, 12*s.* to 14*s.*; Pekoe, 18*s.*, and Hyson, 35*s.* per pound."

"At Exon was celebrated with great magnificence the birthday of the son of Sir W. Courtney, Bart., at which more than 1,000 persons were present. A bullock was roasted whole; a butt of wine and several tuns of beer and cyder were given to the populace. At the same time Sir William delivered to his son, then of age, Powdram Castle, and a great estate."

"Charlesworth and Cox, two solicitors, convicted of forgery, stood on the pillory at the Royal Exchange. The first was severely handled by the populace, but the other was very much favoured, and protected by six or seven fellows who got on the pillory to protect him from the insults of the mob."

"A boy killed by falling upon iron spikes, from a lamp-post, which he climbed to see Mother Needham stand in the pillory."

"Mary Lynn was burned to ashes at the stake for being concerned in the murder of her mistress."

"Alexander Russell, the foot soldier, who was capitally convicted for a street robbery in January sessions, was reprieved for transportation; but having an estate fallen to him, obtained a free pardon."

"The Lord John Russell married to the Lady Diana Spencer, at Marlborough House. He has a fortune of 30,000*l.* down, and is to have 100,000*l.* at the death of the Duchess Dowager of Marlborough, his grandmother."

"March 1 being the anniversary of the queen's birthday, when her Majesty entered the forty-ninth year of her age, there was a splendid appearance of nobility at St. James's. Her Majesty was magnificently dressed, and wore a flowered muslin head-edging, as did also her Royal Highness. The Lord Portmore was said to have had the richest dress; though an Italian count had twenty-four diamonds instead of buttons."

New clothes on the birthday were the fashion for all loyal people. Swift mentions the custom several times. Walpole is constantly speaking of it; laughing at the practice, but having the very finest clothes from Paris, nevertheless. If the king and queen were unpopular, there were very few new clothes at the drawing-room. In a paper in the *True Patriot*, No. 3, written to attack the Pretender, the Scotch, French, and Popery, Fielding supposes the Scotch and the Pretender in possession of London, and himself about to be hanged for loyalty,—when, just as the rope is round his neck, he says: "My little girl entered my bed-chamber,

and put an end to my dream by pulling open my eyes, and telling me that the tailor had just brought home my clothes for his Majesty's birthday." In his *Temple Beau*, the beau is dunned "for a birthday suit of velvet, 40*l*." Be sure that Mr. Harry Fielding was dunned too.

The public days, no doubt, were splendid, but the private Court life must have been awfully wearisome. "I will not trouble you," writes Hervey to Lady Sundon, "with any account of our occupations at Hampton Court. No mill-horse ever went in a more constant track, or a more unchanging circle; so that by the assistance of an almanack for the day of the week, and a watch for the hour of the day, you may inform yourself fully, without any other intelligence but your memory, of every transaction within the verge of the Court. Walking, chaises, levées, and audiences fill the morning. At night the king plays at commerce and backgammon, and the queen at quadrille, where poor Lady Charlotte runs her usual nightly gauntlet, the queen pulling her hood, and the Princess Royal rapping her knuckles. The Duke of Grafton takes his nightly opiate of lottery, and sleeps as usual between the Princesses Amelia and Caroline. Lord Grantham strolls from one room to another (as Dryden says), like some discontented ghost that oft appears, and is forbid to speak; and stirs himself about as people stir a fire, not with any design, but in hopes to make it burn brisker. At last the king gets up; the pool finishes; and everybody has their dismission. Their Majesties retire to Lady Charlotte and my Lord Lifford; my Lord Grantham, to Lady Frances and Mr. Clark: some to supper, some to bed; and thus the evening and the morning make the day."

The king's fondness for Hanover occasioned all sorts of rough jokes among his English subjects, to whom *sauer-kraut* and sausages have ever been ridiculous objects. When our present Prince Consort came among us, the people bawled out songs in the streets indicative of the absurdity of Germany in general. The sausage-shops produced enormous sausages which we might suppose were the daily food and delight of German princes. I remember the caricatures at the marriage of Prince Leopold with the Princess Charlotte. The bridegroom was drawn in rags. George III.'s wife was called by the people a beggarly German duchess; the British idea being that all princes were beggarly except British princes. King George paid us back. He thought there were no manners out of Germany. Sarah Marlborough once coming to visit the princess, whilst her Royal Highness was whipping one of the roaring royal children, "Ah!" says George, who was standing by, "you have no good manners in England, because you are not properly brought up when you are young." He insisted that no English cooks could roast, no English coachman could drive: he actually questioned the superiority of our nobility, our horses, and our roast beef!

Whilst he was away from his beloved Hanover, everything remained there exactly as in the prince's presence. There were 800 horses in the stables, there was all the apparatus of chamberlains, court-marshals, and

equerries; and court assemblies were held every Saturday, where all the nobility of Hanover assembled at what I can't but think a fine and touching ceremony. A large arm-chair was placed in the assembly-room, and on it the king's portrait. The nobility advanced, and made a bow to the arm-chair, and to the image which Nebuchadnezzar the king had set up; and spoke under their voices before the august picture, just as they would have done had the King Churfürst been present himself.

He was always going back to Hanover. In the year 1729, he went for two whole years, during which Caroline reigned for him in England, and he was not in the least missed by his British subjects. He went again in '35 and '36; and between the years 1740 and 1755 was no less than eight times on the Continent, which amusement he was obliged to give up at the outbreak of the Seven Years' War. Here every day's amusement was the same. "Our life is as uniform as that of a monastery," writes a courtier whom Vehse quotes. "Every morning at eleven, and every evening at six, we drive in the heat to Herrenhausen, through an enormous linden avenue; and twice a day cover our coats and coaches with dust. In the king's society there never is the least change. At table, and at cards, he sees always the same faces, and at the end of the game retires into his chamber. Twice a week there is a French theatre; the other days there is play in the gallery. In this way, were the king always to stop in Hanover, one could make a ten years' calendar of his proceedings; and settle beforehand what his time of business, meals, and pleasure would be."

The old pagan kept his promise to his dying wife. Lady Yarmouth was now in full favour, and treated with profound respect by the Hanover society, though it appears rather neglected in England when she came among us. In 1740, a couple of the king's daughters went to see him at Hanover; Anna, the Princess of Orange (about whom, and whose husband and marriage-day, Walpole and Hervey have left us the most ludicrous descriptions), and Maria of Hesse Cassel, with their respective lords. This made the Hanover court very brilliant. In honour of his high guests, the king gave several *fêtes;* among others, a magnificent masked ball, in the green theatre at Herrenhausen,—the garden theatre, with linden and box for screen, and grass for a carpet, where the Platens had danced to George and his father the late sultan. The stage and a great part of the garden were illuminated with coloured lamps. Almost the whole court appeared in white dominoes, "like," says the describer of the scene, "like spirits in the Elysian fields." At night, supper was served in the gallery with three great tables, and the king was very merry. After supper dancing was resumed, and I did not get home till five o'clock by full daylight to Hanover. Some days afterwards we had in the opera-house at Hanover, a great assembly. The king appeared in a Turkish dress; his turban was ornamented with a magnificent agraffe of diamonds; the Lady Yarmouth was dressed as a sultana; nobody was more beautiful than the Princess of Hesse." So, while poor Caroline was resting in her coffin, dapper

little George, with his red face and his white eyebrows and goggle-eyes, at sixty years of age, is dancing a pretty dance with Madame Walmoden, and capering about dressed up like a Turk! For twenty years more, that little old Bajazet went on in this Turkish fashion, until the fit came which choked the old man, when he ordered the side of his coffin to be taken out, as well as that of poor Caroline's, who had preceded him, so that his sinful old bones and ashes might mingle with those of the faithful creature. O strutting Turkey-cock of Herrenhausen! O naughty little Mahomet, in what Turkish paradise are you now, and where be your painted houris? So Countess Yarmouth appeared as a sultana, and his Majesty in a Turkish dress wore an agraffe of diamonds, and was very merry, was he? Friends! he was your fathers' king as well as mine—let us drop a respectful tear over his grave.

He said of his wife that he never knew a woman who was worthy to buckle her shoe: he would sit alone weeping before her portrait, and, when he had dried his eyes, he would go off to his Walmoden and talk of her. On the 25th day of October, 1760, he being then in the seventy-seventh year of his age, and the thirty-fourth of his reign, his page went to take him his royal chocolate, and behold! the most religious and gracious king was lying dead on the floor. They went and fetched Walmoden; but Walmoden could not wake him. The sacred Majesty was but a lifeless corpse. The king was dead; God save the king! But, of course, poets and clergymen decorously bewailed the late one. Here are some artless verses, in which an English divine deplored the famous departed hero, and over which you may cry or you may laugh, exactly as your humour suits:—

> "While at his feet expiring Faction lay,
> No contest left but who should best obey;
> Saw in his offspring all himself renewed;
> The same fair path of glory still pursued;
> Saw to young George Augusta's care impart
> Whate'er could raise and humanize the heart;
> Blend all his grandsire's virtues with his own,
> And form their mingled radiance for the throne—
> No farther blessing could on earth be given—
> The next degree of happiness was—heaven!"

If he had been good, if he had been just, if he had been pure in life, and wise in council, could the poet have said much more? It was a parson who came and wept over this grave, with Walmoden sitting on it, and claimed heaven for the poor old man slumbering below. Here was one who had neither dignity, learning, morals, nor wit—who tainted a great society by a bad example; who in youth, manhood, old age, was gross, low, and sensual; and Mr. Porteus, afterwards my Lord Bishop Porteus, says the earth was not good enough for him, and that his only place was heaven! Bravo, Mr. Porteus! The divine who wept these tears over George the Second's memory wore George the Third's lawn. I don't know whether people still admire his poetry or his sermons.

How I Quitted Naples.

I.

That was twelve years ago,—said the Baron Tibère d'Anzi, putting down his glass, and wiping his mustachios, which were beginning to turn grey.—It was in 1848. His Majesty the King of Sicily and Naples had sent his Swiss soldiers to turn his parliament out of doors and to fire upon his people, and his entire kingdom almost had risen up in insurrection against him. I happened to be in Calabria at the time, where I was following the trade of revolutionist. It was, indeed, in fashion all that year; and in all my life I never took to a pleasanter occupation. I never slept so well, never so enjoyed the beatitude of the horizontal position, as I did during those days when I was an insurgent in the Calabrian Bands. I could have made verses on the subject had it not been for the flies, but those arrogant insects disturbed the solemnity of my rhymes. We, with two thousand men, occupied the formidable pass and the head of the defile of Campotenere, which separates the provinces of Basilicate and Cosenza. The two thousand men had scarcely taken the thing in earnest—scarcely understood what it was all about; nor did we try to teach them to love their country at the expense of their own interests. So they passed their days playing at cards, killing vermin, and roasting mutton.

On the other side of the Bridge of Campotenere his Majesty's soldiers were occupying their leisure very much in the same manner, now and then going upon marauding excursions into the surrounding villages, where they obliged the peasants to serve them, and paid these services with blows. General Bujacca, commanding the Light Column at Campovillari, was a brutal and ferocious drunkard, who slept between his drinks, on a battle-field strewn with flasks, jugs, and flagons. He never would have punished a soldier merely accused of beating or robbing a peasant; and as for a warrior convicted of drunkenness, he would have probably decorated him with the Cross of Merit. As he was not attacked, Bujacca did not seem anxious to put an end to the Arcadian existence which he and his men were enjoying; and we ourselves, for the time being, were in perfect safety. Indeed, I scarcely know why we were termed insurgents, leading the lives we led. Our men gave chase to the flocks of the royalists, and the royalists shot and gibbeted all those of our men who fell into their hands.

The nominal chief of our expedition was a certain Pietro Mileto. He was an old man, with the head of a patriarch, and renowned for swearing and lying. All day long he was disputing with his servant, or else singing galley airs—for Mileto had spent twenty-five years at the galleys for some political offence. This poor fellow died miserably after

our defeat. He was discovered in the disguise of a mendicant by a troop of gipsies, who cut off his head, for the sake of the twenty pounds which had been offered for it. Before Ferdinand II. would consent to pay the money, he desired to see this head, and General Nunziante forwarded it to him. His Majesty inspected it through an eyeglass for some five minutes, turning and re-turning it, in order to assure himself of its authenticity; for this wily monarch was afraid of being duped by his worthy minister, Signor Borzelli.

Although I had been a doctor, I was put upon the staff, and a sword was given to me, which obstinately stuck in its scabbard if ever I wished to air it. I wore a black velvet blouse, in the style of a troubadour at the opera, a hat with a gold braid *à la Calabraise*, and fancy trousers. I wanted only a red scarf to complete the picturesqueness of my attire.

I had in my service, as orderly, a young Sicilian, who used to boast of having been a pastrycook, but who, in reality, possessed a mysterious scent after game of every sort. I had also two Albanians, each six feet high, who had, it is true, been brigands in Taliafico's band, but who could cook a cutlet to a turn, and wash and iron linen in such perfection that a duchess might have confided her laces to their care.

I spent a fortnight in this agreeable manner, hearing no shots except those we fired at the rabbits, and seeing no other enemy than the vipers. One evening we, the chiefs, were all assembled fraternally, whilst our men were busy over their dinner, when suddenly the rumour spread that General du Carne was taking us on our flank. It is true that we might have defended ourselves, but the idea did not occur to us. (This is but a detail.) We left our position, perhaps, with somewhat accelerated footsteps. I found myself, through indolence, I suppose, among the very last of the fugitives: that is to say, the priests and the capucins of the band, of whom we counted sixty-seven; all as much ex-brigands as they were insurgents, and all cursing and swearing, like Sixtus V. and Benedict XIV. together. When my horse was saddled, and my orderly and my Albanians ready, away we started in the general flight.

The plain was sprinkled with little groups of people, all of them separating and taking the roads which led to their own homes. I hardly know if they were not already crying, "Long live King Ferdinand!" Each man had hung his shoes and a sheep-skin on to his gun (shoes in these parts are objects of luxury, which the father often bequeathes to the son and to the grandson after him). A few of the bravest among us remained behind, collecting stewpans and saucepans, and anything else they could find. Melancholy and ridiculous spectacle! I could see the deserted fires still burning in the lonely camp, where but a few minutes ago such a gay and careless company sat eating and cooking its soup. I could see empty huts, broken utensils scattered on the ground, everything devastated, abandoned, burnt up! And farther on the plain were groups of figures, brown, manly, nobly-built men, surely cut out by Providence for great things; now going off with tricolour ribbons in

their pointed hats, marching away, and only regretting the lost soup, which they did not even care to carry off to their hungry homes. The royalists, meanwhile, were making haste to arrive before the broth grew cold.

I, putting my trust in Heaven, took the high road leading I knew not whither; for I was a stranger in the country. A little way on I met the Municipal Council of Cosenza, and the bishop along with them, all of whom two days before had been crying out, "Long live the Constitution! Down with the Bourbons!" and were now on their way to pay their respects to General Bujacca. Monseigneur, out of politeness, offered me his benediction; I, out of delicacy, begged him to keep it for me for another occasion, as I was afraid of losing it on the way. I was in a hurry: as I could not go to Cosenza, I took the road of the mountains whence came my Albanians. My orderly, seeing that there was nothing more to be done with me, lingered a little behind, and finally strayed away with my carpet-bag, in which there was a little money and a few other things besides. The Albanians followed me like men.

II.

Night had fallen, continued Tibère; we plunged deeper and deeper into the mountain-passes, meeting here and there fugitives who had hidden their guns, and who now were returning quietly to their villages, as if on their way back from the harvest. I travelled on through woods of chesnut, through vineyards, through forests of magnificent olive-trees. The murmuring of the brooks broke the night-silence. A little breeze rustled among the leaves, lending to them a plaintive voice. The moon had not yet risen, but an infinite number of stars shed a dim, faint light. The roads were horrible; the bats fluttered into our faces. We passed through a few miserable villages of one or two tenements without stopping. The inhabitants were lying asleep on the ground before their open doors, coming out to escape the insects that would have devoured them within. I can imagine nothing more sombre, more sad, more desolate. The dogs barked a little without disturbing themselves, and then settled down to sleep again. A half-naked woman would raise her head from the door-stone, which served her for a pillow, and beg for alms. The pigs and the children were asleep in each other's arms: and sometimes it happens that the pig devours the child. The donkey, meanwhile, alert and lively, stood watchman over the tribe.

By degrees as we ascended the breeze became fresher, the sky clearer, the silence more silent. We were coming into the region of elms, of pines, and ash-trees. The pathway disappeared, and we walked on, guided only by the stars. At midnight the moon arose, and the spectacle grew more and more exciting; the birch-trees clothed with their white and glistening bark showed like skeletons—like marble statues —like phantoms, according as the moon's rays fell here and there. Half-destroyed ancient stumps of trees stood looking like sentinels placed in ambuscade. The light, checkered through the leaves, seemed to cover the

ground with a delicate white lace-work spread upon a green cloth. The high crests of the mountains were festooned with snow again. The air was full of an undefinable perfume, and I could just hear the bells of the flocks that spend their summers on these mountains, sadly and faintly tinkling in the far, far distance. The cuckoo went on with his melancholy plaint, and young fawns, and wild cats and foxes started across our path.

As we climbed higher, the brushwood and branches overhead grew thicker and closer, and the moon scarcely penetrated through the foliage. I had dismounted, for I could no longer travel on horseback. Suddenly, as we turned the corner of a promontory that we could not climb, a voice, coming I know not whence, cried, "Qui vive?"

I replied, "Vive la patrie!" For I knew that the soldiers of his Majesty would not perch so high as this, and that these people could only be some of our own dispersed bands, or brigands, that is to say, friends.

"Forwards!" cried the voice. The man remained invisible.

Upon a sort of plateau, where ancient ash-trees rose to a prodigious height, a dozen huge fires burnt and sparkled cheerily. One pile greater than the others flamed in the middle. All round these fires were men, who, at the cry of "Qui vive?" had sprung to their feet. I thought they were giants, for the flicker of the flames, softened by the light of the moon, gave to them a colossal appearance.

These hunters were dressed in a common sort of black velvet, with gaiters coming up above the knee, waistcoats of velvet with silver buttons, half open at the breast, and fastened round the loins by a cotton scarf, bright with white and red stripes. They wore pointed hats on one side of their heads, ornamented with a multitude of ribbons and peacock's feathers. Their shirt-collars were thrown open, showing their bare, bronzed throats. These men had faces of extraordinary resolution and virility; eyes which should have melted the golden coin of a miser; no mustachios, but immense whiskers as black as night—type of Greek and Hindoo colour; thick, coarse lips; teeth, white as wolves' teeth; a knife, a cartouche-box, a glass, and a little flask for wine.

Presently from the centre fire a man advanced towards me, disenveloping himself from his cloak as he came. In him I recognized my friend Colonel Constabile Carducci, who had collected some sixty determined Albanians, whom he now was leading into Cilento, hoping to rekindle the insurrection there. Carducci never attained his end. One evening he came to his friend the priest, Peluso de Sapri, and asked for hospitality. This ecclesiastic received him with open arms; and at night, taking his opportunity, murdered him, cut off his head, shut it up in a box, and set off at once to present it to King Ferdinand. This was the second mutilated head, and not perhaps the last, that his Sicilian Majesty had the pleasure of contemplating and of showing to the queen and to his tender brood. The priest refused the blood-money, which

greatly touched his Majesty. Pius IX., at Gaeta, resolved to make a bishop of this disinterested assassin, who had struck such a foul blow at his friend and guest. Peluso again refused; considering, perhaps, that he was already more than rewarded by the friendship of such a king.

I left Carducci, and went a little aside, to sleep upon a bed of ferns and cloaks, which my men had made up for me. All the birds were singing when I opened my eyes next morning; I found that Carducci and his Albanians had already decamped. Straight before me now, through a colonnade of slender birch-trees, I saw sparkling in the distance the golden, shining sea; while on either side stood the noble trees of the forest, ranged like an army of giants. Spiridion, the eldest of my two Albanians, brought me my horse ready saddled, and away we went.

As there was nothing more for me to do in Calabria, I wished to return home to my mother, who was living in one of the central provinces, where also our property lay. We took the shortest and the safest road, that which ran along the sea-shore. I had many friends along this way, who would, I hoped, be able to assist me in my flight, and conceal me from the royalists. The defeat, or rather the utter rout, of the revolution, had, in twenty-four hours, changed the most ardent republicans into royalists, who now redoubled their zeal for the King, so as to obtain forgiveness for their passing fancy for liberty. An influx of gendarmes, of civic guards, spread over the provinces, pursuing and giving chase to us. And the patriots of yesterday eagerly served as their bloodhounds to-day. Every step was dangerous. But fortunately, my ex-brigands well knew all those roads, which other folks do not usually travel by, but which are certainly the most picturesque. We crossed incredible precipices; we skirted horrible abysses, creeping along while the ground crumbled like salt beneath our feet; we slid down declivities almost perpendicular; thickets we pierced, cutting through briars and brushwood; we traversed torrents foaming like champagne, beautiful fields and meadows like the landscapes of Claude, fruit-bearing vineyards and olive-trees the size of oaks. Who can tell the dangers, the escapes, the ravishing sights, the ecstasies of this fifteen hours' ride? I myself was half intoxicated. My horse slid like a skater, climbed like a cat, made himself little, picked himself up, elongated himself when necessary, and passed along paths narrow as threads of silk, and winding by the sides of precipices 500 to 600 feet below.

But though nature was beautiful and the situation was critical, at a certain hour I began to feel very hungry.

"Here, Spiridion! Do you know that I am hungry?"

"And I, captain," says Spiridion.

"Plague take it, why did you not say so, then?" ask I.

"How should I be hungry before the master?" says he.

"The master is ready to devour your knapsack, or a mutton-chop, even more willingly."

"No such jokes, if you please, captain. My knapsack has had the

honour of travelling on the back of Taliafico, and I would not give it up for all the game of the Bishop of Cosenza."

"I have no spite against your knapsack, my friend; but certainly anything in the shape of a roast fowl or a good beefsteak would fare badly if it came in my way. Suppose we were to kill Demetrius here, who has not opened his mouth for three days."

Demetrius looked at me with eyes which gave me a horror of practical joking for at least two days. He did not answer a word, but I saw him take his gun, examine the lock, and then slowly cock it. I do not vouch that I was quite at my ease all the time that he was deliberately and gravely performing this operation. I went on, however, till all of a sudden, Demetrius stopped, aimed in my direction, and fired. "It is better to kill this," said he, "and it will eat more tender." And he went and picked up a dove that he had killed with one ball at a prodigious distance.

A whole flock of wild pigeons were startled by the shot. Spiridion, whose gun was always ready cocked, fired, and brought down five or six. In ten minutes our poultry was plucked, our fire burning, and our breakfast grilling. Spiridion got over a hedge, and came back presently with some ears of Indian corn, that he hid among the ashes. This was our bread. The horse was treated to the leaves of the corn, and I am not sure that his friend Spiridion did not give him a bone or two to suck besides.

The dinner over—and what a good dinner it was!—we set off once more. The sun was implacable. Not a breath of air; not a cloud in a sky, which seemed like a ceiling painted all over with an inexorable blue. We passed vines hung with golden grapes, and figs red and bursting, showing drops of honey on their voluptuous mouths. We plunged through hedges, where beautiful berries, red, or black as ebony, hung like a nuptial necklace. The earth was cracked and almost white. When we breathed, we seemed to be inhaling flames. Still we went on, avoiding villages, hamlets, country houses. Towards evening, however, the road became delightful. The heat had diminished; the sun presently set in the sea, which spread before our tired eyes. We were now approaching Belvedere, whither I had been directing my steps. At a certain spot we halted. We were obliged to wait for the rising of the moon; for, although it was desirable not to be seen, it was still more necessary to see. It was also as well to wait until the royalist patrols, which had been perambulating the country all day, should have re-entered the bourg, and until all the inhabitants had gone to bed. And sure enough, by eleven o'clock, there was not a soul a-foot in Belvedere.

III.

I WAS going to the house of a friend—one of the liberals and republicans of the week before. Don Alphonse was one of the magnates of the country, and inhabited a sort of hotel at the extremity of the town, situated on the slope which leads to the sea. When we reached the house,

my body-guard created a certain disturbance with the bronze hammer of the door and the butt-ends of their guns. This elegant house, all painted white, with shutters of green, and balconies tastily wrought, trembled beneath their blows. An owl, stuck up on the doorway, shook his head and the ends of his wings, as if to say, "Go and get yourselves hanged elsewhere;" and a dozen dogs answered from within. Don Alphonse had gone to bed. A light, however, appeared travelling along a suite of apartments, and came to the window just over the doorway. The panes softly opened, and a voice asked, "Who is there?"

"Friends," cried Spiridion, resting on the butt-end of his gun.

"Friends!" echoed the voice, coughing drily. "Friends who come at this time of night have a name."

"Tell Don Alphonse that his friend Tibère is here," said I.

"Hush-sh-sh!" said some one else from the window, where the feminine voice was hemming and coughing. "I will let you in."

It was Don Alphonse who had spoken. In another minute we were within, and the door barricaded once more.

A man of thirty or thereabouts; small and yellow, and unwashed, with thick hair, bilious eyes, green teeth, lips the colour of lead, and a breath which would have asphyxified a carter; shaved always like a bishop, and hair sleek as a waiter's: such was Don Alphonse. When he saw me, he seemed thunderstruck. He was in his shirt-sleeves and slippers, making a nice pendant to madame in a simple petticoat. Madame Alphonse had half an inch of beard, was extremely bald, and forty years of age. I, like a man weary and longing for bed, sat down, *sans façon*, and said,—

"Good evening, madame; how are you, Alphonse? I ask your hospitality, until you can find me the means of leaving without danger."

"Impossible, my friend, my house is watched."

"Ah! dear sir," said Madame Alphonse, incoherently, "willingly, indeed, with all my heart would I receive you; but it is impossible—the mayor—the captain of the guard—all the gendarmes—my husband suspected. *Sapresti*, did not I tell you so, Alphonse?—there you are with your conspirators, your conscription—no longer mayor, not even municipal councillor, perhaps. Impossible, my dear sir, you must go——"

"Indeed, madame——"

"Laurette! tell this gentleman's people not to unsaddle his horse."

"Do nothing of the sort," said I to the *bonne* of eighty, who was peering in at the door. "I go to-morrow. At present I am sleepy; and the devil and his wife shan't tear me from the spot. Madame, have you not by chance a bed which might be got ready for me?"

The husband and the wife looked at one another. The wife's look said plainly, "So this is one of your good-for-nothing friends, of your impudent vagabonds, of those beggars who have the face to impose themselves upon you;" and the husband said, "Patience, my love, a night is soon over; it is not my fault. What can I do? I wanted to be deputy."

As for me I stretched myself out on the sofa, and said, "Come, Alphonse, my friend, make them give me a bed."

"Don't you want some supper?"

"I do not say no, if only to give madame pleasure. Half-a-dozen eggs, a slice of sausage, an omelette, a truffled pheasant, what do I care? Quick, let me eat and sleep. I have travelled fifty or sixty miles in fifteen hours."

Taken between these two fires, Don Alphonse remained neuter. Madame, seeing that my determination was well fixed, gave way; and, with a sigh, which seemed to me like the cluck of a turkey, said,—

"Very well, sir. I will serve you with my best. Laurette, bring some supper for monsieur."

Laurette disappears. I have won my Marengo, and look out for my supper. Laurette returns with a pair of slippers, and begins to pull off my boots, without consulting me. This woman could never have understood leaving the guest with his boots on. I let her do as she will. She again retires, and the supper comes presently: it was composed of the remains of two or three dinners, a ragout smelling of oil, a petrified rôti, a piece of venerable cheese. I swallow a morsel here and there, I drink, and I say:—

"Now, Alphonse, my good fellow, for a comfortable bed. Madame, I wish you good-night."

We had not spoken a word during the five minutes whilst I was supping. As I leave the room, I remind Don Alphonse:—

"Don't forget, *mon cher*, that I want to get home by sea as far as Scalea. I must take Demetrius with me, who cannot walk. So find me a safe boat, and I am off. Good night, madame." And, humming the *Marseillaise*, I follow Laurette. I do not stop to examine my room or my bed, which is big enough indeed to lodge a regiment of Zouaves. I pull off my costume of insurgent. I lie down; and "good-night." Laurette was still saying, "Repeat only a pater and an ave to our good father the Pope," when I was already asleep.

My threat of remaining at Belvedere until I was supplied with the means of getting away, gave wings to madame. She made no useless difficulties. She promised, in my name, a handsome reward to his Majesty's douaniers, and these honest people, with their official barque and the royal flag flying, carried me faithfully, along with my sword, and Demetrius, and my gun, as far as Scalea. The flag protected the merchandise. We arrived at twelve o'clock. At the same time, almost, came Spiridion, with my horse and my trunk, which the innkeeper at Cosenza had forwarded to me.

I had friends at Scalea as well as at Belvedere,—a fine young man, called Albert, who had stood in the insurgent ranks. As soon as he, and his old father, and his young sister saw me come, it was a *fête* for those three. The bright light of three smiles came to light, and to warm, and to cheer me. The old man embraced me as if I was his son; the young

one pressed my hand; the girl looked at me with one of those glances which speak in accents more solemn and more poetic than the *Divina Commedia* itself. Everything smiled upon me in this house; even Albert's dog rose upon his four paws and came to greet me. In five minutes the breakfast was served, and our talk ran on as gaily as if we were in an opera box. Suddenly we heard a distant noise, like the murmuring of the waves of a river at night. I raised my head to listen; Vitaliana ran to the window. "High mass is just over," said she, "and the people are coming from church."

We went on with our conversation and our breakfast, but the noise grew louder and nearer. Albert in his turn goes to the window, rushes into the yard, to make sure of the doors, and comes back looking very pale.

My two followers, armed from head to foot, accompany him.

"What is it?" cried the father, as much moved as the others.

"The matter—the matter!" murmured Albert, hesitating; "the national guard, the judge, the mayor are at the gate, and asking to come in, and all the populace is after them."

IV.

I MAY as well tell you at once what had happened. Certain individuals had seen me get out of the boat in my accoutrements of staff-officer. The Provisional Government of Cosenza would, I think, have elected me pope, had I asked it, in order to get rid of me. I had only accepted a sinecure; a pretext for seeing what was going on, without too much trouble. These fishermen of Scalea now took me for no less a personage than the commander-in-chief in person, a marshal, a general, who knows? Having proceeded to the church-porch, whence the people of Italy are accustomed on fine Sundays to see high mass performed, these men informed all the people of my arrival. The news of our defeat had come the day before. Now, only a day or two before the people of Scalea had shot the king on the public place; that is to say, at his bust only, but that bust which presided at the audiences of the judge, and which inspired his decrees. At this very moment my portmanteau was seen going by.

"It is full of gold," says, with presence of mind, the barber of the Scalean aristocracy.

"Is that true?" cry all, with wondering eyes.

"Full, quite full. He is going to raise a revolution in Basilicata. I know it from a person who knows it."

What more convincing proof could be required?

The judge, the maire, the captain of the guard, now learnt that the Sicilian general had just entered the town.

"Sapresti," the judge whispers into the captain's ear, "here is an occasion which Heaven sends us. Now, the affair of the bust will be forgotten, and your son, who was among the insurgents, can be saved. This capture wipes out the score."

"True, true," cries the captain, struck with the idea.

And, immediately, leaders and people, each having an object, the first hoping to rob me, the second to recommend themselves to the government, all rise and surround the house where I am.

The mayor advances with precaution, and knocks. Albert, who was at the window with my two Albanians beside him, with their guns cocked, politely took off his cap, and said—

"What do you want, Monsieur le Syndic?"

"In the king's name," said the worthy judge, "I reclaim the insurgent, the enemy of the king and of the nation, who is hidden in your house."

"Not so, my friend," said Albert, turning the thing into ridicule. "Not known here—no such animal in our house. Why do you not rather ask your friend the captain there?"

The captain grew pale and answered—

"I declare that you resist in the king's name, and I shall now employ force. People!" he continued, "loyal people of Scalea! traitors come hither to incite you to revolt against the king! Down with the traitors! Death to the Jacobins!"

The faithful people, still smelling the gold in my trunk—alas! it only contained shirts and papers—and burning with loyalty towards the throne and the altar, rage and echo, "Down with him! Death to the Jacobins!"

This was all very edifying. I remained standing, with my arms crossed behind Albert, and I looked at Vitaliana, thinking how beautiful she looked. Colour, pallor, succeeded one another like the waves of the sea on her face. Her great eyes reflected the heavens, and would have lighted the prison of Ugolino.

"Let us go and get hatchets and break open the door," cried the regenerated populace.

I said, "Albert, ask these worthy citizens what they want, and for whom they take me?"

Albert repeated the question; and the judge, in his official voice, announced that I was the General Riccotte, and that it was his duty to prevent the conflagration of the kingdom.

"Is that all?" said I, pushing aside Albert and his father, and placing myself at the window to speak. "You are mistaken, Mr. Functionary. General Risotti is at this moment far away, and retreating with the brothers of Sicily. I am not a matchbox to set fire to your kingdom. I am a deputy going quietly to the chamber, and my name is Tibère d'Anzi."

"You are going there by the cross-roads, then?" cried a joker.

"Old man!" I replied, with assurance, "learn that all roads are good when one is about one's duty. I go to the chamber herborizing among your mountains on my road."

"And you are going in the dress of an insurgent by way of a novelty?" continued my interlocutor.

"No—no!" cry the populace. "He is the General Ribotti; we

know him—we have seen him! To prison! To the guillotine! Give him up, or we will burn the house down!"

"Softly—softly," say I; and I begin a serious speech. Was it serious? —I know not; but I talk on. I am interrupted—I call for order—I am hissed—I begin again—oranges are thrown at me—I catch them, and continue. My voice is drowned by hurrahs, by howls, by groans, by every sort of cry. I protest at last, put on my hat; I leave the window, and ask for a glass of sugar and water.

But in the meantime the hatchets are beginning to strike upon the door. There was no time to lose. The two Albanians, Albert, his father, Vitaliana herself, armed with guns—wanted to fire upon the audience. To this I oppose myself. I don my velvet cloak, I pull on my hat, I put on my gloves—had I gloves? Yes, the white gloves which were to serve me when I gave my oath to the Constitution: that Constitution which Ferdinand II. destroyed on the 18th May, 1848—and I desire them with a gesture, which Madame Ristori has since copied, to fling open the door.

And I find myself in the middle of the crowd. There were there some 4,000 persons, all the notabilities of the village. They all fall upon me at once. One brute lays his hand upon my cravat.

"Fellow!" I cry, "do not undo my tie;" and I give him a box on the ear.

A hand laden with the destinies of a people should be a heavy one: this he confesses, and departs. The captain, the judge, the maire, surround me; but it is impossible to advance. "Make way!" cries the national guard. "To prison!—to prison!—to the guillotine!" cry the people; the women and children loudest of all. Poor creatures, in their weary field-life a spectacle so rarely comes! A hanging is a good fortune indeed. We take a few steps. Suddenly a man precipitates himself upon me: he must be a cobbler, with the knife he uses in his trade.

"Let me drink the blood of the enemies of the king!" cries the brute; and he drives a blow at me with his knife.

I had recognized in the middle of the crowd a young man of the name of Cupido, who had been a fellow-student of mine at Naples. This good fellow was calling out that I was not Risotti, that I was the authentic Tibère d'Anzi in person, at the very moment the cobbler fell upon me. Cupido came up in time to stop his arm, so that my skin remained intact, and the only damage was a tear in my smart velvet blouse. Then the national guard, all under arms, surrounded me.

"You had best go to prison," said Cupido, "there at least you will be safe."

I, meanwhile speechifying, protesting, calling men and gods to witness against the violence that was being done to a representative of the people on his way to the parliament, was proceeding, or rather being thrust, in the direction of the prison. And at last we get there.

It was not the ordinary prison to which I was conducted. In those Calabrian dungeons a cannon-ball would catch cold, and putrid fever as well.

I was installed in the guard-house, on the first-floor. A functionary mounted watch at the door.

I was busy retying the bow of my cravat before a pane of glass when the captain of the national guard came in. His name was Don Prospero. He was a little cube of a man: no arms; no neck: a pumpkin marked with the small-pox served him for a head.

"Well, baron! well! that was a narrow escape. You will tell them in the chamber how well I perform my duty. Can I do anything for your service?"

"Go and get yourself shot, my brave;—no, take pen and ink, and write."

He went downstairs to fetch what was necessary, and returned. I dictated to him a formal protest. He grumbled, but went on writing.

"Now," said I, "carry this to the maire and to the judge."

I then wrote to the President of the Chamber.

"I shall make a point of doing your commissions, baron. You will perhaps inform the Chamber how I have protected you. I am your humble servant; and I will send you some dinner from my own house."

"Pray do not let me be poisoned, at least," said I. "Go—go!" and I pushed him out by the shoulders, and then fell back exhausted on a chair.

V.

I had played my part as well as I could, but I will not conceal from you that my heart was beating, and that everything looked horribly black before me. I was relieved when I found myself alone.

I made no illusion to myself about my situation. My prison was to me the chapel of a condemned criminal. I seemed to see at a glance all my past life, all that was dear to me in the world—my mother, my sister, my brother, my mistress;—and then again to behold myself at the bottom of a yard, before a line of soldiers, shot like a dog, without witnesses, or judges, or spectators—assassinated without even the power of parading my disdain for death—and flung into the dung-heap. I saw pictures of every sort—hideous, horrible, fantastic—hung opposite, and as if in comparison to my life of the day before, a life rich, indeed, and happy, and beloved. All this I seemed to see out of myself somehow; I seemed to be suspended over my personality, over myself, as the guardian angel is painted leaning over its charge. I could touch nothing; I lay down and went to sleep. The sun was setting purple and orange over a splendid sea.

When I opened my eyes at dawn next morning, I examined the room into which I had been thrust. It was really an infamous hole, black, paperless, with vulgar caricatures scratched in charcoal on the wall, without a ceiling, without panes in the windows, and furnished only with a few wooden benches. I got up, and dressed myself. The servant of the Corps de Garde was sweeping the front room in my honour. I called to him; he came, bringing me water, and shortly after the captain presented himself.

"Well, baron, how are you?—cheerful? Have you slept well? By

the way, we telegraphed your arrest last night: only our duty—hey? The minister will order you to be set free immediately, and you will tell them how well we have treated you—hey?"

This piece of news was a thunderbolt for me, hastening the dreary termination that I had foreseen the night before. It was inevitable. Borzelli would order me to be sent to General Bujacca at Cosenza, in order to free himself from all responsibility; and Bujacca—that amiable tippler—would have me shot in less time than it would take him to swallow a glass of Madeira. I contained myself, however, and only said:—

"You have done well. Have you received an answer?"

"The telegraph can't talk at night, baron. The answer may come at any minute."

"It is well. Leave me."

He went away, and I saw him traverse the place. Suddenly, an idea flashed across my mind. I was utterly lost as it was; everything was to be dared. I therefore complete my toilet; I pull on my gloves; I pick up the end of a cigar which the captain had flung away; I put on my hat, and I go out. The servant was still sweeping the room on the front; all the doors were open. The picquet of the national guard was on the *rez-de-chaussée* which I had to cross. I walk down-stairs, and address myself to the sergeant.

"Sergeant, give me a light for my cigar."

The sergeant looks at me, and obeys; and I walk towards the door.

"Where are you going to, sir?" said the sergeant.

"How do you mean? Where am I going? Away, of course."

"You are going away! Going away, indeed—you are to stop here."

"Did not the captain tell you that the minister has telegraphed from Naples that I am to be allowed to go on my road?"

"No, sir; he did not tell me a word of it."

"Well, my good fellow, you can go and ask the idiot if it is not true, and then I will wish you good morning."

"Since you assure me that the captain said so," said the sergeant, shrugging his shoulders, "of course I cannot wish to detain you—a pleasant journey to you, Monsieur le Baron. Pray try and get a good place for me at Naples."

"We shall see," said I, and I walked away slowly, examining, as I went, the barracks, the church, the town-hall, the peasants and their donkeys, on their way into the country, as a man would do who had plenty of time to spare. All the time the sergeant and his men were watching me. As soon, however, as I could, I got out of their sight, and then, with a few strides, reached the house of my friends. I was going in at the door, when I suddenly found myself caught in the arms of an old priest and a young man. It was in vain I tried to get away. They were embracing me on the cheeks, the priest crying, "Don't you know me, Tibère? I am your uncle;" and the young man, "Tibère, I am thy cousin."

"Indeed," said I, looking at them. But, in truth, I had no time to

waste in asking whence came this shower of uncles and of cousins. I took them at their word, and returned the accolade, saying, "Well, my uncle and my cousin, set to work. I have just escaped—save me."

"Quick, Gabriel," said my uncle, "take Tibère with you. Plunge into the vineyards, hide him there, and come back and see to the rest."

Gabriel seized me by the hand and said, "Come, let us be off!"

"Give me an instant," said I, and I ran up the staircase, four steps at a time, and presently found myself in Vitaliana's room.

VI.

In the meanwhile this is what was happening at the Corps de Garde:—

After he had seen me go, the sergeant, taken with a posthumous fit of conscientiousness, went off to ask the captain if indeed I had spoken the truth. The captain happened to have been that moment sent for by the justice, on account of a telegraphic despatch which had just arrived from Naples. The sergeant was reassured. He therefore proceeded more leisurely towards the magistrate's house. At the door, he happened to meet the captain, who, looking breathless and excited, and holding a despatch in his hand, was coming out of the house.

"Ah! you have just come at the right moment, sergeant," said the captain. "Go and put on a pair of new shoes, old fellow, for you are to leave this in an hour."

"Go where, captain?" asked the sergeant.

"Where! where!" said the captain, frowning. "You are going on the business of the State—am I expected to give you all the particulars? hein! and to ask your permission before I disturb you? hein!"

"I beg your pardon, captain; but in order to get there, I must know where I am to go to."

"The devil take you! To Cosenza, then,—eighteen miles, my friend, with the gendarmes at your heels, and all of you accompanying that infamous revolutionist we caught yesterday. Ah! if we had only hanged him! His Majesty would have decorated all the village, including the big bell. We should have been exempted from taxes for twenty years at least."

"What, sir!" said the sergeant, growing horribly pale. "Is M. Tibère d'Anzi——"

"M. Tibère d'Anzi is to be sent to General Bujacca, at Cosenza. The minister Borzelli got up this morning in a good temper; he has sent word to us to pack him off. Do you understand, hein? four men and a corporal in the yard of a prison. Present arms—make ready—fire! and good night, hein! To the devil with the revolutionists! Long live the king!"

How shall I render the cry of distress which the captain gave, when he heard I had escaped? Immediately the rappel is beaten, the tocsin is rung, the gendarmerie and national guard are put under arms, the house where I had asked for shelter is surrounded on every side. Scarcely twenty minutes had passed since I quitted the Corps de Garde. The first person whom the captain met at the door was my uncle.

This old priest was the most litigious man in the province. He had the common law at his finger-ends, and people feared him as they did the potato-disease. He had ruined himself in lawsuits, and when he had none of his own left, he took up those of other people. The captain trembled, when he found himself face to face with him.

"Ah! my old friend," cried my uncle, in a honeyed voice, "how glad I am to see you! How is your family? Would you mind making them open this door? I am longing to embrace my dear nephew once more."

"Is he there?"

"Of course he is. He went in a minute ago. I came up just after, and would have followed, when, blan! they shut the door in my face."

Then the captain began to thump, and to cry,—

"In the name of the king, open! in the name of the king!"

And, in the meantime, the forces surround the house and the garden in a perfect frenzy of loyalty. Impossible to escape them. However, the more the captain knocked, the more the door kept shut, and the people quiet inside. The father of Vitaliana is outside the door with the others. It is observed that my horse is still standing in the stables. Evidently I have fallen into the trap. The captain announces, for the last time, that he will break open the door, and he sends for a locksmith. When the workman arrives, the captain gives the order to open.

"Wait a minute," cries my uncle; "law is law, my old friend, everywhere, and at all times. You may go in there for affairs of justice, it is true. I desire it even more than you do, for I wish to embrace my nephew the deputy on his way to the parliament. But let us do everything in rule. I make you responsible for all irregularities. The twenty-third article of the Constitution says, 'The domicile is inviolable;' and you know, my friend, that the parliament has been assembled quite lately."

The captain turns pale. He sends for the mayor. This functionary was a personage as long and thin as the wire of a telegraph. He was choked up in a neckcloth, which might have served as a horsecloth. He was silent as a letter-box. He manufactured verses and contraband packs of cards. He played the organ in the parish church on Sundays, for a livre per annum; and was a notary by profession. When the justice had also arrived, the three magnates instituted a procès verbal; the witnesses sign (my uncle being among them); the door gives way with a crash; and all these officials, guards, and gendarmes precipitate themselves—not without a certain trepidation—into the yard. They plunge into the cellars; they clamber up the stairs. As they reach the first floor, the door shuts, and is double-locked in their faces. Again they knock. Again they call upon those within to open in the king's name. Again the locksmith breaks open, and they find themselves in the antechamber. But, at this instant, the door of the dining-room shuts with a bang. The whole business has to be gone over again. This door, however, is broken open, and the opposite one is found to be fast. After breaking through four or five more doors, they come at last to Vitaliana's chamber. Nearly two hours have elapsed.

Not a sound has come from the indwellers. They now knock at Vitaliana's door.

"Who is there?" she asks from within.

"Open, in the name of the king!" says the justice of peace.

"I do not know him," says Vitaliana, with a little cough.

"Open, or we shall break in the door," says the captain.

"I can't," says Vitaliana, sneezing.

"Why not, if you please?"

"Because I am talking to my sweetheart," says Vitaliana, singing.

The locksmith again is put into requisition, and the magistrates of the little town of Scalea find a young girl, nicely dressed, sitting on a stool near a window opening into the garden; her smiling cheeks are two posies of carnations, and she is tranquilly knitting at a pair of socks.

"Well, mademoiselle," cries the captain, foaming with rage, "why have you resisted the king's name? why have you closed the door? why have you not opened? why are you shut up here?"

"Here are a number of questions," said Vitaliana, without changing countenance. "Here is now one answer: because this is my own private room."

"Private! private! the king enters everywhere, mademoiselle."

"But not till my sweetheart is gone," answers the girl.

The gendarmes were already searching everywhere—in the dressing-closet, behind the little white bed, in the cupboards. Vitaliana watched them with an innocent face, and then, with a half smile, indicates by a sign that her lover had escaped through the window.

The captain begins to swear. My uncle taps him on the back, and says,

"You are an excellent magistrate. I shall have you named major at the coming elections."

When I had entered Vitaliana's room, she was in her morning gown, kneeling and praying before the image of the Madonna. I said simply,—

"Farewell, Vitaliana. I am escaping, and they will come here to look for me. I know not if ever I shall see you again; but before I go, let me tell you that henceforth in my heart only three women shall be enshrined—my mother, my sister, and you."

And so saying, I embraced her, and sprang through the window into the garden, and my cousin, who had followed me, came too.

The future history of this poor young girl was a sad one indeed.

We crossed the garden, which opened into the suburbs of the town; we waded through a stream where some good women were washing their clothes; we scrambled over a hedge, and plunged into the heart of the vineyards. Once there, we crept on all fours; we slid like serpents under the branches; we climbed the little hill—always in sight of the town; dragging ourselves along for some time, until at a certain spot, a thick hedge, terribly briared, seemed to offer me a refuge and no end of scratches. My cousin stuck me in like a lizard at the bottom, arranging the branches

so that no one would ever have suspected them of concealing a demagogue. He tells me that between one and two o'clock of the afternoon, I am to come out and descend into the high road, and hide among the brushwood, for that at that hour he would be waiting with my horse, so that I should be able to continue my road. Having said this, he strolled away in an opposite direction, with his hands behind him, as if returning from a walk. I looked after him as long as I could, and then my heart began to beat. Was he really my cousin? The genealogical history which he had sketched for me—was it a true one? It went back, anyhow, to the third wife of my great-grandfather. He and his uncle had heard my arrest spoken of in their village, near Scalea, and had immediately hastened to my help.

Vitaliana had understood that she must give me time to escape before allowing the gendarmes and the soldiers to follow on my traces. Her brother Albert had set off that night with my two Albanians to carry to my mother the bad news of my arrest. Her father, old Cataldo, had gone out early into the town, to get news of me if possible. At a word of my uncle's, Vitaliana had run to the *porte cochère* and fastened it securely, and then shut the other doors one by one, as I have described; and retiring into her room, locked herself in, and remained there praying.

VII.

About an hour had elapsed when I heard guards and gendarmes passing along my hedge and looking for me. They were spread in every direction, not knowing which road I had taken, for the washerwomen denied having seen me. Poor souls! I had even thrown a piece of silver to them.

Breathless and tired, my persecutors halted before the very bush where I lay crouching, and I had the pleasure of listening to a conversation relating to myself, which gives me a goose-skin to think of even now, here at table, after ten years have elapsed. [And as he spoke, Tibère drank down a glass of Xeres, and then went on with his story.]

The gendarmes halted for half an hour, and it was then that I learnt how a man can remain half an hour without breathing. Lizards came sliding coldly over my face, and I had not moved; flies, ants, wasps, had devoured me—still I lay motionless; I felt myself growing rigid through a sort of moral catalepsy. At last, the gendarmes resumed their road, and with my ear on the ground I listened to their footsteps retreating and to the sound of their voices dying away in the distance. All my being seemed concentrated in seeing and hearing; I could hear the hearts beating of the birds perched among the branches; I could see tiny insects creeping among the vine leaves; I remarked a hundred different beautiful shades in the gradations of the sun's colour, as by degrees it rose higher and higher above the horizon. And, yet, how long the time appeared! how I hated the song of the birds! Every sound was for me an enemy—a trap. I was as thirsty as though I had been eating salt or drinking spirits all the night long. The stomach is an implacable organ. A great

black snake—an innocent serpent enough—comes gliding in under my bush; this reptile's eyes (which are wonderfully beautiful, by the by) meet mine and fix themselves upon me; the snake pauses, raises its graceful head, and goes away elsewhere. Presently it is a great green lizard—a brute of the lizard tribe who comes to meet me; I spit in his face, and he beats a retreat. At last, I dare move, and I take out my watch.

My watch says twelve o'clock, and I remain with my eyes fixed upon its face. Ye powers! how long an hour takes to pass! An hour! will it ever, ever finish? However, at last I see the two hands pointing to number one, and I begin to breathe again. It was the hour I had agreed upon with my cousin. Five minutes more I wait, better to see, better to hear, better to seize the nature of the pulsations of the surrounding world. Then I let my lungs work freely, and I go out. I could have wished that eternal night should have overshadowed the world; instead of which a Neapolitan sun was blazing, dazzling, implacable. I look round me; not a soul is to be seen; I look into the distance—no one! I suddenly changed extravagantly in humour, I do not know why, and I began to sing, "Malbrook s'en va-t-en guerre, en guerre, en guerre;" repeating the "en guerre," however, more faintly each time. Then I suddenly stopped, grew timid once more, and went creeping almost among the vines and the hedges. At two o'clock I find myself at the spot which my cousin had designated. I examine it well. I remark the oak surrounded with olive-trees, the ruinous house behind. It is impossible to make a mistake. Seeing that I am not mistaken, I sit down and I wait. An hour passes.

Still listening intently, I watch mechanically a train of red ants at their work. Half-past three, still no cousin. Had he forgotten the time? had he forgotten the place? At four o'clock not a sound in the air but the hum of the insects, who come out now the heat of the day is over. But my horse does not appear. Had he been stopped? At five o'clock not a living soul is to be seen; my watch creeps on so slowly, that it is enough to give me a vertigo. What I thought, what I felt, at that moment I can never tell you. A medley of meanness, of fear, of grief, of despair, of suspicion, of despondency, of agony. My cousin had gone away before I reached the place. The young man was not my cousin at all. He was selling and betraying me at that very hour. The gendarmes had arrested him on the road. The old priest was a spy. And then, again, what could I do? I did not know the foot-way to my own house across the mountains. And always the same thought—I am betrayed; I am sold. I was alone, in the midst of the unknown, followed and tracked like a wild beast. At half-past five, no one yet. This agony would have aged Cato—Plutarch's Cato himself.

The blood started in my veins like sparkling fire. Four or five times I pace round the old tree, listening still. But no sound, only the humming of the wings of the insects, the slight rustling of the leaves under the breath of the breeze. Little by little all grows quiet, one sound ceasing after another, and then night spreads out her solemn veils. At last, with

a bound, I rush into the road, like a tiger springing on its prey, scarce knowing what I did or what I wanted. It was seven o'clock.

I then saw a man, a fisherman apparently; I drew back instinctively; but he saw me, and came towards me. No longer able to avoid him, I spoke to him.

"My good man," said I, "I have lost my way; if you will put me upon the road to Lauria, or accompany me there, I will pay you well for your day's work."

The man smiled, he looked round, and then, putting his finger on his lips, said, "Hush! I know you well enough. I was a Campotenere with you. Do not be afraid! What do you want?"

"Well, since you know me, save me! take me safely to my mother's house, and enough shall be given to you to keep you for two years."

"I can't do it, sir; my wife is reduced *to eat of wheaten bread* (in her last agony), and the curieux is at her bedside (the confessor); what would they say if I were to leave her? The police would remember my absence in such a case; my journey with you would be discovered; and no woman in the country would have me again, if I left her to die all alone."

"But at least—but then—but that——"

But all I said was useless; nothing would change, nothing would tempt this man, who had a head like the head of an apostle—at the same time obstinate, violent, brutal, tenacious, wily, and brown like the towers of an ancient castle, marked with wrinkles. He led me to the sea-side, to an old abandoned shed which had belonged to the douane; there he left me while he went home to fetch me bread, and to see if his old *drolesse* was not *crevée*. Half an hour later he returned, bringing some fried fish and a loaf. This he brought, begging my pardon for having kept me so long. It was not his fault; his wife was dead at last, and he had had to cover up the fire, to light the lamp, to throw a few grains to the fowls; and he added that he had now a few hours at his disposal, until the priest should come for the burying next day, and that he could accompany me as far as——

At this moment I hear a distant noise—far away and scarcely perceptible. It makes the gravel ring upon the road. It approaches and grows more and more distinct—the striking of hoofs advancing, the gallop of a horse. Can it be the gendarmes coming to arrest me? had this old fellow only gone off to denounce me? Still the noise approaches, advances, advances. A horse urged to its utmost speed, a horse that suddenly neighs, my own horse, which knew I was near, and was calling me.

My cousin had been watched all day long, and had not been able to get away without discovering my retreat. I spring into the saddle, without the aid of either rein or stirrup. I feel that I am in the saddle, and my cousin is clinging on behind. With a stroke of the whip we set off as hard as we can go. I am saved.

Stranger than Fiction.*

"I HAVE seen what I would not have believed on your testimony, and what I cannot, therefore, expect you to believe upon mine," was the reply of Dr. Treviranus to inquiries put to him by Coleridge as to the reality of certain magnetic phenomena which that distinguished savant was reported to have witnessed. It appears to me that I cannot do better than adopt this answer as an introduction to the narrative of facts I am about to relate. It represents very clearly the condition of the mind before and after it has passed through experiences of things that are irreconcilable with known laws. I refuse to believe such things upon the evidence of other people's eyes; and I may, possibly, go so far as to protest that I would not believe them even on the evidence of my own. When I have seen them, however, I am compelled to regard the subject from an entirely different point of view. It is no longer a question of mere credence or authority, but a question of fact. Whatever conclusions, if any, I may have arrived at on this question of fact, I see distinctly that I have been projected into a better position for judging of it than I occupied before, and that what then appeared an imposition, or a delusion, now assumes a shape which demands investigation. But I cannot expect persons who have not witnessed these things, to take my word for them, because, under similar circumstances, I certainly should not have taken theirs. What I do expect is, that they will admit as reasonable, and as being in strict accordance with the philosophical method of procedure, the mental progress I have indicated, from the total rejection of extraordinary phenomena upon the evidence of others, to the recognition of such phenomena, as matter of fact, upon our own direct observation. This recognition points the way to inquiry, which is precisely what I desire to promote.

Scepticism is one of the safe and cautious characteristics of the English people. Nothing is believed at first; and this habitual resistance to novelties might be applauded as a sound instinct, if it did not sometimes obstruct the progress of knowledge. The most important discoveries have passed through this habitual ordeal of derision and antagonism. Whatever has a tendency to disturb received notions, or to go beyond the precincts of our present intelligence, is denounced, without inquiry, and out of the shallowest of all kinds of conventionalism, as false, absurd, and dangerous. Let us suffer ourselves to be rebuked in

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* As Editor of this Magazine, I can vouch for the good faith and honourable character of our correspondent, a friend of twenty-five years' standing; but as the writer of the above astounding narrative owns that he "would refuse to believe such things upon the evidence of other people's eyes," his readers are therefore free to give or withhold their belief.—ED.

these exercises of intellectual pride by remembering that in Shakspeare's time the sun was believed to go round the earth ; that the laws of gravitation, and the circulation of the blood were found out only yesterday; this wonderful, wise world of ours being fearfully ignorant of both throughout the long ages upon ages of its previous existence ; and that it was only this morning we hit upon the uses of steam by land and sea, and ran our girdle of electricity round the loins of the globe. Who says we must stop here? If we have lived for thousands of years in a state of absolute unconsciousness of the arterial system that was coursing through our bodies, who shall presume to say that there is nothing more to be learned in time to come?

To begin my narrative at the beginning, it is necessary to say that I had heard, in common with all the world, of the marvels of spirit-rapping and table-turning ; and that my desire to witness phenomena which I found it impossible to believe, and difficult to doubt, considering the unquestionable judgment and integrity of some of my informants, was early gratified under the most favourable circumstances. It must be understood that, although employing the terms spirit-rapping and table-turning, I by no means admit them to be accurate, or even appropriate. Quite the contrary. As descriptive phrases, they are simply absurd. They convey no notion whatever of the manifestations to which they are supposed to be applied; but they are convenient for my purpose, because they have passed into general use.

For my first experience, I must take the reader into a large drawing-room. The time is morning ; and the only persons present are two ladies. It is proper to anticipate any question that may arise at this point, by premising that the circumstances under which the *séance* took place precluded all suspicion of confederacy or trickery of any kind. There was nobody in the apartment capable of practising a deception, and no conceivable object to gain by it. Being anxious to observe the proceedings in the first instance, before I took part in them, I sat at a distance of about six or seven feet from the tolerably heavy sofa table at which the ladies were placed, one at the end farthest from me, and the other at the side. It is important to note their positions, which show that if their hands had any influence upon the movements of the table, such influence must have operated at right angles, or in opposite directions. Their hands were placed very lightly on the table, and for three or four minutes we all remained perfectly still. The popular impression that it is indispensable for the hands of the sitters to touch each other, and that they must all concentrate their attention upon the hoped-for manifestation, is, like a multitude of other absurdities that are afloat on the subject, entirely unfounded. No such conditions are necessary ; and instead of concentrating the attention, it is often found desirable to divert attention to other matters, on grounds which, at present, may be considered experimental rather than positive.

After we had waited a few minutes, the table began to rock gently to

and fro. The undulating motion gradually increased, and was quickly followed by tinkling knocks underneath, resembling the sounds that might be produced by rapid blows from the end of a pencil-case. The ladies were now *en rapport* with what may be called, to use a general term, the invisible agency by which the motions and noises were presumed to be produced. The mode of communication is primitive enough. Questions are asked by the sitters, and answered by knocks; three indicating the affirmative, one the negative, and two, the doubtful, expressing such meanings as "perhaps," "presently," "not quite," &c., according to the nature of the inquiry. When the answer requires many words, or when an original communication or "message" is to be conveyed, the alphabet is resorted to, and, the letters being repeated aloud, three knocks respond to each letter in the order in which it is to be taken down to spell out the sentence. People who have witnessed these processes will consider the description of them trivial; but I am not addressing the initiated. What is chiefly wanted in the attempt to render a clear account of unusual phenomena, is to light up every step of the way to the final results; but persons familiar with the *modus operandi* are apt to think that everybody else is so, and to leave out those particulars which in reality constitute the very essence of the interest. The employment of the alphabet is comparatively tedious; but it is surprising with what celerity those who are accustomed to it catch the answers and jot them down. Nor is there anything much more curious in the whole range of the manifestations than the precision and swiftness with which each letter is seized, and struck under the table, at the instant it is pronounced. During the whole time when these communications are going forward, it should be remembered that every person's hands are displayed on the surface of the table, so that no manipulation can take place beneath.

In a little while, at my request, a question was put as to whether I might join the *séance*. The answer was given in the affirmative, with tumultuous energy, and at the same moment the table commenced a vigorous movement across the floor, till it came up quite close to me. The ladies were obliged to leave their chairs to keep up with it. The intimation understood to be conveyed by this movement was satisfaction at my accession to the *séance;* which now commenced, and at which a multitude of raps were delivered, the table undergoing throes of corresponding variety. In accordance with an instruction received through the alphabet, we finally removed to a small round table, which stood on a slender pillar, terminating in three claws. Here the noises and motions thronged upon us faster and faster, assuming, for the most part, a new character. Sometimes the knocks were gentle and almost timid, and the swaying backwards and forwards of the little table was slow and dilatory; but presently came another phase of activity. The table seemed to be inspired with the most riotous animal spirits. I confess that, with the utmost sobriety of intention, I know no other way to describe the impression made upon me by the antics in which it indulged. It pitched about with a velocity

which flung off our hands from side to side, as fast as we attempted to place them; and the general effect produced was that of wild, rollicking glee, which fairly infected the three sitters, in spite of all their efforts to maintain a becoming gravity. But this was only preliminary to a demonstration of a much more singular kind.

While we were seated at this table, we barely touched it with the tips of our fingers. I was anxious to satisfy myself with respect to the involuntary pressure which has been attributed to the imposition of hands. In this case there was none. My friends kindly gratified my request to avoid resting the slightest weight on the table; and we held our hands pointing downwards, with merely the nails touching the wood. Not only was this light contact inadequate to produce the violent evolutions that took place, but the evolutions were so irregular and perplexing, that we could not have produced them by premeditation. Presently, however, we had conclusive proofs that the vivacity of the table did not require any help from us.

Turning suddenly over on one side, it sank to the floor. In this horizontal position it glided slowly towards a table which stood close to a large ottoman in the centre of the room. We had much trouble in following it, the apartment being crowded with furniture, and our difficulty was considerably increased by being obliged to keep up with it in a stooping attitude. Part of the journey it performed alone, and we were never able to reach it at any time together. Using the leg of the large table as a fulcrum, it directed its claws towards the ottoman, which it attempted to ascend, by inserting one claw in the side, then turning half way round to make good another step, and so on. It slipped down at the first attempt, but again quietly resumed its task. It was exactly like a child trying to climb up a height. All this time we hardly touched it, being afraid of interfering with its movements, and, above all things, determined not to assist them. At last, by careful and persevering efforts, it accomplished the top of the ottoman, and stood on the summit of the column in the centre, from whence in a few minutes it descended to the floor by a similar process.

It is not to be expected that any person who is a stranger to these phenomena, should read such a story as this with complacency. It would be irrational to anticipate a patient hearing for a traveller who should tell you that he was once addressed in good English by an oak tree; and talking trees are not a whit more improbable than moving tables. Yet here is a fact which undoubtedly took place, and which cannot be referred to any known physical or mechanical forces. It is not a satisfactory answer to those who have seen such things, to say that they are impossible; since, in such cases, it is evident that the impossibility of a thing does not prevent it from happening.

Upon many subsequent occasions I have witnessed phenomena of a similar nature, and others of a much more startling character; in some instances, where the local conditions varied considerably, and in all where

the circumstances under which the *séances* took place were wholly inconsistent with the practice of trickery or imposition. This last statement is of infinite importance in an inquiry of this kind. Every novelty in science, and even in literature and art, is exposed to the invasion of pretenders and charlatans. Every new truth has to pick its first steps through frauds. But new truths, or strange phenomena, are no more responsible for the quackeries that are put forward in their name by impostors, than for the illogical absurdities that are published in their defence by enthusiastic believers. Should chemistry and astronomy be ignored, because they were eliminated out of the half-fanatical and half-fraudulent empiricism of the alchemists and astrologers? It is the province of men of science to investigate alleged phenomena irrespective of extrinsic incidents, and to clear away all impediments on their progress to pure truth, as nature casts aside the rubbish on the descent of the glacier.

The opportunities I have enjoyed of examining the phenomena to which I am referring, were such as a charlatan could hardly have tampered with, even had there been a person present who could be suspected of attempting a deception. Houses into which it would be impossible to introduce mechanical contrivances, to lay down electric wires, or to make preparations for the most ordinary tricks of collusion, without the assent or knowledge of the proprietors, and to which no previous access could be obtained for purposes of that description; houses in which *séances* were held for the first time, without premeditation, and, therefore, without pre-arrangement; and, above all, houses of people who were unbelievers, who were more curious than earnest, and who would be more inclined to lay traps for the exposure of frauds, than to help in the production of them;—are not the most likely places to be selected by the conjuror for the exhibition of his legerdemain.

When I saw a table, at which two ladies were seated, moving towards me without any adequate impulse being imparted to it by visible means, I thought the fact sufficiently extraordinary; but my wonder abated when, on subsequent occasions, I saw tables move apparently of their own volition, there being no persons near them; large sofas advance from the walls against which they stood; and chairs, sometimes occupied, and sometimes empty, shift their places for the distance of a foot or a yard, in some cases easily, and in others with a slow, laborious movement. The catalogue might be readily enlarged, but the accumulation of examples would throw no additional light on the subject. To this particular class of phenomena may be added an illustration of a different order, which, like these, would seem to require mechanical aids, but in this instance of vast power and extent. On the first occasion when I experienced the effect I am about to describe, there were five persons in the room. In other places, where it occurred subsequently, there were seven or more. The architecture of the houses in each case was wholly dissimilar, both as to the area and height of the apartments, and the age, size, and strength of the buildings. We were seated at a table at which some singular pheno-

mena, accompanied by loud knocks on the walls and floor, had just occurred, when we became conscious of a strange vibration that palpitated through the entire room. We listened and watched attentively. The vibration grew stronger and stronger. It was palpably under our feet. Our chairs shook, and the floor trembled violently. The effect was exactly like the throbbing and heaving which might be supposed to take place in a house in the tropics during the moment immediately preceding an earthquake. This violent motion continued for two or three minutes, then gradually subsided and ceased. Every person present was equally affected by it on each occasion when it occurred. To produce such a result by machinery might be possible if the introduction of the machinery itself were possible. But the supposition involves a difficulty somewhat similar to that of Mr. Knickerbocker's theory of the earth standing on the back of a tortoise, which might be an excellent theory if we could only ascertain what the tortoise stood upon.

The ordinary movement of a table is that of tilting backwards and forwards, from side to side, sometimes slowly and gently, and at other times with great violence. The fury of the motion is often so alarming that a person witnessing it for the first time anticipates nothing less than a catastrophe, in which the smashing of the table itself may be only a minor feature. The rotary movement does not happen so frequently, but irregular action, and sudden changes of position, are of constant occurrence. The ascent of the table from the ground is a phenomenon of so remarkable a kind that it deserves a more special notice. I speak only of what I have seen; and this independent action I have seen several times, the table rising entirely unsupported into the air. It is difficult to convey by description a satisfactory notion of this movement. Indeed, the whole series of these phenomena must be seen to be understood exactly as they present themselves. Of the ascent of the table I will give a single example.

Eight persons are seated round a table with their hands placed upon it. In the midst of the usual undulations a lull suddenly sets in. A new motion is in preparation; and presently the table rises with a slight jerk, and steadily mounts till it attains such a height as to render it necessary for the company to stand up, in order still to be able to keep their hands with ease in contact with the surface, although that is not absolutely necessary. As there are some present who have not witnessed this movement before, a desire is expressed to examine the floor, and a gentleman goes under the table for the purpose. The whole space, open to the view of the entire party, is clear. From the carpet to the foot of the table there is a blank interval of perhaps two feet, perhaps three,—for nobody has thought of providing a means of measuring it, and we must take it by guess. The carpet is examined, and the legs and under surface of the table are explored, but without result. There is no trace of any connection between the floor and the table; nor can it be conceived how there could be any, as the table had shifted to this spot from the place

where it originally stood only a few minutes before. The inspection is hurried and brief, but comprehensive enough to satisfy us that the table has not been raised by mechanical means from below; and such means could not be applied from above without the certainty of immediate detection. In its ascent, the table has swung out of its orbit, but it readjusts itself before it begins to descend, and, resuming its vertical position, it comes down on the spot from whence it rose, without disturbing the circle. We cannot calculate the duration of time it has remained suspended in the air. It may be one minute, two minutes, or more. Your attention is too much absorbed to permit you to consult a watch; and, moreover, you are unwilling to turn away your eyes, lest you should lose some fresh manifestation. The downward motion is slow, and, if I may use the expression, graceful; and the table reaches the ground with a dreamy softness that renders its touch almost imperceptible.

Of a somewhat similar character is another movement, in some respects more curious, and certainly opening a stranger field for speculation. Here, still drawing the picture from the reality, we must imagine the company seated at a large, heavy, round table, resting on a pillar with three massive claws, and covered with a velvet cloth, over which books, a vase of flowers, and other objects are scattered. In the midst of the *séance* the table abruptly forces its way across the room, pushing on before it the persons who are on the side opposite to that from whence the impetus is derived, and who are thrown into confusion by the unexpectedness and rapidity with which they are driven backwards on their chairs. The table is at last stopped by a sofa; and as the sitters on that side extricate themselves, a space remains open of a few inches between the table and the sofa. All is now still; but the pause is of short duration. The table soon begins to throb and tremble; cracks are heard in the wood; loud knocks succeed; and presently, after surging backwards and forwards three or four times, as if it were preparing for a greater effort, it rears itself up on one side, until the surface forms an inclined plane, at an angle of about 45°. In this attitude it stops. According to ordinary experience everything on the table must slide off, or topple over; but nothing stirs. The vase of flowers, the books, the little ornaments are as motionless as if they were fixed in their places. We agree to take away our hands, to throw up the ends of the cover, so as to leave the entire round pillar and claws exposed, and to remove our chairs to a little distance, that we may have a more complete command of a phenomenon, which, in its marvellous development at least, is, I believe, new to us all. Our withdrawal makes no difference whatever; and now we see distinctly on all sides the precise pose of the table, which looks, like the Tower of Pisa, as if it must inevitably tumble over. With a view to urge the investigation as far as it can be carried, a wish is whispered for a still more conclusive display of the power by which this extraordinary result has been accomplished. The desire is at once complied with. The table leans more and more out of the perpendicular; two of the three claws are high above the ground; and finally, the whole structure stands on

the extreme tip of a single claw, fearfully overbalanced, but maintaining itself as steadily as if it were all one solid mass, instead of being freighted with a number of loose articles, and as if the position had been planned in strict accordance with the laws of equilibrium and attraction, instead of involving an inexplicable violation of both.

Hitherto the table has been the principal figure in these scenes; but we will now pass on to a class, or classes, of phenomena in which it becomes subordinate to agencies of a more subtle character. As we advance, mysteries thicken upon us, and allowances must be made for the difficulty of describing incidents beyond the pale of material experiences, without seeming to use the language of fancy or exaggeration. I will include in one *séance* all the circumstances of this nature which it appears to me desirable to record at present, observing, as before, the most literal accuracy I can in setting them before the reader, and stating nothing that has not actually taken place in my own presence.

Our party of eight or nine assembled in the evening, and the *séance* commenced about nine o'clock, in a spacious drawing-room, of which it is necessary to give some account in order to render perfectly intelligible what is to follow. In different parts of the room were sofas and ottomans, and in the centre a round table at which it was arranged that the *séance* should be held. Between this table and three windows, which filled up one side of the room, there was a large sofa. The windows were draped with thick curtains, and protected by spring-blinds. The space in front of the centre window was unoccupied; but the windows on the right and left were filled by geranium stands.

The company at the table consisted partly of ladies and partly of gentlemen, and amongst the gentlemen was the celebrated Mr. Home. I have no hesitation in mentioning him by name, because he may now be fairly considered public property, and because I have nothing to say of him to which exception can be taken on personal grounds. I might add that there is a special reason, which the reader will presently discover, which leaves me no choice in the matter. Concerning this gentleman we must have a few words of preface, before we open our *séance*.

Perhaps there is no man of our time who is so totally unlike his reputation. You expect to meet a modern Cagliostro, but you find only a very mild specimen of that familiar humanity which you pass every hour in the day with habitual indifference. The disappointment, if it prove to be one in the end, arises from the false expectations created about him by absurd stories, which gather fresh absurdities as they pass from hand to hand. Mr. Home's supernatural power is a current topic in all circles where these phenomena are talked of by people who have never witnessed them. But the truth is, he neither possesses such power, nor pretends to it. He is no more master of any secrets of the grave than you who read these lines, nor does he pretend to be master of any. He not only cannot call up spirits, as we hear on all sides, but he will tell you that he considers such invocations to be blasphemous. We are bound, at all events,

to accept his disclaimer upon points, the maintenance of which would contribute very essentially to the *prestige* which it is supposed he desires to establish with society.

He is himself exceedingly modest in his self-assertion, considering how sorely he is tempted to put on airs of mystical egotism by the rabid curiosity and gaping credulity with which he is notoriously persecuted. It is not easy for a man to preserve any simplicity of life and character under such a pressure of wonder and inquiry, especially from people of the highest rank, who seem to be impelled by a much more eager passion for the marvellous than the working bulk of the population—perhaps, because they have more idle time on their hands; and, perhaps, also, because idleness is a great feeder of vague speculations, and of pursuits that look as if they were never to come to an end. To people of this description may be mainly ascribed the paragraph romances we read in the newspapers about Mr. Home, and the criticisms we hear upon him in private. Turning from gossip to the man, the contrast is impressive. He unreservedly tells you that he is thoroughly impassive in these matters, and that, whatever happens, happens from causes over which he has not the slightest influence. Out of his accumulated stock of observations he has formed a theory, as most people do, consciously or unconsciously, out of their experience; but that is beside the question of supernatural power, which he is said to assert, but which nobody can more distinctly disavow. He looks like a man whose life has been passed in a mental conflict. The expression of his face in repose is that of physical suffering; but it quickly lights up when you address him, and his natural cheerfulness colours his whole manner. There is more kindliness and gentleness than vigour, in the character of his features; and the same easy-natured disposition may be traced in his unrestrained intercourse. He is yet so young, that the playfulness of boyhood has not passed away, and he never seems so thoroughly at ease with himself and others as when he is enjoying some light and temperate amusement. He is probably the last person in a room full of people whom you would fix upon as the spiritual confidant of a much more mysterious personage than he is himself, the Emperor Louis Napoleon; and it may be added that you would be as little likely to find out who he is by his conversation as by his appearance, since he rarely speaks on the subject with which his name and career are so closely associated, unless when it is introduced by others.

We will now return to the *séance*, which commenced in the centre of the room. I pass over the preliminary vibrations to come at once to the more remarkable features of the evening. From unmistakeable indications, conveyed in different forms, the table was finally removed to the centre window, displacing the sofa, which was wheeled away. The deep space between the table and the window was unoccupied, but the rest of the circle was closely packed. Some sheets of white paper, and two or three lead-pencils, an accordion, a small hand-bell, and a few flowers were

placed on the table. Sundry communications now took place, which I will not stop to describe; and at length an intimation was received, through the usual channel of correspondence, that the lights must be extinguished. As this direction is understood to be given only when unusual manifestations are about to be made, it was followed by an interval of anxious suspense. There were lights on the walls, mantel-piece, and console-table, and the process of putting them out seemed tedious. When the last was extinguished, a dead silence ensued, in which the tick of a watch could be heard.

We must now have been in utter darkness, but for the pale light that came in through the window, and the flickering glare thrown fitfully over a distant part of the room by a fire which was rapidly sinking in the grate. We could see, but could scarcely distinguish our hands upon the table. A festoon of dull gleaming forms round the circle represented what we knew to be our hands. An occasional ray from the window now and then revealed the hazy surface of the white sheets, and the misty bulk of the accordion. We knew where these were placed, and could discover them with the slightest assistance from the gray, cold light of a watery sky. The stillness of expectation that ensued during the first few minutes of that visible darkness, was so profound that, for all the sounds of life that were heard, it might have been an empty chamber.

The table and the window, and the space between the table and the window, engrossed all eyes. It was in that direction everybody instinctively looked for a revelation. Presently, the tassel of the cord of the spring-blind began to tremble. We could see it plainly against the sky, and attention being drawn to the circumstance, every eye was upon the tassel. Slowly, and apparently with caution, or difficulty, the blind began to descend; the cord was evidently being drawn, but the force applied to pull down the blind seemed feeble and uncertain; it succeeded, however, at last, and the room was thrown into deeper darkness than before. But our vision was becoming accustomed to it, and masses of things were growing palpable to us, although we could see nothing distinctly. Several times, at intervals, the blind was raised and pulled down; but, capricious as the movement appeared, the ultimate object seemed to be to diminish the light.

A whisper passed round the table about hands having been seen or felt. Unable to answer for what happened to others, I will speak only of what I observed myself. The table cover was drawn over my knees, as it was with the others. I felt distinctly a twitch, several times repeated, at my knee. It was the sensation of a boy's hand, partly scratching, partly striking and pulling me in play. It went away. Others described the same sensation; and the celerity with which it frolicked, like Puck, under the table, now at one side and now at another, was surprising. Soon after, what seemed to be a large hand came under the table cover, and with the fingers clustered to a point, raised it between me and the table. Somewhat too eager to satisfy my curiosity, I seized it, felt it very

sensibly, but it went out like air in my grasp. I know of no analogy in connection with the sense of touch by which I could make the nature of that feeling intelligible. It was as palpable as any soft substance, velvet, or pulp; and at the touch it seemed as solid; but pressure reduced it to air.

It was now suggested that one of the party should hold the hand-bell under the table; which was no sooner done than it was taken away, and after being rung at different points was finally returned, still under the table, into the hand of another person.

While this was going forward the white sheets were seen moving, and gradually disappeared over the edge of the table. Long afterwards we heard them creasing and crumpling on the floor, and saw them returned again to the table; but there was no writing upon them. In the same way the flowers which lay near the edge were removed. The semblance of what seemed a hand, with white, long, and delicate fingers, rose up slowly in the darkness, and bending over a flower, suddenly vanished with it. This occurred two or three times; and although each appearance was not equally palpable to every person, there was no person who did not see some of them. The flowers were distributed in the manner in which they had been removed; a hand, of which the lambent gleam was visible, slowly ascending from beneath the cover, and placing the flower in the hand for which it was intended. In the flower-stands in the adjoining window we could hear geranium blossoms snapped off, which were afterwards thrown to different persons.

Still more extraordinary was that which followed, or rather which took place while we were watching this transfer of the flowers. Those who had keen eyes, and who were in the best position for catching the light upon the instrument, declared that they saw the accordion in motion. I could not. It was as black as pitch to me. But concentrating my attention on the spot where I supposed it to be, I soon perceived a dark mass rise awkwardly above the edge of the table, and then go down, the instrument emitting a single sound produced by its being struck against the table as it went over. It descended to the floor in silence; and a quarter of an hour afterwards, when we were engaged in observing some fresh phenomena, we heard the accordion beginning to play where it lay on the ground.

Apart from the wonderful consideration of its being played without hands—no less wonderful was the fact of its being played in a narrow space which would not admit of its being drawn out with the requisite freedom to its full extent. We listened with suspended breath. The air was wild, and full of strange transitions; with a wail of the most pathetic sweetness running through it. The execution was no less remarkable for its delicacy than its power. When the notes swelled in some of the bold passages, the sound rolled through the room with an astounding reverberation; then, gently subsiding, sank into a strain of divine tenderness. But it was the close that touched the hearts, and

drew the tears of the listeners. Milton dreamt of this wondrous termination when he wrote of "linkèd sweetness long drawn out." By what art the accordion was made to yield that dying note, let practical musicians determine. Our ears, that heard it, had never before been visited by "a sound so fine." It continued diminishing and diminishing, and stretching far away into distance and darkness, until the attenuated thread of sound became so exquisite that it was impossible at last to fix the moment when it ceased.

That an instrument should be played without hands is a proposition which nobody can be expected to accept. The whole story will be referred to one of the two categories under which the whole of these phenomena are consigned by "common sense." It will be discarded as a delusion, or a fraud. Either we imagined we heard it, and really did not hear it; or there was some one under the table, or some mechanism was set in motion to produce the result. Having made the statement, I feel that I am bound, as far as I can, to answer these objections, which I admit to be perfectly reasonable. Upon the likelihood of delusion my testimony is obviously worth nothing. With respect to fraud, I may speak more confidently. It is scarcely necessary to say that in so small a circle, occupied by so many persons, who were inconveniently packed together, there was not room for a child of the size of a doll, or for the smallest piece of machinery to operate. But we need not speculate on what might be done by skilful contrivances in confines so narrow, since the question is removed out of the region of conjecture by the fact that, upon holding up the instrument myself in one hand, in the open room, with the full light upon it, similar strains were emitted, the regular action of the accordion going on without any visible agency. And I should add that, during the loud and vehement passages, it became so difficult to hold, in consequence of the extraordinary power with which it was played from below, that I was obliged to grasp the top with both hands. This experience was not a solitary one. I witnessed the same result on different occasions, when the instrument was held by others.

It is not my purpose to chronicle the whole phenomena of the evening, but merely to touch upon some of the most prominent; and that which follows, and which brought us to the conclusion of the *séance*, is distinguished from the rest by this peculiarity, that it takes us entirely out of that domain of the marvellous in which the media are inanimate objects.

Mr. Home was seated next to the window. Through the semi-darkness his head was dimly visible against the curtains, and his hands might be seen in a faint white heap before him. Presently, he said, in a quiet voice, "My chair is moving—I am off the ground—don't notice me—talk of something else," or words to that effect. It was very difficult to restrain the curiosity, not unmixed with a more serious feeling, which these few words awakened; but we talked, incoherently enough, upon some indifferent topic. I was sitting nearly opposite to Mr. Home, and I saw his hands disappear from the table, and his head vanish into the deep

shadow beyond. In a moment or two more he spoke again. This time his voice was in the air above our heads. He had risen from his chair to a height of four or five feet from the ground. As he ascended higher he described his position, which at first was perpendicular, and afterwards became horizontal. He said he felt as if he had been turned in the gentlest manner, as a child is turned in the arms of a nurse. In a moment or two more, he told us that he was going to pass across the window, against the gray, silvery light of which he would be visible. We watched in profound stillness, and saw his figure pass from one side of the window to the other, feet foremost, lying horizontally in the air. He spoke to us as he passed, and told us that he would turn the reverse way, and recross the window; which he did. His own tranquil confidence in the safety of what seemed from below a situation of the most novel peril, gave confidence to everybody else; but, with the strongest nerves, it was impossible not to be conscious of a certain sensation of fear or awe. He hovered round the circle for several minutes, and passed, this time perpendicularly, over our heads. I heard his voice behind me in the air, and felt something lightly brush my chair. It was his foot, which he gave me leave to touch. Turning to the spot where it was on the top of the chair, I placed my hand gently upon it, when he uttered a cry of pain, and the foot was withdrawn quickly, with a palpable shudder. It was evidently not resting on the chair, but floating; and it sprang from the touch as a bird would. He now passed over to the farthest extremity of the room, and we could judge by his voice of the altitude and distance he had attained. He had reached the ceiling, upon which he made a slight mark, and soon afterwards descended and resumed his place at the table. An incident which occurred during this aërial passage, and imparted a strange solemnity to it, was that the accordion, which we supposed to be on the ground under the window close to us, played a strain of wild pathos in the air from the most distant corner of the room.

I give the driest and most literal account of these scenes, rather than run the risk of being carried away into descriptions which, however true, might look like exaggerations. But the reader can understand, without much assistance in the way of suggestion, that at such moments, when the room is in deep twilight, and strange things are taking place, the imagination is ready to surrender itself to the belief that the surrounding space is inhabited by supernatural presences. Then is heard the tread of spirits, with velvet steps, across the floor; then the ear catches the plaintive murmur of the departed child, whispering a tender cry of "Mother!" through the darkness; and then it is that forms of dusky vapour are seen in motion, and coloured atmospheres rise round the figures that form that circle of listeners and watchers. I exclude all such sights and sounds because they do not admit of direct and satisfactory evidence, and because no sufficient answer can be made to the objection that they *may* be the unconscious work of the imagination.

Palpable facts witnessed by many people, stand on a widely different

ground. If the proofs of their occurrence be perfectly legitimate, the nature of the facts themselves cannot be admitted as a valid reason for refusing to accept them as facts. Evidence, if it be otherwise trustworthy, is not invalidated by the unlikelihood of that which it attests. What is wanted here, then, is to treat facts as facts, and not to decide the question over the head of the evidence.

To say that certain phenomena are incredible, is merely to say that they are inconsistent with the present state of our knowledge; but, knowing how imperfect our knowledge is, we are not, therefore, justified in asserting that they are impossible. The "failures" which have occurred at *séances* are urged as proofs that the whole thing is a cheat. If such an argument be worth noticing, it is sufficient to say that ten thousand failures do not disprove a single fact. But it must be evident that as we do not know the conditions of "success," we cannot draw any argument from "failures." We often hear people say that they might believe such a thing, if such another thing were to happen; making assent to a particular fact, by an odd sort of logic, depend upon the occurrence of something else. "I will believe," for example, says a philosopher of this stamp, "that a table has risen from the ground, when I see the lamp-posts dancing quadrilles. Then, tables? Why do these things happen to tables?" Why, that is one of the very matters which it is desirable to investigate, but which we shall never know anything about so long as we ignore inquiry. And, above all, of what use are these wonderful manifestations? What do they prove? What benefit have they conferred on the world? Sir John Herschel has answered these questions with a weight of authority which is final. "The question, *Cui bono?* to what practical end and advantage do your researches tend?—is one which the speculative philosopher, who loves knowledge for its own sake, and enjoys, as a rational being should enjoy, the mere contemplation of harmonious and mutually dependent truths, can seldom hear without a sense of humiliation. He feels that there is a lofty and disinterested pleasure in his speculations, which ought to exempt them from such questioning. But," adds Sir John, "if he can bring himself to descend from this high but fair ground, and justify himself, his pursuits, and his pleasures in the eyes of those around him, he has only to point to the history of all science, where speculations, apparently the most unprofitable, have almost invariably been those from which the greatest practicable applications have emanated."*

The first thing to be done is to collect and verify facts. But this can never be done if we insist upon refusing to receive any facts, except such as shall appear to us likely to be true, according to the measure of our intelligence and knowledge. My object is to apply this truism to the case of the phenomena of which we have been speaking; an object which I hope will not be overlooked by any persons who may do me the honour to quote this narrative.

* *Preliminary Discourse on the Study of Natural Philosophy*, p. 10.

William Hogarth:

PAINTER, ENGRAVER, AND PHILOSOPHER.

Essays on the Man, the Work, and the Time.

VII.—A History of Hard Work.

Is there anything in the world that cannot be accomplished by sheer hard work? Grant to any man, high or low, a sound natural capacity, and the essential faculties of insight and appreciation—or, if you will, call them discernment and judgment—and may he not aspire, with a reasonable degree of certainty, to the very grandest prizes which the Heads of the Houses of Life have to confer? May he not say to his Will: "You are my steed, I mean to saddle and bridle you. I shall spare neither whip nor spur, and you must carry me to the great goal. Be your name Hare or Tortoise, you and I must win the race. I know full well that I must go into training for such a tremendous heat. I must rise at five in the morning, and sleep short hours upon hard beds. I must live on the simplest and scantiest fare. I must conciliate and be servile, until I can command and be tyrannical. I must be always learning something, always doing something, always saving something. I must never look back, even though behind me may be a poor man crying out that I have ridden over his one ewe lamb, or a widow weeping for the trampling of her tender vines under my horse's hoofs. My motto must not be '*Excelsior*,' but rather Cæsar Borgia's '*Avánti!*' or Blucher's '*Vorwärts;*' for the rewards of this world lie straight ahead, not far above, and must be tilted at, not clambered for. And if I have a firm seat, and a hard hand, and a steady eye, shall I not succeed? My hair may be powdered grey with the dust of the race; but shall I not ride in some day, the crowd crying—*Tandem triumphans?* Shall I not be crowned with laurels in the capitol—foremost poet of the age? Shall I not be the great painter: my hire a thousand guineas for six inches of coloured canvas? Shall I not have discovered the longitude and squared the circle? Shall I not be Rothschild, to hold crowns in pawn, and ticket sceptres in fasces as though they were fire-irons? Shall I not be borne on the shields of the legionaries, and saluted as Emperor of the Eujaxrians, King of Politicopolis, and Protector of the Confederation of the Scamander?"

Many a man asks himself these questions; and digging his rowels into the sides of his stern Intent, rides away with his knees well set and his hand on his hip, defiant. What Cæsar, and Napoleon, and Frederick, and Newton, and Bayle, and Milton, and Buonarotti, and Pascal, and Wolsey, and Ximenes, and Washington, and Francia, and Ganganelli, and Flaxman, and Callot did—you see I dip my hand in the lucky-bag and draw out the numbers as they come—was by pure and simple hard work: the labour of the hand as well as the brain. Believe me that nothing is unavailing

towards the great end, so long as it is work. The making of sundials and toy windmills helped Isaac of Grantham towards the *Principia*. Bacon was not wasting his time when he wrote about laying out gardens. Brougham took something by his motion when he sat down to furnish nearly an entire number of the *Edinburgh Review*. Leonardo was not wholly idle when he promulgated his rules for drawing "monsters:"—lions' flanks, fishes' tails, and "*mulier formosa superne*." Burke found his account in writing summaries for the *Annual Register*, and Canning in making jokes for the *Anti-Jacobin*. All these things "tell up." They are columned, and figured, and entered to our credit; and some day the balance is declared, and we draw the splendid capital.

And the reward—is it certain? Is it always spendid? Does every studious sub-lieutenant of artillery become an emperor? Is the mastership of the Mint waiting for every mathematician? Ah, vain and fallacious argument! Ah, sorry reckoning without our host! Here is the day-room of a country workhouse, and here over the scanty fire is a paralytic, slavering dotard nearly a hundred years of age. Hard work! Giles Clover, of the old men's ward, was working hard when New York and Virginia were English colonies. He has tilled the earth so long, that just before the spade dropped from his palsied hand, he was digging a grave for his great-grandchild. His neighbour there, the patriarch of eighty, has helped to clear away the crumbling ruins of the house the bricks of which he worked so hard to mould the clay for. Hard work! Look at that doddering old fellow in the scarlet blanketing creeping along the King's Road, Chelsea. He was at Valenciennes, at Walcheren, at Maida, at Vittoria, at Waterloo. He was in garrison at St. Helena in 1821, and lent his strong shoulder to carry the body of Napoleon to the grave. But he will be thankful, poor pensioner, for a halfpenny to buy snuff, and his granddaughter goes out washing, to furnish him with extra beer. Hard work! Look at the pale-faced curate of St. Lazarus. He is full of Greek, and mathematics, and the Fathers. He marries, and buries, and baptizes, and preaches, and overlooks the schools, and walks twenty miles a day to visit the sick. And he has just written a begging letter to the benevolent society which supplies the clergy with old clothes. Perhaps these men, with all their industry, were dull. When genius is allied to perseverance, the golden mean must be reached indeed. Must it? Alack! the reckoning of the host is still better than ours. He comes with a smile, and taps us on the shoulder, and says, "Oh, ho! you are becoming famous, are you? You shall go to a padded room, and howl for the rest of your days. And you who heaped up riches, and have such a swollen cheque-book? Here is a little pin, with which I just perforate your skull. You tumble down in apoplexy, and farewell money-bags. And you, Monsieur le Duc, with a field-marshal's bâton you once carried in your knapsack? A tiny pellet of lead from a flintlock musket fired by a raw recruit will arrange all *your* affairs. And you, potent, and grave, and wise, who sit in the king's council and rule the

destinies of millions,—ah! I have but to place a little pebble beneath the pastern of your park hackney, and lo! he will stumble and fall, and four men with a stretcher will carry you home to die."

Should these grim reminders cause men to shrink and faint, and lose their faith in the powers of Will and Hard Work? Never, I hope. Should the fame that Hamilton gained by a speech, and Shenstone by a quaint imitation, or Campbell and Thomson by a volume of blank verse, cause us to drift into the *far niente*, to sit down contented with the success of a lucky hit and allow the game to go on while we lie in bed, and are fed with a spoon like Fenton; or, with our hands in our pockets, gnaw at the peaches on the walls, like the writer of the *Seasons?* Not yet, I trust. The grandest and noblest monuments in the world are those of hard work. Look at the *Decline and Fall.* Look at the great porch of Notre Dame de Paris. Look at Bayle's *Dictionary.* Look at the lines of Torres Vedras. Look at the *Divine Comedy.* Look at Holman Hunt's *Doctors in the Temple.* Every one of these elaborately magnificent performances—you see I have been playing at loto again, and trusted to the chances of the lucky-bag—might have remained mere sketches, crude and vigorous, perhaps, as Coleridge's *Kubla Khan*, or as that strange Titan-daub of the lady at the pianoforte in this year's Academy exhibition, but dreamy, unsubstantial, and unsatisfactory, without hard work. Therefore I drink to hard work, with a will and on my knees; and if ever I am sentenced to six months' imprisonment with hard labour, I will try to become an expert even at the treadmill or the crank, satisfied that some good will come of it some day.

I remember with a friend, once, staring at the great golden dome of St. Izaak's church, at Petersburg, as it blazed in the sunset, and striving to calculate how many bottles of champagne, ball-dresses, diamond bracelets, carriages and horses, marriage settlements, were spread over that glittering cupola. But in a healthier frame of mind, I began to ponder upon the immensity of human labour concentrated in that stately edifice. There were the men who beat the gold out into flimsy leaves, who spread it on the dome, who hewed the marble from the quarries, and polished and dragged it, and set it up, who formed those wondrous mosaics, and wrought those glowing paintings, who made the mould and cast the bronze for the statues, who hung the bells and laid the pavement, and illuminated the barbaric screen of the Ikonostast. Thousands of serfs and artisans were pressed or poorly paid to do this work. Numbers of brickmakers will build a pyramid or wall all Babylon round; yet that concentrated immensity is always astounding. How much more should I wonder at the pyramid of hard work that lies before me in the giant folio of William Hogarth's works! There are 157 plates in the book, and yet many of his minor works are not here. How the man must have pored and peered, and stooped to grave these millions of lines and dots on the hard metal! A large proportion of these performances was preceded by a sketch, a drawing, a finished oil picture. Every engraving required its separate drawing, tracing, retracing on the copper, etching, biting in, engraving deeper, touching up and finishing.

Granted that for the later plates assistants were called in. Still, the vast mass of the stupendous work is by one man's hand. It was *his* province alone to conceive, to determine, to plan the picture, to discover and to arrange the models. No falling off, no weakness, is apparent from the *Rake's Progress* to the very end of his own honest career. He died in harness; and the strength, the wit, the humour, and the philosophy of the *Bathos* thunder forth a lie to Wilkes and Churchill, in their sneers at his dotage and his infirmity.

When an artist is in the full tide and swing of his productive power,—when his early struggles for bread are over, and he is married and pays rent and taxes, and being known, can command an adequate, if not a generous remuneration for his daily labour,—his life, if his lot fortunately be cast in a peaceful and civilized country, must necessarily be uneventful. Young Robert Strange, roaming about the Highlands in '45, with his "craig in peril," engraving banknotes for the Pretender, and sheltering himself beneath ladies' hoops, from the hot pursuit of Duke William's soldiers, was a very wild and picturesque Bohemian. So was Callot scampering from fair to fair in Italy, with Egyptians, vagabonds, and mountebanks. So was David, screeching applause at the *Serment du Jeu de Paume*, and rushing home to transfer the oath to canvas, or, as some of the libellers assert, sitting at his easel at the scaffold's foot, and copying with red fidelity the facial contortions of those who died by the guillotine. But Strange becomes grave and portly Sir Robert, engraver to his Majesty, a worthy knight-bachelor, with a grand collection of antique prints and drawings, dwelling in his own house in King Street, Covent Garden. And you shall hardly recognize the erratic young companion of the Romany Rye, in the handsome, thoughtful cavalier in his point-lace, velvet justaucorps, and swaling plume to his beaver—the noble Jacques Callot, who lives near the Luxembourg, and draws martyrologies to the great delight of the *Petits Pères*, and employs "*M. Israel son amy*" to grave his etchings more forcibly. And who shall not marvel at the transformation of the ranting-club man of '93, long-haired, tri-colour-sashed, nine-tenths *sans-culotte*, into M. le Baron Louis David, Grand Officer of the Legion of Honour, who calls in his chariot to beg sittings from his Eminence the Cardinal, and his Grandeur the Arch-Chancellor, and Monseigneur the Archbishop, and messieurs the marshals, the senators, and the councillors of State, for the portraits that are to be introduced into the colossal picture of the coronation of his Majesty the Emperor and King, destined for the Salle du Sacre of Versailles?

William Hogarth's earliest life had not been, as you have seen, very fruitful in incident. No desperate adventures had chequered his path. No doubt but that in his case, as in that of every child of humanity, "the days passed and did not resemble each other;" but still the days glided by without duels in Hyde Park or the fields behind Montagu House, without gallantries with my Lady Bellaston or Madame la Comtesse des Quatres Vents, without committals to the Tower for participation in Jacobite

plots. I daresay there were days when the crust to the goose-pie was somewhat hard and flaky and the Derby ale was sour; when Mistress Hogarth's temper was none of the sweetest, when a slight commotion in the painting-room was created by the outrageous behavour of Mr. Shard;* when my lord would not pay for his picture, or when William's own temper was ruffled at the sight of some vile wood piracy of the *Rake's Progress*. It may sometimes have happened, also, that William took t'other bottle, had a curtain lecture at night, and a headache the next morning. There may have been wintry days, when it was too dark to paint, and sunshiny days, when palette and maulstick were flung by with a jolly laugh; and the painter with his wife, or with some of the wags from the "Bedford," were off to take the air and their pleasure. There may have been days when a shortness of ready money reigned in the house in Leicester Fields. Such domestic incidents may have ruffled from time to time the placid stream of the honest life of an English working man. Even courtly Sir Joshua, in *his* painting room on the other side of Leicester Fields, may not have been exempt from such transient puffs of adverse winds: but in the main, I think the tenor of William Hogarth's life from 1735 to 1745—when the Jacobite rebellion left, in some degree, its mark upon his life and work—was eminently smooth and even. Nor can I imagine any condition of existence much happier than this tranquil work-a-day life of an English painter. Ah! it is very fine to be Sir Thomas scampering off to congresses to limn popes and emperors and plenipotentiaries, to stand in one's grand saloon in tights and opera hat, receiving the flower of the peerage—but

* Hogarth, save in the portraits of Wilkes and Churchill—in the which, if Lord Ellenborough's dictum is to be accepted, the magnitude of the libel must be estimated in proportion to its truth—was seldom malevolently personal. Still, his pictures must be as full of faces, as true to their prototypes in life as Mrs. Salmon's waxen effigy of "Ann Sigg on Crutches," which stood at the door of the Salmonian museum by the Inner Temple Gate, near Gosling's banking-house. "Ann Sigg on Crutches" was as well known to London loiterers as Charles at Charing or the bell-strikers at St. Dunstan's; and Ann Sigg, a noted beggar, used to hobble past the wax-work show every day; but she never turned on her crutches to inspect her counterfeit presentment, either ignorant of or disdaining to acknowledge its existence. Not so philosophically sensible was one Mr. Shard, son of Sir Isaac Shard, a rare money spinner and money clutcher. In Hogarth's picture of the *Miser's Feast* (?) he is said to have introduced a portrait of this Sir Isaac, which made much mirth. Comes fresh from the university and the grand tour, Mr. Shard, junior, a young gentleman of fine parts, but a hot temper. Hogarth, as was common with painters then (and is still with the Roman and Florentine artists), had a sort of show-room in which his finished pictures were exhibited. The young university blood asks the person who shows the pictures for whom such and such a lean, pinched face is intended, and on being told that it is thought to be uncommonly like one Sir Isaac Shard, he "straightway draws his sword and slashes the canvas." It does not appear that Hogarth took any steps to resent this outrage; and one malignant biographer chuckles with much glee over his forbearance. I have queried the *Miser's Feast*, in relating this anecdote, because I am unaware of the existence of such a picture. Some critics are of opinion that the steward or pettifogger who guards the money-bag in Act I. of the *Rake's Progress*, was the obnoxious portrait slashed by young Mr. Shard.

with that dreadful man in possession sitting in the parlour all the while. It is very dignified, no doubt, to be Barry fiercely warring the academy, entertaining Senator Burke with Spartan banquets of beefsteaks and porter, and dying at last in a dingy back parlour, just too late to enjoy a meagre annuity. It is wilder and more picturesque to be a jovial Bohemian, and paint pigs in a spunging house like George Morland, or to be stark mad and a believer in the "ghosts of fleas" and the connection of "William Pitt and the New Jerusalem," like Blake; but I think the balance of happiness is in favour of such quiet, unostentatious working lives as those led by William Hogarth and Joshua Reynolds; by the equable Westall, and that stainless soul, Flaxman; by honest David Wilkie, and our good painter Leslie, just taken from us. Surely it is reckoned in their favour: the blameless, spotless life, without turbulence, without intrigue, without place-seeking: the life devoted from its dawn to its close, to the worship of nature in her most beautiful forms. And, O ye precisians! who are apt to descry a positive naughtiness in the somewhat lavishly developed carnations and luscious *morbidezza* of William Etty, do you know that the squanderer of gorgeous hues lived the life of a hermit in his bachelor chambers in Buckingham Street, Strand? and that the dignified spinster, his lady-sister, found pleasure in seeking out the fairest models that money would persuade to sit, for her William to paint?

I have called this section of my attempt, a history of hard work; and although I must defer a long meditated dissertation on Hogarth's oil pictures* which would open a widely different field of contemplation—the pages that follow will not be unprofitably devoted to a careful consideration of the works engraved by W.H. between the stand-points of the *Rake's Progress* and the *Marriage à la Mode*. Gentlemen collectors, therefore, will you be so good as to open your portfolios and adjust your glasses while your humble cicerone tries to tell you what he has been able to find out respecting a few more of the *dramatis personæ* in the *Human Comedy* of the comic Dante?

A few words may be spared for that capital free-handed etching

* Walpole and Allan Cunningham have said nearly all of Hogarth's merits in oil-painting that can be said; and the latest edition of the *Anecdotes of Painting* gives a commendably liberal list of the pedigree and present locality of the principal oil pictures and sketches by Hogarth extant. This list, however, is susceptible of many additions. It is quite as easy to fix upon an authentic W. H., as upon a veracious Gerard Douw. His *touch* was almost unique—a broad, firm, predetermined mark of the brush—and to imitate it without the possibility of detection, even in these halcyon days of picture forgery, would argue the possession of artistic qualities on the part of the forger well nigh equal to those of Hogarth himself. But I reserve bibliographical, genealogical, chalcographic, and auctioneer's lore about Hogarth's pictures for a more convenient occasion, staying now only to acknowledge the kindness of half a dozen courteous correspondents from Bristol, who tell me that the Hogarthian pictures which formerly adorned the chancel of St. Mary Redcliffe's fine old church, were purchased by Mr. Thomas Proctor, of Wall's Court, near Bristol, and by him presented to the Fine Arts Academy at Clifton (Bristol). I am glad to hear that the pictures have suffered nothing in the way of "restoration."

of the *Laughing Audience* which I have already mentioned as delivered with the subscription-ticket to the life drama of Thomas Rakewell, Esq.

It is a suitably humorous prologue to that tragi-comedy. Taken as an etching it is executed entirely *con brio*, and without—save in the background of the box—any symptom of the employment of mechanical line or rule. All is round, rich, and flexible; and the easier is the artist's hand, the more lucid, I think, is the exposition of his thought. It is, pray observe, the audience in the pit, not those in the boxes of the theatre, who are laughing. They, good people, have paid their money to be amused, and are determined to have their three shillings' worth.* Their business cares

* Three shillings would appear to have been the statutory price of entrance to the pit of Covent Garden, Lincoln's Inn Fields, and Drury Lane Theatres. I find "3*s.*" marked in pen and ink on a medallion in the benefit-ticket engraved by Hogarth for Milward, the comedian. Those executed for Jemmy Spiller (the original Filch), "Macheath," Walker, Fielding, and Joe Miller, have merely "Pitt" written in, but no

are over for the day; and they will laugh, and laugh heartily, or know the reason why. There are just eleven of these merry groundlings, and they exhibit almost every phase of the risible faculty. There is the old lady's sly chuckle—you know what I mean: the "Ah! he's a wicked one," and "Go along with you!" chuckle, accompanied by a wag of the good old soul's head; the laugh of the man who is obliged to put his hand to his forehead and screw his eyelids tight—the laugh of him who fairly cries for mirth; the grateful grin of the deaf man *who sees the joke*, albeit he hears it not; the jolly "Boo-hoo!" of the fat matron, whose sides, I am sure, must be aching; the gruff "Ha-ha!" of the big man, who doesn't laugh often, but when he does, laughs with goodwill; the charming, good-natured, "all-overish" smile of the fresh and comely young lass; the broad bursting laugh of the stout old gentleman, who has been laughing any time these sixty years; and the silly "Hee-hee!" of the fool, who is wise enough, however, to know that it is better to laugh than cry: all these are deliciously portrayed. After blue pill, or a bill that has been presented, always look at the *Laughing Audience*. In the background even you shall see a man with a peaked nose, and a normally dissatisfied countenance. I am afraid that he has the toothache by twinges, or that his affairs are not going prosperously. Yet even he laughs, *sous cape*, under his bent brows and his wig. I only wonder that William Hogarth did not introduce a laughing child to crown the gaiety of the scene. Laugh on, ye honest folks, and clap Milward or Jemmy Spiller to the echo! I never hear a sour phiz groan out that this world is a vale of tears, but I think upon the *Laughing Audience;* and often, as I sit in the fourth row of the Haymarket pit, I hear the loud cachinnations of the comfortable old ladies—substantial dividend-drawers and tradesmen's wives, who always pay, and would despise a "horder" as much as they do half-price, and who have come all the way from Camberwell or Dalston to laugh at Mr. Buckstone. And then more reverently do I recall the eloquent words of the great author of the *Golden Grove*, who in a sermon bids us rejoice and be merry at due times and seasons, and tells us that we have a Creator so kind and good, "that we cannot please Him unless we be infinitely pleased ourselves." If we are never to be joyful, O Sourphiz! why, if you please, do the lambs skip and the

price. The beneficiaries probably asked what they liked—having previously purchased the tickets from the management—and took what they could get. In respect to the Georgian theatres, I should be glad to be enlightened on the point as to whether the footmen of the nobility and gentry, for whose use the gallery was reserved, and against whose fighting and gambling there, managers Rich, Highmore, and Cibber used so piteously to protest—paid for their admission. I don't think they did, seeing that the footmen's turbulence led to a managerial enactment that they should only be admitted "after the fourth act." Again, as to paying at the doors. In a stray paper of Fielding's, I find the shabby conduct of a Temple Buck censured, who takes advantage of the fourth act to go away without paying. Could there have been anything like theatrical credit in those unsophisticated days? or did the first crude scheme of "half price" give the spectator a right of election as to which half of the performance he should witness?

babies smile in their sleep, *and the very dogs laugh?* I believe that in the way of lineage I am more an ancient Roman than a Dane; but if Sourphiz be in the right, and this *is* a vale of tears—save when in Heaven's wisdom the rain and the dew fall on us—I am a Dutchman, doubly distilled.

Mark this, notwithstanding, that the musicians in the orchestra do not laugh. These rosin-bows have other things to think of. To scrape the intestines of the cat with the hair of the horse night after night, for a wage of twenty-shillings a week, is no laughing matter. The fiddlers and fifers have grown stale and accustomed to the witticisms of Messrs. Milward and Spiller; and when they have forty bars rest they yawn and take snuff, and do not laugh. Let us hope that their merriment is reserved for the time when thay draw their salaries and go home to a tripe supper, a mug of punch, and the society of their wives and families. Nor are the young ladies, who are the descendants of Orange Moll, and supply those golden fruit from pottle-shaped baskets, much given to laughter. 'Tis their vocation to pluck the beaux in the boxes by the sleeve and simulate a pleased interest in their bald chat. The beaux, of whom there are a pair most exquisitely attired, are sniggering and simpering, but not laughing.* They are very magnificent grandees, dining at Lebeck's or Pontack's,† and

* So Mons. Mephistopheles laughs in Goëthe's Faust and Scheffer's pictures, and so Iago, when he sings his little song in Cyprus to tipsy Cassio. And the Prophet, in the sacred writings, has his "bitter laugh." There is an appalling little Latin treatise, happily rare, written by some monastic Mephistopheles who had the misfortune to wear human flesh with some cold blood in it, and a friar's cowl over all. It is called the *Risus Sardonicus*, and contains such agreeable passages as "Aha! you think that eternal punishment is merely figurative, do you? Hee-hee! wait a little." And then he goes on to expatiate on the brimstone, and the molten pitch, and the burning marl—always with his "bitter laugh." Ugh! the cynic.

† I make my beaux dine at Pontack's—with a *k*, through malice prepense. You know that in the *Rake's Progress* young Tom holds high festival at *P.'s*. In my simplicity I imagined Pontac to have been a living "mine host" actually contemporary with Thomas Rakewell, but I have since been better informed. Pontack's was at the old White Bear in Abchurch Lane. It was destroyed in the Great Fire, and rebuilt as a French restaurant by one Monsieur Pontack, a Frenchman, "son of the President of Bordeaux, owner of a district whence are imported into England some of the most celebrated claret." Proud of his descent, he set up a portrait of his presidential sire in official costume as a sign. The Fellows of the Royal Society, after the Fire, moved to the "Pontack's Head," and held their anniversary dinner there. In George II.'s reign Pontack's, which had changed proprietors several times, was spoken of as a "guinea ordinary," where you could get a "ragout of fatted snails," and "chickens not two hours from the shell." The loose company depicted in the *Progress* would fix something like an imputation of evil manners on this celebrated tavern; yet we read that on Thursday, January 15, 1736, a date that exactly suits my purpose—"William Pepys, banker in Lombard Street, was married at St. Clement's Church, in the Strand, to Mrs. Susannah Austin, who lately kept Pontack's, where, with universal esteem, she acquired a considerable fortune." Perhaps the eulogy came from Grub Street, even as the sign came from Harp Alley. See *Evelyn's Diary*, 1683 and 1694, *passim*; the *Metamorphoses of the Town*, 1731; the *Weekly Oracle*, 1736; and specially my fountain-head of Pontackian information, the remarkably learned and curious *Catalogue of London Traders, Tavern and Coffee-house Tokens*, in the Beaufoy collection, printed for the corporation of London (to whose library the collection was presented), and written by Mr. Jacob H. Burn. 1855.

using the Turk's Head o' nights; but they would think it infinitely beneath them to laugh.*

Passing over a companion etching to the above—a set of bewigged choristers singing from the oratorio of *Judith*—let me come to the large and elaborate engraving from Hogarth's picture of *Southwark Fair:* the plate was, you will remember, included in the subscription for the *Rake's Progress.* I saw the oil painting in the Art Treasures Exhibition at Manchester in 1857, and a magnificent work it is—second only in my opinion to the *March to Finchley.* The scene, which is literally crammed with life, incident, animation, and varied character, is artistically remarkable for the exquisite beauty of the central figure, the young woman with the amazon hat and plume who beats the drum: not one of Lely's *Beauties,* and scarcely Rubens' *Chapeau de Paille* can surpass the face and form of "*La belle au tambour*" in fresh, ruddy, pulpy comeliness. Mark the astonishment of the two bumpkins who are gazing at this parchment-drubbing beauty; one, awed by her charms, has pulled off his hat. His mate wonders "with a foolish face of praise." The legend recounts that Hogarth, passing once through the fair, saw the original of the beautiful drummer being grossly maltreated—poor child!—by some coarse ruffian. The legend goes on to tell, and I delight in believing it,—that Bill Hogarth—one must call him Bill when he uses his fists—beat the unmanly scoundrel soundly, and took pity on the young drummer-girl whose fair face served him as a model in many of his after pictures. I hope Jane Thornhill wasn't jealous.

There is an astonishing impression of Sound prevailing in this picture. It is a painted noise. It is an English Donnybrook; and the only object quiet in the scene is the bell in the turret of the church. The platform erected for the strolling players who are performing the "Fall of Bajazet" gives way; and down come poles and boards, Bajazet, Roxalana, grand viziers, scimitars, turbans, Kislaragas and all the borough-orientalisms of the managers, Messrs. Cib(b)ber and Bullock. The country squire with a whip in one hand, and another locked in the arm of a young girl, stares in mute astonishment at the gay doings around him, and a pickpocket takes a natural advantage of his amazement to ease him of his pocket-

* In the *Laughing Audience*, the barrier dividing the orchestra from the pit is garnished with iron spikes. In an era of theatrical anarchy, when the groundlings not unfrequently invaded the stage, such precautions were by no means needless; but, to the credit of the French, the management of the Royal Opera in Paris were the first to remove these somewhat barbarous *chevaux-de-frise.* Towards the close of King William III.'s reign, a young English nobleman, visiting Paris and the Opera, had a quarrel with a French gentleman. Being a "muscular Christian," he seized his adversary round the waist, and pitched him bodily from the box tier into the orchestra. The poor Frenchman fell on the spikes, and was well nigh impaled; and after this mishap, the authorities took away the spikes from the barrier, but placed two extra sentinels in the pit. There had already been soldiers on the stage. For the pit sentries, see Sterne's capital story of the little hunchback at the opera in the *Sentimental Journey.*

handkerchief. The Amazon with the drum has among her admirers, likewise, two individuals, whose sober attire and starched visages would point them out as members of Whitfield's congregation in Moorfields.

Here are all the "humours of a fair," indeed; mountebanks, fiddlers, players, and buffoons; rogues and proctors, and sharpers and dupes, and those that live by bullying honest folk—

> "Maint poudré qui n'a pas d'argent,
> Maint sabreur qui craint le sergent,
> Maint fanfaron qui toujours tremble,"

as sings Monsieur Scarron, "*Malade de la Reine*," of the humours of a Parisian crowd. Here is the "sergent" in the form of a ruthless constable who collars Alexander the Great, or a poor player, at least, who is about to strut and fret his hour on the stage, made up in the likeness of that hero, on some charge for which he will have to find good and sufficient bail. The captor is a constable or headborough—not a sheriff's-officer or catchpole, to judge by his brass-tipped staff. He has his follower with him, a truculent ruffian, who brandishes a bludgeon over the head of the hapless Alexander of Macedon. Or, stay: Can the plumed, periwigged, and buskined conqueror in the grasp of the constable be intended for Hector of Troy? I see that against the church tower in the middle distance they have reared a stage and a huge show-cloth, which, with its vast wooden horse giving ingress to Greeks, tells of the history of *Troy Taken*.* There are other show-cloths displayed, depicting *Adam and Eve*, and *Punch wheeling his Wife to the Evil One;* but the most remarkable effort in this branch of art—now alas! fallen into decay and desuetude, is the monstrous cartoon to the spectator's left, swinging high and secure above the *Fall of Bajazet*. A history of a theatrical squabble, almost as momentous as the O. P. Row of 1810, or the Coletti and Tamburini revolt of our own times, is there set forth. The *Stage Mutineers, or a Playhouse to Let*, a tragi-comico-farcical ballad opera, published in 1733, will throw some light on this dramatic insurrection. Bankes' poetical epistle on the event states that Theophilus Cibber had stirred up a portion of the Drury Lane company to rebellion, and they accordingly seceded to the "little theatre in the Haymarket." The show-cloth in Hogarth's picture is mainly copied from a large etching descriptive of the dispute by John Laguerre, the scene-painter. The mutineers include portraits of the ringleader, Theo. Cibber as Pistol, and of Harper as Falstaff; and a naïf commentator informs me that the lady waving the flag is "intended for the portraiture of the notorious Mistress Doll Tearsheet." The simple man imagined, no doubt, that Mistress Doll—"what stuff wilt have a kirtle of? I shall receive money on Thursday,"—was a character as real as Mother Needham or Mary Moffat. Poor Doll! it was full three centuries before this Southwark Fair, that the beadles—the "famished correctioners," dragged her to

* A "droll," devised by the indefatigable compasser of "motions," Elkanah Settle. *Troy Taken* was a great favourite at the fairs, and in 1707 was even printed.

durance vile, there to have "whipping cheer enough," and all because she was a friend of Dame Quickley.*

Raree shows, wax-work shows, the "royal," and the "whole court of France," Faux's dexterity of hand, an acrobat swinging on the *corde volante*;† a poor demented, tumbling Icarus of a creature, "flying" from the church steeple; a fiery prize-fighter, broad-sword in hand, his bare pate covered with hideous scars and patches, and mounted on a wall-eyed steed—can this have been Holmes of "metacarpal" fame, or the renowned Felix Maguire?—a black-boy (in attendance on the Amazon) blasting a clarion; a little bagpiper, a military monkey, a set of "fantoccini" on a foot-board, a Savoyard music-grinder, a galantee show, with a dwarf drummer, a woman kneeling with a tray and dice-box, just as the fellows with their three cards kneel on the hill that leads to Epsom racecourse; a knot of silly gamblers, a tavern bar, beneath the crashing platform of the "Fall of Bajazet," for which, and breakages for flagons and glasses, Messrs. Cibber and Bullock, proprietors, will have to pay a heavy bill; these, and the close-packed throng, and the green fields and Surrey Hills in the distance, make up the wonderful life-picture called *Southwark Fair*. Greenwich I have seen, and Chalk Farm, and Bartlemy; but Southwark Fair was abolished, I believe, before the close of the last century.

The print of the *Sleeping Congregation*, to which I now pass, purports to have been invented, designed, engraved and published, by William Hogarth, pursuant to an Act of Parliament in 1736. Many of his best works were so engraved from a mere sketch, unhappily lost to us; were it otherwise, it is to be hoped that our national collection would be much richer, and that the gallery of every wealthy private collector would contain at least one original Hogarth, in oil or water colours. The few pictures

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* The figure in the corner of the Hogarth-Laguerre show-cloth is meant for Colley Cibber, who had just sold his share in Drury Lane Theatre to Highmore. The purchase-money was 6,000*l*. The man in his shirt-sleeves is Ellis, the scene-painter of the T. R. D. L. Over the Druryites is the inscription, "We'll starve 'em out." Over the Haymarket mutineers runs the legend, "We eat." I conjecture that alleged insufficient salaries and illiberal treatment were at the bottom of this, as of most theatrical revolts. A word as to Manager Highmore. He was a gentleman, and originally possessed a considerable fortune, but managed to dissipate it all between Drury Lane and White's gaming-house. Laguerre, indorsed by Hogarth, seems to sneer at Highmore's assumption of gentility in the figure of the monkey perched on the signboard of the "Rose tavern," and with the label, "I am a gentleman." Highmore failed as a manager; and he then, with little more success, turned actor. In 1743, according to an ingenuous well-wisher of his, "he completed the climax by publishing a poem entitled *Dettingen*, which proved him a very indifferent writer." Poor broken-down Highmore!

† The swinger was Signor Violante, an eminent performer, both on the tight and slack rope. The Icarus descending from the steeple is the famous Mr. Cadman, who performed the same feat at the church of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, from the steeple of which, by means of a running line, of course, he actually descended into the King's Mews. He tried the same experiment at Shrewsbury, but the rope breaking, he was dashed to pieces. Who does not remember the lamentable end, in our own day, of Scott, the American diver, and poor Gale, the aëronaut?

he left are easily traced; and to tabulate them will be hereafter my task. He rarely executed replicas. There was no Giulio Romano to emulate, as a disciple, this Rafaelle of Leicester Fields; but, on the other hand, the cupidity of picture-dealers, baffled by the paucity of genuine works from his hand, took refuge in barefaced fraud, and works by Hayman and Narcissus Laroon, and crowds of inferior would-be humourists, were, and are to this day, advertised as paintings by William Hogarth.

The *Sleeping Congregation* is just the reverse to the droll medal of which the *Laughing Audience* is the obverse. Hogarth, ordinarily a decorous man in his theology, has been guilty—humorous and apposite as is the quotation of the preacher's text—of a censurable piece of irreverence: the same that prompted the French eating-house keeper to adopt as a derivative for his newfangled restaurant, the *Ego restorabo vos* of the Vulgate. The clergyman is, however, very fine: a hard-mouthed, short-sighted, droning-voiced divine, one of those uncomfortable preachers of whom the old Scotch lady in Dean Ramsay's book, remarks, "If there's an ill text in a' the Bible, that creetur's sure to tak' it." The huge sounding-board above him seems to proclaim his deficiency in sonorous delivery, and the need there is for affording adventitious wings to his voice. The fat, sensuous, beef-witted and carnal-minded clerk, who screws his eyes with a furtive leer towards the sleeping girl—one of the most beautiful of Hogarth's female creations—is conceived in the purest spirit of comedy. There is a wonderful fat man snoring in the left-hand corner, his pudgy hand hanging over the pew, whom only William could have discovered and transferred to copperplate. The old women in their peaked hats, the slumberers in the gallery, the lanky cherubs who hold up the Royal arms, the heraldic lion in the same emblazonment, the very hats and hatchments, have a sleep-impressing, sleep-provoking look. So the Church slept in Hogarth's time, and was neglected or sneered at, and the parson drowsed on in his wig and cassock, while in Moorfields or in Tottenham Court Road, or far away on the wild moors of Devon, and in the almost unknown regions of the Anglo-Phœnician stannaries, among the Cornish miners, earnest albeit fanatic men, who disdained cassocks and wore "their own hair loose and unpowdered," were crying out how Eutychus slept, and how he fell from the third loft, and was taken up dead. But the church has become the *Sleeper Awakened* since then.

The *Distressed Poet:* ah! the distressed poet! Here is a picture one can almost gloat over. It is meant to be droll. It is funny enough in its incidents and character; but there pervades the piece, to my mind, a tinge of sympathy and sadness most pitiful yet charming to consider. No poet, surely, of ancient or of modern times—were he Codrus or Camoens, François Villon or Elkanah Settle, Savage or Johnson, in the days when he was writing *London* and wore the horseman's coat, and wolfed his victuals behind the screen that veiled him from the genteel guests at Cave's dinner-table—could have been more distressed than this creature of Hogarth's fancy—the fancy blended with the sad and stern experience which he must

have acquired of the sorrows of the Muse's sons. Many and many a time must William have mounted the crazy stairs to garrets or to cocklofts in Blood-bowl Court or Hanging-sword Alley, or, perchance, to dens on the coffee-room flight of the Fleet, to confer with distressed poets about the frontispieces to the translations they were executing for scrivener's wages, or for the volumes of poems they had persuaded booksellers to publish for a pound a sheet. The date of the print is 1740. Mr. Thomson has been petted and caressed by the great—falling among the Philistines, nevertheless, in spunging-houses, sometimes; Mr. Pope is waxing feeble, but he is famous and prosperous, and has ever a lord for a friend, and a bottle to give him. Mr. Pope can afford, uncudgelled, to sneer at old Sarah of Marlborough, and to blacken never too immaculate Lady Mary. He comes to town from Twitnam in his little coach, and a lane is made for him by the admiring spectators at the auctions which he frequents. The sentimental maunderer, Young, has done his best to yelp and whine himself into preferment, and his *Night Thoughts* have had, chiefly, reference to the degree of obsequiousness to be observed at the levée in the morning. Mr. Fielding is a gentleman, and is "hail fellow well met" at White's and the Rose with St. James's beaux and Temple bucks, but his affairs are wofully embarrassed, and he does not disdain to pocket the receipts of a benefit night at the playhouse—as though he were Jemmy Spiller or Macheath Walker. And even the successful poets—Pope, and Gray, and Shenstone excepted—were, according to Lord Macaulay, sometimes reduced to the low ebb of the bard who was "glad to obtain, by pawning his best coat, the means of dining on tripe at a cook-shop underground, where he could wipe his hands after his greasy meal on the back of a Newfoundland dog." Before 1740, Samuel Johnson had written that same stern, strong poem of *London*, and had gotten ten guineas for the copyright thereof. He was lucky even to get that, seeing that one publisher had advised him to abandon literature, take a porter's knot, and carry trunks. He slept on bulks, and amidst the hot ashes of lime-kilns and glass-houses. "He was repeatedly provoked into striking those who had taken liberties with him." He was scrofulous and hypochondriacal, and without a change of clothes or body linen. Hogarth's "Distressed Poet" is quite as penniless, but not quite so wretched as Johnson, or so reckless as Savage. The poor fellow has a wife: not ugly, coarse, and a shrew, as I am afraid the Johnsonian "Tetty" was, but a tender, loving, young woman; very fair and delicate to look at in her poor patched garments. Codrus is hard at work at his table beneath the window in the lean-to roof of the garret. He racks his brains for rhymes in a poem on "Riches." Above him hangs, all torn, tattered, and rat-begnawed, "A View of the Gold Mines of Peru."* You

* In the earlier "states" of the *Distressed Poet*, the "gold mines of Peru" do not appear. In their place is the copy of an engraving representing Pope beating Curll. A mine of very curious disquisition is opened in the subject of the various "states" of the engravings of W. H., and in which consists their extreme value to modern collectors. Alterations—often of considerable magnitude and importance—become visible on com-

see two of the consolations of his misery on the window-sill—a pipe and an oval box of Kirton's best tobacco. Another consolation, a little baby, is crying lustily in the bed. A cat and her kittens have made a comfortable couch on his coat. His sword, without a scabbard, and the blade somewhat bent, lies on the floor. It is evident that he can dress in gallant array sometimes; but it is to be feared that the last time he went out with his sword by his side he got either into a squabble for the wall, or a broil at a coffee-house, or in a night-cellar, and came home with his weapon thus damaged. Household utensils, mops and brooms, pails, and such matters are scattered here and there; there is not a vestige of looking-glass; but over the chimney, with the Bible, teacups and saucers, the loaf, and the little saucepan for the baby's pap, there is a target studded with bosses, and which has evidently come from the property-room of some theatre for which the poet has written.* Squalid, hopeless poverty is everywhere visible. The washing is done at home, as you may see from the sleeves and ruffles and bibs, hung to dry over a line. A fencer's foil has been degraded into serving as a poker. There is a capacious cupboard, quite empty. The walls are naked; the roof is not watertight. A little pewter porter measure stands on the chair by the bed-side; but when we remember the wealth of flagons, and rummers, and noggins, with which Hogarth heaps the foreground of some of the scenes in his Progresses, we may opine, either that the poet is too distressed to be a good customer to the tavern, or that his trust, like Rakewell's, is defunct, or that his potations are moderate.

A Welsh milkwoman—an exceedingly good-looking, although strapping young person, the model, indeed, of a Blowsybella in Gay's *Pastorals*, has come to dun the unhappy stanza-hammerer for a milk-score. That strong-lunged baby takes so much pap! The milkwoman is comfortably dressed. She wears high-heeled shoes and a coachwheel hat, and her petticoat is, doubtless, of the stoutest homespun dyed in grain. She brandishes the

parison of different impressions of Hogarth's plates. Notably, these changes are found in the *Rake's Progress* (plate iv.); in the *Four Parts of the Day* [Evening]; in the four plates of *An Election* (scene i.); in *Beer Street* and in *Gin Lane*. Most of the alterations were from afterthought, and in correction by Hogarth himself; but after his death, another important work, *Credulity, Superstition, and Fanaticism*, was audaciously garbled and pandied, to suit the circumstances of the Johanna Southcote mania, by Samuel Ireland.

* Here a learned commentator assures me that I am in error, and that the instrument I assume to be a target is, in reality, a "dare for larks," or circular board with pieces of looking-glass inserted, used, on sunshiny days, for the purpose of "daring" or "dazing" larks from their high soaring flight to within a distance convenient for shooting or netting them. I never saw any dares for larks in this country, but they are common enough abroad, where they are yet used by sportsmen and bird-fanciers to decoy larks. The "dare" I have seen resembles a cocked hat—or *chapeau bras*—in form, and is studded with bits of looking-glass, not convex, but cut in facets inwards, like the theatrical ornament cast in zinc, and called a "logie." The setting is painted bright red, and the facets turn on pivots, and being set in motion by a string attached to the foot, the larks are sufficiently "dared," and come quite close over the fascinating toy. I don't see what such an instrument should do in the garret of the *Distressed Poet*, and adhere to my target theory.

awful tally; she expatiates on every notch on the board; she *will* have her pound of flesh, or her handful of coppers, for her pint of milk. I think I hear the poet's pretty young wife striving to assuage the wrath of this angry milkwoman. Look at Mrs. Codrus' simple, loving, lovable face—Fielding's Amelia all over. Surely a glance at that visage is enough, O you seller of milk! It seems to say, "Think how clever my husband is. Even lords with blue ribands have complimented him. See how hard he works. He has been up all night, finishing that heroic poem, for which, when completed, Mr. Osborne has promised him two pounds five shillings, a copy of Montaigne's *Essays*, and an order on his tailor for a new coat. Indeed, we are sorely pushed. Our baby has been very ill, and stands in need of all the nourishment we can give it. Even our landlady has been kind, and forbears to trouble us for the rent. Besides, Mr. Codrus has a tragedy, which he has sent to the managers, and——" And while she pours out these plaintive apologies the little woman is hard at work. She is a gentleman's daughter, I daresay. She has been tenderly nurtured. She thinks her husband the bravest, kindest, cleverest of mankind; and, upon my word, she is mending his smallclothes.

Perhaps the milkwoman was touched by the pretty face and soft voice, and forbore to dun any more that day. But the milkwoman's dog has decidedly no pity for distressed poets, and putting his ugly head from behind her skirts, seizes with ravenous jaws on the scanty remains of yesterday's dinner, which had been put by on a plate.

Just about this time, 1740-1741, young Mr. Horace Walpole is travelling in Italy. He writes to his friend Mr. West, that he has passed a place called Radicofani. "Coming down a steep hill with two miserable hackneys, one fell under the chaise, and while we were disengaging him, a chaise came by with a person in a red cloak, a white handkerchief on its head, and a black hat; we thought it a fat old woman, but it spoke in a shrill little pipe, and proved itself to be Senesino." This Senesino, a *soprano*, clever enough in his shrill piping, was the friendly rival of Farinelli. Both realized immense fortunes in England. I don't so much grumble at Mr. Codrus's wretched earnings, or at the ten guineas which Johnson (really) received for *London;* but I may in justice notice Mr. Walpole's statement, that an Italian, the Abbé Vanneschi, and a certain Rolli, were paid three hundred guineas for the libretto of an opera. As to the singers, Monticelli and the Visconti had a thousand guineas for a season: Amorevoli had eight hundred and fifty, the "Moscovita" six hundred, including "secret services"—and I am entirely of the opinion of Doctor Pangloss concerning this being the very best of possible worlds.

So, I daresay, thought William Hogarth, when he could get enough bread and cheese for his hard work. You have heard already of the *Four Parts of the Day*, as having been designed by Hogarth for Jonathan Tyers of Vauxhall Gardens. The auctioneers have persisted in proclaiming the pictures at old Vauxhall to have been by W. H.; but I repeat that they were not, and were probably the work of Frank Hayman or

of John Laguerre. Hogarth, however, subsequently completed a set of four finished oil pictures from his first sketches. Two, *Morning* and *Noon*, were sold to the Duke of Ancaster for fifty-seven guineas. The *Evening* and *Night* were purchased by Sir William Heathcote for 64 guineas. The Abbé Vanneschi and the eminent Rolli would have turned up their noses at such remuneration. In 1738–9, the *Four Parts of the Day* were published in a series of plates of large dimensions, engraved mostly by Hogarth, but sometimes with the assistance of the Frenchman Baron.

Amidst these constant labours, culminating in 1741 in the *Enraged Musician* and the *Strolling Actresses Dressing in a Barn*, Hogarth could find leisure for the production of his large oil picture, *The Pool of Bethesda*, of which perhaps the less said the better. Why did he not attempt something in the style of the *Brünnen des Jungen* of Lucas Crannach? At all events, a plea may be put in for the painter, for that he presented the *Pool of Bethesda*, together with his equally unsatisfactory painting of *The Good Samaritan*, to St. Bartholomew's Hospital. This generous donation took place not very long after he had published a very stinging caricature called *The Company of Undertakers*, reflecting with some severity on the chief notabilities of the medical profession. The work is one of his broad, bold etchings; the motto, *Et plurima mortis imago*. The heads, monstrous periwigs and all, are supposed to be portraits; and it is probable that the originals of the gold-headed canes represented are to this day reverently preserved in the Museum of the College of Physicians. Many of the portraits are, of course, through lapse of time, no longer recognizable; but tradition points to the counterfeit presentments of the Chevalier John Taylor, the oculist, who was called "Liar Taylor," from a romancing account of his life and adventures which he published; of Dr. Joshua Ward, commonly called "Spot Ward," from the "port-wine face" with which he was afflicted; of Dr. Pierce Dod, of St. Bartholomew's; and of Dr. Bamber. The corpulent figure in the centre, with a bone in its hand, is designed for a *female* doctor, Mrs. Mapp, daughter to one Wallin. She was otherwise known as "Crazy Sally," and used to travel about the country, re-setting dislocations by sheer strength of arm. The doctor in harlequin's attire has been conjectured—but only conjectured—to be a quiz on Sir Hans Sloane.

William Hogarth was now forty-three years of age, married, but childless; busy, cheerful, the foremost man among English artists, and with another kind of personal celebrity entirely and exclusively his own. He never became rich, but his gains were large; and he prospered, as he deserved, exceedingly. I rejoice that another chapter yet remains to me wherein to depict my hero in his golden prime. Then, alas! must come the sere and yellow leaf,—which comes to all.

On Holidays.

A RHAPSODY FOR AUGUST.

It is a blessed thought, all through the long work-day months of the early part of the year, that, if we only live long enough, we must drift into August. For with August comes to many toil-worn men—would that it came to all!—one of God's best gifts to man—a holiday. There is a lull in the mighty clatter of the machinery of life; the great wheels are still, or they gyrate slowly and noiselessly. How it happens, it is hard to say [and the harder the more you think about it, for man's wants and man's passions, which make work, are never still]; but the Autumnal Sabbath comes round as surely as the shorter days and the yellower leaves; and from the great heart of the metropolis we go out in search of a cheerier life and a fresher atmosphere.

There is, doubtless, a special Providence decreeing this, so that even the delirium of kings, out of which come the wrestlings of nations, is for a time subdued; and thus the Nestors of the State are suffered, like meaner men, to grow young again in the heather and the turnip-field. The High Court of Parliament sets the example, removes itself from the sphere of our weekly prayers, and diffuses itself over vast expanses of country, in quest of new wisdom and new strength, and plentiful amusement, which is both. Then Justice takes the bandage from her eyes, lays down her scales, tucks up her flowing robes, and girds herself for a walking tour half-way over Europe, with a pipe in her mouth. The Exchange quickly follows suit. Commerce grows a moustache, assumes the wide-awake, goes sketching on the Rhine, and draws pictures of Ehrenbreitstein, instead of bills of exchange. And so we all pour ourselves out into the great reservoir of idleness—and we do our appointed work thereby more surely than if we plodded all the time at our desks.

We are coming to understand this as a nation better than we once did; but we have not yet so hearty an appreciation of the truth, but that a few reflections on the subject from an old fellow like myself may have their uses just on the verge of autumn. What I have to say is mainly in praise of holidays. I have a becoming sense of what is called the "dignity of labour," but, more than that, I believe that of all the blessings and benignities of life, work is verily the greatest. The bread which we earn by the sweat of the brow, and brain-sweat is therein included, is the sweetest that is ever eaten. A dull life, and one that I would not care to live, would be a life without labour. So patent, indeed, is this—so often has it been demonstrated—that men not born to work, make work for themselves. Not being harnessed by the iron hand of Necessity into the

go-cart of daily labour, they harness themselves into go-carts of their own, and drag the burden after them as lustily as the rest. We envy one another blindly and ignorantly, neither knowing our neighbour's soreness and sufferings, nor rightly appreciating beatitudes of our own. We have all our joys and sorrows—God be praised for both!—and more equally dispensed than many care to acknowledge. Toil-worn men, indeed, will not readily believe that their hard grinding work is foremost in the category of their blessings. They know it is very easy and very pleasant to be idle for a day, or for a week, perhaps for a month: but if they were to try a life of idleness they would find how hard a life it is. The wise physician, who recommended Locuples, as a remedy for all his aches and pains, his causeless anxieties, his asperities of temper, the gloom and despondency of his whole life, "to live upon a shilling a-day and earn it," probed the rich man's ailments to their very depths, and prescribed the only cure for such imaginary distempers. Let Locuples work and be happy. Locuples has, now-a-days, some notion of this, and so he works, as I have said, of his own free-will, turning legislator, and magistrate, and poor-law guardian, and colonel of volunteers, and lecturing to Mechanics' Institutes, and writing books, and getting profitable place, if he can, in the great omnibus of the State. And what can be wiser? For if there were no work for Locuples, there would be no holidays.

And as there can be no holidays without work, so ought there to be no work without holidays; the one, indeed, is the natural complement of the other. Labour and rest, in fitting proportions, are the conditions of healthy life. This everybody knows and admits. But there is a poor, weak, cowardly feeling often lurking in men's minds, which will not suffer them honestly to believe and to declare, that it is as much the *duty* of man to rest as to labour. We are wont, in a sneaking, contemptible sort of way, to apologize for our holidays, as though they were no better than small sins, delinquencies, aberrations, to be compounded for by additional labour and self-denial. But, rightly considered, rest and amusement, or, in a word, holidays, are a substantive part of the "whole duty of man;" and to neglect that duty, or to suffer others to neglect it, is no less a crime against our common manhood than to suffer our energies to run to waste in indifference and inaction, and to do nothing for ourselves or for mankind. Have we any right to over-eat ourselves, or to over-drink ourselves, or to over-anything-else ourselves? Then what right have we to over-work ourselves? "Moderate passions," says an old writer, "are the best expressions of humanity." Let there be moderation, then, even in the passion for work. We must not wear out this mighty tabernacle of the human frame, this god-like intellect of man, by an unseemly demand on their resources. A very old proverb is that about the bow, which is always bent; but it is not *so* old that men in this generation do not sometimes require to be reminded of it. The Chinese have another proverb to the effect that one day is as good as three, if you will only do the right thing at the right time. The Chinese are a wise people, and I hope that,

when we go to war with them, we shall catch some of their wisdom. It is not the time that he bestows upon his work, but the system which he carries to it, and the energy which he infuses into it, that enables the workman to do his appointed business with success.

I carry, to the best of my poor ability, these little fancies of mine into the practice of daily life. I work as hard as I can. My friends are pleased sometimes to say, very kindly, that they wonder I contrive to get through so much work. My answer, when the remark is made in my own presence, most frequently is, that I do contrive it by playing as much as I can. I am getting on in years, and I speak more of the past than of the present. But man is never too old to play, by himself or by proxy; and the vicarious disportings of advancing age are not the least of the pleasures and privileges of man. If we cannot stand up at Lord's to the catapultian bowling of this generation, mindful as we are of the times when Mr. Budd, not perhaps, without some pardonable feelings of vanity derived from a consciousness of the perfect anatomy of his lower limbs, kept wicket and "lobbed" at the opposite stumps, in nankin shorts and pink silk stockings: if we cannot venture to compete with the athletes of the different rifle-corps, who now go in for astonishing broad jumps, and high jumps, and hurdle races, and puttings and pickings-up of stones, at the Crystal Palace, and other places of gregarious resort: we can at all events look on, and let our ashes sparkle up from contact with the fires of younger men; and cry, *Vivat puellis*, &c., and live again in the energies of our boys.

And if I take a holiday myself, whenever I can, without injury to others, I am no less minded to give the young people who serve under me in the department of her Majesty's Government to which I am honoured by belonging, a holiday whenever they ask for it. I do not find that they take more holidays, or that they do less work than others, because I am willing to suit their convenience in such matters, exhorting them, indeed, to go abroad when the sun shines, and to disport themselves in a clear atmosphere. I have one or two famous cricketers among my young gentlemen, of whose exploits I am reasonably proud; and I am more than reconciled for any little inconvenience to which I may be subjected in their absence, if I see a good score opposite to their names in the papers next day. There are new occasions for holidays creeping in from that great volunteer movement which is now energizing the land. And surely, one would be wanting in a becoming sense of loyalty towards our Sovereign Lady the Queen, to grudge a holiday to a lusty youth desirous of perfecting himself in the rifle-exercise, by which our enemies, if we have any, are to be grievously discomfited and overborne. I have heard it said that it is liable to abuse, and that rifle-practice may be a cover for worse practices, or a pretext for much unprofitable idling. And so is church-going, for the matter of that—and other excellent things, easily to be named—susceptible of this kind of abuse. But the primary reflection which this suggests to my mind is, that no one ought to need an excuse

for taking a holiday. If society were rightly constituted, holidays in the abstract would be so respectable and so respected, that they could derive no additional gloss or dignity from any adventitious circumstance of rifle movement, or royal birthday, or that famous national institution, the great Derby race.

It may be imputed to me, I know, by the enemies of holiday-making—whereof there are, I am afraid, thousands within a short distance of this Hill of Corn—that I am boasting only of giving holidays to servants not my own,—that I am lavish of other people's property. To this I am not minded to reply further than that I know what is best for her Majesty's service and for my own; and that in my own modest establishment, the domestics are never denied a holiday when they ask for one, and often prompted to take one when they do not ask. It is a small matter for me to take my chop in Westminster on that day, or to carry some sandwiches to office in my pocket, that I may forego the parade of dinner, and emancipate Mary, Jane, and Martha, for a day at the Crystal Palace at Sydenham—an institution which, as an aid, not to say an incentive, to holiday-making, I hold in the highest esteem. Are they never to breathe the fresh air or to see the green leaves, because I pay them a yearly wage of from twelve to twenty pounds, and have some covenants with them on the score of tea and sugar? Are holidays only for heads of families—masters or mistresses, as the case may be—and for the dumb animals who serve them? There are those, I know, who think them sheer impertinences, and esteem it dire presumption in menials to ask for holidays, even to see their parents and their little brothers and sisters, a few miles off. Is the love of kindred to be denied to them no less than the love of nature? Can any one really hope to get good service out of reasonable beings by stifling their natural instincts and silencing the voice of their hearts? God be praised that there are some who think differently about obligations of this kind! There is my friend Loneyouchter, for example, the kindest of human beings, and one of the cleverest withal, who beat all his contemporaries, of whom I was one, in his younger days, with such facility, that it was only to be likened to the case of "Eclipse first, and the rest nowhere;" he told me, the other day, in his pleasant villa, on the summit of one of the Norwood hills, that he had given his servants "season-tickets" for the Crystal Palace. Whereupon, I honoured the man, even more than I had done before. But mentioning the circumstance soon afterwards to a fair young girl, she described it as a "mad freak." It appeared to me to be the sanest thing that had recently been brought to my notice.

The sanest in all respects—sanity itself, and the cause of sanity in others. For surely the *mens sana in corpore sano* is promoted by harmless entertainment of this kind; and health and cheerfulness are the very foundation-stones of good service. If we think of nothing else, but of getting the largest possible amount of yearly work out of a human machine, we must take care not to keep it in motion from morning to night for three hundred

and sixty-five days in the year. It has often surprised me that men, who in their dealings with the brute creation have so clear an understanding of this matter, should in their transactions with what horse-doctors somewhat disparagingly call "the human subject," exhibit so great a deficiency of common sense. Happening, a few weeks ago, to be travelling on the top of an omnibus bound for a railway station in South Wales, I became the highly interested auditor of an animated conversation between the driver of that public conveyance and two or three decently-dressed men on the seat behind him, who might have been small farmers or bailiffs. The subject of discourse was primarily the sale and purchase of a certain fast-trotting mare, very celebrated upon the road. The price given and the sums offered at different times for the accomplished animal having been well discussed, and having elicited an amount of private information "on the best possible authority," such as would have done no discredit to the discussion of an important historical question, the properties and qualifications of the mare were brought under review. Hereupon some diversities of opinion arose—but there was wonderful agreement upon one point, namely, that the mare had been overworked, and that she must be turned out for a time to set her right on her legs again. Whether blistering would accomplish a perfect cure, or whether anything short of firing would do it, appeared to be an open question; but it was unanimously agreed that the holiday was the main thing—and from particulars, the company on the coach-top betook themselves to generals, and discoursed feelingly on the cruelty and folly of overworking a good horse, of keeping him always in harness, instead of turning him out sometimes to grass. To all of which I silently assented, for I remembered that I had once been "peccant in this kinde" myself, having ridden, in my younger and more thoughtless days, a willing horse to a remote railway station and back again, a distance in all of some two and twenty miles, so often without taking account of the strain upon the poor animal's system, that one day she suddenly, when many miles from any help, broke out into a profuse sweat, drooped her head, and never recovered. She fairly broke down in the midst of her work—and I never think of the fact now without shame and humiliation.

But I opine that it did me good—that it taught me to think more seriously of my obligations to man and beast—for I believe that I never offended after this fashion again. I sympathized from my heart with all that was said on the subject by the travellers on the Welsh omnibus, in the simple quadrupedal sense wherein they were fain to consider it; but I wondered, at the same time, how it happens that, whilst the generality of mankind thoroughly understand the subject in this sense, there are so many able and amiable men unwilling or incompetent to apply the very obvious principle to the larger concerns of human life. It irks me to think that there are legions of excellent persons who would on no account overwork their horses—who have a lively appreciation of the necessity of occasional weeks or months of rest—who know that to grudge these periods of inactivity to their equine friends is, in proverbial

phrase, "penny-wise and pound foolish"—but who have neither the same tender consciences nor the same shrewd sense to aid them in their relations with those who carry them along the highways and byways of business and domestic life; masters who refuse that to their human dependants, in house or office, which they grant willingly to the "beasts which perish."

I had a friendly disputation on this subject the other day with my neighbour, Mr. Gallicap, a great Italian merchant in the city, a most worthy man, and the father of a very interesting family. I fear that I did not succeed in making him a convert to my views, but I know that I had the sympathies and best wishes of his sons and daughters, to say nothing of his amiable lady; and I was greatly encouraged by the earnest, intelligent face of little Carry Gallicap, who sate by and listened to the discourse with evident approbation of the sentiments I expressed. Indeed, I generally find that my younger auditors are heart and soul on my side. The argument employed upon the other was mainly that of the *laudator temporis acti*. There was not wont to be so much talk about holidays thirty or forty years ago. Young men went to their business early and returned late: indeed, on foreign post-nights were often kept at their work till close upon midnight. If they were ill, they went home, and the heads of large houses were not wont to be illiberal to them. He had got on well enough in his younger days without holidays; why should he take them in his older? Why should not his sons do as their father had done before them? Why should they have shorter work-days, and fewer of them, in the course of the year? And how was business to go on if everyone went away?

To this I observed deferentially, that "everyone" was a strong word. And I ventured to allude to the system in force at the public offices, which provides for the continual presence of some efficient officer of a department, and yet enables every one to take his holiday at some time or other of the year—a system which, as enabling juniors to feel their way to higher duties, has its uses in another sense. I alluded laughingly, too, to the famous saying of a certain great statesman, who alleged that he divided his business into three parts—one part he did; another did itself; and the third was not done at all. But I perceived that public offices and public men were not held of much account by my opponent, and that my argument gained little or nothing by a reference to them. Indeed, he was pleased to observe, that if his firm had done business after the manner of the public offices, it would have been bankrupt long ago—a proposition which I did not dispute, but which I could not admit to be convincing against holidays. Indeed, nothing could ever convince me that it is not the duty of every employer, great and small, to give his workmen a reasonable number of holidays in every year.

"And have they not," I may be asked—"has not every workman in this Christian land fifty-two holidays in every year?" Truly, there is, for most of us, one holiday in every week—one day, set apart by God, and

given to man to keep it holy. It is the holiest of all holy days—a blessed day of rest; vouchsafed to us, apart from its spiritual uses, that we may re-create our exhausted energies. But "recreation," as it is popularly understood, is out of the category of orthodox things. Sunday is a day of routine—the best of all possible routines, it is true—but still we have our appointed duties; and my idea of a holiday is that we should be emancipated from all routine; that we should have no appointed duties. Besides, who can really enjoy Sunday, when the ghastly image of Monday peers over its quiet shoulder?

We have come now to look upon the word, in its ordinary acceptation, as something distinct altogether from its etymological meaning, and are wont to associate it with ideas rather of a Bohemian or vagabondizing kind of life, than of anything stationary and domestic. The right thing, indeed, is to "go out for a holiday;" to seek change of scene, and change of air, and change of action; to divest one's-self of all the environments of work-day life; to enter, as it were, into a new state of being, as does the grub when he eventuates into a butterfly, and spreads his wings in the summer air. Grateful, indeed, ought this generation to be for the benignant aid of steam, which affords unfailing facilities to holiday-makers seeking change of scene and air, carrying them to remote places within an hour's space, and suffering them to see hundreds of miles of country, in a single day, for a few shillings. It is no small thing that in these times a toil-worn artisan may transport himself from the stifling alley or the reeking court in which he lives, to the fresh, breezy coast of Brighton, for half-a-crown, and be carried home again for nothing. Or if he is not minded to go so far a-field, there is the Crystal Palace at Sydenham, or the royal palace at Hampton Court, or the Rye House, famous in history for its plot, to all of which he may make pleasant excursions at a small charge, and travel out of himself as thoroughly as though he were new-born, going back into a past, or onward into a future age, and forgetting all the wearing toil and carking anxiety of the present. There is nothing pleasanter than the sight of a railway-train freighted with excursionists outward-bound, all radiant with the expectation of a day's pleasure. And such may be seen now-a-days in the outskirts of every large town on summer and autumn mornings; for London has no monopoly of such blessings. If the South has its Brighton, the North has its Scarborough; and, indeed, it is easy everywhere to rush out of the smoke. I hear people who can take their month's holiday when they like, and travel by express trains, and get up extensive outfits for the occasion, with all sorts of elaborate contrivances suggestive of nothing less than an expedition into Central Africa, sneer at these excursions, as things snobbish; but it seems to me that the sneerers are the real snobs, and that I have seen, in first-class carriages, extensively got-up holiday-makers of both sexes, far more vulgar because more pretentious, than the poor little Pippas of the silk mills treated by their admiring swains to half-a-crown's worth of fresh air and green leaves in the pleasant country. And a ripe,

rich comfort ought it to be to all who get their holidays regularly every year, without let or hindrance, and perhaps, without injury to themselves and others, that the blessings which they enjoy are now within the reach of millions less favoured by fortune than themselves. And I hope, too, that they who look up from the lower strata of society at people sleeker than themselves, in richer purple, and in finer linen, do not grudge them their holidays, and say, "What have they to do with such things? is not life all a holiday to them?" Indeed, it is not, my friend. Purple and fine linen do not make holidays, any more than they make happiness. Let us rejoice in the enjoyments of each other. Let us shake hands over the blessed privilege of a few days' rest. Is it rest of body, or rest of mind? What matters! Bodily labour and mental labour, both have their privileges, and both have their pains. Let us not envy—let us honour one another. If Hand goes to Rye House, and Head to Wiesbaden, for a holiday, let us hope that each is equally benefited by the change, and equally thankful for it.

If the real want, the need, of a holiday is to be measured by the enjoyment of it when it comes, I am sure that the upper ten thousand need it as much as any mechanics in the land. Belonging myself to the middle classes, I can answer for their appreciation, and I know that there is nothing keener. To dwellers in large towns, especially in this great overgrown Babylon of ours, there is a sense of enjoyment in the simple escape into the country apart from the cessation of daily labour. How intensely are the first few days at the sea-side enjoyed by all the members of a London family! I remember to have heard a dear little boy, some nine years old, on the green hill-side of a Welsh watering-place, say to his father, as hand-in-hand they clomb the ascent, "Dear papa! this is so jolly, I can hardly believe it to be true." And papa responded heartily, as though he thought it with as much sincerity as his child. The first pink flush of air and exercise was on the little boy's delicate face, and his father's nose had already had a sunstroke [Why will Phœbus insist on assailing the noses of us Londoners before our cheeks?] such as is incidental to sudden exposure. It was plainly to be gathered from the wide-awake, the loose jacket, and the incipient moustache, that Paterfamilias was in for a month's holiday; but I was concerned to see, soon afterwards, that the month's holiday had like to be brought to a premature close by his injudicious temerity in attempting to climb a rocky ascent by an insecure route, the surface of which, when midway to the summit, crumbled beneath his feet, and well nigh precipitated him to the bottom. These are among the common incidents of the first day's holidays; we gain experience and caution as we advance.

I should have been minded, if time and space had permitted, to lay down in this place some rules for holiday-makers; but the circumstances and conditions are so various that it would take rather a small volume than the page or two at my disposal to legislate for such numerous diversities. To one man the best conditions of a holiday are solitary travelling

and perfect independence; another is fain to take with him wife and children, and all belongings; a third affects the companionship of a comrade or two, masculine and muscular, who can walk as many miles, smoke as many cigars, and drink as much Bass as himself. Jones takes a moor in Scotland; Johnson a preserve in Norfolk; Brown goes with Mrs. Brown and the little Browns to Scarborough; Robinson is off by himself into Wales, with a sketch-book in his pocket; and Jenkins departs with his young wife to the Rhineland, happy as a king. For my own part, I—— well, no matter; some holidays are better than others, but all holidays are good.

I have had some grievous failures in my day—who has not? But I am not in the least discouraged by them. I went out for a walking tour in the Home Counties, and spent ten days looking out of the windows of bad hotels in fourth-rate towns, gazing at the inexhaustible rain. I shall never forget my visit to Llangollen, and the weather by which it was celebrated. I journeyed to the venerable cathedral-town of Salisbury, on a pilgrimage to my old school-house, and found an insignificant row of ten-pound cottages on its site. My experiences, indeed, are replete with mischances of this kind. Every holiday-maker must be prepared for them. What matter? They are very disappointing whilst they last; but we have our holidays all the same. We say that we might as well have stayed at home; but we are ignorant and ungrateful when we say so. For in truth, abstinence from work, liberation from the ordinary environments of daily life, familiarity with new sights and sounds, and the admission of new trains of thought, all confer upon us the benefits of a holiday, though the immediate enjoyment may be scant. We are better for it when we return. We may not be conscious of the gain, but it is no less certain. It finds us out years afterwards, and for every day of relaxation, gives us another week or another month of work. Is there nothing in that, my friends? I have seen the strongest frames suddenly shattered—the brightest intellects suddenly dimmed. And why? We know that God "rested" after His work; and shall human weakness dare to do without it? It is said to be a great and noble thing—

"To scorn delights and live laborious days."

But the line, despite its paternity, is altogether the greatest braggart and impostor that I know. If we would live laborious days, we must *not* scorn delights. It is by taking a full measure of—

"Delight in little things—
The buoyant child surviving in the man,"

that we are enabled to do our appointed work. Let us all hold fast to this. Let us have our harmless delights; let us have our rest; let us have our holidays.

Yes: here is dear old August come upon us, with its ripe harvests and its riper holidays; and let us welcome it with grateful hearts. You and I, dear reader, let us hope, have done seven months' good work this year;

and shall we not be prepared to do some more good work, by-and-by, when we have played a little?

It is time now to be packing up. Think well about the matter, my friends. Don't start in a hurry. Leave no neglected duties behind to stare at you, with grim spectral aspects, at odd quiet times, when there is a lull in the excitement of travel. Many a holiday has been spoilt by a disturbing recollection of something that ought to have been done or provided for before the hour of departure. A day or two may be well spent, therefore, in quiet thoughtful preparation at home. Take your time about it, and go calmly. If you leave everything to the last moment and start in a fluster, your folly will be sure to find you out.

I have further matter of discourse; but I must lay down the pen, hopeful, however, that I may be heard again upon this or some cognate subject. My last word of advice to holiday-makers is, that they should never fail to remember that it is more blessed to give than to receive. If they would enjoy their own holidays thoroughly, and without any prickings of conscience, they must carry with them the pleasant reflection that, to the best of their ability, they have dispensed, and are prepared to dispense, the same blessed privilege to others. There are few of us, great or small, who have not in some measure the power of emancipating others. The little mouse in the fable, it will be remembered, released the great lion of the forest. The master is scarcely less dependent upon the servant for his holiday than the servant is upon the master. Let us all bear this in mind, and all help one another. A good, healthy feeling of this kind will do much to bridge over the awful chasm that yawns between the rich and the poor. Let us, then, encourage it to the utmost. This is the best advice an old fellow can give; and with it he may well close, reverentially, his plea for Holidays.

Roundabout Papers.—No. VI.

ON SCREENS IN DINING-ROOMS.

GRANDSON of the late Rev. Dr. Primrose (of Wakefield, vicar) wrote me a little note from his country living this morning, and the kind fellow had the precaution to write, "No thorn," upon the envelope, so that ere I broke the seal, my mind might be relieved of any anxiety lest the letter should contain one of those lurking stabs which are so painful to the present gentle writer. Your epigraph, my dear P., shows your kind and artless nature; but don't you see it is of no use? People who are bent upon assassinating you in the manner mentioned will write "No thorn" upon their envelopes too; and you open the case, and presently out flies a poisoned stiletto, which springs into a man's bosom, and makes the wretch howl with anguish. When the bailiffs are after a man, they adopt all sorts of disguises, pop out on him from all conceivable corners, and tap his miserable shoulder. His wife is taken ill; his sweetheart, who remarked his brilliant, too brilliant appearance at the Hyde Park review, will meet him at Cremorne, or where you will. The old friend who has owed him that money these five years will meet him at so-and-so and pay. By one bait or other the victim is hooked, netted, landed, and down goes the basket-lid. It is not your wife, your sweetheart, your friend, who is going to pay you. It is Mr. Nab the bailiff. *You* know———you are caught. You are off in a cab to Chancery Lane.

You know, I say? *Why* should you know? I make no manner of doubt you never were taken by a bailiff in your life. I never was. I have been in two or three debtors' prisons, but not on my own account. Goodness be praised! I mean you can't escape your lot; and Nab only stands here metaphorically as the watchful, certain, and untiring officer of Mr. Sheriff Fate. Why, my dear Primrose, this morning along with your letter comes another, bearing the well-known superscription of another old friend, which I open without the least suspicion, and what do I find? A few lines from my friend Johnson, it is true, but they are written on a page covered with feminine handwriting. "Dear Mr. Johnson," says the writer, "I have just been perusing with delight a most charming tale by the Archbishop of Cambray. It is called *Telemachus;* and I think it would be admirably suited to the *Cornhill Magazine.* As you know the

Editor, will you have the great kindness, dear Mr. Johnson, to communicate with him *personally* (as that is much better than writing in a roundabout way to Cornhill, and waiting goodness knows how long for an answer), and stating my readiness to translate this excellent and instructive story. I do not wish to breathe *a word* against *Lovel Parsonage*, *Framley the Widower*, or any of the novels which have appeared in the *Cornhill Magazine*, but I *am sure Telemachus* is as good as new to English readers, and in point of interest and morality *far*" &c. &c. &c.

There it is. I am stabbed through Johnson. He has lent himself to this attack on me. He is weak about women. Other strong men are. He submits to the common lot, poor fellow. In my reply I do not use a word of unkindness. I write him back gently, that I fear *Telemachus* won't suit us. He can send the letter on to his fair correspondent. But however soft the answer, I question whether the wrath will be turned away. Will there not be a coolness between him and the lady? and is it not possible that henceforth her fine eyes will look with darkling glances upon the pretty orange cover of our Magazine?

Certain writers, they say, have a bad opinion of women. Now am I very whimsical in supposing that this disappointed candidate will be hurt at her rejection, and angry or cast down according to her nature? "Angry, indeed!" says Juno, gathering up her purple robes and royal raiment. "Sorry, indeed!" cries Minerva, lacing on her corslet again, and scowling under her helmet. (I imagine the well-known Apple case has just been argued and decided.) "Hurt, forsooth! Do you suppose *we* care for the opinion of that hobnailed lout of a Paris? Do you suppose that I, the Goddess of Wisdom, can't make allowances for mortal ignorance, and am so base as to bear malice against a poor creature who knows no better? You little know the goddess nature when you dare to insinuate that our divine minds are actuated by motives so base. A love of justice influences *us*. We are above mean revenge. We are too magnanimous to be angry at the award of such a judge in favour of such a creature." And rustling out their skirts, the ladies walk away together. This is all very well. You are bound to believe them. They are actuated by no hostility: not they. They bear no malice—of course not. But when the Trojan war occurs presently, which side will they take? Many brave souls will be sent to Hades. Hector will perish. Poor old Priam's bald numskull will be cracked, and Troy town will burn, because Paris prefers golden-haired Venus to ox-eyed Juno and grey-eyed Minerva.

The last Essay of this Roundabout Series, describing the griefs and miseries of the editorial chair, was written, as the kind reader will acknowledge, in a mild and gentle, not in a warlike or satirical spirit. I showed how cudgels were applied; but, surely, the meek object of persecution hit no blows in return. The beating did not hurt much, and the person assaulted could afford to keep his good-humour; indeed, I admired that brave though illogical little actress, of the T. R. D–bl–n, for her fiery vindication of her profession's honour. I assure her I had no intention to tell

l—s—well, let us say, monosyllables—about my superiors: and I wish her nothing but well, and when Macmahon, (or shall it be Mulligan?) *Roi d'Irlande*, ascends his throne, I hope she may be appointed professor of English to the princesses of the royal house. *Nuper*—in former days—I too have militated; sometimes, as I now think, unjustly; but always, I vow, without personal rancour. Which of us has not idle words to recall, flippant jokes to regret? Have you never committed an imprudence? Have you never had a dispute, and found out that you were wrong? So much the worse for you. Woe be to the man *qui croit toujours avoir raison*. His anger is not a brief madness, but a permanent mania. His rage is not a fever-fit, but a black poison inflaming him, distorting his judgment, disturbing his rest, embittering his cup, gnawing at his pleasures, causing him more cruel suffering than ever he can inflict on his enemy. *O la belle morale!* As I write it, I think about one or two little affairs of my own. There is old Dr. Squaretoso (he certainly was very rude to me, and that's the fact); there is Madame Pomposa (and certainly her ladyship's behaviour was about as cool as cool could be). Never mind, old Squaretoso: never mind, Madame Pomposa! Here is a hand. Let us be friends, as we once were, and have no more of this rancour.

I had hardly sent that last Roundabout Paper to the printer (which, I submit, was written in a pacable and not unchristian frame of mind), when Saturday came, and with it, of course, my *Saturday Review*. I remember at New York coming down to breakfast at the hotel one morning, after a criticism had appeared in the *New York Herald*, in which an Irish writer had given me a dressing for a certain lecture on Swift. Ah! my dear little enemy of the T. R. D., what were the cudgels in *your* little *billet-doux* compared to those noble New York shillelaghs? All through the Union the literary sons of Erin have marched *alpeen-stock* in hand, and in every city of the States they call each other and everybody else the finest names. Having come to breakfast, then, in the public room, I sit down, and see—that the nine people opposite have all got *New York Heralds* in their hands. One dear little lady, whom I knew, and who sate opposite, gave a pretty blush, and popped her paper under the table-cloth. I told her I had had my whipping already in my own private room, and begged her to continue her reading. I may have undergone agonies, you see, but every man who has been bred at an English public school comes away from a private interview with Dr. Birch with a calm, even a smiling face. And this is not impossible, when you are prepared. You screw your courage up—you go through the business. You come back and take your seat on the form, showing not the least symptom of uneasiness or of previous unpleasantries. But to be caught suddenly up, and whipped in the bosom of your family—to sit down to breakfast, and cast your innocent eye on a paper, and find, before you are aware, that the *Saturday Monitor* or *Black Monday Instructor* has hoisted you and is laying on—that is indeed a trial. Or perhaps the

family has looked at the dreadful paper beforehand, and weakly tries to hide it. "Where is the *Instructor*, or the *Monitor?*" say you. "Where is that paper?" says mamma to one of the young ladies. Lucy hasn't it. Fanny hasn't seen it. Emily thinks that the governess has it. At last, out it is brought, that awful paper! Papa is amazingly tickled with the article on Thomson; thinks that show-up of Johnson is very lively; and now—heaven be good to us!—he has come to the critique on himself:—"Of all the rubbish which we have had from Mr. Tomkins, we do protest and vow that this last cartload is" &c. Ah, poor Tomkins! —but most of all, ah! poor Mrs. Tomkins, and poor Emily, and Fanny, and Lucy, who have to sit by and see *paterfamilias* put to the torture!

Now, on this eventful Saturday, I did not cry, because it was not so much the Editor as the Publisher of the *Cornhill Magazine* who was brought out for a dressing; and it is wonderful how gallantly one bears the misfortunes of one's friends. That a writer should be taken to task about his books, is fair, and he must abide the praise or the censure. But that a publisher should be criticized for his dinners, and for the conversation which did *not* take place there,—is this tolerable press practice, legitimate joking, or honourable warfare? I have not the honour to know my next door neighbour, but I make no doubt that he receives his friends at dinner; I see his wife and children pass constantly; I even know the carriages of some of the people who call upon him, and could tell their names. Now, suppose his servants were to tell mine what the doings are next door, who comes to dinner, what is eaten and said, and I were to publish an account of these transactions in a newspaper, I could assuredly get money for the report; but ought I to write it, and what would you think of me for doing so?

And, suppose, Mr. Saturday Reviewer—you *censor morum*, you who pique yourself (and justly and honourably in the main) upon your character of gentleman, as well as of writer,—suppose, not that you yourself invent and indite absurd twaddle about gentlemen's private meetings and transactions, but pick this wretched garbage out of a New York street, and hold it up for your readers' amusement—don't you think, my friend, that you might have been better employed? Here, in my *Saturday Review*, and in an American paper subsequently sent to me, I light, astonished, on an account of the dinners of my friend and publisher, which are described as "tremendously heavy," of the conversation (which does not take place), and of the guests assembled at the table. I am informed that the proprietor of the *Cornhill*, and the host on these occasions, is "a very good man, but totally unread;" and that on my asking him whether Dr. Johnson was dining behind the screen, he said, "God bless my soul, my dear sir, there's no person by the name of Johnson here, nor any one behind the screen," and that a roar of laughter cut him short. I am informed by the same New York correspondent that I have touched up a contributor's article; that I once said to a literary gentleman, who was proudly pointing to an anonymous article as his writing, "Ah! I thought

I recognized *your hoof* in it." I am told by the same authority that the *Cornhill Magazine* "shows symptoms of being on the wane," and having sold nearly a hundred thousand copies, he (the correspondent) "should think forty thousand was now about the mark." Then the graceful writer passes on to the dinners, at which it appears the Editor of the Magazine "is the great gun, and comes out with all the geniality in his power."

Now suppose this charming intelligence is untrue? Suppose the publisher (to recall the words of my friend the Dublin actor of last month) is a gentleman to the full as well informed as those whom he invites to his table? Suppose he never made the remark, beginning—"God bless my soul, my dear sir," &c., nor anything resembling it? Suppose nobody roared with laughing? Suppose the Editor of the *Cornhill Magazine* never "touched up" one single line of the contribution which bears "marks of his hand?" Suppose he never said to any literary gentleman, "I recognized *your hoof*" in any periodical whatever? Suppose the 40,000 subscribers, which the writer to New York "considered to be about the mark," should be between 90,000 and 100,000 (and as he will have figures, there they are). Suppose this back-door gossip should be utterly blundering and untrue, would any one wonder? Ah! if we had only enjoyed the happiness to number this writer among the contributors of our Magazine, what a cheerfulness and easy confidence his presence would impart to our meetings! He would find that "poor Mr. Smith" had heard that recondite anecdote of Dr. Johnson behind the screen; and as for "the great gun of those banquets," with what geniality should not I "come out" if I had an amiable companion close by me, dotting down my conversation for the *New York Times!*

Attack our books, Mr. Correspondent, and welcome. They are fair subjects for just censure or praise. But woe be to you, if you allow private rancours or animosities to influence you in the discharge of your public duty. In the little court where you are paid to sit as judge, as critic, you owe it to your employers, to your conscience, to the honour of your calling, to deliver just sentences; and you shall have to answer to heaven for your dealings, as surely as my Lord Chief Justice on the Bench. The dignity of letters, the honour of the literary calling, the slights put by haughty and unthinking people upon literary men,—don't we hear outcries upon these subjects raised daily? As dear Sam Johnson sits behind the screen, too proud to show his threadbare coat and patches among the more prosperous brethren of his trade, there is no want of dignity in *him*, in that homely image of labour ill-rewarded, genius as yet unrecognized, independence sturdy and uncomplaining. But Mr. Nameless, behind the publisher's screen uninvited, peering at the company and the meal, catching up scraps of the jokes, and noting down the guests' behaviour and conversation,—what a figure his is! *Allons*, Mr. Nameless! Put up your notebook; walk out of the hall; and leave gentlemen alone who would be private, and wish you no harm.

THE

CORNHILL MAGAZINE.

SEPTEMBER, 1860.

The Four Georges.

SKETCHES OF MANNERS, MORALS, COURT, AND TOWN LIFE.

III.—George the Third.

WE have to glance over sixty years in as many minutes. To read the mere catalogue of characters who figured during that long period, would occupy our allotted time, and we should have all text and no sermon. England has to undergo the revolt of the American colonies; to submit to defeat and separation; to shake under the volcano of the French Revolution; to grapple and fight for the life with her gigantic enemy Napoleon; to gasp and rally after that tremendous struggle. The old society, with its courtly splendours, has to pass away; generations of statesmen to rise and disappear; Pitt to follow Chatham to the tomb; the memory of Rodney and Wolfe to be superseded by Nelson's and Wellington's glory; the old poets who unite us to Queen Anne's time to sink into their graves; Johnson to die, and Scott and Byron to arise; Garrick to delight the world with his dazzling dramatic genius, and Kean to leap on the stage and take possession of the astonished theatre. Steam has to be invented; kings to be beheaded, banished, deposed, restored; Napoleon to be but an episode,

and George III. is to be alive through all these varied changes, to accompany his people through all these revolutions of thought, government, society; to survive out of the old world into ours.

When I first saw England, she was in mourning for the young Princess Charlotte, the hope of the empire. I came from India as a child, and our ship touched at an island on the way home, where my black servant took me a long walk over rocks and hills until we reached a garden, where we saw a man walking. "That is he," said the black man: "that is Bonaparte! He eats three sheep every day, and all the little children he can lay hands on!" There were people in the British dominions besides that poor Calcutta serving-man, with an equal horror of the Corsican ogre.

With the same childish attendant, I remember peeping through the colonnade at Carlton House, and seeing the abode of the great Prince Regent. I can see yet the Guards pacing before the gates of the place. The place? What place? The palace exists no more than the palace of Nebuchadnezzar. It is but a name now. Where be the sentries who used to salute as the Royal chariots drove in and out? The chariots, with the kings inside, have driven to the realms of Pluto; the tall Guards have marched into darkness, and the echoes of their drums are rolling in Hades. Where the palace once stood, a hundred little children are paddling up and down the steps to St. James's Park. A score of grave gentlemen are taking their tea at the Athenæum Club; as many grisly warriors are garrisoning the United Service Club opposite. Pall Mall is the great social Exchange of London now—the mart of news, of politics, of scandal, of rumour—the English forum, so to speak, where men discuss the last despatch from the Crimea, the last speech of Lord Derby, the next move of Lord John. And, now and then, to a few antiquarians, whose thoughts are with the past rather than with the present, it is a memorial of old times and old people, and Pall Mall is our Palmyra. Look! About this spot, Tom of Ten Thousand was killed by Königsmark's gang. In that great red house Gainsborough lived, and Culloden Cumberland, George III.'s uncle. Yonder is Sarah Marlborough's palace, just as it stood when that termagant occupied it. At 25, Walter Scott used to live; at the house, now No. 79, and occupied by the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, resided Mrs. Eleanor Gwynn, comedian. How often has Queen Caroline's chair issued from under yonder arch! All the men of the Georges have passed up and down the street. It has seen Walpole's chariot and Chatham's sedan; and Fox, Gibbon, Sheridan, on their way to Brookes's; and stately William Pitt stalking on the arm of Dundas; and Hanger and Tom Sheridan reeling out of Raggett's; and Byron limping into Wattier's; and Swift striding out of Bury Street; and Mr. Addison and Dick Steele, both perhaps a little the better for liquor; and the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York clattering over the pavement; and Johnson counting the posts along the streets, after dawdling before Dodsley's window; and Horry Walpole hobbling into his

carriage, with a gimcrack just bought out at Christie's; and George Selwyn sauntering into White's.

In the published letters to George Selwyn we get a mass of correspondence by no means so brilliant and witty as Walpole's, or so bitter and bright as Hervey's, but as interesting, and even more descriptive of the time, because the letters are the work of many hands. You hear more voices speaking, as it were, and more natural than Horace's dandified treble, and Sporus's malignant whisper. As one reads the Selwyn letters —as one looks at Reynolds's noble pictures illustrative of those magnificent times and voluptuous people—one almost hears the voice of the dead past; the laughter and the chorus; the toast called over the brimming cups; the shout at the racecourse or the gaming-table; the merry joke frankly spoken to the laughing fine lady. How fine those ladies were, those ladies who heard and spoke such coarse jokes; how grand those gentlemen!

I fancy that peculiar product of the past, the fine gentleman, has almost vanished off the face of the earth, and is disappearing like the beaver or the Red Indian. We can't have fine gentlemen any more, because we can't have the society in which they lived. The people will not obey: the parasites will not be as obsequious as formerly: children do not go down on their knees to beg their parents' blessing: chaplains do not say grace and retire before the pudding: servants do not say your honour and your worship at every moment: tradesmen do not stand hat in hand as the gentleman passes: authors do not wait for hours in gentlemen's anterooms with a fulsome dedication, for which they hope to get five guineas from his lordship. In the days when there were fine gentlemen, Mr. Secretary Pitt's under-secretaries did not dare to sit down before him; but Mr. Pitt, in his turn, went down on his gouty knees to George II.; and when George III. spoke a few kind words to him, Lord Chatham burst into tears of reverential joy and gratitude; so awful was the idea of the monarch, and so great the distinctions of rank. Fancy Lord John Russell or Lord Palmerston on their knees whilst the Sovereign was reading a despatch, or beginning to cry because Prince Albert said something civil!

At the accession of George III., the patricians were yet at the height of their good fortune. Society recognized their superiority, which they themselves pretty calmly took for granted. They inherited not only titles and estates, and seats in the House of Peers, but seats in the House of Commons. There were a multitude of Government places, and not merely these, but bribes of actual 500*l.* notes, which members of the House took not much shame in assuming. Fox went into Parliament at 20: Pitt was just of age: his father not much older. It was the good time for Patricians. Small blame to them if they took and enjoyed, and overenjoyed, the prizes of politics, the pleasures of social life.

In these letters to Selwyn, we are made acquainted with a whole society of these defunct fine gentlemen: and can watch with a curious interest a life, which the novel-writers of that time, I think, have scarce

touched upon. To Smollett, to Fielding even, a lord was a lord: a gorgeous being with a blue ribbon, a coroneted chair, and an immense star on his bosom, to whom commoners paid reverence. Richardson, a man of humbler birth than either of the above two, owned that he was ignorant regarding the manners of the aristocracy, and besought Mrs. Donnellan, a lady who had lived in the great world, to examine a volume of Sir Charles Grandison, and point out any errors which she might see in this particular. Mrs. Donnellan found so many faults, that Richardson changed colour; shut up the book; and muttered that, it were best to throw it in the fire. Here, in Selwyn, we have the real original men and women of fashion of the early time of George III. We can follow them to the new club at Almack's: we can travel over Europe with them: we can accompany them not only to the public places, but to their country-houses and private society. Here is a whole company of them; wits and prodigals; some persevering in their bad ways; some repentant, but relapsing; beautiful ladies, parasites, humble chaplains, led captains. Those fair creatures whom we love in Reynolds's portraits, and who still look out on us from his canvasses with their sweet calm faces and gracious smiles—those fine gentlemen who did us the honour to govern us; who inherited their boroughs: took their ease in their patent places; and slipped Lord North's bribes so elegantly under their ruffles—we make acquaintance with a hundred of these fine folks, hear their talk and laughter, read of their loves, quarrels, intrigues, debts, duels, divorces; can fancy them alive if we read the book long enough. We can attend at Duke Hamilton's wedding, and behold him marry his bride with the curtain-ring: we can peep into her poor sister's death-bed: we can see Charles Fox cursing over the cards, or March bawling out the odds at Newmarket: we can imagine Burgoyne tripping off from St. James's Street to conquer the Americans, and slinking back into the club somewhat crestfallen after his beating: we can see the young king dressing himself for the drawing-room and asking ten thousand questions regarding all the gentlemen: we can have high life or low, the struggle at the Opera to behold the Violetta or the Zamperini—the Macaronies and fine ladies in their chairs trooping to the masquerade or Madame Cornelys's—the crowd at Drury Lane to look at the body of Miss Ray, whom Parson Hackman has just pistolled—or we can peep into Newgate where poor Mr. Rice the forger is waiting his fate and his supper. "You need not be particular about the sauce for his fowl," says one turnkey to another: "for you know he is to be hanged in the morning." "Yes," replies the second janitor, "but the chaplain sups with him, and he is a terrible fellow for melted butter?"

Selwyn has a chaplain and parasite, one Dr. Warner, than whom Plautus, or Ben Jonson, or Hogarth, never painted a better character. In letter after letter he adds fresh strokes to the portrait of himself, and completes a portrait not a little curious to look at now that the man has passed away; all the foul pleasures and gambols in which he revelled, played out; all the rouged faces into which he leered, worms and skulls;

all the fine gentlemen whose shoebuckles he kissed, laid in their coffins. This worthy clergyman takes care to tell us that he does not believe in his religion, though, thank heaven, he is not so great a rogue as a lawyer. He goes on Mr. Selwyn's errands, any errands, and is proud, he says, to be that gentleman's proveditor. He waits upon the Duke of Queensberry —old Q.—and exchanges pretty stories with that aristocrat. He comes home "after a hard day's christening," as he says, and writes to his patron before sitting down to whist and partridges for supper. He revels in the thoughts of ox-cheek and burgundy—he is a boisterous, uproarious parasite, licks his master's shoes with explosions of laughter and cunning smack and gusto, and likes the taste of that blacking as much as the best claret in old Q.'s cellar. He has Rabelais and Horace at his greasy fingers' ends. He is inexpressibly mean, curiously jolly; kindly and good-natured in secret—a tender-hearted knave, not a venomous lickspittle. Jesse says, that at his chapel in Long Acre, "he attained a considerable popularity by the pleasing, manly, and eloquent style of his delivery." Was infidelity endemic, and corruption in the air? Around a young king, himself of the most exemplary life and undoubted piety, lived a court society as dissolute as our country ever knew. George II.'s bad morals bore their fruit in George III.'s early years; as I believe that a knowledge of that good man's example, his moderation, his frugal simplicity, and God-fearing life, tended infinitely to improve the morals of the country and purify the whole nation.

After Warner, the most interesting of Selwyn's correspondents is the Earl of Carlisle, grandfather of the amiable nobleman at present Viceroy in Ireland. The grandfather, too, was Irish Viceroy, having previously been treasurer of the king's household; and, in 1778, the principal commissioner for treating, consulting, and agreeing upon the means of quieting the divisions subsisting in his majesty's colonies, plantations, and possessions in North America. You may read his lordship's manifestoes in the *Royal New York Gazette*. He returned to England, having by no means quieted the colonies; and speedily afterwards the *Royal New York Gazette* somehow ceased to be published.

This good, clever, kind, highly-bred Lord Carlisle was one of the English fine gentlemen who was well-nigh ruined by the awful debauchery and extravagance which prevailed in the great English society of those days. Its dissoluteness was awful: it had swarmed over Europe after the Peace; it had danced, and raced, and gambled in all the courts. It had made its bow at Versailles; it had run its horses on the plain of Sablons, near Paris, and created the Anglo-mania there: it had exported vast quantities of pictures and marbles from Rome and Florence: it had ruined itself by building great galleries and palaces for the reception of the statues and pictures: it had brought over singing-women and dancing-women from all the operas of Europe, on whom my lords lavished their thousands, whilst they left their honest wives and honest children languishing in the lonely, deserted splendours of the castle and park at home.

Besides the great London society of those days, there was another unacknowledged world, extravagant beyond measure, tearing about in the pursuit of pleasure; dancing, gambling, drinking, singing; meeting the real society in the public places (at Ranelaghs, Vauxhalls, and Ridottos, about which our old novelists talk so constantly), and outvying the real leaders of fashion in luxury, and splendour, and beauty. For instance, when the famous Miss Gunning visited Paris as Lady Coventry, where she expected that her beauty would meet with the applause which had followed her and her sister through England, it appears she was put to flight by an English lady still more lovely in the eyes of the Parisians. A certain Mrs. Pitt took a box at the opera opposite the countess; and was so much handsomer than her ladyship, that the parterre cried out that this was the real English angel, whereupon Lady Coventry quitted Paris in a huff. The poor thing died presently of consumption, accelerated, it was said, by the red and white paint with which she plastered those luckless charms of hers. (We must represent to ourselves all fashionable female Europe, at that time, as plastered with white, and raddled with red). She left two daughters behind her, whom George Selwyn loved (he was curiously fond of little children), and who are described very drolly and pathetically in these letters, in their little nursery, where passionate little Lady Fanny, if she had not good cards, flung hers into Lady Mary's face; and where they sate conspiring how they should receive a new mother-in-law whom their papa presently brought home. They got on very well with their mother-in-law, who was very kind to them; and they grew up, and they were married, and they were both divorced afterwards—poor little souls! Poor painted mother, poor society, ghastly in its pleasures, its loves, its revelries!

As for my lord commissioner, we can afford to speak about him; because, though he was a wild and weak commissioner at one time, though he hurt his estate, though he gambled and lost ten thousand pounds at a sitting—"five times more" says the unlucky gentleman, "than I ever lost before;" though he swore he never would touch a card again; and yet, strange to say, went back to the table and lost still more: yet he repented of his errors, sobered down, and became a worthy peer and a good country gentleman, and returned to the good wife and the good children whom he had always loved with the best part of his heart. He had married at one-and-twenty. He found himself, in the midst of a dissolute society, at the head of a great fortune. Forced into luxury, and obliged to be a great lord and a great idler, he yielded to some temptations, and paid for them a bitter penalty of manly remorse; from some others he fled wisely, and ended by conquering them nobly. But he always had the good wife and children in his mind, and they saved him. "I am very glad you did not come to me the morning I left London," he writes to G. Selwyn, as he is embarking for America. "I can only say, I never knew till that moment of parting, what grief was." There is no parting now, where they are. The faithful wife, the kind, generous gentleman,

have left a noble race behind them: an inheritor of his name and titles, who is beloved as widely as he is known; a man most kind, accomplished, gentle, friendly, and pure; and female descendants occupying high stations and embellishing great names; some renowned for beauty, and all for spotless lives, and pious, matronly virtues.

Another of Selwyn's correspondents is the Earl of March, afterwards Duke of Queensberry, whose life lasted into this century; and who certainly as earl or duke, young man or greybeard, was not an ornament to any possible society. The legends about old Q. are awful. In Selwyn, in Wraxall, and contemporary chronicles, the observer of human nature may follow him, drinking, gambling, intriguing to the end of his career; when the wrinkled, palsied, toothless old Don Juan died, as wicked and unrepentant as he had been at the hottest season of youth and passion. There is a house in Piccadilly, where they used to show a certain low window at which old Q. sat to his very last days, ogling through his senile glasses the women as they passed by.

There must have been a great deal of good about this lazy, sleepy George Selwyn, which, no doubt, is set to his present credit. "Your friendship," writes Carlisle to him, "is so different from anything I have ever met with or seen in the world, that when I recollect the extraordinary proofs of your kindness, it seems to me like a dream." "I have lost my oldest friend and acquaintance, G. Selwyn," writes Walpole to Miss Berry: "I really loved him, not only for his infinite wit, but for a thousand good qualities." I am glad, for my part, that such a lover of cakes and ale should have had a thousand good qualities—that he should have been friendly, generous, warm-hearted, trustworthy. "I rise at six," writes Carlisle to him, from Spa (a great resort of fashionable people in our ancestors' days), "play at cricket till dinner, and dance in the evening, till I can scarcely crawl to bed at eleven. There is a life for you! You get up at nine; play with Raton your dog till twelve, in your dressing-gown; then creep down to White's; are five hours at table; sleep till supper-time; and then make two wretches carry you in a sedan-chair, with three pints of claret in you, three miles for a shilling." Occasionally, instead of sleeping at White's, George went down and snoozed in the House of Commons by the side of Lord North. He represented Gloucester for many years, and had a borough of his own, Ludgershall, for which, when he was too lazy to contest Gloucester, he sat himself. "I have given directions for the election of Ludgershall to be of Lord Melbourne and myself," he writes to the Premier, whose friend he was, and who was himself as sleepy, as witty, and as good-natured as George.

If, in looking at the lives of princes, courtiers, men of rank and fashion, we must perforce depict them as idle, profligate, and criminal, we must make allowances for the rich men's failings, and recollect that we, too, were very likely indolent and voluptuous, had we no motive for work, a mortal's natural taste for pleasure, and the daily temptation of a large income. What could a great peer, with a great castle and park, and a great

fortune, do but be splendid and idle? In these letters of Lord Carlisle's from which I have been quoting, there is many a just complaint made by the kind-hearted young nobleman of the state which he is obliged to keep; the magnificence in which he must live; the idleness to which his position as a peer of England bound him. Better for him had he been a lawyer at his desk, or a clerk in his office;—a thousand times better chance for happiness, education, employment, security from temptation. A few years since the profession of arms was the only one which our nobles could follow. The church, the bar, medicine, literature, the arts, commerce, were below them. It is to the middle class we must look for the safety of England: the working educated men, away from Lord North's bribery in the senate; the good clergy not corrupted into parasites by hopes of preferment; the tradesmen rising into manly opulence; the painters pursuing their gentle calling; the men of letters in their quiet studies; these are the men whom we love and like to read of in the last age. How small the grandees and the men of pleasure look beside them! how contemptible the story of the George III. court squabbles are beside the recorded talk of dear old Johnson! What is the grandest entertainment at Windsor, compared to a night at the club over its modest cups, with Percy, and Langton, and Goldsmith, and poor Bozzy at the table? I declare I think, of all the polite men of that age, Joshua Reynolds was the finest gentleman. And they were good, as well as witty and wise, those dear old friends of the past. Their minds were not debauched by excess, or effeminate with luxury. They toiled their noble day's labour: they rested, and took their kindly pleasure: they cheered their holiday meetings with generous wit and hearty interchange of thought: they were no prudes, but no blush need follow their conversation: they were merry, but no riot came out of their cups. Ah! I would have liked a night at the Turk's Head, even though bad news had arrived from the colonies, and Doctor Johnson was growling against the rebels; to have sat with him and Goldy; and to have heard Burke, the finest talker in the world; and to have had Garrick flashing in with a story from his theatre!—I like, I say, to think of that society; and not merely how pleasant and how wise, but how *good* they were. I think it was on going home one night from the club that Edmund Burke—his noble soul full of great thoughts, be sure, for they never left him; his heart full of gentleness—was accosted by a poor wandering woman, to whom he spoke words of kindness; and, moved by the tears of this Magdalen, perhaps having caused them by the good words he spoke to her, he took her home to the house of his wife and children, and never left her until he had found the means of restoring her to honesty and labour. O you fine gentlemen! you Marches, and Selwyns, and Chesterfields, how small you look by the side of these great men! Good-natured Carlisle plays at cricket all day, and dances in the evening "till he can scarcely crawl," gaily contrasting his superior virtue with George Selwyn's, "carried to bed by two wretches at midnight with three pints of claret in him." Do you remember the verses—the

sacred verses—which Johnson wrote on the death of his humble friend, Levett?

"Well tried through many a varying year,
See Levett to the grave descend;
Officious, innocent, sincere,
Of every friendless name the friend.

"In misery's darkest cavern known,
His useful care was ever nigh,
Where hopeless anguish poured the groan,
And lonely want retired to die.

"No summons mocked by chill delay,
No petty gain disdained by pride,
The modest wants of every day
The toil of every day supplied.

'His virtues walked their narrow round,
Nor made a pause, nor left a void:
And sure the Eternal Master found
His single talent well employed."

Whose name looks the brightest now, that of Queensberry the wealthy duke, or Selwyn the wit, or Levett the poor physician?

I hold old Johnson (and shall we not pardon James Boswell some errors for embalming him for us?) to be the great supporter of the British monarchy and church during the last age—better than whole benches of bishops, better than Pitts, Norths, and the great Burke himself. Johnson had the ear of the nation: his immense authority reconciled it to loyalty, and shamed it out of irreligion. When George III. talked with him, and the people heard the great author's good opinion of the sovereign, whole generations rallied to the king. Johnson was revered as a sort of oracle; and the oracle declared for church and king. What a humanity the old man had! He was a kindly partaker of all honest pleasures: a fierce foe to all sin, but a gentle enemy to all sinners. "What, boys, are you for a frolic?" he cries, when Topham Beauclerc comes and wakes him up at midnight: "I'm with you." And away he goes, tumbles on his homely old clothes, and trundles through Covent Garden with the young fellows. When he used to frequent Garrick's theatre, and had "the liberty of the scenes," he says, "All the actresses knew me, and dropped me a curtsey as they passed to the stage." That would make a pretty picture: it is a pretty picture in my mind, of youth, folly, gaiety, tenderly surveyed by wisdom's merciful, pure eyes.

George III. and his queen lived in a very unpretending but elegant-looking house, on the site of the hideous pile under which his grand-daughter at present reposes. The king's mother inhabited Carlton House, which contemporary prints represent with a perfect paradise of a garden, with trim lawns, green arcades, and vistas of classic statues. She admired these in company with my Lord Bute, who had a fine classic taste, and sometimes council took and sometimes tea in the pleasant green arbours along with that polite nobleman. Bute was hated with a rage of which

there have been few examples in English history. He was the butt for everybody's abuse; for Wilkes's devilish mischief; for Churchill's slashing satire; for the hooting of the mob that roasted the boot, his emblem, in a thousand bonfires; that hated him because he was a favourite and a Scotchman, calling him "Mortimer," "Lothario," I know not what names, and accusing his royal mistress of all sorts of crimes—the grave, lean, demure, elderly woman, who, I daresay, was quite as good as her neighbours. Chatham lent the aid of his great malice to influence the popular sentiment against her. He assailed, in the House of Lords, "the secret influence, more mighty than the throne itself, which betrayed and clogged every administration." The most furious pamphlets echoed the cry. "Impeach the king's mother," was scribbled over every wall at the Court end of the town, Walpole tells us. What had she done? What had Frederick, Prince of Wales, George's father, done, that he was so loathed by George II. and never mentioned by George III.? Let us not seek for stones to batter that forgotten grave, but acquiesce in the contemporary epitaph over him:—

"Here lies Fred,
Who was alive, and is dead.
Had it been his father,
I had much rather.
Had it been his brother,
Still better than another.
Had it been his sister,
No one would have missed her.
Had it been the whole generation,
Still better for the nation.
But since 'tis only Fred,
Who was alive, and is dead,
There's no more to be said."

The widow with eight children round her, prudently reconciled herself with the king, and won the old man's confidence and good-will. A shrewd, hard, domineering, narrow-minded woman, she educated her children according to her lights, and spoke of the eldest as a dull, good boy. She kept him very close: she held the tightest rein over him: she had curious prejudices and bigotries. His uncle, the burly Cumberland, taking down a sabre once, and drawing it to amuse the child—the boy started back and turned pale. The prince felt a generous shock: "What must they have told him about me?" he asked.

His mother's bigotry and hatred he inherited with the courageous obstinacy of his own race; but he was a firm believer where his fathers had been free-thinkers, and a true and fond supporter of the Church, of which he was the titular defender. Like other dull men, the king was all his life suspicious of superior people. He did not like Fox; he did not like Reynolds; he did not like Nelson, Chatham, Burke; he was testy at the idea of all innovations, and suspicious of all innovators. He loved mediocrities; Benjamin West was his favourite painter; Beattie was his poet. The king lamented, not without pathos, in his after life, that his education had been neglected. He was a dull lad brought up by narrow-minded people. The cleverest tutors in the world could have done little probably to expand that small intellect, though they might have improved his tastes, and taught his perceptions some generosity.

But he admired as well as he could. There is little doubt that a

letter, written by the little Princess Charlotte of Mecklenburg Strelitz,—a letter containing the most feeble commonplaces about the horrors of war, and the most trivial remarks on the blessings of peace, struck the young monarch greatly, and decided him upon selecting the young princess as the sharer of his throne. I pass over the stories of his juvenile loves—of Hannah Lightfoot, the Quaker, to whom they say he was actually married (though I don't know who has ever seen the register)—of lovely black-haired Sarah Lennox, about whose beauty Walpole has written in raptures, and who used to lie in wait for the young prince, and make hay at him on the lawn of Holland House. He sighed and he longed, but he rode away from her. Her picture still hangs in Holland House, a magnificent master-piece of Reynolds, a canvass worthy of Titian. She looks from the castle window, holding a bird in her hand, at black-eyed young Charles Fox, her nephew. The royal bird flew away from lovely Sarah. She had to figure as bridesmaid at her little Mecklenburg rival's wedding, and died in our own time a quiet old lady, who had become the mother of the heroic Napiers.

They say the little princess who had written the fine letter about the horrors of war—a beautiful letter without a single blot, for which she was to be rewarded, like the heroine of the old spelling-book story—was at play one day with some of her young companions in the gardens of Strelitz, and that the young ladies' conversation was, strange to say, about husbands. "Who will take such a poor little princess as me?" Charlotte said to her friend, Ida von Bulow, and at that very moment the postman's horn sounded, and Ida said, "Princess! there is the sweetheart." As she said, so it actually turned out. The postman brought letters from the splendid young King of all England, who said, "Princess! because you have written such a beautiful letter, which does credit to your head and heart, come and be Queen of Great Britain, France and Ireland, and the true wife of your most obedient servant, George!" So she jumped for joy; and went upstairs and packed all her little trunks; and set off straightway for her kingdom in a beautiful yacht, with a harpsichord on board for her to play upon, and around her a beautiful fleet, all covered with flags and streamers, and the distinguished Madame Auerbach complimented her with an ode, a translation of which may be read in the *Gentleman's Magazine* to the present day:—

"Her gallant navy through the main,
Now cleaves its liquid way.
There to their queen a chosen train
Of nymphs due reverence pay.

"Europa, when conveyed by Jove
To Crete's distinguished shore,
Greater attention scarce could prove,
Or be respected more."

They met, and they were married, and for years they led the happiest, simplest lives sure ever led by married couple. It is said the king winced when he first saw his homely little bride; but, however that may be, he

was a true and faithful husband to her, as she was a faithful and loving wife. They had the simplest pleasures—the very mildest and simplest—little country dances, to which a dozen couple were invited, and where the honest king would stand up and dance for three hours at a time to one tune; after which delicious excitement they would go to bed without any supper (the Court people grumbling sadly at that absence of supper), and get up quite early the next morning, and perhaps the next night have another dance; or the queen would play on the spinnet—she played pretty well, Haydn said—or the king would read to her a paper out of the *Spectator*, or perhaps one of Ogden's sermons. O Arcadia! what a life it must have been! There used to be Sunday drawing-rooms at Court; but the young king stopped these, as he stopped all that godless gambling whereof we have made mention. Not that George was averse to any innocent pleasures, or pleasures which he thought innocent. He was a patron of the arts, after his fashion; kind and gracious to the artists whom he favoured, and respectful to their calling. He wanted once to establish an Order of Minerva for literary and scientific characters; the knights were to take rank after the knights of the Bath, and to sport a straw-coloured ribbon and a star of sixteen points. But there was such a row amongst the *literati* as to the persons who should be appointed, that the plan was given up, and Minerva and her star never came down amongst us.

He objected to painting St. Paul's, as Popish practice; accordingly, the most clumsy heathen sculptures decorate that edifice at present. It is fortunate that the paintings, too, were spared, for painting and drawing were wofully unsound at the close of the last century; and it is far better for our eyes to contemplate whitewash (when we turn them away from the clergyman) than to look at Opie's pitchy canvasses, or Fuseli's livid monsters. And yet there is one day in the year—a day when old George loved with all his heart to attend it—when I think St. Paul's presents the noblest sight in the whole world: when five thousand charity children, with cheeks like nosegays, and sweet, fresh voices, sing the hymn which makes every heart thrill with praise and happiness. I have seen a hundred grand sights in the world—coronations, Parisian splendours, Crystal Palace openings, Pope's chapels with their processions of long-tailed cardinals and quavering choirs of fat soprani—but think in all Christendom there is no such sight as Charity Children's Day. *Non Angli, sed angeli.* As one looks at that beautiful multitude of innocents: as the first note strikes: indeed one may almost fancy that cherubs are singing.

Of church music the king was always very fond, showing skill in it both as a critic and a performer. Many stories, mirthful and affecting, are told of his behaviour at the concerts which he ordered. When he was blind and ill he chose the music for the Ancient Concerts once, and the music and words which he selected were from *Samson Agonistes*, and all had reference to his blindness, his captivity, and his affliction. He would beat time with his music-roll as they sang the anthem in the Chapel Royal.

If the page below was talkative or inattentive, down would come the music-roll on young scapegrace's powdered head. The theatre was always his delight. His bishops and clergy used to attend it, thinking it no shame to appear where that good man was seen. He is said not to have cared for Shakspeare or tragedy much; farces and pantomimes were his joy; and especially when clown swallowed a carrot or a string of sausages, he would laugh so outrageously that the lovely Princess by his side would have to say, "My gracious monarch, do compose yourself." But he continued to laugh, and at the very smallest farces, as long as his poor wits were left him.

There is something to me exceedingly touching in that simple early life of the king's. As long as his mother lived—a dozen years after his marriage with the little spinnet-player—he was a great, shy, awkward boy, under the tutelage of that hard parent. She must have been a clever, domineering, cruel woman. She kept her household lonely and in gloom, mistrusting almost all people who came about her children. Seeing the young Duke of Gloucester silent and unhappy once, she sharply asked him the cause of his silence. "I am thinking," said the poor child. "Thinking, sir! and of what?" "I am thinking if ever I have a son I will not make him so unhappy as you make me." The other sons were all wild, except George. Dutifully every evening George and Charlotte paid their visit to the king's mother at Carlton House. She had a throat-complaint, of which she died; but to the last persisted in driving about the streets to show she was alive. The night before her death the resolute woman talked with her son and daughter-in-law as usual, went to bed, and was found dead there in the morning. "George, be a king!" were the words which she was for ever croaking in the ears of her son: and a king the simple, stubborn, affectionate, bigoted man tried to be.

He did his best; he worked according to his lights; what virtue he knew, he tried to practise; what knowledge he could master, he strove to acquire. He was for ever drawing maps, for example, and learned geography with no small care and industry. He knew all about the family histories and genealogies of his gentry, and pretty histories he must have known. He knew the whole *Army List;* and all the facings, and the exact number of the buttons, and all the tags and laces, and the cut of all the cocked hats, pigtails, and gaiters in his army. He knew the *personnel* of the Universities; what doctors were inclined to Socinianism, and who were sound Churchmen; he knew the etiquettes of his own and his grandfather's courts to a nicety, and the smallest particulars regarding the routine of ministers, secretaries, embassies, audiences; the humblest page in the ante-room, or the meanest helper in the stables or kitchen. These parts of the royal business he was capable of learning, and he learned. But, as one thinks of an office, almost divine, performed by any mortal man—of any single being pretending to control the thoughts, to direct the faith, to order the implicit obedience of brother millions, to compel them into war

at his offence or quarrel; to command, "In this way you shall trade, in this way you shall think; these neighbours shall be your allies whom you shall help, these others your enemies whom you shall slay at my orders; in this way you shall worship God;"—who can wonder that, when such a man as George took such an office on himself, punishment and humiliation should fall upon people and chief?

Yet there is something grand about his courage. The battle of the king with his aristocracy remains yet to be told by the historian who shall view the reign of George more justly than the trumpery panegyrists who wrote immediately after his decease. It was he, with the people to back him, who made the war with America; it was he and the people who refused justice to the Roman Catholics; and on both questions he beat the patricians. He bribed: he bullied: he darkly dissembled on occasion: he exercised a slippery perseverance, and a vindictive resolution, which one almost admires as one thinks his character over. His courage was never to be beat. It trampled North under foot: it beat the stiff neck of the younger Pitt: even his illness never conquered that indomitable spirit. As soon as his brain was clear, it resumed the scheme, only laid aside when his reason left him: as soon as his hands were out of the strait waistcoat, they took up the pen and the plan which had engaged him up to the moment of his malady. I believe, it is by persons believing themselves in the right, that nine-tenths of the tyranny of this world has been perpetrated. Arguing on that convenient premiss, the Dey of Algiers would cut off twenty heads of a morning; Father Dominic would burn a score of Jews in the presence of the Most Catholic King, and the Archbishops of Toledo and Salamanca sing Amen. Protestants were roasted, Jesuits hung and quartered at Smithfield, and witches burned at Salem, and all by worthy people, who believed they had the best authority for their actions. And so, with respect to old George, even Americans, whom he hated and who conquered him, may give him credit for having quite honest reasons for oppressing them. Appended to Lord Brougham's biographical sketch of Lord North are some autograph notes of the king, which let us most curiously into the state of his mind. "The times certainly require," says he, "the concurrence of all who wish to prevent anarchy. I have no wish but the prosperity of my own dominions, therefore I must look upon all who would not heartily assist me as bad men, as well as bad subjects." That is the way he reasoned. "I wish nothing but good, therefore every man who does not agree with me is a traitor and a scoundrel." Remember that he believed himself anointed by a Divine commission; remember that he was a man of slow parts and imperfect education; that the same awful will of Heaven which placed a crown upon his head, which made him tender to his family, pure in his life, courageous and honest, made him dull of comprehension, obstinate of will, and at many times deprived him of reason. He was the father of his people; his rebellious children must be flogged into obedience. He was the defender of the Protestant faith; he would rather lay that stout head upon the block

than that Catholics should have a share in the government of England. And you do not suppose that there are not honest bigots enough in all countries to back kings in this kind of statesmanship? Without doubt the American war was popular in England. In 1775 the address in favour of coercing the colonies was carried by the 304 to 105 in the Commons, by 104 to 29 in the House of Lords. Popular?—so was the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes popular in France: so was the massacre of St. Bartholomew: so was the Inquisition exceedingly popular in Spain.

Wars and revolutions are, however, the politician's province. The great events of this long reign, the statesmen and orators who illustrated it,* I do not pretend to make the subjects of an hour's light talk. Let us return to our humbler duty of court gossip. Yonder sits our little queen, surrounded by many stout sons and fair daughters whom she bore to her faithful George. The history of the daughters, as little Miss Burney has painted them to us, is delightful. They were handsome—she calls them beautiful; they were most kind, loving, and lady-like; they were gracious to every person, high and low, who served them. They had many little accomplishments of their own. This one drew: that one played the piano: they all worked most prodigiously, and fitted up whole suits of rooms—pretty, smiling Penelopes,—with their busy little needles. As we

* Here are the figures, as drawn by young Gilray, of Lord North, Mr. Fox, Mr. Pitt, and Mr. Burke.

LORD NORTH. MR. FOX.

picture to ourselves the society of eighty years ago, we must imagine hundreds of thousands of groups of women in great high caps, tight bodies, and full skirts, needling away, whilst one of the number, or perhaps a favoured gentleman in a pigtail, reads out a novel to the company. Peep into the cottage at Olney, for example, and see there Mrs. Unwin and Lady Hesketh, those high-bred ladies, those sweet, pious women, and William Cowper, that delicate wit, that trembling pietist, that refined gentleman, absolutely reading out Jonathan Wild to the ladies! What a change in our manners, in our amusements, since then!

King George's household was a model of an English gentleman's household. It was early; it was kindly; it was charitable; it was frugal; it was orderly; it must have been stupid to a degree which I shudder now to contemplate. No wonder all the princes ran away from the lap of that dreary domestic virtue. It always rose, rode, dined at stated intervals. Day after day was the same. At the same hour at night the king kissed his daughters' jolly cheeks; the princesses kissed their mother's hand; and Madame Thielke brought the royal nightcap. At the same hour the equerries and women in waiting had their little dinner, and cackled over their tea. The king had his backgammon or his evening concert; the equerries yawned themselves to death in the anteroom; or the king and his family walked on Windsor slopes, the king holding his darling little princess Amelia by the hand; and the people crowded round quite good-naturedly; and the Eton boys thrust their chubby cheeks under the crowd's elbows; and the concert over, the king never failed to take his enormous cocked hat off, and salute his band, and say, "Thank you, gentlemen."

MR. PITT MR. BURKE.

A LITTLE REBEL.

A quieter household, a more prosaic life than this of Kew or Windsor, cannot be imagined. Rain or shine, the king rode every day for hours; poked his red face into hundreds of cottages round about, and showed that shovel hat and Windsor uniform to farmers, to pig-boys, to old women making apple dumplings; to all sorts of people, gentle and simple, about whom countless stories are told. Nothing can be more undignified than these stories. When Haroun Alraschid visits a subject incog., the latter is sure to be very much the better for the caliph's magnificence. Old George showed no such royal splendour. He used to give a guinea sometimes: sometimes feel in his pockets and find he had no money: often ask a man a hundred questions; about the number of his family, about his oats and beans, about the rent he paid for his house, and ride on. On one occasion he played the part of King Alfred, and turned a piece of meat with a string at a cottager's house. When the old woman came home, she found a paper with an enclosure of money, and a note written by the royal pencil: "Five guineas to buy a jack." It was not splendid, but it was kind and worthy of Farmer George. One day, when the king and queen were walking together, they met a little boy—they were always fond of children, the good folks,—and patted the little white head. "Whose little boy are you?" asks the Windsor uniform. "I am the king's beefeater's little boy," replied the child. On which the king said, "Then, kneel down, and kiss the queen's hand." But the innocent offspring of the beefeater declined this treat. "No," said he, "I won't kneel, for if I do, I shall spoil my new breeches." The thrifty king ought to have hugged him and knighted him on the spot. George's admirers wrote pages and pages of such stories about him. One morning, before anybody else was up, the king walked about Gloucester town; pushed over Molly the housemaid who was scrubbing the doorsteps with her pail; ran up-stairs and woke all the equerries in their bedrooms; and then trotted down to the bridge, where, by this time, a dozen of louts were assembled. "What! is this Gloucester New Bridge?" asked our gracious monarch; and the people answered him, "Yes, your Majesty." "Why, then, my boys," said he, "let us have a huzzay!" After giving them which intellectual gratification, he went home to breakfast. Our fathers read these simple tales with fond pleasure; laughed at these very small jokes; liked the old man who poked his nose into every cottage; who lived on plain wholesome roast and boiled; who despised your French kickshaws; who was a true hearty old English gentleman. You may have seen Gilray's famous print of him—in the old wig, in the stout old hideous Windsor uniform—as the King of Brobdingnag, peering at a little Gulliver, whom he holds up in his hand, whilst in the other he has an opera-glass, through which he surveys the pigmy? Our fathers chose to set up George as the type of a great king; and the little Gulliver was the great Napoleon. We prided ourselves on our prejudices; we blustered and bragged with absurd vainglory; we dealt to our enemy a monstrous injustice of contempt and scorn; we fought him with all weapons, mean as well as heroic. There was no

lie we would not believe; no charge of crime which our furious prejudice would not credit. I thought at one time of making a collection of the lies which the French had written against us, and we had publi-hed against them during the war: it would be a strange memorial of popular falsehood.

Their majesties were very sociable potentates: and the Court Chronicler tells of numerous visits which they paid to their subjects, gentle and simple: with whom they dined; at whose great country-houses they stopped; or at whose poorer lodgings they affably partook of tea and bread-and-butter. Some of the great folks spent enormous sums in entertaining their sovereigns. As marks of special favour, the king and queen sometimes stood as sponsors for the children of the nobility. We find Lady Salisbury was so honoured in the year 1786: and in the year 1802, Lady Chesterfield. The *Court News* relates how her ladyship received their majesties on a state bed "dressed with white satin and a profusion of lace: the counterpane of white satin embroidered with gold, and the bed of crimson satin lined with white." The child was first brought by the nurse to the Marchioness of Bath, who presided as chief nurse. Then the marchioness handed baby to the queen. Then the queen handed the little darling to the Bishop of Norwich, the officiating clergyman: and, the ceremony over, a cup of caudle was presented by the earl to his majesty on one knee, on a large gold waiter, placed on a crimson velvet cushion. Misfortunes would occur in these interesting genuflectory ceremonies of royal worship. Bubb Dodington, Lord Melcombe, a very fat, puffy man, in a most gorgeous court-suit, had to kneel, Cumberland says, and was so fat and so tight that he could not get up again. "Kneel, sir, kneel!" cried my lord in waiting to a country mayor who had to read an address, but who went on with his compliment standing. "Kneel, sir, kneel!" cries my lord, in dreadful alarm. "I can't!" says the mayor, turning round; "don't you see I have got a wooden leg?"

In the capital *Burney Diary and Letters*, the home and court life of good old King George and good old Queen Charlotte are presented at portentous length. The king rose every morning at six: and had two hours to himself. He thought it effeminate to have a carpet in his bedroom. Shortly before eight, the queen and the royal family were always ready for him, and they proceeded to the king's chapel in the castle. There were no fires in the passages: the chapel was scarcely alight: princesses, governesses, equerries grumbled and caught cold: but cold or hot, it was their duty to go: and, wet or dry, light or dark, the stout old George was always in his place to say amen to the chaplain.

The queen's character is represented in *Burney* at full length. She was a sensible, most decorous woman; a very grand lady on state occasions, simple enough in ordinary life; well read as times went, and giving shrewd opinions about books; stingy, but not unjust; not generally unkind to her dependants, but invincible in her notions of etiquette, and quite angry if her people suffered ill-health in her service. She gave Miss Burney a shabby pittance, and led the poor young woman a life which

well-nigh killed her. She never thought but that she was doing Burney the greatest favour, in taking her from freedom, fame, and competence, and killing her off with languor in that dreary court. It was not dreary to her. Had she been servant instead of mistress, her spirit would never have broken down: she never would have put a pin out of place, or been a moment from her duty. *She* was not weak, and she could not pardon those who were. She was perfectly correct in life, and she hated poor sinners with a rancour such as virtue sometimes has. She must have had awful private trials of her own: not merely with her children, but with her husband, in those long days about which nobody will ever know anything now; when he was not quite insane; when his incessant tongue was babbling folly, rage, persecution; and she had to smile and be respectful and attentive under this intolerable ennui. The queen bore all her duties stoutly, as she expected others to bear them. At a State christening, the lady who held the infant was tired and looked unwell, and the Princess of Wales asked permission for her to sit down. "Let her stand," said the queen, flicking the snuff off her sleeve. *She* would have stood, the resolute old woman, if she had had to hold the child till his beard was grown. "I am seventy years of age," the queen said, facing a mob of ruffians who stopped her sedan: "I have been fifty years queen of England, and I never was insulted before." Fearless, rigid, unforgiving little queen! I don't wonder that her sons revolted from her.

Of all the figures in that large family group which surrounds George and his queen, the prettiest, I think, is the father's darling, the Princess Amelia, pathetic for her beauty, her sweetness, her early death, and for the extreme passionate tenderness with which her father loved her. This was his favourite amongst all the children: of his sons, he loved the Duke of York best. Burney tells a sad story of the poor old man at Weymouth, and how eager he was to have this darling son with him. The king's house was not big enough to hold the prince; and his father had a portable house erected close to his own, and at huge pains, so that his dear Frederick should be near him. He clung on his arm all the time of his visit; talked to no one else; had talked of no one else for some time before. The prince, so long expected, stayed but a single night. He had business in London the next day, he said. The dulness of the old king's court stupefied York and the other big sons of George III. They scared equerries and ladies, frightened the modest little circle, with their coarse spirits and loud talk. Of little comfort, indeed, were the king's sons to the king.

But the pretty Amelia was his darling; and the little maiden, prattling and smiling in the fond arms of that old father, is a sweet image to look on. There is a family picture in Burney, which a man must be very hard-hearted not to like. She describes an after-dinner walk of the royal family at Windsor:—"It was really a mighty pretty procession," she says. "The little princess, just turned of three years old, in a robe-coat covered with fine muslin, a dressed close cap, white gloves, and fan, walked on alone

and first, highly delighted with the parade, and turning from side to side to see everybody as she passed; for all the terracers stand up against the walls, to make a clear passage for the royal family the moment they come in sight. Then followed the king and queen, no less delighted with the joy of their little darling. The Princess Royal leaning on Lady Elizabeth Waldegrave, the Princess Augusta holding by the Duchess of Ancaster, the Princess Elizabeth led by Lady Charlotte Bertie, followed. Office here takes place of rank," says Burney,—to explain how it was that Lady E. Waldegrave, as lady of the bed-chamber, walked before a duchess;—"General Bude, and the Duke of Montague, and Major Price as equerry, brought up the rear of the procession." One sees it: the band playing its old music, the sun shining on the happy, loyal crowd; and lighting the ancient battlements, the rich elms, and purple landscape, and bright greensward; the royal standard drooping from the great tower yonder; as old George passes, followed by his race, preceded by the charming infant, who caresses the crowd with her innocent smiles.

"On sight of Mrs. Delany, the king instantly stopped to speak to her; the queen, of course, and the little princess, and all the rest, stood still. They talked a good while with the sweet old lady, during which time the king once or twice addressed himself to me. I caught the queen's eye, and saw in it a little surprise, but by no means any displeasure, to see me of the party. The little princess went up to Mrs. Delany, of whom she is very fond, and behaved like a little angel to her. She then, with a look of inquiry and recollection, came behind Mrs. Delany to look at me. 'I am afraid,' said I, in a whisper, and stooping down, 'your Royal Highness does not remember me?' Her answer was an arch little smile, and a nearer approach, with her lips pouted out to kiss me."

The princess wrote verses herself, and there are some pretty plaintive lines attributed to her, which are more touching than better poetry:—

"Unthinking, idle, wild, and young,
I laughed, and danced, and talked, and sung:
And, proud of health, of freedom vain,
Dreamed not of sorrow, care, or pain:
Concluding, in those hours of glee,
That all the world was made for me.

"But when the hour of trial came,
When sickness shook this trembling frame,
When folly's gay pursuits were o'er,
And I could sing and dance no more,
It then occurred, how sad 'twould be
Were this world only made for me."

The poor soul quitted it—and ere yet she was dead the agonized father was in such a state, that the officers round about him were obliged to set watchers over him, and from November, 1810, George III. ceased to reign. All the world knows the story of his malady: all history presents no sadder figure than that of the old man, blind and deprived of

reason, wandering through the rooms of his palace, addressing imaginary parliaments, reviewing fancied troops, holding ghostly courts. I have seen his picture as it was taken at this time, hanging in the apartment of his daughter, the Landgravine of Hesse Hombourg—amidst books and Windsor furniture, and a hundred fond reminiscences of her English home. The poor old father is represented in a purple gown, his snowy beard falling over his breast—the star of his famous Order still idly shining on it. He was not only sightless: he became utterly deaf. All light, all reason, all sound of human voices, all the pleasures of this world of God, were taken from him. Some slight lucid moments he had; in one of which, the queen, desiring to see him, entered the room, and found him singing a hymn, and accompanying himself at the harpsichord. When he had finished, he knelt down and prayed aloud for her, and then for his family, and then for the nation, concluding with a prayer for himself, that it might please God to avert his heavy calamity from him, but if not, to give him resignation to submit. He then burst into tears, and his reason again fled.

What preacher need moralize on this story; what words save the simplest are requisite to tell it? It is too terrible for tears. The thought of such a misery smites me down in submission before the Ruler of kings and men, the Monarch Supreme over empires and republics, the inscrutable Dispenser of life, death, happiness, victory. "O brothers," I said to those who heard me first in America—"O brothers! speaking the same dear mother tongue—O comrades! enemies no more, let us take a mournful hand together as we stand by this royal corpse, and call a truce to battle! Low he lies to whom the proudest used to kneel once, and who was cast lower than the poorest: dead, whom millions prayed for in vain. Driven off his throne; buffeted by rude hands; with his children in revolt; the darling of his old age killed before him untimely; our Lear hangs over her breathless lips and cries, 'Cordelia, Cordelia, stay a little!'

> 'Vex not his ghost—oh! let him pass—he hates him
> That would upon the rack of this tough world
> Stretch him out longer!'

Hush! Strife and Quarrel, over the solemn grave! Sound, Trumpets, a mournful march. Fall, Dark Curtain, upon his pageant, his pride, his grief, his awful tragedy!

"Unto this Last."

II.—THE VEINS OF WEALTH.

The answer which would be made by any ordinary political economist to the statements contained in the preceding paper, is in few words as follows:—

"It is indeed true that certain advantages of a general nature may be obtained by the development of social affections. But political economists never professed, nor profess, to take advantages of a general nature into consideration. Our science is simply the science of getting rich. So far from being a fallacious or visionary one, it is found by experience to be practically effective. Persons who follow its precepts do actually become rich, and persons who disobey them become poor. Every capitalist of Europe has acquired his fortune by following the known laws of our science, and increases his capital daily by an adherence to them. It is vain to bring forward tricks of logic, against the force of accomplished facts. Every man of business knows by experience how money is made, and how it is lost."

Pardon me. Men of business do indeed know how they themselves made their money, or how, on occasion, they lost it. Playing a long-practised game, they are familiar with the chances of its cards, and can rightly explain their losses and gains. But they neither know who keeps the bank of the gambling-house, nor what other games may be played with the same cards, nor what other losses and gains, far away among the dark streets, are essentially, though invisibly, dependent on theirs in the lighted rooms. They have learned a few, and only a few, of the laws of mercantile economy; but not one of those of political economy.

Primarily, which is very notable and curious, I observe that men of business rarely know the meaning of the word "rich." At least if they know, they do not in their reasonings allow for the fact, that it is a relative word, implying its opposite "poor" as positively as the word "north" implies its opposite "south." Men nearly always speak and write as if riches were absolute, and it were possible, by following certain scientific precepts, for everybody to be rich. Whereas riches are a power like that of electricity, acting only through inequalities or negations of itself. The force of the guinea you have in your pocket depends wholly on the default of a guinea in your neighbour's pocket. If he did not want it, it would be of no use to you; the degree of power it possesses depends accurately upon the need or desire he has for it,—and the art of making yourself rich, in the ordinary mercantile economist's sense, is therefore equally and necessarily the art of keeping your neighbour poor.

I would not contend in this matter (and rarely in any matter), for the acceptance of terms. But I wish the reader clearly and deeply to understand the difference between the two economies, to which the terms "Political" and "Mercantile" might not unadvisably be attached.

Political economy (the economy of a State, or of citizens) consists simply in the production, preservation, and distribution, at fittest time and place, of useful or pleasurable things. The farmer who cuts his hay at the right time; the shipwright who drives his bolts well home in sound wood; the builder who lays good bricks in well-tempered mortar; the housewife who takes care of her furniture in the parlour, and guards against all waste in her kitchen; and the singer who rightly disciplines, and never overstrains her voice: are all political economists in the true and final sense; adding continually to the riches and well-being of the nation to which they belong.

But mercantile economy, the economy of "merces" or of "pay," signifies the accumulation, in the hands of individuals, of legal or moral claim upon, or power over, the labour of others; every such claim implying precisely as much poverty or debt on one side, as it implies riches or right on the other.

It does not, therefore, necessarily involve an addition to the actual property, or well-being, of the State in which it exists. But since this commercial wealth, or power over labour, is nearly always convertible at once into real property, while real property is not always convertible at once into power over labour, the idea of riches among active men in civilized nations, generally refers to commercial wealth; and in estimating their possessions, they rather calculate the value of their horses and fields by the number of guineas they could get for them, than the value of their guineas by the number of horses and fields they could buy with them.

There is, however, another reason for this habit of mind; namely, that an accumulation of real property is of little use to its owner, unless, together with it, he has commercial power over labour. Thus, suppose any person to be put in possession of a large estate of fruitful land, with rich beds of gold in its gravel, countless herds of cattle in its pastures; houses, and gardens, and storehouses full of useful stores; but suppose, after all, that he could get no servants? In order that he may be able to have servants, some one in his neighbourhood must be poor, and in want of his gold—or his corn. Assume that no one is in want of either, and that no servants are to be had. He must, therefore, bake his own bread, make his own clothes, plough his own ground, and shepherd his own flocks. His gold will be as useful to him as any other yellow pebbles on his estate. His stores must rot, for he cannot consume them. He can eat no more than another man could eat, and wear no more than another man could wear. He must lead a life of severe and common labour to procure even ordinary comforts; he will be ultimately unable to keep either houses in repair, or fields in cultivation; and forced to content himself with a poor man's portion of cottage and garden, in the midst of a

desert of waste land, trampled by wild cattle, and encumbered by ruins of palaces, which he will hardly mock at himself by calling "his own."

The most covetous of mankind would, with small exultation, I presume, accept riches of this kind on these terms. What is really desired, under the name of riches, is, essentially, power over men; in its simplest sense, the power of obtaining for our own advantage, the labour of servant, tradesman, and artist; in wider sense, authority of directing large masses of the nation to various ends (good, trivial or hurtful, according to the mind of the rich person). And this power of wealth of course is greater or less in direct proportion to the poverty of the men over whom it is exercised, and in inverse proportion to the number of persons who are as rich as ourselves, and who are ready to give the same price for an article of which the supply is limited. If the musician is poor, he will sing for small pay, as long as there is only one person who can pay him; but if there be two or three, he will sing for the one who offers him most. And thus the power of the riches of the patron (always imperfect and doubtful, as we shall see presently, even when most authoritative) depends first on the poverty of the artist, and then on the limitation of the number of equally wealthy persons, who also want seats at the concert. So that, as above stated, the art of becoming "rich," in the common sense, is not absolutely nor finally the art of accumulating much money for ourselves, but also of contriving that our neighbours shall have less. In accurate terms, it is "the art of establishing the maximum inequality in our own favour."

Now the establishment of such inequality cannot be shown in the abstract to be either advantageous or disadvantageous to the body of the nation. The rash and absurd assumption that such inequalities are necessarily advantageous, lies at the root of most of the popular fallacies on the subject of political economy. For the eternal and inevitable law in this matter is, that the beneficialness of the inequality depends, first, on the methods by which it was accomplished, and, secondly, on the purposes to which it is applied. Inequalities of wealth, unjustly established, have assuredly injured the nation in which they exist during their establishment; and, unjustly directed, they injure it yet more during their existence. But inequalities of wealth justly established, benefit the nation in the course of their establishment; and, nobly used, aid it yet more by their existence. That is to say, among every active and well-governed people, the various strength of individuals, tested by full exertion and specially applied to various need, issues in unequal, but harmonious results, receiving reward or authority according to its class and service;*

* I have been naturally asked several times, with respect to the sentence in the first of these papers, "the bad workman unemployed," "But what are you to do with your bad unemployed workmen?" Well, it seems to me the question might have occurred to you before. Your housemaid's place is vacant—you give twenty pounds a year—two girls come for it, one neatly dressed, the other dirtily; one with good recommendations, the other with none. You do not, under these circumstances, usually ask the

while, in the inactive or ill-governed nation, the gradations of decay and the victories of treason work out also their own rugged system of subjection and success; and substitute for the melodious inequalities of concurrent power the iniquitous dominances and depressions of guilt and misfortune.

Thus the circulation of wealth in a nation resembles that of the blood in the natural body. There is one quickness of the current which comes of cheerful emotion or wholesome exercise; and another which comes of shame or of fever. There is a flush of the body which is full of warmth and life; and another which will pass into putrefaction.

The analogy will hold, down even to minute particulars. For as diseased local determination of the blood involves depression of the general health of the system, all morbid local action of riches will be found ultimately to involve a weakening of the resources of the body politic.

The mode in which this is produced may be at once understood by examining one or two instances of the development of wealth in the simplest possible circumstances.

Suppose two sailors cast away on an uninhabited coast, and obliged to maintain themselves there by their own labours for a series of years.

If they both kept their health, and worked steadily, and in amity with each other, they might build themselves a convenient house, and in time come to possess a certain quantity of cultivated land, together with various stores laid up for future use. All these things would be real riches or property; and, supposing the men both to have worked equally hard, they would each have right to equal share or use of it. Their political economy would consist merely in careful preservation and just division of these possessions. Perhaps, however, after some time one or other might be dissatisfied with the results of their common farming; and they might in consequence agree to divide the land they had brought under the spade

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dirty one if she will come for fifteen pounds, or twelve; and, on her consenting, take her instead of the well-recommended one. Still less do you try to beat both down by making them bid against each other, till you can hire both, one at twelve pounds a year, and the other at eight. You simply take the one fittest for the place, and send away the other, not perhaps concerning yourself quite as much as you should with the question which you now impatiently put to me, "What is to become of her?" For all that I advise you to do, is to deal with workmen as with servants; and verily the question is of weight: "Your bad workman, idler, and rogue—what are you to do with him?"

We will consider of this presently: remember that the administration of a complete system of national commerce and industry cannot be explained in full detail within the space of twelve pages. Meantime, consider whether, there being confessedly some difficulty in dealing with rogues and idlers, it may not be advisable to produce as few of them as possible. If you examine into the history of rogues, you will find they are as truly manufactured articles as anything else, and it is just because our present system of political economy gives so large a stimulus to that manufacture that you may know it to be a false one. We had better seek for a system which will develop honest men, than for one which will deal cunningly with vagabonds. Let us reform our schools, and we shall find little reform needed in our prisons.

into equal shares, so that each might thenceforward work in his own field and live by it. Suppose that after this arrangement had been made, one of them were to fall ill, and be unable to work on his land at a critical time—say of sowing or harvest.

He would naturally ask the other to sow or reap for him.

Then his companion might say, with perfect justice, "I will do this additional work for you; but if I do it, you must promise to do as much for me at another time. I will count how many hours I spend on your ground, and you shall give me a written promise to work for the same number of hours on mine, whenever I need your help, and you are able to give it."

Suppose the disabled man's sickness to continue, and that under various circumstances, for several years, requiring the help of the other, he on each occasion gave a written pledge to work, as soon as he was able, at his companion's orders, for the same number of hours which the other had given up to him. What will the positions of the two men be when the invalid is able to resume work?

Considered as a "Polis," or state, they will be poorer than they would have been otherwise: poorer by the withdrawal of what the sick man's labour would have produced in the interval. His friend may perhaps have toiled with an energy quickened by the enlarged need, but in the end his own land and property must have suffered by the withdrawal of so much of his time and thought from them; and the united property of the two men will be certainly less than it would have been if both had remained in health and activity.

But the relations in which they stand to each other are also widely altered. The sick man has not only pledged his labour for some years, but will probably have exhausted his own share of the accumulated stores, and will be in consequence for some time dependent on the other for food, which he can only "pay" or reward him for by yet more deeply pledging his own labour.

Supposing the written promises to be held entirely valid (among civilized nations their validity is secured by legal measures*), the person who had hitherto worked for both might now, if he chose, rest altogether, and pass his time in idleness, not only forcing his companion to redeem all the engagements he had already entered into, but exacting from him

* The disputes which exist respecting the real nature of money arise more from the disputants examining its functions on different sides, than from any real dissent in their opinions. All money, properly so called, is an acknowledgment of debt; but as such, it may either be considered to represent the labour and property of the creditor, or the idleness and penury of the debtor. The intricacy of the question has been much increased by the (hitherto necessary) use of marketable commodities, such as gold, silver, salt, shells, &c., to give intrinsic value or security to currency; but the final and best definition of money is that it is a documentary promise ratified and guaranteed by the nation to give or find a certain quantity of labour on demand. A man's labour for a day is a better standard of value than a measure of any produce, because no produce ever maintains a consistent rate of productibility.

pledges for further labour, to an arbitrary amount, for what food he had to advance to him.

There might not, from first to last, be the least illegality (in the ordinary sense of the word) in the arrangement; but if a stranger arrived on the coast at this advanced epoch of their political economy, he would find one man commercially Rich; the other commercially Poor. He would see, perhaps with no small surprise, one passing his days in idleness; the other labouring for both, and living sparely, in the hope of recovering his independence, at some distant period.

This is, of course, an example of one only out of many ways in which inequality of possession may be established between different persons, giving rise to the Mercantile forms of Riches and Poverty. In the instance before us, one of the men might from the first have deliberately chosen to be idle, and to put his life in pawn for present ease; or he might have mismanaged his land, and been compelled to have recourse to his neighbour for food and help, pledging his future labour for it. But what I want the reader to note especially is the fact, common to a large number of typical cases of this kind, that the establishment of the mercantile wealth which consists in a claim upon labour, signifies a political diminution of the real wealth which consists in substantial possessions.

Take another example, more consistent with the ordinary course of affairs of trade. Suppose that three men, instead of two, formed the little isolated republic, and found themselves obliged to separate in order to farm different pieces of land at some distance from each other along the coast; each estate furnishing a distinct kind of produce, and each more or less in need of the material raised on the other. Suppose that the third man, in order to save the time of all three, undertakes simply to superintend the transference of commodities from one farm to the other; on condition of receiving some sufficiently remunerative share of every parcel of goods conveyed, or of some other parcel received in exchange for it.

If this carrier or messenger always brings to each estate, from the other, what is chiefly wanted, at the right time, the operations of the two farmers will go on prosperously, and the largest possible result in produce, or wealth, will be attained by the little community. But suppose no intercourse between the landowners is possible, except through the travelling agent; and that, after a time, this agent, watching the course of each man's agriculture, keeps back the articles with which he has been entrusted until there comes a period of extreme necessity for them, on one side or other, and then exacts in exchange for them all that the distressed farmer can spare of other kinds of produce: it is easy to see that by ingeniously watching his opportunities, he might possess himself regularly of the greater part of the superfluous produce of the two estates, and at last, in some year of severest trial or scarcity, purchase both for himself, and maintain the former proprietors thenceforward as his labourers or servants.

This would be a case of commercial wealth acquired on the exactest

principles of modern political economy. But, more distinctly even than in the former instance, it is manifest in this that the wealth of the State, or of the three men considered as a society, is collectively less than it would have been had the merchant been content with juster profit. The operations of the two agriculturists have been cramped to the utmost; and the continual limitations of the supply of things they wanted at critical times, together with the failure of courage consequent on the prolongation of a struggle for mere existence, without any sense of permanent gain, must have seriously diminished the effective results of their labour; and the stores finally accumulated in the merchant's hands will not in anywise be of equivalent value to those which, had his dealings been honest, would have filled at once the granaries of the farmers and his own.

The whole question, therefore, respecting not only the advantage, but even the quantity, of national wealth, resolves itself finally into one of abstract justice. It is impossible to conclude, of any given mass of acquired wealth, merely by the fact of its existence, whether it signifies good or evil to the nation in the midst of which it exists. Its real value depends on the moral sign attached to it, just as sternly as that of a mathematical quantity depends on the algebraical sign attached to it. Any given accumulation of commercial wealth may be indicative, on the one hand, of faithful industries, progressive energies, and productive ingenuities; or, on the other, it may be indicative of mortal luxury, merciless tyranny, ruinous chicane.

Some treasures are heavy with human tears, as an ill-stored harvest with untimely rain; and some gold is brighter in sunshine than it is in substance. And these are not, observe, merely moral or pathetic attributes of riches, which the seeker of riches may, if he chooses, despise; they are literally and sternly, material attributes of riches, depreciating or exalting, incalculably, the monetary signification of the sum in question. One mass of money is the outcome of action which has created,—another, of action which has annihilated,—ten times as much in the gathering of it; such and such strong hands have been paralyzed, as if they had been numbed by nightshade: so many strong men's courage broken, so many productive operations hindered; this and the other false direction given to labour, and lying image of prosperity set up, on Dura plains dug into seven-times-heated furnaces. That which seems to be wealth may in verity be only the gilded index of far-reaching ruin; a wrecker's handful of coin gleaned from the beach to which he has beguiled an argosy; a camp-follower's bundle of rags unwrapped from the breasts of goodly soldiers dead; the purchase-pieces of potter's fields, wherein shall be buried together the citizen and the stranger.

And, therefore, the idea that directions can be given for the gaining of wealth, irrespectively of the consideration of its moral sources, or that any general and technical law of purchase and gain can be set down for national practice, is perhaps the most insolently futile of all that ever beguiled men through their vices. So far as I know, there is not in

history record of anything so disgraceful to the human intellect as the modern idea that the commercial text, "Buy in the cheapest market and sell in the dearest," represents, or under any circumstances could represent, an available principle of national economy. Buy in the cheapest market? —yes; but what made your market cheap? Charcoal may be cheap among your roof timbers after a fire, and bricks may be cheap in your streets after an earthquake; but fire and earthquake may not therefore be national benefits. Sell in the dearest?—yes, truly; but what made your market dear? You sold your bread well to-day; was it to a dying man who gave his last coin for it, and will never need bread more, or to a rich man who to-morrow will buy your farm over your head; or to a soldier on his way to pillage the bank in which you have put your fortune?

None of these things you can know. One thing only you can know, namely, whether this dealing of yours is a just and faithful one, which is all you need concern yourself about respecting it; sure thus to have done your own part in bringing about ultimately in the world a state of things which will not issue in pillage or in death. And thus every question concerning these things merges itself ultimately in the great question of justice, which, the ground being thus far cleared for it, I will enter upon in the next paper, leaving only, in this, three final points for the reader's consideration.

It has been shown that the chief value and virtue of money consists in its having power over human beings; that, without this power, large material possessions are useless, and to any person possessing such power, comparatively unnecessary. But power over human beings is attainable by other means than by money. As I said a few pages back, the money power is always imperfect and doubtful; there are many things which cannot be reached with it, others which cannot be retained by it. Many joys may be given to men which cannot be bought for gold, and many fidelities found in them which cannot be rewarded with it.

Trite enough,—the reader thinks. Yes: but it is not so trite,—I wish it were,—that in this moral power, quite inscrutable and immeasurable though it be, there is a monetary value just as real as that represented by more ponderous currencies. A man's hand may be full of invisible gold, and the wave of it, or the grasp, shall do more than another's with a shower of bullion. This invisible gold, also, does not necessarily diminish in spending. Political economists will do well some day to take heed of it, though they cannot take measure.

But farther. Since the essence of wealth consists in its authority over men, if the apparent or nominal wealth fail in this power, it fails in essence; in fact, ceases to be wealth at all. It does not appear lately in England, that our authority over men is absolute. The servants show some disposition to rush riotously upstairs, under an impression that their wages are not regularly paid. We should augur ill of any gentleman's property to whom this happened every other day in his drawing-room.

So also, the power of our wealth seems limited as respects the comfort

of the servants, no less than their quietude. The persons in the kitchen appear to be ill-dressed, squalid, half-starved. One cannot help imagining that the riches of the establishment must be of a very theoretical and documentary character.

Finally. Since the essence of wealth consists in power over men, will it not follow that the nobler and the more in number the persons are over whom it has power, the greater the wealth? Perhaps it may even appear after some consideration, that the persons themselves *are* the wealth—that these pieces of gold with which we are in the habit of guiding them are, in fact, nothing more than a kind of Byzantine harness or trappings, very glittering and beautiful in barbaric sight, wherewith we bridle the creatures; but that if these same living creatures could be guided without the fretting and jingling of the Byzants in their mouths and ears, they might themselves be more valuable than their bridles. In fact, it may be discovered that the true veins of wealth are purple—and not in Rock, but in Flesh—perhaps even that the final outcome and consummation of all wealth is in the producing as many as possible full-breathed, bright-eyed, and happy-hearted human creatures. Our modern wealth, I think, has rather a tendency the other way;—most political economists appearing to consider multitudes of human creatures not conducive to wealth, or at best conducive to it only by remaining in a dim-eyed and narrow-chested state of being.

Nevertheless, it is open, I repeat, to serious question, which I leave to the reader's pondering, whether, among national manufactures, that of Souls of a good quality may not at last turn out a quite leadingly lucrative one? Nay, in some far-away and yet undreamt-of hour, I can even imagine that England may cast all thoughts of possessive wealth back to the barbaric nations among whom they first arose; and that, while the sands of the Indus and adamant of Golconda may yet stiffen the housings of the charger, and flash from the turban of the slave, she, as a Christian mother, may at last attain to the virtues and the treasures of an Heathen one, and be able to lead forth her Sons, saying,—

"These are MY Jewels."

J. R.

Fate and a Heart.

It was midnight when I listened,
And I heard two voices speak;
One was harsh, and stern, and cruel,
And the other soft and weak:
Yet I saw no vision enter,
And I heard no steps depart
Of this Tyrant and his Captive;—
Fate it might be and a Heart.

Thus the stern voice spake in triumph:
"I have shut your life away
From the radiant world of nature
And the perfumed light of day.
You, who loved to steep your spirit
In the charm of earth's delight,
See no glory of the day-time,
And no sweetness of the night."

But the soft voice answered calmly:
"Nay: for when the March winds bring
Just a whisper to my window,
I can dream the rest of spring;
And to-day I saw a swallow
Flitting past my prison bars,
And my cell has just one corner,
Whence at night I see the stars."

But its bitter taunt repeating,
Cried the harsh voice: "Where are they—
All the friends of former hours
Who forget your name to-day?
All the links of love are shattered,
Which you thought so strong before,
And your life is doubly lonely
And alone, since loved no more."

But the low voice spake still lower:
"Nay: I know the golden chain
Of my love is purer, stronger,
For the cruel fire of pain:
They remember me no longer,
But I, grieving here alone,
Bind their souls to me for ever,
By the love within my own."

But the voice cried: "Once, remember,
You devoted soul and mind
To the welfare of your brethren,
To the service of your kind:
Now, what sorrow can you comfort,
You, who lie in helpless pain,
With an impotent compassion,
Fretting out your life in vain?"

"Nay;" and then the gentle answer
Rose more loud and full and clear:
"For the sake of all my brethren,
I thank God that I am here!
Poor had been my life's best efforts,
Now I waste no thought or breath;
For the prayer of those who suffer
Has the strength of love and death."

A. A. P.

Framley Parsonage.

CHAPTER XXV.

Non-Impulsive.

It cannot be held as astonishing, that that last decision on the part of the Giants in the matter of the two bishoprics should have disgusted Archdeacon Grantly. He was a politician, but not a politician as they were. As is the case with all exoteric men, his political eyes saw a short way only, and his political aspirations were as limited. When his friends came into office, that Bishop Bill, which as the original product of his enemies had been regarded by him as being so pernicious—for was it not about to be made law in order that other Proudies and such like might be hoisted up into high places and large incomes, to the terrible detriment of the Church?—that Bishop Bill, I say, in the hands of his friends, had appeared to him to be a means of almost national salvation. And then, how great had been the good fortune of the Giants in this matter! Had they been the originators of such a measure they would not have had a chance of success; but now—now that the two bishops were falling into their mouths out of the weak hands of the Gods, was not their success ensured? So Dr. Grantly had girded up his loins and marched up to the fight, almost regretting that the triumph would be so easy. The subsequent failure was very trying to his temper as a party man.

It always strikes me that the supporters of the Titans are in this respect much to be pitied. The Giants themselves, those who are actually handling Pelion and breaking their shins over the lower rocks of Ossa, are always advancing in some sort towards the councils of Olympus. Their highest policy is to snatch some ray from heaven. Why else put Pelion on Ossa, unless it be that a furtive hand, making its way through Jove's windows, may pluck forth a thunderbolt or two, or some article less destructive, but of manufacture equally divine? And in this consists the wisdom of the higher Giants—that, in spite of their mundane antecedents, theories, and predilections, they can see that articles of divine manufacture are necessary. But then they never carry their supporters with them. Their whole army is an army of martyrs. "For twenty years I have stuck to them, and see how they have treated me!" Is not that always the plaint of an old giant-slave? "I have been true to my party all my life, and where am I now?" he says. Where, indeed, my friend? Looking about you, you begin to learn that you cannot describe your whereabouts. I do not marvel at that. No one finds himself planted at last in so terribly foul a morass, as he would fain stand still for ever on dry ground.

Dr. Grantly was disgusted; and although he was himself too true and thorough in all his feelings, to be able to say aloud that any Giant was

wrong, still he had a sad feeling within his heart that the world was sinking from under him. He was still sufficiently exoteric to think that a good stand-up fight in a good cause was a good thing. No doubt he did wish to be Bishop of Westminster, and was anxious to compass that preferment by any means that might appear to him to be fair. And why not? But this was not the end of his aspirations. He wished that the Giants might prevail in everything, in bishopries as in all other matters; and he could not understand that they should give way on the very first appearance of a skirmish. In his open talk he was loud against many a god; but in his heart of hearts he was bitter enough against both Porphyrion and Orion.

"My dear doctor, it would not do;—not in this session; it would not indeed." So had spoken to him a half-fledged, but especially esoteric young monster-cub at the Treasury, who considered himself as up to all the dodges of his party, and regarded the army of martyrs who supported it as a rather heavy, but very useful collection of fogeys. Dr. Grantly had not cared to discuss the matter with the half-fledged monster-cub. The best licked of all the monsters, the Giant most like a god of them all, had said a word or two to him; and he also had said a word or two to that Giant. Porphyrion had told him that the Bishop Bill would not do; and he, in return, speaking with warm face, and blood in his cheeks, had told Porphyrion, that he saw no reason why the bill should not do. The courteous Giant had smiled as he shook his ponderous head, and then the archdeacon had left him, unconsciously shaking some dust from his shoes, as he paced the passages of the Treasury Chambers for the last time. As he walked back to his lodgings in Mount Street, many thoughts, not altogether bad in their nature, passed through his mind. Why should he trouble himself about a bishopric? Was he not well as he was, in his rectory down at Plumstead? Might it not be ill for him at his age to transplant himself into new soil, to engage in new duties, and live among new people? Was he not useful at Barchester, and respected also; and might it not be possible, that up there at Westminster, he might be regarded merely as a tool with which other men could work? He had not quite liked the tone of that specially esoteric young monster-cub, who had clearly regarded him as a distinguished fogey from the army of martyrs. He would take his wife back to Barsetshire, and there live contented with the good things which Providence had given him.

Those high political grapes had become sour, my sneering friends will say. Well? Is it not a good thing that grapes should become sour which hang out of reach? Is he not wise who can regard all grapes as sour which are manifestly too high for his hand? Those grapes of the Treasury bench, for which gods and giants fight, suffering so much when they are forced to abstain from eating, and so much more when they do eat,—those grapes are very sour to me. I am sure that they are indigestible, and that those who eat them undergo all the ills which the Revalenta Arabica is prepared to cure. And so it was now with the

archdeacon. He thought of the strain which would have been put on his conscience had he come up there to sit in London as Bishop of Westminster; and in this frame of mind he walked home to his wife.

During the first few moments of his interview with her all his regrets had come back upon him. Indeed, it would have hardly suited for him then to have preached this new doctrine of rural contentment. The wife of his bosom, whom he so fully trusted—had so fully loved—wished for grapes that hung high upon the wall, and he knew that it was past his power to teach her at the moment to drop her ambition. Any teaching that he might effect in that way, must come by degrees. But before many minutes were over he had told her of her fate and of his own decision. "So we had better go back to Plumstead," he said; and she had not dissented.

"I am sorry for poor Griselda's sake," Mrs. Grantly had remarked later in the evening, when they were again together.

"But I thought she was to remain with Lady Lufton."

"Well; so she will, for a little time. There is no one with whom I would so soon trust her out of my own care as with Lady Lufton. She is all that one can desire."

"Exactly; and as far as Griselda is concerned, I cannot say that I think she is to be pitied."

"Not to be pitied, perhaps," said Mrs. Grantly. "But, you see, archdeacon, Lady Lufton, of course, has her own views."

"Her own views?"

"It is hardly any secret that she is very anxious to make a match between Lord Lufton and Griselda. And though that might be a very proper arrangement if it were fixed——"

"Lord Lufton marry Griselda!" said the archdeacon, speaking quick and raising his eyebrows. His mind had as yet been troubled by but few thoughts respecting his child's future establishment. "I had never dreamt of such a thing."

"But other people have done more than dream of it, archdeacon. As regards the match itself, it would, I think, be unobjectionable. Lord Lufton will not be a very rich man, but his property is respectable, and as far as I can learn his character is on the whole good. If they like each other, I should be contented with such a marriage. But, I must own, I am not quite satisfied at the idea of leaving her all alone with Lady Lufton. People will look on it as a settled thing, when it is not settled—and very probably may not be settled; and that will do the poor girl harm. She is very much admired; there can be no doubt of that; and Lord Dumbello——"

The archdeacon opened his eyes still wider. He had had no idea that such a choice of sons-in-law was being prepared for him; and, to tell the truth, was almost bewildered by the height of his wife's ambition. Lord Lufton, with his barony and twenty thousand a year, might be accepted as just good enough; but failing him there was an embryo marquis, whose fortune would be more than ten times as great, all ready to accept his child!

And then he thought, as husbands sometimes will think, of Susan Harding as she was when he had gone a-courting to her under the elms before the house in the warden's garden at Barchester, and of dear old Mr. Harding, his wife's father, who still lived in humble lodgings in that city; and as he thought, he wondered at and admired the greatness of that lady's mind.

"I never can forgive Lord De Terrier," said the lady, connecting various points together in her own mind.

"That's nonsense," said the archdeacon. "You must forgive him."

"And I must confess that it annoys me to leave London at present."

"It can't be helped," said the archdeacon, somewhat gruffly; for he was a man who, on certain points, chose to have his own way—and had it.

"Oh, no: I know it can't be helped," said Mrs. Grantly, in a tone which implied a deep injury. "I know it can't be helped. Poor Griselda!" And then they went to bed.

On the next morning Griselda came to her, and in an interview that was strictly private, her mother said more to her than she had ever yet spoken, as to the prospects of her future life. Hitherto, on this subject, Mrs. Grantly had said little or nothing. She would have been well pleased that her daughter should have received the incense of Lord Lufton's vows—or, perhaps, as well pleased had it been the incense of Lord Dumbello's vows—without any interference on her part. In such case her child, she knew, would have told her with quite sufficient eagerness, and the matter in either case would have been arranged as a very pretty love match. She had no fear of any impropriety or of any rashness on Griselda's part. She had thoroughly known her daughter when she boasted that Griselda would never indulge in an unauthorized passion. But as matters now stood, with those two strings to her bow, and with that Lufton-Grantly alliance treaty in existence—of which she, Griselda herself, knew nothing—might it not be possible that the poor child should stumble through want of adequate direction? Guided by these thoughts, Mrs. Grantly had resolved to say a few words before she left London. So she wrote a line to her daughter, and Griselda reached Mount Street at two o'clock in Lady Lufton's carriage, which, during the interview, waited for her at the beer-shop round the corner.

"And papa won't be Bishop of Westminster?" said the young lady, when the doings of the Giants had been sufficiently explained to make her understand that all those hopes were over.

"No, my dear; at any rate not now."

"What a shame! I thought it was all settled. What's the good, mamma, of Lord De Terrier being prime minister, if he can't make whom he likes a bishop?"

"I don't think that Lord De Terrier has behaved at all well to your father. However that's a long question, and we can't go into it now."

"How glad those Proudies will be!"

Griselda would have talked by the hour on this subject had her mother allowed her, but it was necessary that Mrs. Grantly should go to other matters. She began about Lady Lufton, saying what a dear woman her ladyship was; and then went on to say that Griselda was to remain in London as long as it suited her friend and hostess to stay there with her; but added, that this might probably not be very long, as it was notorious that Lady Lufton, when in London, was always in a hurry to get back to Framley.

"But I don't think she is in such a hurry this year, mamma," said Griselda, who in the month of May preferred Bruton Street to Plumstead, and had no objection whatever to the coronet on the panels of Lady Lufton's coach.

And then Mrs. Grantly commenced her explanation—very cautiously. "No, my dear, I daresay she is not in such a hurry this year,—that is, as long as you remain with her."

"I am sure she is very kind."

"She is very kind, and you ought to love her very much. I know I do. I have no friend in the world for whom I have a greater regard than for Lady Lufton. It is that which makes me so happy to leave you with her."

"All the same I wish that you and papa had remained up; that is, if they had made papa a bishop."

"It's no good thinking of that now, my dear. What I particularly wanted to say to you was this: I think you should know what are the ideas which Lady Lufton entertains."

"Her ideas!" said Griselda, who had never troubled herself much in thinking about other people's thoughts.

"Yes, Griselda. While you were staying down at Framley Court, and also, I suppose, since you have been up here in Bruton Street, you must have seen a good deal of—Lord Lufton."

"He doesn't come very often to Bruton Street,—that is to say, not *very* often."

"H–m," ejaculated Mrs. Grantly, very gently. She would willingly have repressed the sound altogether, but it had been too much for her. If she found reason to think that Lady Lufton was playing her false, she would immediately take her daughter away, break up the treaty, and prepare for the Hartletop alliance. Such were the thoughts that ran through her mind. But she knew all the while that Lady Lufton was not false. The fault was not with Lady Lufton; nor, perhaps, altogether with Lord Lufton. Mrs. Grantly had understood the full force of the complaint which Lady Lufton had made against her daughter; and though she had of course defended her child, and on the whole had defended her successfully, yet she confessed to herself that Griselda's chance of a first-rate establishment would be better if she were a little more impulsive. A man does not wish to marry a statue, let the statue be ever so statuesque. She could not teach her daughter to be impulsive, any more than she could teach her to

be six feet high; but might it not be possible to teach her to seem so? The task was a very delicate one, even for a mother's hand.

"Of course he cannot be at home now as much as he was down in the country, when he was living in the same house," said Mrs. Grantly, whose business it was to take Lord Lufton's part at the present moment. "He must be at his club, and at the House of Lords, and in twenty places."

"He is very fond of going to parties, and he dances beautifully."

"I am sure he does. I have seen as much as that myself, and I think I know some one with whom he likes to dance." And the mother gave her daughter a loving little squeeze.

"Do you mean me, mamma?"

"Yes, I do mean you, my dear. And is it not true? Lady Lufton says that he likes dancing with you better than with any one else in London."

"I don't know," said Griselda, looking down upon the ground.

Mr. Grantly thought that this upon the whole was rather a good opening. It might have been better. Some point of interest more serious in its nature than that of a waltz might have been found on which to connect her daughter's sympathies with those of her future husband. But any point of interest was better than none; and it is so difficult to find points of interest in persons who by their nature are not impulsive.

"Lady Lufton says so, at any rate," continued Mrs. Grantly, ever so cautiously. "She thinks that Lord Lufton likes no partner better. What do you think yourself, Griselda?"

"I don't know, mamma."

"But young ladies must think of such things, must they not?"

"Must they, mamma?"

"I suppose they do, don't they? The truth is, Griselda, that Lady Lufton thinks that if ——. Can you guess what it is she thinks?"

"No, mamma." But that was a fib on Griselda's part.

"She thinks that my Griselda would make the best possible wife in the world for her son; and I think so too. I think that her son will be a very fortunate man if he can get such a wife. And now what do you think, Griselda?"

"I don't think anything, mamma."

But that would not do. It was absolutely necessary that she should think, and absolutely necessary that her mother should tell her so. Such a degree of unimpulsiveness as this would lead to—— heaven knows what results! Lufton-Grantly treaties and Hartletop interests would be all thrown away upon a young lady who would not think anything of a noble suitor sighing for her smiles. Besides, it was not natural. Griselda, as her mother knew, had never been a girl of headlong feeling; but still she had had her likes and her dislikes. In that matter of the bishopric she was keen enough; and no one could evince a deeper interest in the subject of a well-made new dress than Griselda Grantly. It was not possible that

she should be indifferent as to her future prospects, and she must know that those prospects depended mainly on her marriage. Her mother was almost angry with her, but nevertheless she went on very gently:

"You don't think anything! But, my darling, you must think. You must make up your mind what would be your answer if Lord Lufton were to propose to you. That is what Lady Lufton wishes him to do."

"But he never will, mamma."

"And if he did?"

"But I'm sure he never will. He doesn't think of such a thing at all —and—and—"

"And what, my dear?"

"I don't know, mamma."

"Surely you can speak out to me, dearest! All I care about is your happiness. Both Lady Lufton and I think that it would be a happy marriage if you both cared for each other enough. She thinks that he is fond of you. But if he were ten times Lord Lufton I would not tease you about it if I thought that you could not learn to care about him. What was it you were going to say, my dear?"

"Lord Lufton thinks a great deal more of Lucy Robarts than he does of—of—of any one else, I believe," said Griselda, showing now some little animation by her manner, "dumpy little black thing that she is."

"Lucy Robarts!" said Mrs. Grantly, taken by surprise at finding that her daughter was moved by such a passion as jealousy, and feeling also perfectly assured that there could not be any possible ground for jealousy in such a direction as that. "Lucy Robarts, my dear! I don't suppose Lord Lufton ever thought of speaking to her, except in the way of civility."

"Yes, he did, mamma! Don't you remember at Framley?"

Mrs. Grantly began to look back in her mind, and she thought she did remember having once observed Lord Lufton talking in rather a confidential manner with the parson's sister. But she was sure that there was nothing in it. If that was the reason why Griselda was so cold to her proposed lover, it would be a thousand pities that it should not be removed.

"Now you mention her, I do remember the young lady," said Mrs. Grantly, "a dark girl, very low, and without much figure. She seemed to me to keep very much in the background."

"I don't know much about that, mamma."

"As far as I saw her, she did. But, my dear Griselda, you should not allow yourself to think of such a thing. Lord Lufton, of course, is bound to be civil to any young lady in his mother's house, and I am quite sure that he has no other idea whatever with regard to Miss Robarts. I certainly cannot speak as to her intellect, for I do not think she opened her mouth in my presence; but——"

"Oh! she has plenty to say for herself, when she pleases. She's a sly little thing."

"But, at any rate, my dear, she has no personal attractions whatever, and I do not at all think that Lord Lufton is a man to be taken by—by—by anything that Miss Robarts might do or say."

As those words "personal attractions" were uttered, Griselda managed so to turn her neck as to catch a side view of herself in one of the mirrors on the wall, and then she bridled herself up, and made a little play with her eyes, and looked, as her mother thought, very well. "It is all nothing to me, mamma, of course," she said.

"Well, my dear, perhaps not. I don't say that it is. I do not wish to put the slightest constraint upon your feelings. If I did not have the most thorough dependence on your good sense and high principles, I should not speak to you in this way. But as I have, I thought it best to tell you that both Lady Lufton and I should be well pleased if we thought that you and Lord Lufton were fond of each other."

"I am sure he never thinks of such a thing, mamma."

"And as for Lucy Robarts, pray get that idea out of your head; if not for your sake, then for his. You should give him credit for better taste."

But it was not so easy to take anything out of Griselda's head that she had once taken into it. "As for tastes, mamma, there is no accounting for them," she said; and then the colloquy on that subject was over. The result of it on Mrs. Grantly's mind was a feeling amounting almost to a conviction in favour of the Dumbello interest.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Impulsive.

I TRUST my readers will all remember how Puck the pony was beaten during that drive to Hogglestock. It may be presumed that Puck himself on that occasion did not suffer much. His skin was not so soft as Mrs. Robarts's heart. The little beast was full of oats and all the good things of this world, and therefore, when the whip touched him, he would dance about and shake his little ears, and run on at a tremendous pace for twenty yards, making his mistress think that he had endured terrible things. But, in truth, during those whippings Puck was not the chief sufferer.

Lucy had been forced to declare—forced by the strength of her own feelings, and by the impossibility of assenting to the propriety of a marriage between Lord Lufton and Miss Grantly ——, she had been forced to declare that she did care about Lord Lufton as much as though he were her brother. She had said all this to herself,—nay, much more than this—very often. But now she had said it out loud to her sister-in-law; and she knew that what she had said was remembered, considered, and had, to a certain extent, become the cause of altered conduct. Fanny alluded very seldom to the Luftons in casual conversation, and never spoke

about Lord Lufton, unless when her husband made it impossible that she should not speak of him. Lucy had attempted on more than one occasion to remedy this, by talking about the young lord in a laughing and, perhaps, half jeering way; she had been sarcastic as to his hunting and shooting, and had boldly attempted to say a word in joke about his love for Griselda. But she felt that she had failed; that she had failed altogether as regarded Fanny; and that as to her brother, she would more probably be the means of opening his eyes, than have any effect in keeping them closed. So she gave up her efforts and spoke no further word about Lord Lufton. Her secret had been told, and she knew that it had been told.

At this time the two ladies were left a great deal alone together in the drawing-room at the parsonage; more, perhaps, than had ever yet been the case since Lucy had been there. Lady Lufton was away, and therefore the almost daily visit to Framley Court was not made; and Mark in these days was a great deal at Barchester, having, no doubt, very onerous duties to perform before he could be admitted as one of that chapter. He went into, what he was pleased to call residence, almost at once. That is, he took his month of preaching, aiding also in some slight and very dignified way, in the general Sunday morning services. He did not exactly live at Barchester, because the house was not ready. That at least was the assumed reason. The chattels of Dr. Stanhope, the late prebendary, had not been as yet removed, and there was likely to be some little delay, creditors asserting their right to them. This might have been very inconvenient to a gentleman anxiously expecting the excellent house which the liberality of past ages had provided for his use; but it was not so felt by Mr. Robarts. If Dr. Stanhope's family or creditors would keep the house for the next twelve months, he would be well pleased. And by this arrangement he was enabled to get through his first month of absence from the church of Framley without any notice from Lady Lufton, seeing that Lady Lufton was in London all the time. This also was convenient, and taught our young prebendary to look on his new preferment more favourably than he had hitherto done.

Fanny and Lucy were thus left much alone: and as out of the full head the mouth speaks, so is the full heart more prone to speak at such periods of confidence as these. Lucy, when she first thought of her own state, determined to endow herself with a powerful gift of reticence. She would never tell her love, certainly; but neither would she let concealment feed on her damask cheek, nor would she ever be found for a moment sitting like Patience on a monument. She would fight her own fight bravely within her own bosom, and conquer her enemy altogether. She would either preach, or starve, or weary her love into subjection, and no one should be a bit the wiser. She would teach herself to shake hands with Lord Lufton without a quiver, and would be prepared to like his wife amazingly—unless indeed that wife should be Griselda Grantly. Such were her resolutions; but at the end of the first week they were broken into shivers and scattered to the winds.

They had been sitting in the house together the whole of one wet day; and as Mark was to dine in Barchester with the Dean, they had had dinner early, eating with the children almost in their laps. It is so that ladies do, when their husbands leave them to themselves. It was getting dusk towards evening, and they were still sitting in the drawing-room, the children now having retired, when Mrs. Robarts for the fifth time since her visit to Hogglestock began to express her wish that she could do some good to the Crawleys,—to Grace Crawley in particular, who, standing up there at her father's elbow, learning Greek irregular verbs, had appeared to Mrs. Robarts to be an especial object of pity.

"I don't know how to set about it," said Mrs. Robarts.

Now any allusion to that visit to Hogglestock always drove Lucy's mind back to the consideration of the subject which had most occupied it at the time. She at such moments remembered how she had beaten Puck, and how in her half bantering but still too serious manner she had apologized for doing so, and had explained the reason. And therefore she did not interest herself about Grace Crawley as vividly as she should have done.

"No; one never does," she said.

"I was thinking about it all that day as I drove home," said Fanny. "The difficulty is this: What can we do with her?"

"Exactly," said Lucy, remembering the very point of the road at which she had declared that she did like Lord Lufton very much.

"If we could have her here for a month or so and then send her to school;—but I know Mr. Crawley would not allow us to pay for her schooling."

"I don't think he would," said Lucy, with her thoughts far removed from Mr. Crawley and his daughter Grace.

"And then we should not know what to do with her; should we?"

"No; you would not."

'It would never do to have the poor girl about the house here, with no one to teach her anything. Mark would not teach her Greek verbs, you know."

"I suppose not."

"Lucy, you are not attending to a word I say to you, and I don't think you have for the last hour. I don't believe you know what I am talking about."

"Oh, yes, I do—Grace Crawley; I'll try and teach her if you like, only I don't know anything myself."

"That's not what I mean at all, and you know I would not ask you to take such a task as that on yourself. But I do think you might talk it over with me."

"Might I? very well; I will. What is it? oh, Grace Crawley—you want to know who is to teach her the irregular Greek verbs. Oh dear, Fanny, my head does ache so: pray don't be angry with me." And then Lucy throwing herself back on the sofa, put one hand up painfully to her forehead, and altogether gave up the battle.

Mrs. Robarts was by her side in a moment. "Dearest Lucy, what is it makes your headache so often now? you used not to have those headaches."

"It's because I'm growing stupid: never mind. We will go on about poor Grace. It would not do to have a governess, would it?"

"I can see that you are not well, Lucy," said Mrs. Robarts, with a look of deep concern. "What is it, dearest? I can see that something is the matter."

"Something the matter! No, there's not; nothing worth talking of. Sometimes I think I'll go back to Devonshire and live there. I could stay with Blanche for a time, and then get a lodging in Exeter."

"Go back to Devonshire!" and Mrs. Robarts looked as though she thought that her sister-in-law was going mad. "Why do you want to go away from us? This is to be your own, own home, always now."

"Is it? Then I am in a bad way. Oh dear, oh dear, what a fool I am! What an idiot I've been! Fanny, I don't think I can stay here; and I do so wish I'd never come. I do—I do—I do, though you look at me so horribly," and jumping up she threw herself into her sister-in-law's arms and began kissing her violently. "Don't pretend to be wounded, for you know that I love you. You know that I could live with you all my life, and think you were perfect—as you are; but——'

"Has Mark said anything?"

"Not a word,—not a ghost of a syllable. It is not Mark; oh, Fanny!"

"I am afraid I know what you mean," said Mrs. Robarts in a low tremulous voice, and with deep sorrow painted on her face.

"Of course you do; of course, you know; you have known it all along: since that day in the pony carriage. I knew that you knew it. You do not dare to mention his name: would not that tell me that you know it? And I, I am hypocrite enough for Mark; but my hypocrisy won't pass muster before you. And, now, had I not better go to Devonshire?"

"Dearest, dearest Lucy."

"Was I not right about that labelling? O heavens! what idiots we girls are! That a dozen soft words should have bowled over me like a ninepin, and left me without an inch of ground to call my own. And I was so proud of my own strength; so sure that I should never be missish, and spoony, and sentimental! I was so determined to like him as Mark does, or you——"

"I shall not like him at all if he has spoken words to you that he should not have spoken."

"But he has not." And then she stopped a moment to consider. "No, he has not. He never said a word to me that would make you angry with him if you knew of it. Except, perhaps, that he called me Lucy; and that was my fault, not his."

"Because you talked of soft words."

"Fanny, you have no idea what an absolute fool I am, what an unutterable ass. The soft words of which I tell you were of the kind which he speaks to you when he asks you how the cow gets on which he sent you from Ireland, or to Mark about Ponto's shoulder. He told me that he knew papa, and that he was at school with Mark, and that as he was such good friends with you here at the parsonage, he must be good friends with me too. No; it has not been his fault. The soft words which did the mischief were such as those. But how well his mother understood the world! In order to have been safe, I should not have dared to look at him."

"But, dearest Lucy—"

"I know what you are going to say, and I admit it all. He is no hero. There is nothing on earth wonderful about him. I never heard him say a single word of wisdom, or utter a thought that was akin to poetry. He devotes all his energies to riding after a fox or killing poor birds, and I never heard of his doing a single great action in my life. And yet—"

Fanny was so astounded by the way her sister-in-law went on, that she hardly knew how to speak. "He is an excellent son, I believe," at last she said,—

"Except when he goes to Gatherum Castle. I'll tell you what he has: he has fine straight legs, and a smooth forehead, and a good-humoured eye, and white teeth. Was it possible to see such a catalogue of perfections, and not fall down, stricken to the very bone? But it was not that that did it all, Fanny. I could have stood against that. I think I could at least. It was his title that killed me. I had never spoken to a lord before. O me! what a fool, what a beast I have been!" And then she burst out into tears.

Mrs. Robarts, to tell the truth, could hardly understand poor Lucy's ailment. It was evident enough that her misery was real; but yet she spoke of herself and her sufferings with so much irony, with so near an approach to joking, that it was very hard to tell how far she was in earnest. Lucy, too, was so much given to a species of badinage which Mrs. Robarts did not always quite understand, that the latter was afraid sometimes to speak out what came uppermost to her tongue. But now that Lucy was absolutely in tears, and was almost breathless with excitement, she could not remain silent any longer. "Dearest Lucy, pray do not speak in that way; it will all come right. Things always do come right when no one has acted wrongly."

"Yes, when nobody has done wrongly. That's what papa used to call, begging the question. But I'll tell you what, Fanny; I will not be beaten. I will either kill myself or get through it. I am so heartily self-ashamed that I owe it to myself to fight the battle out."

"To fight what battle, dearest?"

"This battle. Here, now, at the present moment, I could not meet Lord Lufton. I should have to run like a scared fowl if he were to show himself within the gate; and I should not dare to go out of the house, if I knew that he was in the parish."

"I don't see that, for I am sure you have not betrayed yourself."

"Well, no; as for myself, I believe I have done the lying and the hypocrisy pretty well. But, dearest Fanny, you don't know half; and you cannot and must not know."

"But I thought you said there had been nothing whatever between you."

"Did I? Well, to you I have not said a word that was not true. I said that he had spoken nothing that it was wrong for him to say. It could not be wrong——. But never mind. I'll tell you what I mean to do. I have been thinking of it for last week—only I shall have to tell Mark."

"If I were you I would tell him all."

"What, Mark! If you do, Fanny, I'll never, never, never speak to you again. Would you—when I have given you all my heart in true sisterly love?"

Mrs. Robarts had to explain that she had not proposed to tell anything to Mark herself, and was persuaded, moreover, to give a solemn promise that she would not tell anything to him unless specially authorized to do so.

"I'll go into a home, I think," continued Lucy. "You know what those homes are?" Mrs. Robarts assured her that she knew very well, and then Lucy went on: "A year ago I should have said that I was the last girl in England to think of such a life, but I do believe now that it would be the best thing for me. And then I'll starve myself, and flog myself, and in that way I'll get back my own mind and my own soul."

"Your own soul, Lucy!" said Mrs. Robarts, in a tone of horror.

"Well, my own heart, if you like it better; but I hate to hear myself talking about hearts. I don't care for my heart. I'd let it go—with this young popinjay lord or anyone else, so that I could read, and talk, and walk, and sleep, and eat, without always feeling that I was wrong here—here—here," and she pressed her hand vehemently against her side. "What is it that I feel, Fanny? Why am I so weak in body that I cannot take exercise? Why cannot I keep my mind on a book for one moment? Why can I not write two sentences together? Why should every mouthful that I eat stick in my throat? Oh, Fanny, is it his legs, think you, or is it his title?"

Through all her sorrow,—and she was very sorrowful,—Mrs. Robarts could not help smiling. And, indeed, there was every now and then something even in Lucy's look that was almost comic. She acted the irony so well with which she strove to throw ridicule on herself! "Do laugh at me," she said. "Nothing on earth will do me so much good as that; nothing, unless it be starvation and a whip. If you would only tell me that I must be a sneak and an idiot to care for a man because he is good-looking and a lord!"

"But that has not been the reason. There is a great deal more in

Lord Lufton than that; and since I must speak, dear Lucy, I cannot but say that I should not wonder at your being in love with him, only—only that——"

"Only what? Come, out with it. Do not mince matters, or think that I shall be angry with you because you scold me."

"Only that I should have thought that you would have been too guarded to have—have cared for any gentleman till—till he had shown that he cared for you."

"Guarded! Yes, that's it; that's just the word. But it's he that should have been guarded. He should have had a fire-guard hung before him—or a love-guard, if you will. Guarded! Was I not guarded, till you all would drag me out? Did I want to go there? And when I was there, did I not make a fool of myself, sitting in a corner, and thinking how much better placed I should have been down in the servants' hall. Lady Lufton—she dragged me out, and then cautioned me, and then, then ——Why is Lady Lufton to have it all her own way? Why am I to be sacrificed for her? I did not want to know Lady Lufton, or any one belonging to her."

"I cannot think that you have any cause to blame Lady Lufton, nor, perhaps, to blame anybody very much."

"Well, no, it has been all my own fault; though for the life of me, Fanny, going back and back, I cannot see where I took the first false step. I do not know where I went wrong. One wrong thing I did, and it is the only thing that I do not regret."

"What was that, Lucy?"

"I told him a lie."

Mrs. Robarts was altogether in the dark, and feeling that she was so, she knew that she could not give counsel as a friend or a sister. Lucy had begun by declaring—so Mrs. Robarts thought—that nothing had passed between her and Lord Lufton but words of most trivial import, and yet she now accused herself of falsehood, and declared that that falsehood was the only thing which she did not regret!

"I hope not," said Mrs. Robarts. "If you did, you were very unlike yourself."

"But I did, and were he here again, speaking to me in the same way, I should repeat it. I know I should. If I did not, I should have all the world on me. You would frown on me, and be cold. My darling Fanny, how would you look if I really displeasured you?"

"I don't think you will do that, Lucy."

"But if I told him the truth I should, should I not? Speak now. But no, Fanny, you need not speak. It was not the fear of you; no, nor even of her: though Heaven knows that her terrible glumness would be quite unendurable."

"I cannot understand you, Lucy. What truth or what untruth can you have told him if, as you say, there has been nothing between you but ordinary conversation?"

Lucy then got up from the sofa, and walked twice the length of the room before she spoke. Mrs. Robarts had all the ordinary curiosity—I was going to say, of a woman, but I mean to say, of humanity; and she had, moreover, all the love of a sister. She was both curious and anxious, and remained sitting where she was, silent, and with her eyes fixed on her companion.

"Did I say so?" Lucy said at last. "No, Fanny; you have mistaken me: I did not say that. Ah, yes, about the cow and the dog. All that was true. I was telling you of what his soft words had been while I was becoming such a fool. Since that he has said more."

"What more has he said, Lucy?"

"I yearn to tell you, if only I can trust you;" and Lucy knelt down at the feet of Mrs. Robarts, looking up into her face and smiling through the remaining drops of her tears. "I would fain tell you, but I do not know you yet,—whether you are quite true. I could be true,—true against all the world, if my friend told me. I will tell you, Fanny, if you say that you can be true. But if you doubt yourself, if you must whisper all to Mark—then let us be silent."

There was something almost awful in this to Mrs. Robarts. Hitherto, since their marriage, hardly a thought had passed through her mind which she had not shared with her husband. But now all this had come upon her so suddenly, that she was unable to think whether it would be well that she should become the depositary of such a secret,—not to be mentioned to Lucy's brother, not to be mentioned to her own husband. But who ever yet was offered a secret and declined it? Who at least ever declined a love secret? What sister could do so? Mrs. Robarts therefore gave the promise, smoothing Lucy's hair as she did so, and kissing her forehead and looking into her eyes, which, like a rainbow, were the brighter for her tears. "And what has he said to you, Lucy?"

"What? Only this, that he asked me to be his wife."

"Lord Lufton proposed to you?"

"Yes; proposed to me? It is not credible; is it? You cannot bring yourself to believe that such a thing happened; can you?" And Lucy rose again to her feet, as the idea of the scorn with which she felt that others would treat her—with which she herself treated herself—made the blood rise to her cheek. "And yet it is not a dream. I think that it is not a dream. I think that he really did."

"Think, Lucy!"

"Well; I may say that I am sure."

"A gentleman would not make you a formal proposal, and leave you in doubt as to what he meant."

"Oh, dear no. There was no doubt at all of that kind; none in the least. Mr. Smith in asking Miss Jones to do him the honour of becoming Mrs. Smith never spoke more plainly. I was alluding to the possibility of having dreamt it all."

"Lucy!"

"Well; it was not a dream. Here, standing here, on this very spot, on that flower of the carpet, he begged me a dozen times to be his wife. I wonder whether you and Mark would let me cut it out and keep it."

"And what answer did you make to him?"

"I lied to him and told him that I did not love him."

"You refused him?"

"Yes; I refused a live lord. There is some satisfaction in having that to think of; is there not? Fanny, was I wicked to tell that falsehood?"

"And why did you refuse him?"

"Why? Can you ask? Think what it would have been to go down to Framley Court, and to tell her ladyship in the course of conversation that I was engaged to her son. Think of Lady Lufton. But yet it was not that, Fanny. Had I thought that it was good for him, that he would not have repented, I would have braved anything—for his sake. Even your frown, for you would have frowned. You would have thought it sacrilege for me to marry Lord Lufton! You know you would."

Mrs. Robarts hardly knew how to say what she thought, or indeed what she ought to think. It was a matter on which much meditation would be required before she could give advice, and there was Lucy expecting counsel from her at that very moment. If Lord Lufton really loved Lucy Robarts, and was loved by Lucy Robarts, why should not they two become man and wife? And yet she did feel that it would be—perhaps, not sacrilege, as Lucy had said, but something almost as troublesome. What would Lady Lufton say, or think, or feel? What would she say, and think, and feel as to that parsonage from which so deadly a blow would fall upon her? Would she not accuse the vicar and the vicar's wife of the blackest ingratitude? Would life be endurable at Framley under such circumstances as those?

"What you tell me so surprises me, that I hardly as yet know how to speak about it," said Mrs. Robarts.

"It was amazing; was it not? He must have been insane at the time; there can be no other excuse made for him. I wonder whether there is anything of that sort in the family."

"What; madness?" said Mrs. Robarts, quite in earnest.

"Well; don't you think he must have been mad when such an idea as that came into his head? But you don't believe it; I can see that. And yet it is as true as heaven. Standing exactly here, on this spot, he said that he would persevere till I accepted his love. I wonder what made me specially observe that both his feet were within the lines of that division."

"And you would not accept his love?"

"No; I would have nothing to say to it. Look you, I stood here, and putting my hand upon my heart,—for he bade me to do that, I said that I could not love him."

"And what then?"

"He went away,—with a look as though he were heart-broken. He crept away slowly, saying that he was the most wretched soul alive. For

a minute I believed him, and could almost have called him back. But, no, Fanny; do not think that I am over proud, or conceited about my conquest. He had not reached the gate before he was thanking God for his escape."

"That I do not believe."

"But I do; and I thought of Lady Lufton too. How could I bear that she should scorn me, and accuse me of stealing her son's heart? I know that it is better as it is; but tell me; is a falsehood always wrong, or can it be possible that the end should justify the means? Ought I to have told him the truth, and to have let him know that I could almost kiss the ground on which he stood?"

This was a question for the doctors which Mrs. Robarts would not take upon herself to answer. She would not make that falsehood matter of accusation, but neither would she pronounce for it any absolution. In that matter Lucy must regulate her own conscience. "And what shall I do next?" said Lucy, still speaking in a tone that was half tragic and half jeering."

"Do?" said Mrs. Robarts.

"Yes, something must be done. If I were a man I should go to Switzerland, of course; or, as the case is a bad one, perhaps as far as Hungary. What is it that girls do? they don't die now-a-days, I believe."

"Lucy, I do not believe that you care for him one jot. If you were in love you would not speak of it like that."

"There, there. That's my only hope. If I could laugh at myself till it had become incredible to you, I also, by degrees, should cease to believe that I had cared for him. But, Fanny, it is very hard. If I were to starve, and rise before day-break, and pinch myself, or do some nasty work,—clean the pots and pans and the candlesticks; that I think would do the most good. I have got a piece of sack-cloth, and I mean to wear that, when I have made it up."

"You are joking now, Lucy, I know."

"No, by my word; not in the spirit of what I am saying. How shall I act upon my heart, if I do not do it through the blood and the flesh?"

"Do you not pray that God will give you strength to bear these troubles?"

"But how is one to word one's prayer, or how even to word one's wishes? I do not know what is the wrong that I have done. I say it boldly; in this matter I cannot see my own fault. I have simply found that I have been a fool."

It was now quite dark in the room, or would have been so to any one entering it afresh. They had remained there talking till their eyes had become accustomed to the gloom, and would still have remained, had they not suddenly been disturbed by the sound of a horse's feet.

"There is Mark," said Fanny, jumping up and running to the bell, that lights might be ready when he should enter.

"I thought he remained in Barchester to-night."

"And so did I; but he said it might be doubtful. What shall we do if he has not dined?"

That, I believe, is always the first thought in the mind of a good wife when her husband returns home. Has he had his dinner? What can I give him for dinner? Will he like his dinner? Oh dear, oh dear! there's nothing in the house but cold mutton. But on this occasion the lord of the mansion had dined, and came home radiant with good humour, and owing, perhaps, a little of his radiance to the dean's claret. "I have told them," said he, "that they may keep possession of the house for the next two months, and they have agreed to that arrangement."

"That is very pleasant," said Mrs. Robarts.

"And I don't think we shall have so much trouble about the dilapidations after all."

"I am very glad of that," said Mrs. Robarts. But nevertheless, she was thinking much more of Lucy than of the house in Barchester Close.

"You won't betray me," said Lucy, as she gave her sister-in-law a parting kiss at night.

"No; not unless you give me permission."

"Ah; I shall never do that."

CHAPTER XXVII.

South Audley Street.

The Duke of Omnium had notified to Mr. Fothergill his wish that some arrangement should be made about the Chaldicotes mortgages, and Mr. Fothergill had understood what the Duke meant as well as though his instructions had been written down with all a lawyer's verbosity. The Duke's meaning was this, that Chaldicotes was to be swept up and garnered, and made part and parcel of the Gatherum property. It had seemed to the duke that that affair between his friend and Miss Dunstable was hanging fire, and, therefore, it would be well that Chaldicotes should be swept up and garnered. And, moreover, tidings had come into the western division of the county that young Frank Gresham of Boxall Hill was in treaty with the Government for the purchase of all that Crown property called the Chace of Chaldicotes. It had been offered to the duke, but the duke had given no definite answer. Had he got his money back from Mr. Sowerby, he could have forestalled Mr. Gresham; but now that did not seem to be probable, and his Grace was resolved that either the one property or the other should be duly garnered. Therefore Mr. Fothergill went up to town, and, therefore, Mr. Sowerby was, most unwillingly, compelled to have a business interview with Mr. Fothergill. In the meantime, since last we saw him, Mr. Sowerby had learned from his sister the answer which Miss Dunstable had given to his proposition, and knew that he had no further hope in that direction.

There was no further hope thence of absolute deliverance, but there had been a tender of money services. To give Mr. Sowerby his due, he had at once declared that it would be quite out of the question that he should now receive any assistance of that sort from Miss Dunstable; but his sister had explained to him that it would be a mere business transaction; that Miss Dunstable would receive her interest; and that, if she would be content with four per cent., whereas the duke received five, and other creditors six, seven, eight, ten, and heaven only knows how much more, it might be well for all parties. He, himself, understood, as well as Fothergill had done, what was the meaning of the duke's message. Chaldicotes was to be gathered up and garnered, as had been done with so many another fair property lying in those regions. It was to be swallowed whole, and the master was to walk out from his old family hall, to leave the old woods that he loved, to give up utterly to another the parks and paddocks and pleasant places which he had known from his earliest infancy, and owned from his earliest manhood.

There can be nothing more bitter to a man than such a surrender. What, compared to this, can be the loss of wealth to one who has himself made it, and brought it together, but has never actually seen it with his bodily eyes? Such wealth has come by one chance, and goes by another: the loss of it is part of the game which the man is playing; and if he cannot lose as well as win, he is a poor, weak, cowardly creature. Such men, as a rule, do know how to bear a mind fairly equal to adversity. But to have squandered the acres which have descended from generation to generation; to be the member of one's family that has ruined that family; to have swallowed up in one's own maw all that should have graced one's children, and one's grandchildren! It seems to me that the misfortunes of this world can hardly go beyond that!

Mr. Sowerby, in spite of his recklessness and that dare-devil gaiety which he knew so well how to wear and use, felt all this as keenly as any man could feel it. It had been absolutely his own fault. The acres had come to him all his own, and now, before his death, every one of them would have gone bodily into that greedy maw. The duke had bought up nearly all the debts which had been secured upon the property, and now could make a clean sweep of it. Sowerby, when he received that message from Mr. Fothergill, knew well that this was intended; and he knew well also, that when once he should cease to be Mr. Sowerby of Chaldicotes, he need never again hope to be returned as member for West Barsetshire. This world would for him be all over. And what must such a man feel when he reflects that this world is for him all over?

On the morning in question he went to his appointment, still bearing a cheerful countenance. Mr. Fothergill, when in town on such business as this, always had a room at his service in the house of Messrs. Gumption and Gagebee, the duke's London law agents, and it was thither that Mr. Sowerby had been summoned. The house of business of Messrs. Gumption and Gagebee was in South Audley Street; and it may be said

that there was no spot on the whole earth which Mr. Sowerby so hated as he did the gloomy, dingy back sitting-room up-stairs in that house. He had been there very often, but had never been there without annoyance. It was a horrid torture-chamber, kept for such dread purposes as these, and no doubt had been furnished, and papered, and curtained with the express object of finally breaking down the spirits of such poor country gentlemen as chanced to be involved. Everything was of a brown crimson,—of a crimson that had become brown. Sunlight, real genial light of the sun, never made its way there, and no amount of candles could illumine the gloom of that brownness. The windows were never washed; the ceiling was of a dark brown; the old Turkey carpet was thick with dust, and brown withal. The ungainly office-table, in the middle of the room, had been covered with black leather, but that was now brown. There was a bookcase full of dingy brown law books in a recess on one side of the fireplace, but no one had touched them for years, and over the chimney-piece hung some old legal pedigree table, black with soot. Such was the room which Mr. Fothergill always used in the business house of Messrs. Gumption and Gagebee, in South Audley Street, near to Park Lane.

I once heard this room spoken of by an old friend of mine, one Mr. Gresham of Greshamsbury, the father of Frank Gresham, who was now about to purchase that part of the Chace of Chaldicotes which belonged to the Crown. He also had had evil days, though now happily they were past and gone; and he, too, had sat in that room, and listened to the voice of men who were powerful over his property, and intended to use that power. The idea which he left on my mind was much the same as that which I had entertained, when a boy, of a certain room in the castle of Udolpho. There was a chair in that Udolpho room in which those who sat were dragged out limb by limb, the head one way and the legs another; the fingers were dragged off from the hands, and the teeth out from the jaws, and the hair off the head, and the flesh from the bones, and the joints from their sockets, till there was nothing left but a lifeless trunk seated in the chair. Mr. Gresham, as he told me, always sat in the same seat, and the tortures he suffered when so seated, the dislocations of his property which he was forced to discuss, the operations on his very self which he was forced to witness, made me regard that room as worse than the chamber of Udolpho. He, luckily—a rare instance of good fortune—had lived to see all his bones and joints put together again, and flourishing soundly; but he never could speak of the room without horror.

"No consideration on earth," he once said to me, very solemnly,—"I say none, should make me again enter that room." And indeed this feeling was so strong with him, that from the day when his affairs took a turn he would never even walk down South Audley Street. On the morning in question into this torture-chamber Mr. Sowerby went, and there, after some two or three minutes, he was joined by Mr. Fothergill.

Mr. Fothergill was, in one respect, like to his friend Sowerby. He enacted two altogether different persons on occasions which were altogether

different. Generally speaking, with the world at large, he was a jolly, rollicking, popular man, fond of eating and drinking, known to be devoted to the duke's interests, and supposed to be somewhat unscrupulous, or at any rate hard, when they were concerned; but in other respects a good-natured fellow; and there was a report about that he had once lent somebody money, without charging him interest or taking security. On the present occasion Sowerby saw at a glance that he had come thither with all the aptitudes and appurtenances of his business about him. He walked into the room with a short, quick step; there was no smile on his face as he shook hands with his old friend; he brought with him a box laden with papers and parchments, and he had not been a minute in the room before he was seated in one of the old dingy chairs.

"How long have you been in town, Fothergill?" said Sowerby, still standing with his back against the chimney. He had resolved on only one thing—that nothing should induce him to touch, look at, or listen to any of those papers. He knew well enough that no good would come of that. He also had his own lawyer, to see that he was pilfered according to rule.

"How long? Since the day before yesterday. I never was so busy in my life. The duke, as usual, wants to have everything done at once."

"If he wants to have all that I owe him paid at once, he is like to be out in his reckoning."

"Ah, well; I'm glad you are ready to come quickly to business, because it's always best. Won't you come and sit down here?"

"No, thank you; I'll stand."

"But we shall have to go through these figures, you know."

"Not a figure, Fothergill. What good would it do? None to me, and none to you either, as I take it; if there is anything wrong, Potter's fellows will find it out. What is it the duke wants?"

"Well; to tell the truth, he wants his money."

"In one sense, and that the main sense, he has got it. He gets his interest regularly, does not he?"

"Pretty well for that, seeing how times are. But, Sowerby, that's nonsense. You understand the duke as well as I do, and you know very well what he wants. He has given you time, and if you had taken any steps towards getting the money, you might have saved the property."

"A hundred and eighty thousand pounds! What steps could I take to get that? Fly a bill, and let Tozer have it to get cash on it in the city!"

"We hoped you were going to marry."

"That's all off."

"Then I don't think you can blame the duke for looking for his own. It does not suit him to have so large a sum standing out any longer. You see, he wants land, and will have it. Had you paid off what you owed him, he would have purchased the Crown property; and now, it seems, young Gresham has bid against him, and is to have it. This has riled him, and I may as well tell you fairly, that he is determined to have either money or marbles."

"You mean that I am to be dispossessed."

"Well, yes; if you choose to call it so. My instructions are to foreclose at once."

"Then I must say the duke is treating me most uncommonly ill."

"Well, Sowerby, I can't see it."

"I can, though. He has his money like clock-work; and he has bought up these debts from persons who would have never disturbed me as long as they got their interest."

"Haven't you had the seat?"

"The seat! and is it expected that I am to pay for that?"

"I don't see that any one is asking you to pay for it. You are like a great many other people that I know. You want to eat your cake and have it. You have been eating it for the last twenty years, and now you think yourself very ill-used because the duke wants to have his turn."

"I shall think myself very ill-used if he sells me out—worse than ill-used. I do not want to use strong language, but it will be more than ill-usage. I can hardly believe that he really means to treat me in that way."

"It is very hard that he should want his own money!"

"It is not his money that he wants. It is my property."

"And has he not paid for it? Have you not had the price of your property? Now, Sowerby, it is of no use for you to be angry; you have known for the last three years what was coming on you as well as I did. Why should the duke lend you money without an object? Of course he has his own views. But I do say this; he has not hurried you; and had you been able to do anything to save the place you might have done it. You have had time enough to look about you."

Sowerby still stood in the place in which he had first fixed himself, and now for awhile he remained silent. His face was very stern, and there was in his countenance none of those winning looks which often told so powerfully with his young friends,—which had caught Lord Lufton and had charmed Mark Robarts. The world was going against him, and things around him were coming to an end. He was beginning to perceive that he had in truth eaten his cake, and that there was now little left for him to do,—unless he chose to blow out his brains. He had said to Lord Lufton that a man's back should be broad enough for any burden with which he himself might load it. Could he now boast that his back was broad enough and strong enough for this burden? But he had even then, at that bitter moment, a strong remembrance that it behoved him still to be a man. His final ruin was coming on him, and he would soon be swept away out of the knowledge and memory of those with whom he had lived. But, nevertheless, he would bear himself well to the last. It was true that he had made his own bed, and he understood the justice which required him to lie upon it.

During all this time Fothergill occupied himself with the papers. He continued to turn over one sheet after another, as though he were deeply engaged in money considerations and calculations. But, in truth, during

all that time he did not read a word. There was nothing there for him to read. The reading and the writing, and the arithmetic in such matters, are done by underlings—not by such big men as Mr. Fothergill. His business was to tell Sowerby that he was to go. All those records there were of very little use. The duke had the power; Sowerby knew that the duke had the power; and Fothergill's business was to explain that the duke meant to exercise his power. He was used to the work, and went on turning over the papers, and pretending to read them, as though his doing so were of the greatest moment.

"I shall see the duke myself," Mr. Sowerby said at last, and there was something almost dreadful in the sound of his voice.

"You know that the duke won't see you on a matter of this kind. He never speaks to anyone about money; you know that as well as I do."

"By ——, but he shall speak to me. Never speak to anyone about money! Why is he ashamed to speak of it when he loves it so dearly? He shall see me."

"I have nothing further to say, Sowerby. Of course I shan't ask his Grace to see you; and if you force your way in on him you know what will happen. It won't be my doing if he is set against you. Nothing that you say to mé in that way,—nothing that anybody ever says, goes beyond myself."

"I shall manage the matter through my own lawyer," said Sowerby; and then he took his hat, and, without uttering another word, left the room.

We know not what may be the nature of that eternal punishment to which those will be doomed who shall be judged to have been evil at the last; but methinks that no more terrible torment can be devised than the memory of self-imposed ruin. What wretchedness can exceed that of remembering from day to day that the race has been all run, and has been altogether lost; that the last chance has gone, and has gone in vain; that the end has come, and with it disgrace, contempt, and self-scorn—disgrace that never can be redeemed, contempt that never can be removed, and self-scorn that will eat into one's vitals for ever?

Mr. Sowerby was now fifty; he had enjoyed his chances in life; and as he walked back, up South Audley Street, he could not but think of the uses he had made of them. He had fallen into the possession of a fine property on the attainment of his manhood; he had been endowed with more than average gifts of intellect; never-failing health had been given to him, and a vision fairly clear in discerning good from evil; and now to what a pass had he brought himself!

And that man Fothergill had put all this before him in so terribly clear a light! Now that the day for his final demolishment had arrived, the necessity that he should be demolished—finished away at once, out of sight and out of mind—had not been softened, or, as it were, half-hidden, by any ambiguous phrase. "You have had your cake, and eaten it—eaten it greedily. Is not that sufficient for you? Would you eat your

cake twice? Would you have a succession of cakes? No, my friend; there is no succession of these cakes for those who eat them greedily. Your proposition is not a fair one, and we who have the whip-hand of you will not listen to it. Be good enough to vanish. Permit yourself to be swept quietly into the dunghill. All that there was about you of value has departed from you; and allow me to say that you are now—rubbish." And then the ruthless besom comes with irresistible rush, and the rubbish is swept into the pit, there to be hidden for ever from the sight.

And the pity of it is this—that a man, if he will only restrain his greed, may eat his cake and yet have it; ay, and in so doing will have twice more the flavour of the cake than he who with gourmandizing maw will devour his dainty all at once. Cakes in this world will grow by being fed on, if only the feeder be not too insatiate. On all which wisdom Mr. Sowerby pondered with sad heart and very melancholy mind as he walked away from the premises of Messrs. Gumption and Gagebee.

His intention had been to go down to the House after leaving Mr. Fothergill, but the prospect of immediate ruin had been too much for him, and he knew that he was not fit to be seen at once among the haunts of men. And he had intended also to go down to Barchester early on the following morning—only for a few hours, that he might make further arrangements respecting that bill which Robarts had accepted for him. That bill—the second one—had now become due, and Mr. Tozer had been with him.

"Now it ain't no use in life, Mr. Sowerby," Tozer had said. "I ain't got the paper myself, nor didn't 'old it, not two hours. It went away through Tom Tozer; you knows that, Mr. Sowerby, as well as I do."

Now, whenever Tozer, Mr. Sowerby's Tozer, spoke of Tom Tozer, Mr. Sowerby knew that seven devils were being evoked, each worse than the first devil. Mr. Sowerby did feel something like sincere regard, or rather love, for that poor parson whom he had inveigled into mischief, and would fain save him, if it were possible, from the Tozer fang. Mr. Forrest, of the Barchester bank, would probably take up that last five hundred pound bill, on behalf of Mr. Robarts,—only it would be needful that he, Sowerby, should run down and see that this was properly done. As to the other bill—the former and lesser one—as to that, Mr. Tozer would probably be quiet for awhile.

Such had been Sowerby's programme for these two days; but now—what further possibility was there now that he should care for Robarts, or any other human being; he that was to be swept at once into the dung-heap?

In this frame of mind he walked up South Audley Street, and crossed one side of Grosvenor Square, and went almost mechanically into Green Street. At the farther end of Green Street, near to Park Lane, lived Mr. and Mrs. Harold Smith.

Physiological Riddles.

III.—Living Forms.

The builder of an organ, it has been said, must be a wise man; and the non-mechanical part of the world will willingly concede the point. We wonder at a skill and forethought which can create from passive wood and metal an instrument so elaborately planned, so subtly tuned to harmony. It is a grand example of man's dominion over matter. So with any other mechanical triumph. We not only admire, but on man's behalf we are proud of, the chronometer, the steam-engine, the thousand contrivances for abridging labour with which our manufacturing districts abound. But suppose there were a man who could construct one or all of these under quite different conditions; who, without altering by his own exertion the operation of one of the natural laws, could bid a steam-engine arise, or a watch grow into shape; who, while he made wheel, or lever, or pipe, and fitted them into orderly connection to achieve his ends, could yet show us that the natural forces, the properties involved in the things themselves, accomplished all; and could demonstrate to us for each useful or beautiful result a chain of causation reaching to the heart of all things:—were not that more wonderful—infinitely more?

And so if we could discover for the exquisite forms of living things, for that marvellous grace of vegetable life which fills us with a wonder ever new, and a delight that familiarity cannot deaden—for the astonishing adaptations of structure in the animal frame, which, though yet but half-revealed, even science dwells on with a reverent awe—if for these things we could discover a cause that would link them with the heart of all things, should we not be glad? Should we not wonder, and admire, and feel that a secret not less than sacred had been revealed to us?

Life is lovely every way. Even if we look upon it as an isolated thing, existing apart from the rest of nature, and using the inorganic world merely as a dead pedestal on which to sustain itself, it is still beautiful. Not even a narrow thought like this can strip it of its charm. But narrow thoughts like this have unhappily the power of drawing a veil around the eyes, and closing up the heart until it clings to baseless vagaries of fancy as if they were consecrated truths, and shrinks from nature's deeper teaching with superstitious dread.

How lovely life were if it were but a revealing! the bright blossom wherein nature's hidden force comes forth to display itself; the necessary outpouring of the universal life that circulates within her veins, unseen. How lovely, if life were rooted in nature's inmost being, and expressed to us in the most perfect form the meaning of the mighty laws and impulses which sway her, and which, as written on the seas, and rocks,

and stars, is too vast for us to grasp: the bright and merry life, with its ten thousand voices, bursting forth from the dim and silent Law which rules the world, as in the babbling spring, the stream that has run darkling underground bursts forth and sparkles to the sun.

If we carry this thought with us, and remember that nothing can make life less beautiful or less divine, but that to see life essentially involved in nature, and flowing as a necessary consequence from her profoundest laws, would make those laws, to us, unutterably more divine and beautiful, we can enter into the spirit of a remonstrance which Bacon addressed to the men of his age, and may feel, perhaps, that it is even yet not out of date:—"To say that the hairs of the eyelids are for a quickset and fence about the sight; or that the firmness of the skins and hides of living creatures is to defend them from the extremities of heat and cold; or that the bones are for the columns, or beams, whereupon the frame of the bodies of living creatures is built; or that the leaves of the trees are for the protecting of the fruit; or that the clouds are for watering of the earth; or that the solidness of the earth is for the station and mansion of living creatures; and the like: is well inquired and collected in metaphysic, but in physic they are impertinent; nay, they are indeed but remoras and hindrances, to stay and slug the ship from further sailing, and have brought this to pass, that the search of the physical causes hath been neglected and passed in silence."

"The search of the physical causes has been neglected and passed in silence." Is not this still true in respect to the form and structure of living things? Partly a genuine and natural wonder at the exquisite beauty and perfection of their adaptations—which fill the mind with a sense of rest and satisfaction, as if their beauty were sufficient reason for their being, and exonerated the intellect from inquiry into the means by which they are effected—and, partly, feelings less to be commended, have stayed and slugged the ship of science from further sailing here.

But this is greatly to our loss. We cannot tell, indeed, how greatly to our loss it may be; or what insight into grand, or even materially useful laws we thus forego. This much is evident, that we lose thereby the opportunity of discovering whether there be proof of that unity of the vital and other laws, which, if it exist, it would delight and amaze us so to recognize, and which would justify us in raising to a level so much higher, our entire conception of the scheme of creation. For it is by the discovery of the *physical* causes of the results we witness in life, that the evidence of this unity must be given. The study of the *final* causes, or uses aimed at, true and beautiful as it is, tends rather to separate than to unite the organic and the inorganic world. We are apt, so, to put asunder in our thought what God has joined together, and (if we are not watchful of ourselves) may seek to elevate the one by degradation of the other.

To trace the ends achieved by living forms—the adaptation of the eye to light, of the ear to sound, the dexterous grace of the hand, the stedfast balance of the foot, the strength of bone, and delicate response of nerve

to Nature's lightest touch, is a delightful task, and endless as it is delightful. To turn from this pursuit (which ever allures us on, and makes our labour its own immediate reward), and seek mere passive causes in the physical conditions which make these things necessary, might seem to be, if a needful sacrifice for science-sake, yet still a sacrifice, and a descent to lower ground. But it is not really so. How often in our experience it happens that the apparently uninviting study becomes full of the intensest interest, and yields the richest fruit. Not the flowery meadow, but the steep and rugged path, leads to the mountain's top; and he who in studying living forms contents himself with enjoying their beauty, and tracing their design, sports like a child with flowers in the vale, and foregoes the wider horizon and the clearer day which reward him whose toilsome feet achieve the summit.

Is the study of Living Form so hard and tedious, then (and chilling too), that nothing but climbing up an icy mountain can be compared to it? By no means. It is of an almost incredible simplicity. And this is the wonder of it. The simplicity of the mode by which organization is brought about, increases a hundredfold the wondrousness of life, and adds the new mystery of an almost inconceivable economy of means to the already overwhelming mystery of multiplicity and grandeur in the ends.

It is in life as it is in thought—the matter is furnished from one source, the form from another. Of all the expounders of a great discovery it is well known that the discoverer himself is one of the worst. For the most part he is altogether in the clouds; and when he endeavours to come down to the apprehension of common men they can seldom perceive anything but a mist. In fact, he carries his cloud with him; and whether it shine glorious in the western sun, or enwrap us in a chilling fog, a cloud is but a cloud, nor (if we except a few electric flashes, which may dazzle but not enlighten) can anything but a general damping be got out of it. Nature, in truth, divides her work. To one man she assigns the task of originating the new thought; to another, that of imparting to it a fitting shape, and adapting it to the uses of mankind. So discoveries become known and spread. The popularizer succeeds to the philosopher, and the knowledge that would else have been wasted on a few becomes available for all. Sometimes these co-workers only succeed each other at long intervals, and secrets wrung from nature by the toil or genius of one age wait—as seeds may wait for ages ere the vivifying warmth and moisture call them into growth—for the time and the man who, at a far distant epoch, shall adapt them to the wants and understandings of the race. Sometimes, by happier chance, the expositor follows quick upon the thinker; but, quickly or slowly, he must come. The "how" is no less essential than the "what."

Just so it is in respect to life. Because it is wrought into shapes of exactest harmony, and complex and subtle adaptation, the organic world bears its pre-eminence. The living matter were of little avail without the

vital form. To no purpose were the forces of nature (grasped, as we can hardly help thinking, in a living and friendly hand) modified into the vital mode of action, and directed to the production of the marvellous organic substance, if a power were not present to receive and tend it, to mould it into beauty for delight, and knit it into strength for use.

And what this power is, a little observation will reveal to us. It may be traced in every wayside plant, and lies hidden in every bud. Fig. 1, for example, represents a leaf of the Potentilla. The reader will observe that, while the central leaflet is nearly symmetrical, the two lateral leaflets are very decidedly unsymmetrical, the superior half of each being smaller than the inferior. It appears as if the upper edge of the leaflet had been trimmed. If now we take a leaf at an earlier stage of its development, the cause of this difference in form, or, at least, one of its causes, will be evident. Fig. 2 shows the bud of a similar leaf before it has completely unfolded. The different leaflets are evidently not similarly circumstanced: the lateral ones are so folded that while their lower halves are free, their superior halves are in contact with the central leaflet and with each other, and so are impeded in their growth. The central leaflet, lying equally between them, expands equally on each side. The common strawberry leaf shows the same form arising in the same way.

Fig. 1.

Fig. 2.

Or let us pass to another simple object. Fig. 3 represents a pea which has been made to germinate in water. The radicle has grown freely into a spiral form; the plumule has risen up into a curve. Of the spiral radicle we shall speak by and by; at present let us look at the plumule. Would it be thought that a great and most important law in the production of organic form is here exhibited? But it is so. The reason of the bent-up form which the plumule assumes is easily discovered. The end of it is fixed by being embraced between the two halves (or cotyledons) of the pea (see Fig. 4), and the stalk, therefore, as it lengthens, necessarily grows into a projecting curve. It is a result of *growth under limit*. Does it not seem almost puerile to make matter of special observation of such a thing as this? Yes, it is puerile; it is like a child. And the kingdom of science Lord Bacon has observed, is like the kingdom of heaven in this, that only by becoming as a child can it be entered.

Fig. 3.

Fig. 4.

Pea which has germinated in water.

a Plumule.
b Radicle.

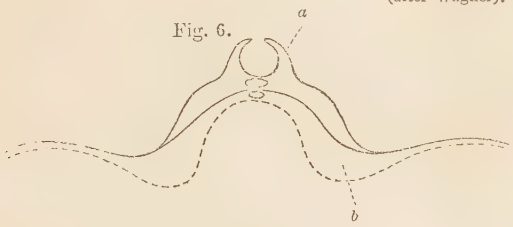
Every organ of the body begins in this very way: by a curved projection of the growing substance. Let us look, for instance, at the first-formed organs in the development of the chicken within the egg. Figs. 5 and 6 represent them in section: they are slight elevations, and are called the "Dorsal Plates," because they are gradually developed into the spinal column.

Fig. 5.

Transverse section of the dorsal plates. The dotted lines represent the enclosing membranes (after Wagner).

These elevations are formed out of a layer of cells called the "germinal membrane," from

Fig. 6.



The same, at a more advanced period of development (after Todd and Bowman).
a Dorsal plates. *b* Commencement of a similar fold in another layer of membrane.

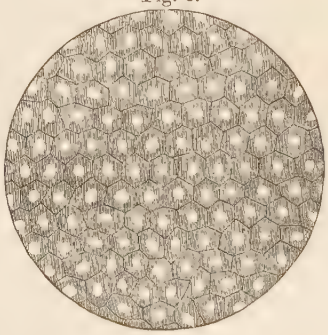
which all the parts of the bird are gradually evolved. It is represented in Fig. 7. Can we help asking whether this may not be a case like that of the growing pea? Whether these *ridges* are not formed because the membrane is *growing under limit*, and is expanding in length while its ends are fixed?

If we should ask this question, there are facts which will enable us to answer it. The layer of cells *is* growing under limit; it is contained in a dense capsule or external membrane, which does interfere with its

Fig. 7.

Germinal membrane, at early stage (after Bischoff); the cells rounded.

Fig. 8.



Germinal membrane, at a later period; the cells flattened by pressure.

free expansion. There is proof that this is the case. Figure 7 represents the cells of which the germinal membrane consists when it is first formed. They are nearly round, and lie in simple contact with each other. But after a short time, as they grow, their shape changes. They become pressed together by the resisting capsule, and present a hexagonal appearance, as shown in Fig. 8. No one doubts that this change in the

form of the cells is due to the pressure arising from their increase under limit. Can we doubt, then, that the rising up of the dorsal plates is due to the same cause? in fact, that it is just such a rising up as we see in the plumule of the pea? If we spread a handkerchief on a table, place the hands flat upon it a little way apart, and gradually bring them nearer to each other, we produce similar ridges.

Fig. 9.

Young frond of the Male Fern.

The frond of a common fern again illustrates the process. Every one has noticed how it is curled, when young (Fig. 9). It looks as if it had been rolled up. But this is not the case; it may easily be seen that it cannot be. There has not been a flat frond which could be curled up. It *grows* into this form, because the central part grows, while the ends are fixed. With the increase of the plant, it becomes free and uncurls; but it has never curled. The curling is an appearance due to its growth.

Fig. 10.

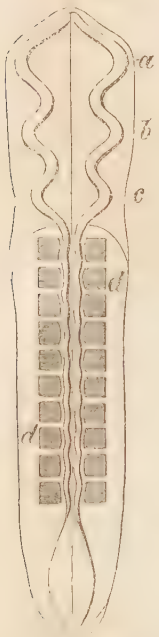


Diagram of the chicken in an early stage (after Wagner). The double lines represent the dorsal plates before described.
a anterior lobe of brain.
b middle lobe.
c posterior lobe.
d rudiments of the backbone.

Or let us take another class of forms. The buds of plants almost always grow in the axils of the leaves. It is not hard to see a reason for this. The axil is the interval between the leaf and the stem; a kind of vacuity or space, into which the growing tissues may most easily expand. All the rest of the surface of the stem is covered in by the hard resisting bark, but where the leaf separates, this resistance is diminished. It is the joint in the armour. So, in many rapidly growing plants, if a leaf be wounded, a bud springs from the spot. The wound constitutes an artificial "axil." So, again, in "budding," a wound is made to enable the new root to grow.

One reason, then, why buds come in axils surely is, that there the least resistance is offered to the expansion of the soft substance of the plant. If we turn again to the development of the bird, we shall find what is precisely analogous.* Very many of the organs are formed, like buds, in axils. Fig. 10 represents the young chicken at an early period of its formation. The brain consists, then, of three small lobes.

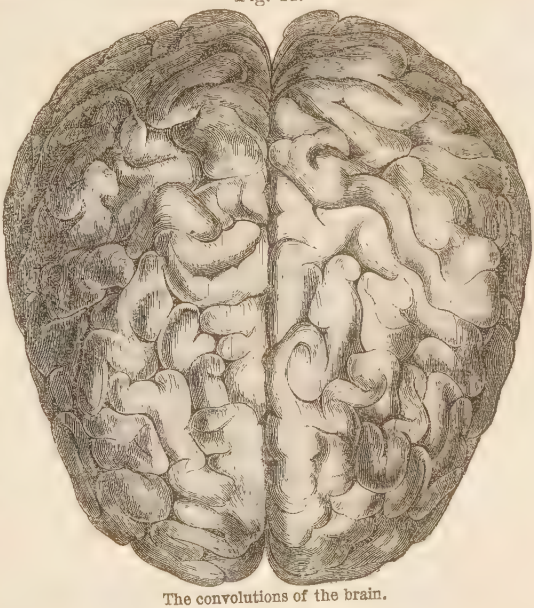
Now, in the interspaces or axils, between these lobes, the eye and the ear bud out. These organs grow where a free space is afforded for them, at the

* It is the same in all vertebrate animals, but the bird is most easily examined.

points of separation between the lobes which, at this early period, constitute the brain. The eye "buds out" between the first and second lobes, the ear between the second and third. They are at first hollow protrusions, merely, of the substance of the brain. The attached portion, or "pedicle" lengthens and becomes relatively smaller afterwards, and constitutes respectively the optic and auditory nerve.

Or, let us look at the fully developed brain of any of the higher mammalia. Fig. 11 is a representation of that of man. The surface is wrinkled up in all directions, constituting quite a maze of elevated ridges, called *convolutions*. Do not these recall the "dorsal plates" (Fig. 5)? Are they not evidently formed in the same way? The external layer of the brain, expanding beneath the dense resisting skull, is folded into these "convolutions" for lack of space.

Fig. 11.



The convolutions of the brain.

Surely, we have thus discovered one of the causes of the forms of living things, in the mechanical conditions under which they are developed. The chemical forces, as we have seen, are used to produce the living substance; mechanical force, in the resistance of the structures which surround the growing organism, is used to shape it into the necessary forms. This is nature's division of labour. These are the simple means employed by the Creator for bringing into being the marvels of the organic world. Chemical force stores up the power, the mechanical resistance moulds the structure. We shall see this more truly by and by.

For the question arises, how far this reference to mechanical conditions may be carried. Evidently that cause is operative, but is it the only one? In answer to this question, we may say first, that, since the mechanical conditions present during its formation do, to a certain extent, determine the structure which the growing organism assumes, and may be seen to produce some of the beautiful and useful forms which it displays, we may not assume other causes until it is proved that these are insufficient.

Here is a fact: the mechanical conditions under which plants and animals are developed have a power of determining their forms in the right and necessary way. The limit of this power must be learnt by observation.

But, again, there is demonstration in the nature of things that this must be the law, and that mechanical causes must determine living forms. Organic bodies, like all other material things, appear to consist of minute particles, on the arrangement or position of which their form depends. Now, evidently, in respect to living things, these particles have assumed their positions by moving into them. This motion of theirs, then, must have obeyed the universal laws of motion, one of which is, that it takes the direction of least resistance; that is, it is mechanically determined; and the form of living things is a result of the mechanical conditions under which they grow.

Or, if we look at the matter in another way, the conclusion is equally evident. Let us consider for a moment the circumstances of a developing plant or animal. Here is the living substance; it is a soft plastic mass increasing in size; the forces of nature are operating upon it, adding to its bulk. Around it is a more or less resisting envelope. Will it not necessarily grow in those directions in which its extension is the least resisted? The case is, to a certain extent, like that of taking the copy of a medal in wax—it is a very rough comparison, but still it may help us to grasp the general idea—the plastic substance, under the pressure of the artist's hand, moulds itself into the desired form by extending where the resistance is the least. There is no possibility of its doing otherwise. The case is as demonstrable as a proposition in Euclid. And it is equally so in respect to the growing plant or animal; under the pressure arising from the increase of its mass, it will mould itself by extending where the resistance is the least.

But the process, of course, is much more complex than in this simple illustration. Perpetual changes and modifications are taking place, and especially in this respect, that every step in the development has its share in determining all that follow. Every newly formed part or organ, each minutest fold, becomes at once a factor in the process. Thus it is, of course, that from seeds, all of them so much alike, their widest diversities being apparently trivial, the infinite variety of vegetable form arises. The slightest incipient diversities are continually reproduced and multiplied, like a slight error in the beginning of a long calculation; and thus very trivial differences of form or structure between two seeds may generate an absolute unlikeness in the resulting plants.

But the true evidence of this law of living form is that which every one may find for himself. Every part of every creature, in which the means of its formation can be traced, will furnish it. If the bud of any flower be opened at an early stage, it will be seen how the petals grow into shape, modelled by the enclosing calyx; how the stamens are leaves that have not been able to unfold, and the anthers exactly fill the cavity

of the bud, receiving thence their form. Or if the pod of the common pea be opened at various periods, the formation of the pea within it may be traced, under the influence of the like conditions; the plumule growing between the cotyledons when their expansion is resisted, and being itself a bud formed in an axil. Everywhere may be discerned more or less clearly a plastic expanding tissue, modelled by the varying resistances it meets. In individual instances, no observer has been able to ignore this fact. "I fear," says Mr. Ruskin, in his recent volume,* discussing the formation of the branches of trees by fibres descending from the leaves, "I fear the reader would have no patience with me, if I asked him to examine, in longitudinal section, the lines of the descending currents of wood, as they eddy into the increased single river. Of course, it is just what would take place if two strong streams, filling each a cylindrical pipe, ran together into one larger cylinder, with a central rod passing up every tube. But as this central rod increases, and at the same time the supply of the stream from above, every added leaf contributing its little current, the eddies of wood about the fork become intensely curious and interesting; of which thus much the reader may observe in a moment, by gathering a branch of any tree (laburnum shows it better, I think, than most), that the two meeting currents, first wrinkling a little, then rise in a low wave in the hollow of the fork, and flow over at the side, making their way to diffuse themselves round the stem (as in Fig. 12). Seen laterally, the bough bulges out below the fork, rather curiously and awkwardly, especially if more than two boughs meet at the same place, growing in one plane. If the reader is interested in the subject, he will find strangely complicated and wonderful arrangements of stream when smaller boughs meet larger."

Fig. 12.

The reader will perceive how exactly this description and figure illustrate the principle. But no enumeration of instances could do justice to the evidence; or have any other effect than that of making the unlimited seem scanty. The proof is everywhere. One general fact may be referred to—the universally spiral form of organic bodies. The most superficial glance reveals a spiral tendency as a general characteristic both of the vegetable and animal creation; but a minute examination traces it in every detail. An essentially spiral construction is manifested from the lowest rudiments of life, upwards throughout every organ of the highest and most complex animal. The beautifully spiral forms of the branches of many trees, and of the shells which adorn the coast, are striking examples merely of an universal law. But the spiral is the direction which a body moving under resistance ever tends to take, as may be well seen by watching a bubble rising in water, or a moderately heavy body sinking through it. They

* *Modern Painters*, vol. v. p. 46.

will rise or sink in manifestly spiral curves. *Growth under resistance* is the chief cause of the spiral form assumed by living things. Parts which grow freely show it well;—the horns of animals, or the roots of seeds when made to germinate in water (as shown before in Fig. 3). The expanding tissue, compressed by its own resisting external coat, wreathes itself into spiral curves. A similar result may be attained artificially by winding a thread around a leaf bud on a tree, so as to impede its expansion; it will curve itself into a spiral as it grows.

Fig. 13.

Diagram of the circulation in a winged insect. The dark central portion represents the heart; it extends nearly the whole length of the body.

The formation of the heart is an interesting illustration of the law of spiral growth. That organ originates in a mass of pulsating cells, which, gradually becoming hollow, gives the first form of the heart in a straight tube, more or less subdivided, and terminating at each extremity in blood-vessels. This is the permanent form of the heart in many animals. Fig. 13 represents the heart of an insect. When the organ is to be developed into a more complex form, the first step in the process is its twisting into the shape shown in Fig. 14. It is like what takes place when we hold a flexible rod in our hands, and gradually approximate its ends. The straight tube is growing within a limited space, and therefore "coils itself into a spiral form." And this fundamental form it retains throughout all its subsequent development.

Fig. 14.

Heart of mammal at an early stage (after Bischoff). The central expanded portion is the heart; above and below are the blood-vessels communicating with it.

But if this principle is true, why has it been overlooked? and why have men fallen into a way of speaking as if living matter had some inherent tendency to grow into certain forms, or as if masses of cells could model themselves, by some faculty or power of their own, into elaborate and complex shapes?

It seems a strange thing that they should have done so, and yet it may easily be accounted for. The simplicity of nature's working is too profound for man's imagination to fathom, and is revealed only to humble seeking and stedfast self-control. Never could men have *guessed* that through such means such results could be achieved, even by a skill they deemed divine. And if we ask why it was not examined and observed long ago, the answer is, that other causes had been invented, and men had made up their minds. There was a "plastic power," a "specific property," a "formative *nisus*," or "effort." Shall we go on with the list? Is it any wonder that men could not see a simple, commonplace fact like this—that living things grow as they cannot help growing?

And, truth to say, there is all excuse for them. Nature is a wise and patient instructress of our ignorance. She never hurries us; but is content that we should read her lesson at last, after we have exhausted all our guesses. Has the reader ever taught a child to read, or watched the process? If so, he has seen a "great fact" in miniature; the whole history of science on a reduced scale. For will not the urchin do any conceivable thing rather than look at the book? Does he not, with the utmost assurance, call out whatever letter comes uppermost, whatever word presents to his little imagination the slightest semblance of plausibility? He never looks until he cannot guess any more.

Mothers are patient, Heaven be praised; but not so patient as our great Mother. For when the young rogue, finding it is of no use to guess any more, says, in mock resignation, "I can't tell," the maternal indignation will sometimes flash forth. But when we, finding that the mystery of life will not yield to our hypotheses, say, "We cannot learn it; it is a mystery insoluble," no sound of impatience or rebuke escapes the calm lips of Nature. Silently as of old the great volume is spread out before us year by year. Quietly and lovingly, as at the first, her finger points us to the words, written in tender herb, and stately tree, and glowing flower; ever to our hearts repeating her simple admonition, "Look." She knows we shall obey her when the time is come.

But we are wandering from the subject. The law that the mechanical conditions under which they grow determine the form of living things, requires, like all laws, to be seen in its relations. It does not, of course, operate alone. The expanding germ is moulded into its shape by the resistances it meets; but the expansion has its own laws, and does not always take place equally in all directions. For the most part, in growing organisms, the tendency to growth exists more strongly in some parts than in others; and this varying tendency depends on causes which, though they are sometimes discoverable, are not always so. Let us revert to the case of the dorsal plates before referred to (Figs. 5 and 6). If they are caused to rise up by the expansion of the germinal membrane within its unyielding capsule, it is evident that this membrane must be growing chiefly in one direction (that at right angles to their length). It is the same in almost every case, but this one instance will suffice. Now this tendency to growth

in particular directions is sometimes merely apparent, and arises from these being the directions in which there is least resistance to expansion. Sometimes, however, it seems to be due to a greater intensity, in certain parts, of the forces which produce growth; as, for instance, to a local *decomposition* generating a greater energy of vital action in that part, according to the law explained in a previous paper. In these cases, the local growth resembles the increased development of plants on the side which receives most light. And the causes of the greater energy of growth in one part than another, may be often traced back several steps; as when an increased *pressure* produces a local decomposition, and this gives rise again to a new organizing action.

Thus some apparent exceptions to the law of growth in the direction of least resistance receive an explanation. As, for example, that the root extends beneath the soil, and overcomes the resistance of the earth. The answer to this objection is, first, that the soft cellular condition of the growing radicles forbids the idea that the roots force themselves into the ground; and secondly, that their growth is accounted for by the presence in the soil of the agencies which produce growth. In truth, the formation of the root affords a beautiful illustration of the law of least resistance, for it grows by insinuating itself, cell by cell, through the interstices of the soil, winding and twisting whithersoever the obstacles in its path determine, and growing there most, where the nutritive materials are added to it most abundantly. As we look on the roots of a mighty tree, it appears to us as if they had thrust themselves with giant violence into the solid earth. But it is not so; they were led on gently, cell added to cell, softly as the dews descended and the loosened earth made way. Once formed, indeed, they expand with an enormous power, and it is probable that this expansion of the roots already formed may crack the surrounding soil, and help to make the interstices into which the new rootlets grow. Nor is there any good reason for assuming that the roots encounter from the soil a greater resistance to their growth than the portions of the stem meet with from other causes. We must not forget the hard external covering of the parts exposed to air and light. In some classes of palms this resistance is so great that the growth of the tree is stopped by it.

Similar to the case of the root are those in which mushrooms have been known to lift up heavy masses by their growth, sometimes raising in a single night a stone weighing many pounds. The forces which produce growth operate with enormous power. And well they may; for they are essentially the same forces—those arising from the chemical properties of bodies—which in our own hands produce the most powerful effects, and are often indeed so violent in their action as to be wholly beyond our control. But it is clear that such cases as this can offer no difficulty in respect to the laws of growth. Every one must see that the mushroom would certainly not have raised the stone if that had not been the direction in which its expansion was resisted least.

Mr. Herbert Spencer* has given an elaborate illustration of the effect of external agencies in determining growth in special directions. He cites the fir-tree as an instance. "If we examine a common fir-tree—and I choose a fir-tree, because the regularity in its mode of growth makes the law more than usually manifest—we shall find that the uppermost branches, which grew out of the leading shoot, have radially arranged branchlets (*i. e.* growing equally on all sides), and each of them repeats on a smaller scale the type of the tree itself. But if we examine branches lower and lower down the tree, we find the vertically growing branchlets bear a less and less ratio to the horizontally growing ones. Shaded and confined by those above them, these eldest branches develop their offshoots in those directions where there are most space and light; becoming finally quite flattened and fan-shaped. The like general truth is readily traceable in other trees."

Similar results may be traced in flowers, in many of which, as Mr. Spencer points out, a change from one form to another, with changing circumstances, may be distinctly seen. But into these cases, interesting as they are, we cannot enter now; nor into the remarkable experiments by which Mr. Rainey has demonstrated the production of shell and bone in conformity with the simplest laws of physics. Nor can we even refer to the many applications of the facts we have noted, and the principles which they suggest, to the subjects of repair and development. May we not sum up their lesson in the words of the great American physiologist, Dr. J. W. Draper:—"The problems of organization are not to be solved by empirical schemes; they require the patient application of all the aids that can be furnished by all other branches of human knowledge, and even then the solution comes tardily. Yet there is no cause for us to adopt those quick but visionary speculations, or to despair of giving the true explanation of all physiological facts. Since it is given us to know our own existence, and be conscious of our own individuality, we may rest assured that we have, what is in reality a far less wonderful power, the capacity of comprehending all the conditions of our life. Then, and not till then, will man be a perfect monument of the wisdom and power of his Maker, a created being knowing his own existence, and capable of explaining it."

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* *In the British and Foreign Medico-Chirurgical Review for January*, 1859.

Thieves and Thieving.

The subject of this article has been a good deal written about, and is somewhat repulsive in itself; but so long as thieves exist, the best means for their suppression cannot be considered as having been attained; and whilst the community at large suffers so much from thieving, we must continue to examine the evil with a view to its cure. This question of crime has been discussed and written upon from many different points of view. Inspectors, moral reformers, gaol chaplains, literary men, legislators, and novelists, all these have had something to say about thieves. But as yet the writer is not aware that anything has been written about thieves by one who might consider himself a working clergyman, going amongst the thieves with no official purpose, with no literary design, going amongst them as their accepted friend, visiting their sick, and sometimes kneeling by the bedside of the dying thief. This was exactly my position in one of the largest towns in England for nearly two years. During that time I had unlimited access to the *thieves' quarter*, at all hours, and under any circumstances. Weddings, midnight gatherings, benefit nights, public-houses, I have witnessed them all. How I gained the confidence of the criminal fraternity I cannot tell. I only sought their welfare, never went amongst them without some good errand, never asked questions about their affairs, and never meddled with things that did not belong to me, and it is due to the thieves themselves to say, that I never received from any of them, whether drunk or sober, an unkind look, or a disrespectful word; and in writing this article I have no design of betraying the confidence of the thieves, or of mentioning a single guilty name. My purpose is not to state all I know, but to put before the public such points as may be of use in the understanding and mitigation of crime—points which I have gathered from a long and patient study of the question, and some of which points have received vivid illustration in my own personal knowledge. Without stating what I know by reading, and what by personal observation, I shall record things as they struck me in the course of my experience, and describe them as they were, sharpened into the vividness of reality by the living persons and the living scenes that were around me.

The first thing that drew my attention was the fraternity or complete organization of the thieves. They select some particular quarter for their residence, and it is no uncommon thing for three or four contiguous streets to be wholly tenanted by them; and these houses are no bad property either, for the thieves will pay almost any amount of rent, and pay it regularly, for the sake of keeping together. The aspect of the thieves' quarter is generally low and dingy, but not by any means so ruffianly as some would think. They are more quiet and orderly than

one could expect, for they say it does not pay to make rows in their own territory. Persons regularly visiting these haunts, or residing in them, are compromised in the eyes of the police, and suspiciously watched by these minions of the law. Still there is a good deal of "chaffing" going on between the thieves and the police, and it is sometimes laughable to see the way in which any Verdant Greens in blue clothes are hoaxed and befooled. But it is not all pleasant jesting, for they sometimes quarrel—quarrel, strange to say, about constitutional privileges, such as sitting on your own doorstep, or the lawfulness of smoking your pipe astride your own area railing. Many a thief has tried the right in petty quarrels of this kind, for it is literally true that they have certain notions about the respectability of their district, and the better class of thieves are very indignant at any interference with their liberties as British subjects. As you penetrate further into the *arcanum* of the thieves' quarter, you gradually become acquainted with a complete organization and system of things of which the outside world knows nothing, and with which no stranger is allowed to meddle. They have public-houses, shops, tradesmen, lodging-houses, private regulations, an upper and lower class—in short, an *imperium in imperio*, by means of which they are enabled to carry on their nefarious practices with greater secrecy, security, and success. In many instances they are kind to each other. A man coming out of prison is provided with a home, food, and boon companions. They help their sick, bury their dead, and do something for the bereaved children. They have a language of signs and words which only themselves can thoroughly understand, and a gesture which may seem unmeaning to the passer-by would make him quake with fear if he knew the significance of that seemingly unintentional act. By means of these signs and passwords the thieves can wander about from one town to another, always being sure of a home, and the companionship of kindred spirits, although visiting that town for the first time.

But if an acquaintance with the thieves' quarter revealed to me the amazing subtlety and cleverness of the pilfering fraternity, it also taught me the guilty fear, the wretchedness, the moral guilt, and the fearful hardships that fall to the lot of the professional thief. To-night they attend a pleasure party in the upper rooms of some dingy-looking house in a back street, gay, kind, light-hearted, and happy, outdoing—as I have seen—in their roystering mirth, the orgies in the *Beggar's Opera;* to-morrow they are fetched out of their beds by the police, locked up in prison, tried, and condemned to penal servitude. They are never safe a moment, and this constant jeopardy produces a constant nervousness and fear. Sometimes, when visiting their sick, I have gently laid my hand on the shoulder of one of the thieves who happened to be standing in the street. The man would "start like a guilty thing upon a fearful summons," and it would take him two or three minutes to recover his self-possession sufficiently to ask me, "How are you, sir, to-day?" Some might suppose that if we wanted an affecting illustration of the adage, "Suspicion haunts

the guilty mind," it would be supplied in the crimson hues that flush over the cheek of innocent childhood when detected in a little wrong; but I never saw the adage so painfully illustrated as in the thieves' quarter, by the faces of grey-haired criminals whose hearts had been worn into hardness by the dishonouring chains of transportation. When, in the dusk of the evening, I have accosted one of them standing idly on the public-house steps, I have spoken in a low and altered tone, so that he might not at first recognize me; again the guilty start, as the man bent forward, anxiously peering into my face.

When I beheld their wretchedness, their terror, their moral guilt, and their degradation—when I thought of the terrible evils which my criminal friends were inflicting upon the community—when I remembered that they were men, and witnessed their generosity, the honour of their own clan, the talents many of them displayed; when I saw, in some instances, the evidence of superior education, heard them talk of the literary periodicals of the day, discussing their contents—as I often saw them carefully reading the daily newspaper—I could not help asking them, How in the world has it come to this with you? What could have brought you to such infamy and degradation? In looking over police reports and criminal statistics, there are many items as to the origin of the thieving class; and our Recorders now and then treat us to a speech on the causes of crime; but, as the particulars of a thief's antecedents must be to some extent furnished by himself, the official statement is imperfect and not very trustworthy, especially when we remember that most thieves glory in "gammoning" and misleading the officers of the law. It is a fact, that the majority of thieves hold it meritorious and a triumph to cajole and deceive the representatives of law, and I found that the only way of getting at the whole truth was to wait for their own unsolicited information. As my intercourse with the thieves increased, the truth gradually dawned upon me; until, at length, I gathered by my own observation enough *data* on which to form some definite conclusions about the causes of crime.

In entering upon this department of my experience, it must be premised that the majority of criminals seem to be under a cloud of romantic misanthropy; they regard themselves as victimized by evils for which they are not altogether responsible, and from which they cannot escape. Every one has an excuse, a tale, an account to give, which relieves them from a part of the blame of their first offences; and I am bound to say that there is some truth in many of their statements relative to their early culpability. Very few of them adopt a life of crime from the sheer love of wrong-doing, and though they have, and must have, evil tendencies, the initiation of a criminal career is often wrought by the force of circumstances, or by the inveiglements of those who are already committed to a dishonest course. The sources of crime are so interfused that it is difficult to speak of them in detail, but so far as the guilty affinities and entanglements can be separated, they may be briefly classified as follows. *Some are trained to thieving from their infancy.* Their parents are thieves in most cases; in

others, the children are orphans, or have been forsaken by their parents, and in such cases the children generally fall into the hands of the regular thief-trainer. In every low, criminal neighbourhood, there are numbers of children who never knew their parents, and who are fed and clothed by the old thieves, and made to earn their wages by dishonest practices. When the parent thieves are imprisoned or transported, their children (many of the thieves are married) are left to shift for themselves, and so fall into the hands of the professional thief-trainers. Here then is one great source of crime. These children are nurtured in it; they come under no good moral influence, and until the Ragged Schools were started they had no idea of honesty, to say nothing of morality and religion. Sharpened by hunger, intimidated by severe treatment, and rendered adroit by vigilant training, this class of thieves is perhaps the most numerous, the most daring, the cleverest, and the most difficult to reform. What is there in these youths to which the moral reformer can appeal? Is there any conscience in that young mind shaped in dishonesty? Have they any sense of kindness, love, or gratitude? In a moral point of view, these thieves are much worse off than the savages of the open wilderness, inasmuch as all the advantages of civilization are made to serve their criminal habits.

The next source of crime is *vagrancy*. There may be a few honest beggars; but, given an opportunity, the majority of them are thieves. Occasionally they begin by stealing things of small value, until, their purloining habits being cultivated, they doff the vagrant, and are admitted into the ranks of the professional thieves. In not a few instances the cringeing, whining, inoffensive, and seemingly timid beggar, is the spy and pioneer of the expert and organized gang of thieves; and so long as vagrancy is encouraged, so long will it be impossible to dry up the sources of crime. Those who are too lazy to earn their bread, generally resort to dishonest means of living. Through *drunkenness* and *debauchery* many lose their employment and shift about from place to place, until at length their unsteadiness disqualifies them from holding any situation, and they are no longer able to obtain employment. For this class, three courses are open—the workhouse, vagrancy, and thieving. The first has too much restraint, the second is too slow, and so they resort to the last.

That there is in some a *natural tendency* and *strong bias* towards dishonesty, is a fact beyond dispute; these like thieving: it becomes a habit and a passion with them; and if, after having tasted the stolen waters, they might have their choice between an honest and a dishonest course, they would prefer the latter. It is no very uncommon thing for men who have left the profession to associate frequently with thieves, and to do a little pilfering occasionally for old acquaintance sake.

A love of adventure is strong in the breasts of many men; leading some to the army, some to the navy, others to the colonies, and some to foreign travel. This love of adventure, combined with recklessness and laxity of principle, takes a criminal direction, making a poacher in the country, and a thief in the town. It is said of some that they never

like to be at a "fast end," or they like to be at "a loose end." For these unstable people, who are perpetually changing their employment, as though they had made up their minds to roll restlessly up and down in the world for the term of their natural lives, there are three chances: to be a "jack of all trades," to remain poor, or to turn thief. A man who will "stick to nothing" must realize one of these three chances, and which of the three, is not unfrequently determined by circumstances. A repugnance to constant, monotonous, and plodding industry, has hindered the advancement of most, and caused the ruin of many.

What may be called "*bad families*," are another prolific source of crime. Thieving, and some other crimes seem to be hereditary, running in the same families for generations. It is somewhat difficult to watch this phenomenon in large towns; but in country villages the fact is proverbial. When a depredation has been committed in a country village, the constable looks to certain families, just as the town policeman looks to certain streets; and when the delinquent is removed to prison, "like one of his breed," "they always were a bad lot," are the staple, and generally truthful phrases in the village gossip; and although it is difficult to trace the offshoots of bad families in large towns, the results of the inquiries I have made, tend to confirm my belief in the theory, both as applied to town and country. The above remarks by no means exhaust the question of the causation of crime; but no one can mingle with thieves without feeling the force of these observations. Temptation, laziness, vice, necessity, a depraved will, are the sad and prolific fountains of the streams of criminal life.

The poor helpless little children, who literally grow up into a criminal career, who have no means of knowing that they are wrong, and who cannot help themselves, have strong claims on the compassion of every lover of his species. Some of them are fine-looking fellows, with bright and piercing eyes, ample foreheads, finely-chiselled lips, clear and winning faces, symmetrical contour, and well-proportioned limbs. When I have seen them dressed in their best attire, looking so well that some of them would be an ornament to any drawing-room, so far as a handsome appearance is concerned, my heart has ached to know that there was nothing but a criminal career in prospect for the merry, prattling, and beautiful boy. I also found another class of thieves whose case commended itself to my deep commiseration—young men, originally honest, who had lapsed into crime through momentary temptation. These, after the commission of a first offence, are overwhelmed with a deep sense of shame and personal loathing; which, instead of being the means of their recovery, renders them desperate, and plunges them into a life of crime. To go back to pure life would be to expose themselves to suspicion, desertion, taunts and sneers; and as they cannot face these mortifications, they feel embittered, and bid adieu to the habits and associates of their *quondam* honest life.

I was frequently struck with the migratory and fluctuating character of the population in the thieves' quarter. They were continually moving, and, although there were a few who seemed to be permanent residents, I

hardly ever went amongst them without meeting with fresh faces. Where could the unfailing supply come from? Whence the new recruits? Most of them came from other towns, some from prison, and some from penal servitude. These constant changes led me to ponder over the perpetuation of crime, and I often asked myself, how do the criminal classes reproduce and perpetuate themselves from age to age? They neither seemed to wear out nor die out; it is true of thieves, as of mankind in general, "One generation passeth away, and another cometh." In groping about for the roots of the criminal upas, I found many things which fostered, and some things which rendered inevitable the perpetuation of the genus thief. The thieves' organization helps to perpetuate crime. Men and women get so linked in and interlaced with the general colony, that it is almost impossible to escape to honest circles and industrial life. Mutual obligations, mutual crimes, and even the attachments of friendship arising out of companionship in danger, suffering, sensuality, and crime, render it very difficult for the confirmed thief to tear himself from the haunts and the society of criminal life. This "thieves' quarter" enables the thieves to escape for a time detection and arrest. All are so far pledged to one another, that they will do anything to facilitate the escape of one of their clan; and when the police are anxious to catch a thief, they have not only to contend with his ability to keep out of their hands, but they have to struggle against an expert fraternity located in every important town in England. Every thief tries to avoid detection, and almost every other thief in Britain will do his best to conceal and help him. Again, if a youth takes to thieving and is alone in his course, he soon finds company and a home in the thieves' quarter, where his lagging courage will be stimulated and the ignorance of his inexperience be corrected by the craft of old and practised rogues.

The thrall of sensual pleasure forms a strong chain in the continuity of crime. Given a set of men and women who neither fear God nor regard man—given a community which lives only for the enjoyment of the passing hour—given a set of people who will let nothing come between them and their sensual enjoyments—given a set of people whose mental and moral nature has either been formed in this community, or degraded down to its awful level: and then, what follows? More follows than shall be written here; more than can ever be told, and more than is ever known, save to the oldest and most abandoned of the tribe. Theirs is every animal gratification and every sensual indulgence; theirs the consuming passions which are the offspring of laziness—poison-flowers, stimulated and quickened in their growth by feverish excitement and unrestrained indulgence. Occasionally, they can afford to dress themselves in the richest attire, drink the most costly wines, and partake of the most luxurious and expensive viands.

Is there no pleasure-attraction in all this? They are not confined to one locality, but may roam the world over and live anywhere, except where there is no possibility of plunder. They have no responsibility,

except that of desperate and well-trained courage, and no care, except to keep out of the hands of the police. Is there no enjoyment in this for selfish and vicious natures? Thieves have their pleasure parties, balls, reunions, social evenings, and trips to watering-places. Music sheds its charm over their merry hours, and the poetry of motion unites with the poetry of sound. Dances, from the dexterous hornpipe to the quiet *varsoviana*, and back again to the whirling waltz, or the jaunty tread of the country dance; songs from the *Flash Reciter* or the last new opera contribute in turn to the amusements of the evening. Bound in these syren chains, who need wonder that the class is perpetuated?

Many a thief is kept in reluctant bondage to crime from the difficulty he finds in obtaining honest employment and earning honest bread. Many thieves are fond of their criminal courses; but others of them are utterly weary of the hazard, disgrace, and suffering, attaching to their mode of life. Some of them were once pure, honest, and industrious, and when these are sick, or in prison, they are frequently filled with bitter remorse, and make the strongest vows to have done with the guilty life.

Suppose a man of this sort in prison. His eyes are opened, and he sees before him the gulf of remediless ruin into which he will soon be plunged. He knows well enough that the money earned by thieves goes as fast as it comes, and that there is no prospect of his ever being able to retire on his ill-gotten gains. He comes out of prison determined to reform. But where is he to go? What is he to do? How is he to live? Whatever may have been done for him in prison is of little or no avail, if as soon as he leaves the gaol he must go into the world, branded with crime, having no character to lose, unprotected, and unhelped. The discharged prisoner must be friendly with some one, and he must live. His criminal friends will entertain him, on the understood condition that they are repaid from the booty of his next depredation. Thus the first food he eats, and the first friendly chat he has, become the half-necessitating initiative of future crime. Frequently, the newly-discharged prisoner passes through a round of riot and drinking immediately on his release from a long incarceration; as any other man would do, in similar circumstances, who had no fixed principles to sustain him. And so, by reason of the rebound of newly-acquired liberty, and the influence of the old set, the man is again demoralized. The discharged prisoner leaves gaol with good resolves, but the moment he enters the world there rises before him the dark and spectral danger of being hunted down by the police—of being recognized and insulted—of being shunned and despised by his fellow-workmen—of being everywhere contemned and forsaken.

It would be easy for me to furnish instances in which men surrounded by these difficulties have despaired of honest life, and gone back to their old habits in hopeless disgust. But with very many thieves a change of conduct is solely a question of pleasure and money. They will tell

you plainly that they are not going to work hard for 1*l.* per week, when by thieving they can easily earn 5*l.* per week, and live like gentlemen.

The encouragement of vagrancy has helped to continue the plague of thieving. Not only does it furnish an opportunity to spy out premises—and there is a good deal in that—but it loosens the moral principles, generates laziness, and supports a class which, generally speaking, merges into the criminal community. Many of them beg either because it affords a pretext and cover for thieving, or else because they are not clever enough to live by stealing. The persons who most encourage vagrancy are difficult to get at, and hard to convince. Any beggar knows that his supporters are chiefly, if not solely, among the middle and lower classes of society. The blame of the evil lies at the door of a maudlin philanthropy. These benevolent people think they serve their fellow creatures by foolish almsgiving; they grumble at the poor-laws, and are niggardly to respectable and trustworthy charities, while they bestow their alms on some cringeing rascal who gets his lazy living by pilfering, lying, and fraud. A little more worldly wisdom would correct that pernicious charity which makes no difference between known and unknown, and neglects a starving neighbour to relieve a worthless stranger.

The hardening influence of prison life is another perpetuator of crime. The meeting of thieves in prison is more pernicious to themselves than their meeting out of it, because within the prison walls there are inducements to corrupt and harden one another, which do not so fully obtain when they are at large. Who can tell the blackest tale, who can make crime most exciting and attractive, who can pour the wittiest amount of derision on rectitude, who can most cleverly "dodge" the jail officers, who can bear punishment in the most hardened manner,—these are the heroes and objects of admiration to many of the inmates of a prison. If a man does not endure his punishment bravely, he is so teased and jeered by his fellow prisoners, that he not unfrequently commits, designedly, some flagrant breach of prison rule, in order that, by braving the punishment and enduring it without flinching, he may redeem his lost character for hardihood.

One of the chief causes of the perpetuation of crime is the training of young thieves. They are born, nurtured, reared, educated, professional thieves. No ray of moral light ever shines upon them; no intercourse with purity or honesty ever falls to their lot; no good feeling is ever allowed to predominate; all their passions are distorted, all their faculties are perverted. They believe the clergy are all hypocrites, the judges and magistrates tyrants, and honest people their bitterest enemies; believing these things sincerely, and believing nothing else, their hand is against every man, and the oftener they are imprisoned the more is their dishonesty strengthened. If they learn to read, it is that they may study the police reports; and so imbued are their young minds with crime that

they cannot sustain a long conversation without resorting to "thieves' latin." Of these youngsters the following, quoted from memory, is a tolerably accurate description:

"In a damp and dreary cellar I was born;
Want, and cold, and hunger found me there forlorn.
God, perhaps, in pity heard me,
For a heart of courage stirred me,
And I gave back blow for blow, scorn for scorn.

"Nature stamped her frown upon me at my birth,
Never did my look betoken love or her worth;
So I shun the sight of morning,
Deeds of darkness oft performing,
Wandering ever scorned and scorning through the earth."

Until this nursery of young thieves can be destroyed, there is no prospect that thieving will come to an end in this country, or in any other.

I had not gone long amongst the thieves, before I found that they had a language and literature of their own—a literature which demoralizes the whole nature, and erases from the mind and conscience all the lines of distinction between right and wrong. To graft notions of probity on natures thus degraded, is like building a house on a foundation of quicksand. I quote a number of thieves' words and phrases, by means of which they generally converse; and it will be seen that, whilst there are no words to express goodness, justice, or virtuous deeds, the whole of "thieves' latin" seems to have been studiously constructed with a view to elude and destroy every notion of wickedness and wrong.* Poultry-stealer—*beak-hunter;* buyer of stolen property—*a fence or bloak;* one who steals while bargaining with a shopkeeper—*a bouncer;* enticer of another to play—*buttoner;* to alter the maker's name of a watch—*to christen a Jack;* to put the works of a watch out of one case into another—*to church a Jack;* burglary—*to crack a case;* a man who travels about the country pretending to be a doctor—*a crocus;* one who cuts trunks from the backs of carriages—*a dragsman;* the treadmill—*everlasting staircase;* breaking a window quietly—*starring the glaze;* trainer of young thieves—*kidsman;* transported—*lagged;* to rob a till—*pinch a lobb;* confederate of thimble-men—*nobbler;* robbing shops by pairs, one bargaining while the other steals—*palming;* a person marked out for plunder—*a plant;* a stolen piece of Irish linen—*a roll of snow;* bad money—*sheen or sinker;* passer of bad money—*smasher;* stealer of linen from a clothes' line—*snow dropper;* stolen property—*swag;* to go about half naked—*on the shallows;* to steal into a room through the window—*to go the jump;* thief of kitchens and cellars—*area sneak;* coiner of bad money—*turner-out or bit-faker;* stealers of lead pipes—*blue pigeon flyers;* handcuffs—*bracelets;* plunderers of drunken men—*bug-hunters;* selling obscene songs—*busking;*

* See *London Antiquary's Dictionary of Modern Slang, &c.*

entering a dwelling house during divine service—*dead lurk*; convicted of thieving—*done for a ramp*; imprisonment for six months—*half a stretch*; wrenching off knockers—*drawing teeth*; to shoot a man—*to flip*; searched by a policeman—*frisked*; City missionary—*gospel-grinder*; shoplifting—*hoisting*; a man who robs children—*a kinchin cove*; hidden from the police—*laid up in lavender*; a little thief passed through a small hole to let in the gang—*little snakes-man*; to drug a person, and then rob him—*hocuss*; thieves who watch for countrymen at railway stations and in the streets—*magsmen*; forged bank-notes—*queer screens*; the condemned cell—*salt-box*; a whipping in prison before the justices—*scroby*; to be hanged—*die in shoes*; thieves who rob persons of their watches—*thimble-twisters*; thief with long fingers, expert at picking ladies' pockets—*a wire*.

This list of criminal slang might have been extended much further—might have been carried lower down into the iniquitous region; but no good end could be answered by that. Let any thoughtful man ask himself, what must be the moral condition of a people with such a vernacular?

In its wider range, thieves' literature embraces obscene prints, flash songs, immoral books, and degrading performances in low theatres and penny *gaffs*. Who that has witnessed the performances in these dens of infamy, can ever forget the *gusto* and relish with which the poisonous abominations are listened to by a criminal audience? The song of Claude Duval, in the play of *Jack Sheppard*, "who carved his name on Newgate stone," and other unmentionable pieces, leave *Don Giovanni* and *Traviata* far behind—firing the hot and distempered blood of many a young and daring thief. In these scenes vice is made alluring by art and beauty, and the lowest deeds of man assume the shape of heroism. The impure literature, so difficult of access, and so expensive to the fast young man, is to the thief as common and as cheap as his daily food. But I have already gone low enough into the human sewerage, and gladly return to less tainted topics.

No man can study the thieves, without being struck with the strange contradictions that they present. The more I tried to comprehend them the more I was perplexed; and as I wandered brooding through the streets, the words of the Arabian poet would sometimes occur to me: "O thou who occupiest thyself in the darkness of night, and in peril! spare thy trouble; for the support of Providence is not obtained by toil." They were not logical, and therefore I could reduce them to no syllogistic formula. There comes an end to all things, and, at length, there came an end to my bewilderment. I arrived at the conclusion that I had got into the mystery of iniquity, and, resolving to search no more for the central arcanum, I satisfied myself with grasping and understanding a few of the leading elements in a life of crime. They have a feeling of chivalry amongst them, and some of them would sacrifice their lives for their code of honour. They perform for each other many a kind and generous deed.

In the following verse, taken from a pet flash song, you have a comical specimen of this sort of guilty chivalry :—

"A cross cove* is in the street for me,
And I a poor girl of a low degree:
If I was as rich as I am poor,
Ye never should go on the cross no more."

But this honour among thieves is often violated. There are a few men and women among thieves called *nosers*. They are so called, because they are in the secret pay of the police, giving information when the information will not lead to the crimination of themselves. I would not give much for a "noser's" life, if his brethren found him out in his treachery.

Another contradiction to their honour is that they often quarrel over the division of the spoil; this leads to spite, and through spite a thief will sometimes turn informer. Two thieves stole some plate, among which was a very valuable silver inkstand; having mutilated it, one went to a Jew with it, whilst the other remained in the street. The Jew examined it, saw that it was stolen, made some demur, and then, handling it very suspiciously, put it into his desk, which he locked: to the astonishment of the thief; who was still more surprised when Moses said, "He vosh a young man vat he greatly reshpected, and therefore advished him to be off vile he vos safe." The thief went into the street to confer with his associate, when they agreed to re-enter the house and demand the restitution of their property. The Jew denied the transaction, and opened the desk to prove it, when lo! it was gone. He accused one of the thieves of deceiving his companion, and the quarrel led to a discovery.

I had not pursued my quiet mission among the thieves for many months, without discovering the damning fact, that they had no faith in the sincerity, honesty, or goodness, of human nature; and that this last and vilest scepticism of the human heart, was one of the most powerful influences at work in the continuation of crime. They believe people in general to be no better than themselves, and that most people will do a wrong thing if it serves their purpose. They consider themselves better than many "square" † people who practice commercial frauds. Not having a spark of faith in human nature, their case is all but hopeless; and only those who have tried the experiment can tell how difficult it is to make a thief believe that you are really disinterested, and only mean him well. Put all these causes of the perpetuation of crime together—organization, drunkenness, immoral literature, difficulty of obtaining employment, the hardening and corrupting influence of prison life, the luxuries and sprees of the boozing-kens; think of the way in which these things are interlaced, of the absorption of the moral whirlpool, the liability and temptation of the industrious, the refuge which the modern Alsatia affords to idlers and vagabonds, and then you may arrive at some conclusion as to the continuity of thieving. My observation convinces me that many, nay

* "Cross cove"—*thief.*

† Thieves' slang for *honest.*

all thieves, are confirmed in thieving before they well know either where they are or what they are about. Before they know the nature of the stream they are drifted out to sea, and before they can become conscious of their danger, they are bound in a network of iron. No Macbeth witches can cause to pass before the dreamy eyes of the young thief the shadowy forms of his future self, in the different stages of his career, onward through a life of crime and misery, to its last phase of degradation —infamy and death. Talking over this point one afternoon in my study, with a grey-haired thief, the old man told me with much emphasis, that no young thief could bear his own existence if he could foresee all he has to pass through before he gets to the end. But where is the clairvoyant, the astrologer's glass, or the play that can hold this veiled future up to the gaze of thieves, tear off the drapery, and disclose the coming fate in all its ghastly and horrible anatomy? These fascinations, this masked future, these mocking demons, howl out a malignant fate to thievedom.

Thieving, with all its terrors, miseries, costliness, and enormity, is a dark streak in the otherwise brightening horizon of modern civilization. It flits in the portentous shadows of prison walls, and there is a voice from the echoes of every policeman's footfall telling of something bad under the surface of society, and cautioning us to beware of the danger. We never retire to rest without feeling that we may be maimed and terror-stricken in our beds, or waking, may find the hard earnings of honest toil purloined, beyond possibility of recovery, by a set of worthless vagabonds who are too lazy to earn their own living, and who, with the cowardly rascality that belongs to them, subsist on the stolen property of others. Will there ever be an end to thieves and robbers? Is there no means of getting rid of this interminable expense, damage, and terror? The criminal statistics of Britain for the last few years show plainly that thieving may be lessened, and is actually on the decrease. The Recorder of Birmingham, a short time ago, in remarking on the decrease of crime, observed that "there was a close connection between prosperity and integrity; and also that the great decrease in crime, as shown in the criminal statistics for the past year, was mainly owing to the prosperity with which the country had been favoured." Mr. Hill's ground in this position is not altogether satisfactory. This assigned cause for the decrease of crime indicates no improvement of moral principle, and is, logically speaking, a mere accident. According to this, a year of adversity would turn the scales again in the wrong direction; and besides, if cheapness and plenty lessen thieving, the good is more than counteracted by the increase of debauchery, intemperance, and over-speculation, which returning prosperity always brings to debase commerce and morals. But whilst objecting to the position laid down by the distinguished Recorder of Birmingham—objecting to it because it teaches nothing, nor holds out any fixed and substantial hope—I pay sincere homage to his eminent services in the cause of moral and criminal reform, and most heartily rejoice with him in the decrease of crime. This encouraging criminal

balance-sheet for the past year should stimulate both statesmen and moralists to a more searching inquiry into the general subject of thieving, and to a rigorous application of more direct and practical measures.

A brief examination of existing anti-thieving agencies may not be altogether without interest to the general reader. Prisons exist in abundance; and if the loss of personal liberty, fetters, and severe punishment, could have cured crime, there would have been an end to it long since. As equitable punishment for wrongs done, prisons have not frequently erred on the side of mercy; but as reformatory and curative institutions, prisons are a failure—a huge and costly failure. Certainly prisons are a terror to evil-doers, and how many have been deterred from thieving by the dread of being sent to prison can never be ascertained: no doubt they have intimidated many; but, perhaps, not one thief in a thousand has been made a reformed character by passing through a prison.

Great changes have taken place within the last twenty years in the treatment of prisoners, and many of the changes are decided improvements; but there is danger here: danger, lest crime should give the scoundrel a vantage-ground over the honest and industrious poor; danger, lest the terror, hardship, and punishment justly belonging to dishonesty and vice, should be neutralized by a mistaken and maudlin philanthropy. Prisons are doing about all they can do for the reformation of offenders; and that "all" may be wrapped in a very little compass. Crime must be punished: the thieves themselves tell me that if anything steps in between crime and suffering, by way of separating the one from the other, there will be an end to all safe government; or, to use their own phrase, "there would be no livin' for 'em."

The police force of this country—a splendid, useful, and living monument to the late Sir Robert Peel—is a most efficient and well-managed arm of the law. Many of the police are very lazy, some are stupid bunglers, and a few of them may be in secret league with the thieves; but taking them on the whole, they are about as efficient a body of men as we can expect to have for such a service on such terms. Common house-dwellers are generally very ignorant of the duties of the police, and some of the gentlemen stuck-up in blue take advantage of this ignorance; it might be well, therefore, if a printed explanation of the powers and duties of the police were in the hands of every ratepayer, together with a direction how to proceed when a policeman failed in his duty.

The benefits which the community at large reaps from the police establishment are these three:—1st. Crime is detected. 2nd. Crime is checked. 3rd. Crime is prevented. But with the *cure* of crime the police force has, and can have, nothing to do. There is no honest sap that can be hammered into a thief's skull out of a policeman's truncheon, nor any elevating lesson of self-respect to be learned from the steel bracelets of the law.

Ragged schools, reformatory institutions, and penitentiaries—more par-

ticularly the former—are rendering valuable service to the country, and purifying some of the foulest springs that contribute to the general stream of criminal life. Many of these youths, under the beneficial treatment of the above-mentioned institutions, will become honest and industrious, and a few of them may possibly rise to something higher. Ragged school and reformatory institutions are not without their beneficial influences on the criminal classes generally; they act as beacons of warning, of honour and hope, to the different colonies of thievedom: of warning, that a course of evil must result in misery;—of honour, that some of their own ranks have thrown off the manacles of crime and risen superior to the terrible circumstances to which they were born; and of hope, to those who are waking to something resembling the dawn of a moral consciousness, and see before them a possibility of escape and a place of refuge.

In my intercourse with thieves, I obtained a great deal of light on the reception which the thieves give to the reforming agency of religion, and of the place which religion holds in their views; but although I could offer many valuable suggestions on this part of the question, such hints would be out of place here. I may just, however, say that religious tracts distributed among thieves are of no use, and the only pamphlets of this kind that could be of any service to them, should be written down to their level, and done in "thieves' latin;" the thieves would read them with the utmost eagerness, and I respectfully commend this suggestion to the Religious Tract Society.

The agencies that are at work for the arrest of crime are all, more or less, working to good purpose and conducing to a good end. Had I previously known nothing of the zeal and labour that have been expended during the last few years on behalf of the criminal population, I should have learnt from my intercourse with the thieves themselves that a new spirit was getting amongst them, and that something for their good was going on outside thievedom. The thieves—the worst of them—speak gloomily of the prospects of their fraternity; just as a Red Indian would complain of the dwindling of his tribe before the strong march of advancing civilization: they speak as though they belong to a failing cause. The savage attacks made on the officers of the law by the robbers of a former generation are scarcely ever heard of now; thieves submit, for the most part, to be led away quietly, when arrested by the police. Alsatia lowers her flag in humiliation and obeisance to the flying standard of improved morals, and is gradually owning itself to be in the wrong. In the course of years, crime in this country will undergo a heavy reduction: I gather the argument for this opinion from the prognostications of the thieves themselves.

But the agencies now in existence can never grapple successfully with the whole case, and must necessarily leave much evil undestroyed. All young thieves will neither go to the ragged schools nor to the reformatories. The meshes of the existing nets are too large, and many of the

worst fish will slip through. In spite of the means in operation for the extinction of crime there will be an evil *residuum*. This *residuum* will continue to thieve, it will train young thieves, attract and beguile adults of moral weakness, and will be the nucleus for the perpetuation of crime and the standing secret organization against common honesty. This is the fertile source, the virus of future thieving; and, like the worm in the naked foot of the negro, the reptile can never be killed until its head is drawn out.

Some will love thieving and stick to it. In prison and out of prison they will never keep their hands from picking and stealing so long as they can bend their fingers and twist their wrists. There are too many such loving artists of the light-fingered profession already. They have had every opportunity and every inducement to reform; they have gone through every species of prison discipline, and all the hardships incident to a thief's career; yet nothing will ever induce them to reform. These men and women have their parallel in other walks of vice. Of how many poachers, gamesters, drunkards and spendthrifts, has it been said, "Nothing but the grave will ever stop them;" and the sequel has confirmed the prediction.

Here, then, are a number of persons who have been in prison scores of times; nothing will mend them. Now, why are they thus? and what is to be done with these dregs of irreclaimable rascality?

Probably, Kleptomania is no imaginary disease. Passing the records of history as suggestive of the doctrine, our own observation of life has led us to serious convictions on the subject of kleptomania. The writer has now one particular instance of it in his mind, in which a young lady, of good sense and most respectable station, could never be trusted in a shop alone. If this disease can happen in the upper classes, why may it not exist in the lower strata of social life? Many other causes contribute to the existence of incorrigible rogues, which need not be here discussed—causes all implied in that one saying of the thief:—"I don't believe it's possible for me to be honest; but I'll try."

We need some additional power to the apparatus already in existence, before we can grapple successfully with incorrigible rogues. This class of thieves has always been the safe depository for the *larvæ* of crime, and while they continue to be gentlemen at large, thieving can never be put down. Nothing human can be an unmixed good, and the police force has done, and must inevitably continue to do, one serious evil: it renders thieves more expert in adroitness and secrecy. So much cleverer are thieves since the police came into existence, that a thief who aforetime might secure 10*l.* per week, would, in these days of progress, be hardly clever enough to earn his bread. Viewed in this light, the police force seems a great training institution to make thieves craftier and cleverer; and how they have profited by the lesson, every diligent reader of the police reports very well knows.

It is this residuum of badness to which the reader's attention is here

called. Let these irreclaimable plunderers, who have been known to the law as thieves for the greater part of their lives—who have, for different offences, been in prison times without number, and who are old in pilfering—be deprived of their personal liberty for the remainder of their lives. The particular provisions, safeguards, and details of arrangement necessary in such a legislative enactment, need not be here examined; but the general philosophy of such a piece of supposed legislation, may be instructively investigated. Why should not such a measure be passed? Properly guarded, it could interfere with the legal rights and liberty of no honest man. The liberty of the individual subject would, by some, be considered in peril. But what liberty? Certainly not constitutional freedom. It would only put an end to the licence which some have to break the law and plunder the public with impunity.

Already the principle of such an interference with the liberty of the subject is implied in some Acts of Parliament. Magistrates are empowered to send children to reformatories, and compel parents to contribute to the support of their children in such cases. The poor-laws will compel parents to support their children; and some of the discretionary powers given to the magistracy go a long way in this direction. Lord Campbell's Act concerning obscene literature, the application of which demolished the infernal traffic of Holywell Street, tightened the reins by which people are held in subjection to the law; and notwithstanding Lord Lyndhurst's speech of learned irrelevancy, the measure in question has proved most salutary. The perpetual incarceration of old and incorrigible thieves can hardly be open to the objection of interference with constitutional freedom.

At any rate, if they were all locked up for life to-morrow, nobody would be very anxious to get them out: no revolution would be caused; no Garibaldi would rush to the rescue of the moral maniacs who had by years of persistent crime proved themselves unfit for liberty; the vessel of the State would not founder because these mutinous members of the crew were sent ashore on some lonely island where they need not starve, and from which they could never escape; but we should all sleep a little sounder when we knew that these mutineers were no longer prowling about. No evils, then, could arise from their perpetual imprisonment—an imprisonment which should be sufficiently severe to act as an intimidation, and so far industrial as to make it partially self-supporting. So far the ground is safe—safe from any great danger, or from any great evil. Suppose, for the sake of illustration, that all old and incorrigible thieves were confined for life—what would be the beneficial results?

In the first place, a great saving would accrue to the State, and to the community at large. Any person who has carefully examined the criminal statistics of the country is aware that the cost of keeping professional and confirmed thieves at large is considerably greater than the cost of keeping them in confinement. One year of their plunder would cover six years of the expense of their incarceration. In the second place, one of the main links in the chain of the continuity of crime would be effectually broken.

There would be few—perhaps, none—left to train young thieves; none left to hand down from generation to generation the unwritten but deadly art and mystery of crime. In the third place, the modern Alsatia would be virtually broken up.

In the present gigantic proportions of crime it is necessary, for obvious reasons, to tolerate a thieves' quarter. But such a place is a great evil: it is the city of refuge and the training college for all who aspire to the art of professional thieving, and for those who, from the elevations of honest life, fall to the low level of crime. The great reduction of crime would render a thieves' quarter no longer necessary: as a consequence of which the hardened thief would be an unfriended and unsheltered wanderer; the young thief would be an untrained bungler; and the lapsed operative would be obliged either to go back to honest industry, or march to a gaol.

Thus, the incarceration of irreclaimable thieves for the term of their natural lives, would be severe justice to the few, but a merciful justice to the many. Where they should be placed, and how employed, are after questions, not necessary to the general argument.

Startling as the idea of perpetual imprisonment may be, some of the thieves have told me that nothing short of this will be an effectual check, "and we expect as that's what it'll come to." The day will probably arrive when public opinion, wearied out by perpetual crime—weary of unavailing endeavours to counteract the evils flowing from incorrigible rogues—will ascend to the majesty and righteous wrath of justice, and, laying hold of these hoary and unalterable villains, will cast them into the innermost prison: saying, "As you are the main cause of the costliness, ravages, and misery of crime, we will no longer tolerate your evil deeds; we have tried all means to mend you, and you have been proof against all; we have given you abundant opportunities to reform, and you have refused every one of them. You shall no longer prey upon the honest and industrious; you shall no longer train the youth of our beloved country to crime and ruin; you shall no longer harass the community, defy the laws, and shelter dishonesty. Villains, hopeless and unredeemable, you have sold your birthright of freedom. Henceforth, you are *prisoners for life!*"

I visited regularly a returned convict who was in the last stage of a consumption; and a short sketch of this circumstance may form a fitting sequel to the present article. He was a young man of good figure, in the prime of life, and having nothing of the ruffian in his appearance. His constitution had been injured by his own vicious conduct, but chiefly by some unreasonable and cruel hardships of prison discipline, which I need not detail here. I was received at all times with the utmost courtesy and gratitude; and although I necessarily saw a great deal of the thieves, I never heard an oath in my presence, and never had an unkind or disrespectful word from one of them—man or woman, old or young, drunk or sober. No one can conceive how well the worst can behave, when they are treated fairly, kindly, and respectfully. Such was the sense of honour

upon which they felt themselves put in my case, that I firmly believe that if any thief had offered me the slightest disrespect, he would instantly have been kicked out of the house by some of his companions.

It was in the course of these visits that I first became acquainted with the practical value of Discharged Prisoners' Aid Societies. The London society, ably and generously presided over by a British nobleman, and the Birmingham society, which owes much to the prisoners' friend, Rev. J. T. Burt, have helped many a thief to settle himself in honest life. Such societies are every way worthy the support of a generous public, and the establishment of such societies in every principal town would offer a fair chance to the thieves, and be a public benefit.

The consumptive thief whom I visited drew near his end, and knew that he should die. What crimes he had been guilty of, and what were his dying experiences, shall not be paraded here; let it suffice that he firmly believed his Bible, and did his best for many weeks to prepare for his end, and went at last into the presence of Him who had compassion on a dying thief. One night I was sitting in my study, balancing in my own mind whether to go to bed or read on till morning. It was about a quarter to twelve, and I was suddenly startled from my hesitancy by a loud and nervous ringing of the door-bell. I was told that the consumptive thief was dead, and asked would I go down to the house, as they wished to see me? As we walked together I learned that the female who had very kindly attended to him had gone upstairs to see if he wanted anything, and found him on the floor in a pool of blood; he had got out of bed, and ruptured a blood-vessel by violent coughing when upon his knees. As I entered the thieves' quarter, the streets were up; but I felt no fear even at that untimely hour. The only thing that could have happened would have been, some newly-arrived thief who did not know me, might have relieved me of my watch; but I should have had it returned me when the thing became known, and going without a watch for a day or two was no calamity. The reader will question if I should have got my watch again. But there are so few people who dare visit thieves, so few who will, and so few whom the thieves will accept, that when they do find one who will visit their sick and be kind to them in their distress, they would suffer anything sooner than he should come to harm amongst them.

But we are going along a street to a dead man's house; it is midnight, and the thieves are all on the footpath. What do I hear as I pass them? "There's our friend!" "There's the minister!' "God bless him!" "There's our parson!—isn't he kind to turn out amongst us at midnight?" These, and other ejaculations, came floating to my ears through the chill midnight air as I passed the groups of excited and wretched thieves. And I knew that good deeds had also taken place in this very street. A friend of mine, whose deeds of kindness amongst thieves and ragged children are above all praise, was once passing along this very street. He stopped to chat with two thieves whom he knew; a young

man, a stranger, brushed past him. When my friend got home he found his gloves had been stolen, and guessed at once that they had been taken in this particular street. He had been kind to the thieves, and was surprised that they should serve him so. Passing down the same street a short time afterwards, a young man came to him, and asked him if his name was not ———? My friend replied, "Yes." The young man then said, "I beg your pardon for stealing your gloves; I did not know who you were, or I would not have done it. Here are your gloves: forgive me." At length we arrived at the dead man's house, and I went upstairs. What a sight! The blood-stained floor, the ghastly countenance of the corpse strained into contortion by the violent retching and pain! I sat down upon the bedside, by which I had often knelt in prayer. Many thieves with lighted candles in their hands, were gathered round me. I spoke to them a few suitable and earnest words, amidst which two policemen entered, to inquire if any violence had been used towards the deceased. We soon satisfied them on that point, and they went away; and I also returned home to a sleepless bed, or dreams of horror.

Then came the funeral; never shall I forget it. It was a beautiful Sunday afternoon in the summer-time, and the funeral was respectable in its appearance: one or two of the young men in attendance were as fine-looking young fellows as ever stood on English ground. My heart ached at that funeral even more than it did when, an orphan boy, I stood looking, years before, into my father's open grave. Poor old Jeremiah Meek, the sexton (he was not in the secret) was bewildered by the strangeness of my address to the mourners. Remarks about honouring the law which made the dead man's coffin his own, and preserved him from molestation alike in his own house and his own grave, sounded unusual in a funeral address. But time has rolled on since then; simple-hearted Jeremiah has recovered the disturbance I gave his Irish banshee, and I have got over the nervous shock I received from the physical horrors of that midnight hour.

I often think, sometimes with a sigh, of the hours I used to spend amongst the thieves. The motley groups come back upon my fancy: not brutal faces, for that is a mistake: all thieves have not the ruffian stamped upon their features. I see fair young girls going to ruin, and young men of considerable mental power treading the road to untimely death. Many of the thieves who know me will read this article; and they know that I never injured them by publishing names; that if I never spared their vices, I never neglected them in sickness, and never refused to help them in distress.

Luxury.

Our generation has witnessed the destruction of almost innumerable commonplaces. The sentiments which were familiar to our fathers about the constitution of the country, the excellence of its laws, and the value of the rights which it conferred, serve at present no more honourable purpose than that of pointing the small shafts which smart popular writers delight to aim at what they suppose to be dominant errors. This is in some ways a subject for congratulation. It is, no doubt, a bad thing that people should be exposed to the temptation of repeating more or less pompous observations to which they attach very little meaning; but it is also a subject of regret, for originality must always be the characteristic of a minority, almost infinitesimally small, and it is important that that large part of mankind, which must be content to repeat the thoughts of others without thinking themselves, should be furnished with substitutes for thought which are neither undignified nor ungraceful, and which may here and there suggest the great truths which lie beyond the range of ordinary experience.

Whatever view be taken of the fact that many commonplaces are exploded, it is certain that their reconstruction must always be a work of time. Commonplaces, like proverbs, represent, according to the well-known saying, the wisdom of many, and the wit, or perhaps the eloquence, of one; and before they can be summed up in a single phrase, the elements from which they are collected must have become part of the furniture of ordinary minds. However remote may be the prospect of contributing to such a result, it must always be curious to inquire into the foundation of sayings which once exercised a real and not an injurious influence on the thoughts of mankind.

Few commonplaces were more popular, up to a very late period, or have more entirely gone out of fashion, than those which denounced luxury. The well-known lines of Juvenal may be taken as a palmary illustration of their character:

> "Nunc patimur longa pacis mala: sævior urbi
> Luxuria incubuit, victumque ulciscitur orbem.
> * * * * *
> Prima peregrinos obscena pecunia mores
> Intulit, et turpi fregerunt sæcula luxu
> Divitiæ moles."

Various applications of this sentiment held their place as part of the accumulated wisdom of mankind, till the latter part of the last century, but at present they are altogether out of date, and are usually supposed to have absolutely no application whatever to our own state of society.

Several broad and important reasons may be assigned for this change—particularly in so far as it affects our own country. In the first place, the greater part of the national energy has since the peace been directed to the accumulation of wealth or of the means of providing it, whilst this process has been further dignified by the application to it of a vast number of scientific inventions. Moreover, the philanthropic side of religion has been invested of late years with a prominence which it never had before. The theory, or rather the sentiment that it is the special function of Christianity to remove or to mitigate the physical sufferings of mankind, to do away with slavery, to cure disease, and to relieve and instruct misfortune and poverty, has attained within the last century a prominence which is surprising to those who look at the history of Christianity as a whole, and who remember for how many centuries it occupied a very different position in the world. Lastly, the only branch of inquiry, except, perhaps, statistics, which, being conversant with human action, has attained anything approaching to the precision of a science, is political economy; and this study is exclusively occupied with the production, and in a smaller degree, with the distribution of wealth. It has thus come to pass that the love of money, which an Apostle declared to be the root of all evil, by which men pierce themselves through with many sorrows, has come in these days to be looked upon as combining in its favour the suffrages of experience, religion, and philosophy. The history of human speculation presents few more singular changes of sentiment.

It would be impossible within reasonable limits to examine this curious subject with any approach to fulness, but it may be practicable to make a few observations upon it which may tend to suggest that the modern view of the subject is, at any rate, less entirely right than it is usually assumed to be.

Luxury, like all words which are used for the purposes of praise or blame, is extremely vague. It sometimes means everything which is not absolutely necessary to the maintenance of life. It sometimes means everything which confers, in an unusual degree, any of the pleasures which Bentham would have described as self-regarding. If it is confined to the first sense it ceases altogether to imply praise or blame. If it is confined to the second, it would be very unjust to apply it to the age in which we live. Our generation is not by any means remarkable for wasteful prodigality or debauchery. Amongst the wealthier part of society there was probably never a larger amount of general sobriety and propriety of life. There is of course a small number of extraordinarily rich people, who live in great splendour, but they do not waste their money by gambling, by debauchery, by riotous living. Those who do are a small and a confessedly disreputable minority. Those who, without being wealthy, are still in easy circumstances, are even less luxurious in this sense of the word. There was never, probably, in any age or country, a larger mass of comfortable, respectable people, than is now to be found in these islands. It could hardly, however, appear inappropriate to apply

the epithet "luxurious" to our age. Probably no nation was ever so rich, and it would be hard to mention one in which riches have had more power to confer everything which human nature desires, or in which that power has been more thoroughly recognized, or more devoutly worshiped. In what sense, then, would the word be appropriate? It will be found, upon examination, to imply, in so far as it implies reproach, that having a reasonable and solid standard of comfort, we attach too much importance to attaining it.

Those who wish to know what luxury means, in relation to an Englishman in easy circumstances, may obtain much light on the subject by spending a few hours (and they might easily spend very many) in walking through the miles upon miles of the streets of London in which such Englishmen live. In Bayswater and Paddington, in Bloomsbury, in Pimlico, in Brompton, in Camberwell, and in other districts too numerous to mention, there are thousands of houses which no one would live in who had not a family, and which no one who has a family can live in unless he is prepared to spend from 500*l.* to 1,500*l.* a year. London, however, is but one illustration of this. Others are to be found in or near every large town in England. Edgebaston, Clifton, and Birkenhead swarm with such houses, whilst Brighton, Cheltenham, Leamington, Bath, Scarborough, and Tunbridge Wells, and other places of the same kind, are almost entirely built for the convenience of those who live in them. What does luxury mean, in relation to such people as these? It certainly does not mean that they are debauched or riotous, and though the contrary is often asserted, it does not mean, or rather it would be unjust to use it as meaning, that they are extravagant, buying things that they do not want, or paying for them more than they are worth. It is one of the petty nuisances of the day to be bored by suggestions, which imply that it is possible, by minute economy, to live like a gentleman upon a fabulously small income. It would, generally speaking, take less time and trouble to earn a large one. There may, no doubt, be a few people who have a special aptitude for making a little money go a long way, and under whose hands a shilling can be screwed into fourteenpence, but they are the exceptions, and generally speaking, one moderately sensible person, who has to live at any given rate, will get about as much for his shilling as other moderately sensible people who live at the same rate. If they try to get more they will find that they pay for it in other ways. The physician will have to pay less attention to his patients, the lawyer to his briefs, the merchant to his business. Even a clerk in a Government office, or a clergyman with a small living, might probably make more in an evening by writing magazine articles than he would save by spending the same time in plotting with his wife about contrivances for washing at home, or going to market instead of dealing with the shops. Shops only exist because it is more convenient to the consumer to deal with a middle-man than to deal with the producer. He must either pay for the convenience in his bills, or expend an equivalent in time, temper,

and shoe-leather. The experience of mankind seems to prove that the first course is almost always the best.

The objects upon which the income of the inhabitants of such houses are expended are principally three—a large family, health, and refinement. That the human race is to be suffered to increase and multiply indefinitely, and without any reference to general or individual convenience, is the postulate which is assumed by all classes, not of European, but of English society, and though some of our most distinguished writers have dissented from it, the fact of its all but universal prevalence cannot be disputed. It is fair to add, that in the existing state of education and morals, interference with it even by general discussion of the subject, would hardly be desirable, as it would involve dangers even more serious than those which are involved in its prevalence and application. Health is beginning to be looked upon as almost equally necessary ; and although its advantages are obvious enough, its extreme costliness is not so generally remembered. Health, especially in the case of young children, means a roomy house, good drainage, plenty of food, careful nursing, proper medical attendance, and occasional change of air. This works in two ways. Not only do individual children cost a great deal, but they live longer than they used to. In former times children were not provided with the means of health so liberally as they are now. The consequence was that more of them died in infancy than at present, and that those who lived cost less. Refinement is another enormous source of expense. Many obvious influences have greatly cultivated the tastes of the present generation. The enormous popularity of novels, in particular, can hardly have failed to give an increasingly sentimental turn to the intercourse between the sexes. A larger proportion of men than was formerly the case look for friends and companions in their wives. They wish them to be able to understand and care for their pursuits, and to sympathize in their feelings. Every improvement in education will infallibly extend the area of such feelings, which, moreover, apply to the children as well as to the wife. A refined and educated father will, in proportion to the force of his parental feelings, be intolerant of the notion that his sons and daughters are to grow up to different pursuits and a different standard of taste and feeling from his own ; but if his wife is to be his friend and companion she cannot be his servant. If she is to read the same sort of books, to follow the same trains of thought, to sympathize with and to advise upon his intellectual or professional avocations, she must be something more than a mere housekeeper, a mere nurse, or even a mere governess. If his children are ultimately to grow up into gentlemen and ladies, they must be educated as such —they must continue, that is, to be dependent upon him, in the case of the boys, till the age of twenty-one or twenty-two at least; in the case of the daughters, till marriage ; and during this long period they must be supplied with an education which is immensely expensive; and of which the expense can hardly be diminished if it continues as at present to be given by men and women who have themselves had as good an education

as money can buy. The teacher of a national school in these days is apprenticed for five years, and passes two more in a normal college before he is supposed to be qualified to teach the children of labourers and mechanics to read, write, and cypher. It cannot but be expected under these circumstances that schools for the mastership of which the ablest men at the universities eagerly compete, should be extremely dear.

It may be objected to this that whatever may be the expensiveness of marriage and health, refinement costs nothing; and an appeal may be made to the pictures which the correspondents of newspapers and the authors of novels have often drawn of virtuous mechanics who refresh themselves after a hard day's work by reading metaphysics; of the wives of poor curates who can not only look after a large family of young children, but contribute the largest element to their husbands' theological views, and take the principal part of his management of the parish off his hands; and of affectionate daughters who diffuse refinement over families to whom they spare the expense of housemaids. Such descriptions are either totally false, or applicable only to the rarest exceptions. An all but universal experience conclusively proves that the mind is subdued to what it works in. A man who passes his life in a succession of petty but absorbing occupations, almost infallibly dwarfs and narrows his understanding; and the consequence is even more certain with a woman. Hardly any woman who passes her whole life in domestic drudgery will be more than a domestic drudge. If a man of intellectual tastes and pursuits wishes his wife to care for and share in them, he must in almost every case be prepared to pay the price in the shape of servants' wages. To be either a housekeeper, a cook, a nurse, a governess, or a wife, is a profession in itself; exceptions apart, no one person can combine all the characters in herself.

It follows from this, that the combination of an unlimited family, with ample means of health and refinement for all its members, is an extremely expensive matter, and that the enormous expenditure of the easy classes of English society is explained by the supposition that this is the standard of comfort which they adopt, and which they are determined on attaining at the price of almost any effort. It may be said, if this is what is meant by luxury, why should not people be luxurious? What higher object can men propose to themselves than the attainment of such results? Might not a man consider his life well spent, if by honest means he had educated in health and strength a large family of children to be refined and intelligent men and women, enjoying, in the meantime, the society of a companion worthy of his love?

Much more lies in the answer to these questions than is generally supposed. To some, nothing less appears to lie in them than the whole future destiny of this great nation, and no answer appears to be appropriate but the most emphatic denial that language can supply. It is undoubtedly true that it would be well for many men if they could give so good an account of the talents in their charge, and it would probably be

well for still more if they had never had any talents, or any place at all in this mysterious world; but it would be an unspeakable misfortune if the procuring of domestic comfort came to be recognized as the ideal of human life. It is impossible to say why men were made, but assuming that they were made for some purpose, of which the faculties which they possess afford evidence, it follows that they were intended to do many other things besides providing for their families and enjoying their society. They were meant to know, to act, and to feel—to know everything which the mind is able to contemplate, to name, and to classify; to do everything which the will, prompted by the passions and guided by the conscience, can undertake; and, subject to the same guidance, to feel in its utmost vigour every emotion which the contemplation of the various persons and objects which surround us can excite. This view of the objects of life affords an almost infinite scope for human activity in different directions; but it also shows that it is in the highest degree dangerous to its beauty and its worth to allow any one side of life to become the object of idolatry; and there are many reasons for thinking that domestic happiness is rapidly assuming that position in the minds of the more comfortable classes of Englishmen. The virtues and the weaknesses of our national character combine to produce this effect. We are affectionate and sober-minded. We love what is substantial; we love what is practicable; we love what is definite; and we love what is thorough; but, on the other hand, we are apt, especially in these days, to be timid in thought, we have a strong dash of vulgarity, and we have a certain tendency to pettiness. Domestic happiness is nearly the only good thing which is not inconsistent with our faults, whilst it deeply gratifies most of our virtues. Many other causes might be assigned for the sort of idolatry with which we regard our ideal. The failure of what claimed to be virtues of a larger type at the French Revolution; the miseries and scandals with which domestic vice filled the history of the last century; the immense development of physical science which of necessity produces its results by small steps, and the general neglect of moral speculations and the broader theories which they involve, are amongst the number; but the causes of this state of things are less important than its effects. They may be traced in almost every department of life, and might be specified to almost any extent.

Perhaps the broadest of all these effects is to be found in the distribution of men in the various walks of life. It will be found that nearly all our ablest men adopt pursuits which are almost exclusively practical. Anyone who knows the Universities, will say that hardly any young man now takes orders whose talents are in the least degree above the average. Of those who adopt literature as a profession, how many are there who rise much above the level of small jokers and sentimental novelists? Many considerable books have been written by Englishmen in this generation, but they have mostly been written by rich men. If M. Guizot had been an Englishman, he would have been, no doubt, a great man; but it is very unlikely that he would have been a great writer. It is not a fair

illustration of the same point, but it is a significant fact, that in the legal profession hardly any man of real ability understands by law anything else than briefs. One of the most learned and high-minded men that ever honoured it—the late Mr. John Austin—was a memorable, but he was almost a solitary, exception. There are, indeed, law reformers in the present day in abundance; but no one ever takes up that branch of the profession who could hope to attract attention in any other.

It is a singular and an affecting thing, to see how every manifestation of human energy bears witness to the shrewdness of the current maxim, that a large income is a necessary of life. Whatever is done for money is done admirably well. No nation in the world ever turned out such workmanship as ours, material or intellectual. The shops and the newspapers contain excellent specimens of each. Give a man a specific thing to make or to write, and pay him well for it, and you may with a little trouble secure an excellent article; but the ability which does these things so well, might have been and ought to have been trained to far higher things, which for the most part are left undone, because the clever workman thinks himself bound to earn what will keep himself, his wife, and his six or seven children, up to the established standard of comfort. What was at first a necessity, perhaps an unwelcome one, becomes by degrees a habit and a pleasure, and men who might have done memorable and noble things, if they had learnt in time to consider the doing of such things a subject worth living for, lose the power and the wish to live for other than fireside purposes. Indeed, those purposes are so complete as far as they go, they are so very pleasant, and so thoroughly irreproachable that it seems the simplest and most sensible thing in the world to give up for them that which it is easy to describe as nonsense and romance.

Such a course is no doubt easy, and in some points of view sensible; but it was not the course which gave us what we call our civilization, and it will be a cruel irony, indeed, if the labours of so many generations of saints and heroes have at last no better result than that of introducing their descendants to an ignominious lubberland, over which they make their little pilgrimage, with no thought of anything beyond the richness of its crops. A paradise of comfort would be a hell, ignorant of its own misery.

It thus appears that the nature of luxury in the present day is an exaggerated appetite for solid advantages, and that the evil which it threatens to produce is the establishment of a narrow conception of the objects of life by which the exercise of the higher faculties of the mind will be first discouraged and ultimately prevented. The difficulty of proving the disease to be one, increases its danger. The worship of domestic comfort is preached up so prettily and in so many attractive shapes, and the thing itself is in its proper place, so good, that the injury done by overrating it is not apparent; indeed, its direct bad effects are manifested principally in a minority, which ought to be silent and thoughtful. Average men are not worse, or more petty than usual, perhaps they are rather better than they have sometimes been, certainly

they are more comfortable; but it is not the average men of a generation who do the most towards the general elevation and expansion of human nature. This is the task of the minority, and if the average tone of feeling and thought is such, that the majority seduce or degrade them, the greatest of all calamities is inflicted on mankind. Our only living poet prophesied, with unnecessary enthusiasm, the advent of a period when the common sense of most should hold a fretful realm in awe, and the expression certainly has the merit of expressing pretty exactly what the "common sense of most" is capable of doing. It can restrict and coerce and prevent disturbances, but it can give neither light nor life. It can lay the earth to "slumber, lapt in universal law," like the Roman empire, but it could not make another Europe. That can only be done by great men, great acts, and great thoughts, and how are these to be had? Like all other things they must be bought, though neither money nor comfort can buy them. Their price is a breadth and freedom of mind, hardly compatible with constant immersion in that struggle for a large income, which for the reasons just mentioned absorbs the energies of our ablest men. A man who is to do great things must be conversant with great thoughts, and must reflect on the great interests of life in a worthy manner; but for this, he must have a degree of leisure and independence, which is very often inconsistent with the attainment of the various elements of the modern ideal of comfort.

This, however, is not all. Every man is so profoundly affected by the temper of the society in which he lives, that to be in any degree considerable he must have sufficient sympathy with the general temper of his generation, to be able, without affectation, to wear its dress, and to speak its language. There are few sadder spectacles than men who are forced to be eccentric, that their superiority may be recognized, and who sink into the privileged buffoons of a society of which they should be instructors, and which tolerates their occasional wisdom for the sake of their uniform grotesqueness. The constant and quiet recognition of the relative magnitude of different pursuits, and the humility which yields to moral and intellectual superiority on its own ground, not as a matter of patronage, nor as an effort of virtue, but as a matter of course, are the greatest aids which commonplace men can give to their superiors, and the greatest discouragement which they can throw in the way of flatterers and charlatans.

It is by reason of its deficiency in these respects that the atmosphere in which the comfortable classes of modern English society live, is most unfavourable to intellectual and moral stature, and that changes in it are the indispensable condition of growth. Its most unwholesome ingredient is the intense self-satisfaction by which it is pervaded. All the voices which have any real influence with an Englishman in easy circumstances, combine to stimulate a low form of energy, which stifles every high one. The newspapers extol his wisdom by assuming that the average intelligence which he represents is, under the name of public opinion,

the ultimate and irresponsible ruler of the nation; the novels which he and his family devour with insatiable greediness have no tendency to rouse his imagination, to say nothing of his mind. They are pictures of the everyday life to which he has always been accustomed—sarcastic, sentimental, or ludicrous, as the case may be—but never rising to anything which could ever suggest the existence of tragic dignity or ideal beauty. The human mind has made considerable advances in the last three-and-twenty centuries; but the thousands of Greeks who could enjoy not only Euripides, but Homer and Æschylus, were superior, in some important points, to the millions of Englishmen who in their inmost hearts prefer Pickwick to Shakspeare. Even the religion of the present day is made to suit the level of commonplace Englishmen. There was a time when Christianity meant the embodiment of all truth and holiness in the midst of a world lying in wickedness. It afterwards included law, liberty, and knowledge, as opposed to the energetic ignorance of the northern barbarians. It now too often means philanthropic societies—excellent things as far as they go, but rather small. Any doctrine now is given up if it either seems uncomfortable or likely to make a disturbance. It is almost universally assumed that the truth of an opinion is tested by its consistency with cheerful views of life and nature. Unpleasant doctrines are only preached under incredible forms, and thus serve to spice the enjoyments which they would otherwise destroy.

The question how these things may be remedied is as difficult as it is momentous. Grown-up men and women can hardly expect by taking thought to add cubits to their stature; but anything is better than to be contented dwarfs. The remedies to be complete must be co-ordinate with the disease; and the first and easiest, but the most indispensable of them all, is to recognize their necessity. One of the most important truths which can be impressed on mankind is, that they and their comforts fill a very small space in the universe: that virtue and wisdom, that knowledge, science and art, were meant for much more than to provide them with cheerful families and happy homes; and that the order and peace which they enjoy will be curses, instead of blessings, if they become idols, if they blind them to the vastness and the wonderful mystery of the universe in which they live; and if they withdraw their eyes from looking upon themselves as sinful and purblind dust and ashes. These sentiments, unhappily, find little favour with most of those who command the public attention. Such men generally flatter the complacency which they ought to destroy, and teach others to regard learning, science, and wit as the playthings by which idle hours may be made idler, and by which the sense of dulness designed by nature as a friendly warning against the abuse of comfort may be prevented from inflicting its wholesome chastisements.

William Hogarth:

PAINTER, ENGRAVER, AND PHILOSOPHER.

Essays on the Man, the Work, and the Time.

VIII.—The Shadow of the Forty-five.

In the days of which I am writing, the English nation were much given to the eating of beef. There is a philosophy of meat, as well as of every other kind of matter; and they who philosophize in a right spirit shall not fail to trace many symptoms of the influence of a beef diet upon William Hogarth. This was a man who despised soups, and set at nought the kickshaws of Lebeck and Pontack, of Rechell and Macklin's ordinaries. It was so ordered that Hogarth should not rise above the level of the English middle class, then hearty admirers of beef and other fleshmeats, —they had not degenerated into a liking for warmed-up stews served in electrotyped side dishes—and although when he became famous he was often bidden to great feasts, such as lord mayors' dinners, benchers' tables at Lincoln's Inn, Oxford commemoration banquets, and loyal Train Band gatherings at the King's Arms, the ordering of those repasts was always intimately connected with ribs of beef, sirloins and briskets, shoulders of veal, venison pasties, and pies made from the humbles of a deer. These entertainments, too, were of a public nature; and though some noble patrons of Hogarth,—some Boyne, or Ancaster, or Castlemaine, or Arthur Onslow, may, from time to time, have asked him to dinner in Piccadilly or Soho, it is not likely that he enjoyed himself to any great extent at those symposia of the aristocratic meagre and the refined frivolous.* Horace Walpole records that he once sat next to Hogarth at dinner, and that he was either sulky

* Dining out, even at the tables of the great, was not a very refined proceeding in Hogarth's time. When Dr. King dined with the Duke of Ormonde, Lords Marr, Jersey, Lansdown, Bishop Atterbury, and other magnificoes, the company were not deterred by the presence of a prelate of the Church of England from entering into a "jocular discourse concerning short prayers." At another dinner-table, that of Cardinal Polignac at Rome, his eminence, observing that Dr. King drank only water, told him that he had entertained five hundred of his countrymen during his embassy to the Pontifical court, and that he, the doctor, was the only water-drinking Englishmen he had yet met with. When Pope dined with Lord Burlington, he could not relish his dinner until his host had ordered a large glass of cherry brandy to be set before him, by way of a dram. Moreover, when you had the honour to be invited to my lord's table, you had, to a certain extent, to pay for your dinner, for the impudent and extortionate lacqueys in the hall expected large donations, or "vails." There is a good story of one Lord Poor—query, De la Poer?—a Roman Catholic peer of Ireland, who excused himself from dining oftener with the Duke of Ormonde on the ground that "he could not afford it;" but added that if his grace would be kind enough to put a guinea in his hand at the conclusion of the banquet he should be happy to come. This was done, and Lord Poor was afterwards a frequent visitor at the duke's house in St. James's

or embarrassed, and would or could say nothing. The latter I take to have been the case, for the painter was the very opposite to a churl or a hypochondriac, and by universal testimony was a sprightly, jovial, chirruping little man. The gravest accusation brought against him by those who were obliged to hate because they envied him, was that he was parsimonious. The only evidence that can be adduced in support of this charge is, on the one hand, that he had a habit of paying ready money and never getting into debt, and that, on the other, he *would* have his due from the print-sellers and the people who bought plates and pictures from him. For the remainder, any imputation of avarice must fall utterly to the ground when we remember his charities; and he left so little, that five years after his death, his widow was poor.

To return to the roasting-spit, and to my hero in his relation with butcher's meat. Throughout his works you will find a careful attention to, and laudable admiration of good, sound, hearty eating and drinking—tempered, however, by a poignant censure of gormandizing and immoderate libations. What mounds of beef, hecatombs of poultry, pyramids of pies and tartlets are consumed at the mayor's feast in *Industry and Idleness!* What a tremendous gorge is that in the first scene of the *Election!* Look at the leg of mutton so triumphantly brandished in *Beer Street.* Admire the vastiness of that roast beef of Old England in the *Gates of Calais.* Consider the huge pie which the pretty girl is bringing home from the bakehouse in *Noon* of the *Four Parts of the Day.* Observe the jovial fare of the soldiers who carouse at the table in the print of *England,* while the sergeant is measuring the bumpkin against his halbert, and the Giotto-like grenadier is scrawling a caricature on the wall of the French king. Hogarth was a man who, so soon as he could dine at all, dined every day and dined well. He did not eschew punch; he had no grudge against the generous wines of Portugal; but his faith was in the mighty, potent and nourishing fermentation of malt and hops—in the "jolly good ale and old," that Bishop Hill sang so jolly a song about, in the Black Burgundy of Humphrey Parsons, and the Titanesque Entire of Harwood:—in beer. This liquid, which is, by the way, much esteemed by foreigners visiting England, and which I find mentioned in the Italian libretto to the opera of *Marta* as a potation—

"Che il Britanno rende altier—"
"Which makes the Briton haughty (!)"

was evidently a decided favourite with William. All his good and honest

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Square. But Lord Taafe, likewise in the peerage of Ireland, and who had been a general officer in the Austrian service, more resolutely set his face against "vails," always attending his guests to the door himself, and when they made offer to put money into the servants' hands, preventing them, saying: "If you do give, give it to me, for it was I who did buy the dinner." Be it mentioned, likewise, to the honour of William Hogarth, that he would not allow his domestics to take any fee or reward from visitors who came to sit for their portraits.

people drink beer, and plentifully, from the hugest of tankards and cans. His rascals and his rogues quaff French wines and strong waters. His vicious characters fare thinly and badly. The miserly alderman in the *Marriage à la Mode* is about to breakfast on an egg stuck in a monticule of rice. There is certainly a pig's cheek, cold, on the table, but like the empty silver tankard it is merely there for show; has been up to the table half a dozen times, and gone down, untouched, and so would depart again, but for the wary dog which, half-starved at most times, takes advantage of the commotion created by death, to distend his ribs with pork, to him unwonted.

In his simple, straightforward way of thinking, it was evidently my painter's creed that virtuous people have hearty appetites and a good digestion. The French hold otherwise. "A good stomach and a bad heart," is their favourite gastronomic paradox. But Hogarth makes his dissipated countess take nothing for breakfast but tea and a starveling slice of bread and butter; and *Kate*, with her Hebrew admirer, can indulge in nothing more substantial than well-frothed chocolate in eggshell porcelain. Very different are these unsatisfactory refreshments to the solid meat breakfasts and ponderous dinners consumed by the pilgrims who started one morning from the Bedford Head, and took the tilt-boat for Gravesend, *en route* for Sheerness. I can imagine the horror which the sturdy little beafeater of Leicester Fields must have entertained for such a pinch-stomach as John Lord Hervey, who "never eat beef, nor horse, nor any of those things," * who breakfasted on an emetic, dined on a biscuit, and regaled himself once a week with an apple.

The hard work, of which I sketched the history in the preceding section, was continued by William Hogarth, and without intermission, throughout the reign of George II. His popularity had not only become general, but it was safe. He could have many imitators, but no rivals. The airy patronage accorded to him by the aristocracy pleased them more than it did him. He had little to gain from commerce with the great. His great stay and holdfast were in the steady patronage and encouragement of the affluent middle classes. Vicious noblemen may have dreaded his satire; and Hogarth was certainly not averse from administering a stinging stripe to the Charterises, the Whartons, or the Baltimores, whom he saw passing and misconducting themselves; but to render the satirist justice, it seemed to him perfectly a matter of indifference whether his satire were directed against barons or against beggars. He curried favour neither in the ante-chamber of Chesterfield, nor in the cellar of Mother Midnight. If an oligarchy haughty, ignorant, and dissolute, are treated with merited severity in the *Marriage à la Mode*, the ruffianly vices of the soldiery, the coarse and hardened cruelty of the lowest mob, the smug sanctimoniousness of precisians, the coarse self-indulgence of the citizens, are treated

* An impertinence, since, and erroneously attributed to Brummell. I dare say both beaux ate beefsteaks in private.

with equal and impartial severity. Hogarth quite as much disdained to glorify the virtues of a mechanic, because he had ten children and only one shirt, as to denounce a lord, because he possessed ten thousand acres and a blue ribbon. At least he was free from the most irrational and degrading vice of modern satire: the alternate blackening and whitening of persons occupying different grades in society, for the simple reason that they were born to occupy those grades. Is it a chimney-sweeper's fault that he is sooty, and hasn't a pocket-handkerchief, and lives in Hampshire Hog Lane, and cannot aspirate his *h*'s? Is it a gentleman's fault that he has parts and accomplishments, and a historic name and forty thousand a year? Did we make ourselves, or choose for ourselves? Are we any the better or the worse in our degree, or is there any need that we should fling stones at one another, because you, O my Aristarchus, were educated at the University of Oxford, and I at the University of France, or at Leyden, or Göttingen, or at the One Tun Ragged School? Hogarth meted out justice to all classes alike; and the depraved earl or the tipsy parson could not very well complain of seeing himself gibbeted when the next victim might be Taylor the eye-doctor, or Philip-in-the-Tub. But the anchor which held Hogarth fastest to the public favour was the sincere and deliberate belief—prevalent among the serious and the substantial orders—that his works were in the highest degree moral, and that they conduced to the inculcation of piety and virtue. Pope has stigmatized vice in deathless couplets. We shudder and turn away sickened from Sporus and his gilded wings, from Curio and Atossa, from grubby Lady Mary and greedy Sir Balaam. We can scarcely help despising even while we pity the ragged fry of hacks who grovel in Grub Street or flounder in the Blackfriars' mud of the *Dunciad;* but it is impossible for the most superficial student of those wonderful exercitations to overcome the impression that all Pope's satire subserves some mean and paltry purpose; that he hated the rascals he flagellated, and wished to be revenged on them; and, on the other side, one can as little trust the high-flown panegyric which he bestows on the problematically perfect Man of Ross,* as the adulation with which he bestains Bolingbroke, a genius and a wit certainly, but whom all men know,—and whom the moral Pope must have known—to have been as politically false as Fouché, and as debauched as Mirabeau, and as unbelieving as Arouet. The acute and accomplished admired Pope; the dull and the foolish wondered at and dreaded him; but all the world understood and believed in Hogarth. I have said, that his surest anchorage was in the middle class, and that they had faith in him as a moral teacher. All you who have seen his collected works know how coarse are many of the representations and the allusions in his tableaux. Were that elephant folio dream of mine to become a reality, it would be impossible, in this nineteenth century, to

* One of whose merits in Pope's eyes may have been that he spelt his name "Kyrle," and not "Curll," as the hated Edmund was wont to do.

publish exact reproductions of all Hogarth's engravings. Modern taste would revolt at, and spurn them. So are there things in *Pamela*, in *Clarissa Harlowe*, in Defoe's *Religious Courtship*, in Brooke's *Fool of Quality*, in the chaste essays of Addison and Steele even, which it would be expedient, in our state of society, not to reprint. Official persons were obliged, the other day, to expurgate the Royal Proclamation against Vice and Immorality, for the reason that there were words in it not fit for genteel ears. A hundred years ago such scruples did not exist. A spade was called a spade; and the plain-spokenness of such a moralist as Hogarth was welcomed and applauded by clergymen, by schoolmasters, by pure matrons, by sober tradesmen, and decorous fathers of families. The series of *Industry and Idleness* was subscribed for by pious citizens, and the prints hung up in counting-rooms and work-shops as an encouragement to the virtuous and a warning to the wicked, and scriptural texts were carefully selected by clerical friends to accompany the pictures of orgies at the Blood-Bowl House and carnivals at Tyburn. The entreaties that were made to him to publish appendices to the *Marriage à la Mode*, in the shape of a *Happy Marriage*, are on a parallel with the solicitations of the pious lady to Richardson, that he would cause Lovelace to be converted through the intermediary of a Doctor Christian. Both Hogarth and Richardson knew the world too well to adventure upon such tasks. They saw the evil man setting out on his course, and knew that he would accomplish it to his destruction.

Hogarth, however, might have incurred peril of lapsing into the drearily didactic had he been for ever tracing out the fatal progresses of Rakes to Bedlam, and Kate Hackabouts to Bridewell, of frivolous earls and countesses to duels and elopements, or of naughty boys who play at pitch-and-toss on Sundays, or tease animals, to the Tyburn gallows, or the dissecting room in Surgeon's Hall. William's hard work was diversified by a goodly stock of miscellaneous taskwork. The purely comic would sometimes assert itself, and his object would then be to make you laugh and nothing more.

Thus, it is not apparent that he had any very grim design in view in those admirable subjects, more than once glanced at—the *Four Parts of the Day*. He shows you the abstract and brief chronicle of the time, and is content with painting four inimitably graphic scenes of life in London in 1738, without insisting on any particular ethical text. Let us see what this life in London is. We begin with a dark, raw winter's morning in Covent Garden Market. There is Inigo Jones's "Barn;" and, although oddly reversed (to the confusion of topographical knowledge, in the engraving), the tall house, now Evans's Hotel, and the commencement of King Street. The Piazza we do not see. In front of the church is a sort of shebeen or *barraque*, the noted Tom King's coffee-house—whether so named from the highwayman, who was the friend of Dick Turpin (and was shot by him), or from some popular landlord, I am unable to determine. The clock points to five minutes to eight. A rigid old maid of

pinched and nipped appearance, but patched and beribboned and befanned, as though in the desperate hope that some beau who had been on the roister all night would suddenly repent and offer her his hand and heart, is going to *matins*, followed by a shivering little foot-page, who carries her prayer-book. Inside Tom King's there has been, as usual, a mad broil. Periwigs are flying about. Swords are crossed with cudgels, and the drawers are divided between fears for their sconces and anxiety to know who is to pay the reckoning for that last half-guinea bowl. Two stumpy little schoolboys in enormous hats are cowering along on their way to school. It is so cold that they will find it almost a mercy to have their palms warmed with the ferule. The snow lies thick on the house-tops, and the vagrant hangers-on to the market have lit a fire with refuse wood, and are warming one blue hand, begging piteously, meanwhile, with the other. More beaux and bloods have rambled into the market, their rich dresses all disordered, to make staggering love to apple-women, and sempstresses going to their work. Early as it is, the touters in the employ of the quack, Dr. Rock, are abroad, and carry placards vaunting the doctor's cures, impudently headed by the royal arms. There is a foreground of carrots, turnips, and cabbage-leaves. Change the dresses; clear away Tom King's coffee-house, and transplant its roisterers to some low tavern in the immediate neighbourhood, and Hogarth's *Life in London* is enacted every summer and winter morning in our present Covent Garden Market. But the scene changes. We are at high *Noon*. It is Sunday, and a congregation are coming out of church, or rather chapel; for, although the tall spire of St. Martin's looms close by, our congregations are issuing from a brick meeting-house of the French Huguenot persuasion. A Parisian beau of the first water—on week days he is probably an enameller or a water-gilder in Bear or Spur Street, is prattling to a coquettish lady in a sack, much apparently to the annoyance of an attenuated gentleman, not unlike M. de Voltaire in middle age. He is the husband, I think, of the lady of the sack, and is jealous of her; for even Huguenots are susceptible of the green-eyed passion. They have a child with them,—an astonishing little mannikin made up as sprucely as a bushy wig, lace, embroidery, ruffles, buckles, a tiny sword, and a diminutive cane will allow him,—but who, for all his fine raiment, looks lovingly at a neighbouring puddle. Two ancient gossips are kissing one another. A demure widow, stiff-wimpled, glances with eyes half closed at the flirtation between the beau and the lady in the sack. The widow is not talking, but she is evidently *thinking*, scandal. In the background, see the tottering old almsmen creeping away home to the house of charity, erected by some rich silk factor, who managed to save something from the spoliation of the dragonades, and, after that, made a fortune in Soho or Spitalfields. And sweeping down the church steps, see the stern French Protestant pastor with Geneva bands and austere wig. Exiled, proscribed, and with but a barren benefice, he is yet as proud as the haughtiest prelate of the swollen Gallican church. He can bear persecution, the

bitterest,—has borne it, is ready to bear it again,—but he never forgets that there was, years ago, a confessor of his creed, one Jean Chauvin, called Calvin; and woe betide the day when he himself shall become a persecutor, and get some new Servetus into his power; for, of a surety, he will roast him at the stake.

There is no wasting going on to-day more fatal than that of meat, and yet there are wars and rumours of wars about that. There is "good eating" at the sign of the "Baptist's Head," which is depicted duly decollated in a charger; but next door, at the sign of the "Good Woman," who is painted, according to custom, headless, a gentleman and his wife in the first-floor front have had a furious quarrel respecting a baked shoulder of mutton with potatoes under it, and the lady has flung the joint and its appurtenances, dish and all, out of the window. Below, mishaps as momentous have occurred. A bold Blackamoor has stolen a kiss from a very pretty girl who is taking home a pie. A shock-headed boy has stumbled against a post with the dish of viands he is carrying. All is smashed: the boy yelps with dismay, and scratches his tangled poll at the idea of the practical remonstrances which may be addressed to him by his parents on his return home; and a hungry little tatterdemalion of a girl at the post's foot, crouches prone to the pavement, and greedily crams herself with the scattered waifs and strays of victual. Pass on to *Evening*.

We are at Sadler's Wells tea and bun house,* and hard by the Sir

* Soon after tea became the fashionable beverage, several gardens in the outskirts of London were opened as tea-gardens; but the proprietors, finding the visitors wanted something else besides tea, accommodated them with ale, bottled beer, &c. In an old magazine, printed in the beginning of George III.'s reign, the writer, speaking of persons whose habit it was to resort to the various tea-gardens near London every Sunday, calculates them to amount to 200,000. Of these he considers that not one would go away without having spent 2*s.* 6*d.*; and, consequently, the sum of 25,000*l.* would have been spent in the course of the day by this number of persons. Sunday afternoon and evening were a perfect carnival for the lower classes, and the "fields," as well as the tea-gardens, were crowded. "People who sell fruit, &c., in the fields, preparing to shut up their stalls and joyfully retire to the Geneva shops; cold beef and carrot most vigorously attacked in public houses by hungry acquaintances just come out of the fields. . . . The Court of Aldermen belonging to the Black Bull in Kentish Town clearing the afternoon reckoning, that they may walk to London before dark. . . . Divers companies of Jacobites censuring the ministers in hedge publick houses, and by their discourse do mighty matters for the Pretenders. . . . The drawers at Sadler's Wells and the Prospect House near Islington, Jenny's Whim at Chelsea, the Spring Gardens at Newington and Stepney, the Castle at Kentish Town, and the Angel at Upper Holloway, each of them trying to cheat, not only the customers, but even the person who has the care of the bar; and every room in these houses full of talk and smoke. Poor men, women, and children creeping out of the fields, the first half drunk, the others tired and hungry. . . . Men who keep hay-farms about this metropolis ordering their servants to prevent the too great devastation of new-mown hay by people who are tumbling about the fields. . . . Poor honest women at their bedsides, praying and coaxing their husbands to arise and take a walk with them in the fields."—These notabilia are from a very rare and curious tract, called *Low Life; or, One-Half of the World knows not how the other half Live*,

Hugh Middleton Tavern. A lean citizen and his portly, gaily bedizened wife are taking the air by the New River side. Amwell Street and reservoirs as yet are not. The two elder children—boy and girl—are squabbling and nagging one another, even as the author of *The Mill on the Floss* tells us that children carp and nag. The lean husband is entrusted with the care of the youngest child, who is weakly and fatigued besides, and with a rueful countenance he cuddles the little innocent. This is not a happy marriage. There is a charming aspect of rurality about the scene; and I would that Hogarth had spared us that little bit of cynicism about the frontal protuberance of the cow which is being milked in the background. It is not meet that I should be more explicit regarding the connection of the cow with the lean tradesman's wig, than to refer you to a Roman poet who tells us that there are twin gates to Sleep, through which our dreams issue—and even married tradesmen must sleep and dream,—and that one of the gates is of ivory, and the other of horn.

And what of *Night?*—night, when "wicked dreams abuse the curtained sleep." Hogarth shows us night in its more jovial, reckless aspect, not in that murtherous, purse-cutting, marauding guise of which Fielding, as a Westminster justice, was so searchingly aware. Xantippe is showering her favours from the window of the Rummer Tavern. Two Freemasons—one said to be a portrait of the well-known Justice De Veil—are staggering home after a banquet of extraordinary liberality. By the oak boughs decking the windows and the Freemasons' hats, the night would seem to be that of the twenty-ninth of May—Restoration day. The equestrian statue of Charles I. is shadowed in the distance, but the locality does not at all resemble Charing Cross. In the extreme background a house is in flames—the conflagration probably due to one of the numerous bonfires on which the Hanoverian government for years strove to put an extinguisher, but which the populace, with all their hatred of Popery, brass money and wooden shoes, and love for the Protestant succession, as resolutely kept alight. Through an open window you see a fat man undergoing the operation of shaving. He is probably being dandified in honour of some tavern supper to which he is invited, in celebration of Restoration Day. The date should, properly, be nearer Michaelmas or Lady day; for a tenant to whom the payment of rent has become irksome is removing his goods in a cart—"shooting the moon" by the light of the bonfires and the blazing house. To complete the scene, the "Salisbury Flying Coach" has broken down; the off-wheel has tumbled into one of the pyres of rejoicing; and the immured passengers are vainly entreating assistance at the hands of the inebriated watch.

I come now to the work, *Strolling Actresses Dressing in a Barn*,—"in-

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in a true Description of a Sunday, as it is usually Spent within the Bills of Mortality, calculated for the Twenty-first of June (Whit Sunday). The book is anonymous, but is dedicated to "the ingenious and ingenuous Mr. Hogarth."

vented, painted, designed, and published by William Hogarth." The wisest authorities concur in according the very highest meed of praise to this splendid composition. Horace Walpole says of it, that "for wit and imagination, without any other end, this is the best of all our artist's works;" and the German, Lichtenberg, observes, "Never, perhaps, since the graver and pencil have been employed in the service of satire, has so much lively humour been compressed within so small a compass as here." Indeed the picture-print is an exceedingly fine one; and save that tragic interest is lacking, shows almost all that of which Hogarth was artistically, physically, and mentally capable. It has been suggested that the title, *Strolling Actresses*, is incomplete, and that "Actors" should be added; but it is worthy of remark that the beau dressing has a face and figure of such feminine beauty, that Hogarth's model might well have been Peg Woffington, in that character of Sir Harry Wildair, in which she made the men jealous and the women fall in love with her; or else William's famous Drum-Majoress from Southwark fair, invested, "for this occasion only," with more than Amazonian grace. The children attired as cupids, demons, &c. may be accepted as of the epicene gender; and the rest of the *dramatis personæ* are unquestionably women, either young or old. In the first impression of the plate the playbill informs the public that the part of Jupiter will be performed by "Mr. Bilk Village;" but in later impressions the name is concealed by a deep shadow from another bill cast over it; and the rest of the characters, so far as I can make them out with a magnifying glass, are all by Mrs. So-and-So. The manager is not represented here: and, indeed decorum would forbid Mr. Lamp being present in the ladies' dressing-room, although the theatre was but a barn. You must remember that this picture is, to a certain extent, an artistic *Dunciad*. It tears away a veil, it rolls up the curtain; it shows all the squalor, misery, degradation of the player's life in Hogarth's time. It is repugnant to think that my William could be for once in his life so pusillanimous as to satirize women when he dared not depict men. Such, however, seems to have been the case. Moreover, the ladies are nearly all exquisitely beautiful; and a woman will pardon almost any affront in the world so long as you respect her beauty. But once ignore her pretty countenance, and *gare aux ongles!* No sooner had the unhappy Essex been detected in making a face at his ruddled, wrinkled Royal Mistress, than his head was virtually off his shoulders. A woman may be beaten, starved, trampled on, betrayed, and she will forgive and smile; but there is no forgiveness after such a deadly insult as was hurled by Clarendon in Castlemaine's pretty face: "Woman, you will one day become Old."

And Hogarth may have feared the menfolk of the side-scenes and the footlights, even had he drawn no portraits and named no names. Some periwig-pated fellow would have been sure to declare that he was libelled in Jupiter Bilk Village. I am given to understand that in this present era the players are peaceable gentry enough; that Mr. Robson is by no means a fire-eater, and that Mr. Wigan is no shedder of man's blood. But in the

days when Colley Cibber wrote his fantastic *Apology*, and long before, the actors had been a strange, wild, and somewhat desperate set. In James's time, Ben—he was, to be sure, an author as well as an actor, and both constitutionally and professionally choleric—was a very Pandarus of Troy, and always ready to measure swords with an opponent. The comedians of King Charles I. gallantly took service on the Royal side, and at Edgehill and Wiggan Lane did so slash and curry the buff jerkins of the Roundheads, as to diminish our wonder at all players, during the Protectorate, being rigorously proscribed. The stage-players of the Restoration and the following reigns were notorious swashbucklers. Actors had often to fight their way by dint of rapier up to the "leading business." Betterton fought half a dozen duels. Mountford, in a quarrel with Lord Mohun, was stabbed by one of the companions of that noble bravo. Powell cudgelled an insolent dandy at Wills' Coffee House. Hildebrand Horden, a young actor of great promise, quarrelled with a Colonel Burgess, who had been resident at Venice, fought with him and was slain; and Macklin, who was always in some difficulty or another, was tried at the Old Bailey for killing a man in the playhouse dressing-room on some farthing-token turmoil about a property wig. No wonder that Hogarth forbore—after his early escapades of the *Beggar's Opera* and the players in *Southwark Fair*—further to provoke so irascible a race. 'Twas all very well to paint Walker in *Macheath* and Garrick in *Richard*, or to etch benefit tickets for the gentlemen of the Theatres Royal; but 'ware hawk when he came to twit them on their poverty and their rags!

In mere assumption, therefore, I take all the company in the barn to be of the non-combative sex. The comedians are announced as "from London;" the piece to be performed is *The Devil to Pay in Heaven*. Diana, Flora, Juno, Night, a Ghost, three witches, a Tragedy Queen, two demons, Jupiter's eagle—who is feeding a swaddled baby from a little pap-saucepan, superposed on a copy of the Act against Strolling Players, which again is placed on a regal crown—the sun, moon, and stars, two kittens, and a monkey, seem to be among the characters. The handsome youth, whom I conjecture to be an Amazon, is to play Jupiter. The eagle—with a child's face peeping from beneath the beak—is feeding the baby, perhaps Jupiter's baby, at his or her feet. The central female figure, Flora, it would appear—although from the extremely airy state of her drapery, she is not susceptible of reproduction as a modern example—must ever remain a cynosure to all sincere admirers of William Hogarth. Nothing can be more gracefully beauteous than the composition and drawing of this figure, the only exception to which (in addition to aëriness of drapery) is that some aberration of the laws of pneumatics must have disarranged and held in suspense the folds of the sole garment which the goddess Flora, at this stage of her toilet, condescends to wear. She is, indeed, too much preoccupied just now, to think of dressing; and in the ardour of recitation—she is going through the grand tirade of the evening, and tramples on the very hoop that she will presently assume. To make amends, her head is

elaborately powdered, jewelled, and plumed, and her fair neck is encircled by a rich necklace, composed, without doubt, of stones as precious as any of those in the large hamper which serves as a dressing table for the *seconda donna*, and which, to judge by its distinguishing label, contains the regalia of the entire company. Heroine number two, who is kneeling before this hamper, has reached the more advanced stage of having donned a petticoat of vast amplitude of material and rigid circumference of basket-work: a few rents, however, in the fabric, would appear to show that the hoop has seen some service. This lady is further sacrificing to the Graces, to the extent of greasing her locks with a tallow candle; and on the hamper top, by the candle in its sconce, the shell that holds the carmine, and the comb that wants a tooth, lies ready to the heroine's hand that flour-dredger from whose perforated dome shall speedily issue the snowy shower so essential to the frosting of that fair head. See yet another heroine, beautiful, majestic, severe, as Belvidera, as Sophonisba, or as Lindamira, and not unlike Hogarth's own Sigismunda, duly equipped in veil and tiara and regal robe, and with certainly as comely a pair of hands and arms as any well-grown young woman could desire to have. This is the Tragedy Queen. She is conning her part for the last time; but is not too proud to rest her exquisite leg and foot on a wheel-bench in order that a faithful comrade, the *suivante* in the drama, may darn a rent in her stocking. Briefly must the rest of the wondrous tableau be glanced at. Look at the noble matron who holds a squalling and clawing kitten, while the atrocious harridan near her snips off the tip of the poor animal's tail with a pair of scissors, and allows the blood to drip into a broken basin. Is rose-pink, or, at least, red ochre so scarce that real blood is necessary for the bedaubing of some stage assassin? Why, Farmer Hodge, to whom the barn belongs, would surely lend some of the red pigment with which he ruddles his sheep. Jupiter—lady or gentleman as the case may be—does not disdain to take some comfort in the glass of celestial ichor, otherwise gin, which a young lady attired as a mermaid pours from a black bottle, and hands to the Olympian potentate, a daughter of night looking on in pleased contemplation. An ape in a corner is making himself comfortable with the plumed helmet of Alexander the Great, and the kittens are tranquilly playing with a regal orb and the lyre of Apollo. A Virgin of the Sun (apparently, in everyday life, mamma to Cupid) points with that deity's bow to a pair of stockings hanging over a scene to dry; and the obedient urchin, wigged, winged, and quivered, ascends a ladder to fetch down the required hose. A considerable portion of the company's body linen, all more or less tattered, is suspended for drying purposes over a prosaic clothes'-line. For the rest, drums, trumpets, violincellos, and the stage thunder; fragments of scenery—now a forest and now a Roman temple; the dips stuck in potatoes cut in half that are to illumine the stage and the auditory; a classical altar with rams' heads at the angles, and behind which the two demons are contending as to who shall take the first draught from a mighty tankard of home-brewed; the child's crib, a

homely gridiron, an S.P.Q.R. standard, the palette, pipkins, and brushes of the scene-painter, canvas clouds and pasteboard griffins, Flora's car, and the union-jack, make up the accessories in this curious medley. The originally agricultural character of the place is shown by the flail hanging over the sheaves of straw, and, through a hole in the thatch, a gaping rustic stares at the strange scene beneath him. Poor mummers! poor rogues and vagabonds by Act of Parliament! They seem merry enough, for all their raggedness and all their misery.

It was a very nice thing, in those days, to be Signor Farinelli, or Senesino, or Faustina, or Cuzzoni. It was not so bad to write libretti, like the Abbé Vanneschi. It was genteel and courtly to be an architect, author and opera manager combined, like Sir John Vanbrugh. It was even tolerable to be the patentee of one of the great houses, like Rich, with his diamond buckles, or Colley Cibber, who was a fine gentleman and a macaroni, and whom "all the town went to see," says Horace Walpole, when, at seventy years of age, and at an honorarium of fifty guineas a night, he condescended to play such parts as Pandulph, in his own play of *Papal Tyranny*. But at the time Hogarth was painting his wonderful picture, the lot of an actor, even the most eminent, was painful, was precarious, was replete with unspeakable degradations. A man against whom no stronger accusation could be brought than that he lived by the honourable exercise of the talents which the Almighty had given him, was exposed to affronts the most brutal and the most wanton at the hands of every fool of quality, or of every rascal with a cockade in his hat who called himself captain. With the exception of the outrage on Dryden by the bravoes of Rochester, and that on Voltaire by the lacqueys of the duke he had offended, there is not on record a more cowardly and ruffianly transaction than the slaughter of poor Will Mountford by Captain Hill and the wretch Mohun, for the reason, forsooth, that Mrs. Bracegirdle chose to look with favour on him. It was to be expected that noblemen would hold players of but little account: it was bad enough to be excommunicated by the clergy, and vilified by the critics: but the players' humiliations did not end here; and not an Irish ensign, not a beggarly son to some creeper of the backstairs, not a student of the inns of court, not a Somersetshire esquire whose grandfather was hanged for being at Sedgemoor, but thought himself infinitely superior to such men as Wilks, and Booth, and Doggett. It was long ere this irrational superciliousness declined; even at this very day in which I write it is not eradicated. The wise, and learned, and pious Johnson, the gifted and polished Reynolds, the stately Warburton, the eloquent Burke, did not disdain the company and friendship of a play-actor; but hearken to the terms in which a perchance War Office clerk addressed the Roscius of the English stage: "Vagabond! keep to your pantomimes." It was thus that the party-writer, Junius, wrote to David Garrick; and I doubt not but that had he been in Mr. Secretary Cecil's office two centuries before he would, just as contemptuously, have apostrophized William Shakspeare.

If such was the status of the London actor, in what light was looked upon the wretched stroller, the Bilk Village, who wandered from fair to fair and from barn to barn, to rant the tirades of the drivelling Shadwell and the crazy Nat Lee, for the amusement of Lobbin Clout and Dorothy Draggletail. The stroller was a vagabond by law. The tipsy justices whom Gay satirized in the "What d'ye call it?" might send the constable after him, might lay him by the heels in the cage, and deliver his wife and daughters to the tender mercies of the beadle and the whipping-post. The unpatented player was *caput lupinum*. He was a social outlaw. He was driven from tithing to tithing, or clapped up in Bridewell, while quacks as impudent as Misaubin, and as extortionate as Rock, lived in ease and splendour, unmolested, battened on the plunder of the public, and drove about the town in gilded carriages. One can understand the bigoted French clergy demurring as to the Christian burial of Molière—had he not written *Tartuffe?* but it is difficult to comprehend what harm the English players had ever done to Church or State, or in what degree even the lowest strollers were inferior to the effete Italian mountebanks upon whom the English nobility delighted to heap gold in thousands.

The print of the *Enraged Musician* has been said by many to be capable, at most, of deafening those who looked upon it. It is, in truth, a noisier picture than *Southwark Fair;* but the noise it exhibits is less tolerable. There is no cheerful murmur, no busy hum, no babbling of human brooks; but rather one sustained, jarring, clanging, maddening "row." The unhappy musician, who is composing a *motett*, or scoring an overture, in his tranquil parlour, and—it being summer time—has left his window open, has every cause to be enraged and exasperated by this persistent concourse of discordant sounds. The raven himself would be hoarse were he to strive to croak down these hideous noises. There is a little girl springing her rattle; a needy knifegrinder plying his wheel and whistling meanwhile; a beggar-woman with a squalling bantling, excruciatingly swaddled, yelping out the ballad of the *Ladies' Fall;** a pretty young milk-woman, with her open milk-pail on her head—not yoked with a brace of cans, as in our time—who is giving "milk O!" with all the strength of her robust lungs; a dustman passes bawling with his cart; a small-coal man utters his lugubrious chant; a vendor of fish vaunts the freshness and succulence of his wares; a child, accoutred in all the absurdity of the reigning mode, and who might be twin-brother to the overdressed little urchin in *Noon*, is thwacking the parchment of a toy drum; from the chimney-top of a neighbouring house a sweep, having completed his task, gives utterance to his jödil, implying the crowning of the work by the end; it is the king's birthday, or some other national *fête*, and while the banner flaunts from the steeple, the joy-bells are vociferously ding-donging forth; and an additional contribution is made to this ear-piercing din by

* The "*Ladies' Fall*" was the harmonic predecessor of the "*Unfortunate Miss Bailey.*"

the vicinity of a whitesmith, one "John Long, Pewterer," whose journeymen are doubtless hammering away with might and main. One is puzzled to imagine what new phase of noise could have been devised by Hogarth to complete this atrocious *tintamarre*. He might have had, perhaps, a wedding-party next door to the musician's, and the marrowbones and cleavers outside congratulating the newly wedded couple with rough music.* The parish beadle might have been bellowing out an "Oh yes!" relative to purses stolen or pug-dog strayed; a schoolmaster might have been thrashing a boy at an open window; or a butcher ringing the nose of a pig in some outhouse close by. I see, however, that William, disregarding for once the proprieties of time, has sketched two members of the feline family vigorously caterwauling on the tiles. Observe that the musician is said to be "enraged," yet his ire takes no form more aggressive than is manifested by stopping his ears, clenching his fists, and making a wry face at his tormentors. If the disturbance continues he may probably take a further revenge by snapping his violin strings, breaking his bow, or smashing one of the keys of his harpsichord; but were the scene to have taken place in 1860, instead of 1740! I tremble to think of the exemplary vengeance which would be taken by the enraged musician on the miscreants who had done this violence to his tympanum. The needy knifegrinder would, for a certainty, be hauled before Justice Oldmixon, and put in the stocks for a vagrant; Bridewell would be the doom of the pretty milk woman, and the birch or bread-and-water the fate of the little boy with his drum, and the little girl with her rattle. Rigorous Acts of Parliament would be invoked against the dustman and the industrial who sells small coal; the cats would be sent to the pieman, and the chimney-sweep compelled to carry the penal and sable fasces of Ramonage; "John Long, Pewterer," would be indicted as a nuisance, and the ballad-singer and hautboy-player be sent for seven days to the House of Correction. Oh! for a week of despotism to put down itinerant musicians and street noises; and should we require a fortnight of the despotism, I wonder, if the week were granted to our desires?

The *Enraged Musician* is stated to be a portrait of Handel. There is nothing to prove the assertion. His countenance does not at all resemble that of the immortal composer of the *Messiah;* and if we are to take the *Harmonious Blacksmith* as a test of the power of endurance of extraneous sounds possessed by George Frederick Handel, he would more probably have extracted something melodious from the odd *charivari* going on before his window, than have been driven to rage thereby.

Not to be passed over in mention of these one-act dramas, such as

* The Marrowbones and Cleavers Societies' Books for the parish of St. George's, Hanover Square, are still extant, and in the one year, 1745, their earnings reach the amount of 380*l.*, all given in guineas by the aristocracy patronizing that Temple of Hymen. The gratuity became at last a perfect black mail, and the interference of the law became at last necessary to put a stop to an organized extortion.

the *Strolling Actresses, Southwark Fair*, the *Distressed Poet*, the *Enraged Musician*, &c. &c., is the oddly humorous picture called *Taste in High Life*.

It was painted by Hogarth as a commission from a wealthy and eccentric lady residing at Kensington—a Miss Edwards,—who, having been sharply satirized in society for her own personal oddities, took a sufficiently original vengeance, in commanding Hogarth to perpetuate with his pencil the preposterous absurdities of the dress worn by the most exalted society of her time. There never has been, surely, before or since, a more ludicrous beau than the exquisite who is in raptures with the fine lady in the sack, over the diminutive cup and saucer they have just picked up at a sale. Admire his crossbarred coat, his prodigious queue, his cuffs, his ruffles, the lady's muff he carries. The beau is said to be intended for my Lord Portmore, in the dress he wore at the birthday drawing-room in 1742. We have seen the magnificent accoutrements of Tom Rakewell, when, bound for St. James's on a birthday, he was dragged* by

* Three fellows called Duel, Morice, and Hague, were the most notorious catch-poles, bailiffs, or sheriffs' officers in 1730-40. The bailiffs were Christians after a sort; the Jews, who were as yet not legally tolerated in England, could not officiate even as the lowest myrmidons of the law; and it was not until late in George III.'s time that the Israelites took to executing *ca sa*'s and *fi fa*'s. Still the vocation of bailiff was, and had been for a long time, deemed infamous by the English people; and Dutchmen and Flemings were often employed to do the shoulder-tapping branch of business. Perhaps Messrs. Morice and Hague were of Low Country extraction.

unkind bailiffs from his sedan-chair. We read in Walpole's letters with what solicitude the virtuoso Horace was possessed lest the birth-day clothes which he had ordered of a tailor in Paris should fail him in his need. They had been bespoken a month, and he has heard nothing of them, he tells one of his correspondents, plaintively; but none of those suits of attire, gorgeous, radiant as they may have been, could have equalled in transcendency the gala "full fig" of my Lord Portmore. The fashionable lady is equally ineffable in her array. Her younger companion is exquisitely dressed; the black boy—designed, it is reported, for the celebrated Ignatius Sancho in his sable youth—is an oriental dandy of the first water; and the very monkey who is reading the list of purchases made at the auction of articles of *vertu*, is attired in the height of the fashion. Apart from this picture being admirably drawn and composed, and sparkling with very genuine humour—apart from its containing a very stinging satire on the extravagance of fashion in 1742, it is remarkable as a poignant burlesque and lampoon on our own crinoline mania of 1855–60. Just look at the monstrous hoops worn by the two ladies. That of the elder one is half concealed by her brocaded sack; but the flagrancy of the younger lady's *panier* is patent and palpable to the naked eye. She is chucking the little black boy under the chin. Hogarth has, as usual, symbolized a portion of his meaning in pictures on the wall. There are pendants to these pictures of "Taste," in portraits of celebrated male ballet-dancers of the Italian theatre. This picture was, as I have remarked, painted expressly for Miss Edwards. Either she or Hogarth would never consent to an engraving being taken from it; and it was not until after his death that it was engraved—rather softly and cloudily—in stipple or *taille douce*.

All these things were executed in the "shadow of the Forty-five"—in the years immediately preceding the great Jacobite outbreak in Scotland, which ended in the defeat at Culloden, the flight of Charles Edward, and defeat of the rebel lords on Tower Hill. To the Forty-five—its prologue, its drama, and its epilogue,—belong Hogarth's master-works of the *Marriage à la Mode*, the *March to Finchley*, and the portrait of *Lord Lovat;* and of those I must treat, even on the threshold of the scene from which I must soon depart altogether.

The Druses and the Maronites.

The massacre of many thousands of Maronite Christians by the Druses of the Lebanon, accompanied with those atrocities which Oriental cruelty revels in, is the result of one of those outbursts of fanatical fury which have too often stained with blood the mountains and plains of Syria. It is not the purpose of the writer of these pages to dilate upon the horrors of this frightful slaughter, or expatiate on the miseries of the fugitive women and children, but to give some account of the tribes of the Lebanon, especially the Druses; and also to throw some light upon the causes of the massacre.

Lebanon or Libanus—signifying white, from its snow (the Arabs call milk and curds *leban* to this day)—is the most elevated mountain chain in Syria, celebrated in all ages for its cedars, which furnished wood for Solomon's Temple. The cedar has failed nearly from the land, but the fir-tree is yet a refuge for the stork. Lebanon is the nucleus of all the mountain ranges which from the north, south, and east, converge towards this point, and it overtops them all. This configuration of the mountain ridges, and the superior altitude of Lebanon, are particularly striking to travellers approaching either from the Mediterranean in the west, or the desert in the east. The appearance presented is that of a clouded ridge stretching from north to south as far as the eye can see, the central summits of which are capped with clouds or tipped with snow. The altitude of Lebanon is so great that it appears from the combined reports of travellers to have snow on its highest mountains all the year round. Volney states that it thus remained towards the north-east, where it is sheltered from the sea-winds and the rays of the sun. Maundrell found that part which he crossed (and which was by no means the most elevated) covered with snow in May; and Dr. E. D. Clarke in the month of July saw some of the eastern summits of Lebanon and Anti-Libanus, near Damascus, "*covered with snow*," not lying in patches, as is common in the summer season with mountains which border on the line of perpetual congelation, yet do not quite reach it; but with that perfect, white, smooth, and velvet-like surface which snow only exhibits when very deep. This is a very striking spectacle. In such a climate, the traveller, seeking protection from a burning sun like a firmament of fire, is tantalized by the phenomenon of the mirage. At the time these observations were made, the thermometer stood, on an elevated situation near the Sea of Tiberius, at 102½ deg. Fahrenheit in the shade.

No country in the world—not even excepting Switzerland—is more rich in the sublime and the picturesque than the Lebanon. As the traveller mounts higher and higher, the scene opens out a new and magnificent prospect. Ever and anon Druse families or Maronites are seen travelling

downwards towards the Beyrout markets, carrying with them the rich produce of the soil: the huge logs of timber which obstruct the mountainous ascent give rise to many unchristian exclamations. Here and there also are Druse ladies with the preposterous horn on their heads, worn sideways, and which reminds one of the horn of the rhinoceros: indeed, if a Druse lady were spitefully inclined to charge one ram-fashion, the assault might prove dangerous. When, after hours of toil, the highest summit is attained, then indeed the prospect is sublime. Far as the eye can reach are seen the silvery, calm waters of the Mediterranean, only undulating in little blue curves here and there where some stray zephyr ruffles the surface. Farther, under the crimson sky of Asia Minor, rises cool-looking Taurus, always crowned with snow. Nearer is one vast extent of vegetation—plains of emerald with clusters of fig-trees and wide-spreading apricots, and a dense profusion of mulberry-trees. The ascent from the celebrated cedars is amidst perpetual snows; but once accomplished, we gaze upon a grand panorama, the scene of great events during centuries of past history. Down those rugged declivities the myriads of Sennacherib rushed in tumultuous array, flushed with spoil and victory. Through that defile went the Grecian phalanx laden with the spoils of Issus, and exulting in the promised spoils of Tyre. Through these passes the Crusader chiefs led their deluded hosts; and up them soon may clamber the Zouaves and Chasseurs of France, to revenge the bloodshed of Christians. Stout British arms and hearts, and cordial British sympathy, are there also.

The Druses are said to have derived their name from Druzi, who was possibly a tailor, or a *trozee*, as they are now called; many Eastern surnames finding their origin in the occupation or calling of the founder of the family. This personage lived in the eleventh century, and preached the divinity of Hakim, a Caliph, whose reign was long, and monstrously iniquitous, but who is adored as a god by the Druses, and looked to as their future deliverer. Like the Jews, they are expecting a Messiah, who is to be this said Hakim the Second, and whose advent will be from China, through India, Beloochistan, Persia, and over Central Asia. They are also said to worship a calf, in remembrance both of the Egyptian god Apis, and of the golden calf worshipped by the Israelites; but they conceal the rites of their religion. This tribe, which was powerful in the last century, was decimated sixty years ago, by the celebrated Emir Beçhir, a great prince among the Maronites, but an unchristian man. The embers of that long-slumbering feud have now, by some underhand means, been fanned into a flame again.

The Druses are divided into two classes, the Okals and the Jakals—or the learned and the unlearned. To the Okals are entrusted all affairs connected with the political and domestic economy of the mountain territories belonging to that sect. They are essentially the peace-makers between contending parties, and go-betweens in negotiations for marriage, or for buying and selling; and they are, to a man, bold and venture-

some soldiers, always in the van in the battle-field. In former days, this Emir Beçhir was wont to invest the most learned of the Okals with a cloak of honour, conferring on him the title of Sheik of the Okals. The Okals were presumed to practise the most strict morality, and their conduct was generally exemplary. They practised the most rigid self-denial; some devoting themselves to celibacy, others turning anchorites, and retiring to secluded *Holowas* or *hemulages*, where, despite the severe cold experienced in winter, a mat was their bed, a stone their pillow, and a coarse woollen garb, girt round the waist with a leathern girdle, their only garment; an atom of dry bread, twice a day, being their only food. They assume the greatest humility, by returning courteously the salute of the poorest peasants; and they are held in the highest respect by all classes, unwillingly submitting their hands to receive the kiss of veneration. In this respect their humility contrasts not unfavourably with the haughty bearing of the Christian priests, who extort such tokens of respect as their rights. The *Holowas* inhabited by that sect of Okals devoted to perpetual celibacy are situated on the summits of some of the loftiest mountains, commanding noble and extensive views; they are surrounded in the immediate vicinity by well-cultivated lands, their own property, and the proceeds of which are devoted exclusively to charity. Some of these *Holowas* are dedicated to Job and others of the old prophets; and in one, at a place called Nehor, in the district of Shoof, there is a lamp kept burning night and day.

Of the religion of these people little or nothing is known: indeed it is a mystery. Those that have lived longest amongst them have not been able to obtain any satisfactory information on the subject. A Frenchman, who was originally in the household of Lady Hester Stanhope, and had, therefore, many means and opportunities of intercourse with the Okals, was very near acquiring the secret of the Druses' creed. By long and friendly intercourse with one of the Okals, he at last succeeded in persuading him that he was a veritable disciple, thirsting after a knowledge of the mysteries of Hakim, and the day and hour had been appointed when he should be initiated. The weather was unpropitious; but despite of wind and rain, hail and snow, the inquisitive Frenchman started off at midnight on foot, and traversed the mountain passes alone: weary, and wet, and nervous, he reached the indicated *Holowa* an hour or so before daybreak, when his spirits revived upon finding the old Okal ready to receive him. His initiation into the deep mysteries of Druseism was about to commence, when the small oil lamp burning dimly, and the Okal's eyesight being bad, he requested his disciple to snuff it with a pair of scissors; unhappily, in complying with this request, the Frenchman extinguished the light—a terrible omen, in the estimation of the Okal, who at once renounced all former promises, and for no consideration could he be induced to initiate the disappointed Frank.

The Druses meet every Thursday evening for devotional purposes at their *Holowas*, on which occasions, during the earlier part of the evening,

strangers, and even Europeans are admitted; the Koran is also read, as a blind to any Mahomedan spy who may chance to be present: sweetmeats and dried figs are ranged in saucers on the floor. But little or no attention is paid to the readers, who are for the most part lounging upon the floor. Conversation on every-day common topics never flags; and some walk about, while others are squatted upon the floor, and all keep chatting and laughing incessantly. With the lovely scenery around, the crimson tints of the setting sun reflected on the snow-capped hills, and the varied and picturesque costumes of the different groups, the scene constitutes a strange and striking tableau. At a later hour of the evening the devotional business commences in earnest. The doors are suddenly closed; all strangers and Jakals ejected, and the Okals enter into the mysteries of their creed; guarding with Freemason-like precaution all avenues leading to the *Holowas* by sentries well armed and equipped.

It is most remarkable that amongst the Druses, and in a country like Syria, where the generality of native Christian women are almost secluded from society and held in the utmost contempt, the order of the Okals should be open to persons of both sexes: women as well as men belonging to it. This is so utterly at variance with the practices of all other Oriental people, including Christians and Jews, that it seems like some germ of past civilization still springing up amidst a field of rank superstition and ignorance. Yet such is known to be a fact by those who have resided longest amongst them, and whose position and character are a guarantee as to the truthfulness of the statement. At the Okal meetings the public and private characters of individuals are freely commented upon; indeed they form a kind of Druse senate for concerting and arranging all things requisite for the general weal of the clan.

Very strict and very rigid are the laws of initiation to Okalship. It is indispensable as a first step, that the aspirants should leave off all display in apparel, and henceforward be clad only in the roughest material. They must entirely, and for ever, abandon the use of wines, spirits, and tobacco: the latter a very severe self-denial to a people, who, almost from their infancy, are addicted to a free use of the aromatic weed from Latachia —the famous *Abou-Reah*, the father of essences from Gibili. They must undergo a probation of two years (similar to deacons in the church), during which interval their behaviour is narrowly watched, to see that they are possessed of firmness and perseverance, and that their moral conduct is irreprehensible. During this period they are inculcated with a profound sense of the immense importance of secrecy in connection with the order. In Oriental metaphor, an Okal will exclaim, whilst presenting one of them with a fig, "This is religion, *not a fig;*" signifying thereby, that as the fruit once swallowed will never come to light again, so they that accept and imbibe Druse secrets, must never suffer them to appear before men, but faithfully conceal them in the recesses of the heart, and treasure them as a gem of priceless value. If at the expiration of the term of probation the Jakals have satisfied the consciences of those who have scrutinized

their every action, and secretly dodged their footsteps, they are then permitted to attend the *Holowas*, and remain during the earlier portion of the service. They obtain, however, but a faint notion of what they have yet to learn. On the second year, the men assume the white turban, as the emblem of faith and purity. And so, by degrees—"shua, shua," as the Arabs say—by little and little, according to the zeal displayed and the deportment of the Jakal, he is ultimately metamorphosed into the Okal.

The habitations of the Sheiks of the Lebanon consist of large masses of buildings, erected upon a somewhat similar principle to the model lodging-houses in London, and with an eye to mutual security, comfort, and protection. They are, in short, ranges of barracks, wherein each Sheik occupies two or more apartments according to his means, and he dwells there with his wife and family. Happily for themselves they are a people wholly unacquainted with the European luxury of suites of elegantly furnished apartments. The boudoir of the Sheik's wife is the family sleeping apartment; where, in the absence of anything more elegant, a pile of mattresses and pillows (which will be spread out upon the floor to sleep on at night) serve as a substitute for more costly divans or chairs. The Sheik himself holds his morning levée out in the open courtyard opposite his house in fine weather; and in winter, within the single *salle de reception*, where the visitors congregate round a brasier of burning charcoal, looking like so many witches round a mystic incense pot, and discussing more tobacco-smoke than anything else. Opposite to these dwellings are their respective Meidans or "lunges" for horse exercise, where the very favourite game of the djereed is practised. To the gateway, in summer, as in the days of Job and David, resort the great, the wealthy, and the indolent, accompanied by their male children; for these are a glory and a pride in their eyes, and blessed is that man supposed to be, even to this day, who has his quiver full of them. Amongst a people that are continually at feud with their neighbours, or with aggressors from the plains, every additional arm that can wield a weapon, offensive or defensive, is, as a matter of course, an acquisition; whereas a poor girl is more likely to prove an encumbrance and a source of anxiety, rather than a solace or comfort in times of trouble. This has been sadly illustrated during the recent massacres, for the assassins made a point of destroying every male adult and infant while the women were left to perish by starvation.

Lounging in their gateways, the Sheiks accost every passer-by, their conversation being chiefly limited to agricultural matters; for both Druses and Maronites are, strictly speaking, an agricultural people and hewers of timber, though they certainly have not yet beaten their swords into ploughshares. Resembling as they do, in some respects, the Highlanders of Scotland, with their clans and mountain homes, it is not very singular, that they themselves should be imbued with notions that the Scotch are mystically related to them, and profess the same secret faith. Another curious fact that it is well to bear in mind, is the unchecked disgust and

horror the Druses displayed on hearing of the atrocities committed by the Indian sepoys: one chieftain even went so far as to volunteer his services to help in quelling the rebellion; yet to these people are attributed crimes equally revolting. When casual European travellers stumble across them, their conversation takes a wider range, and the new-comer is nearly questioned to death by the more enquiring and enlightened Sheiks. The Druses have a decided preference for the British, and openly express their gratitude; many of them having been in former times saved from exile and death through British agency.

The incomes of the Sheiks vary from 30*l.* to 300*l.* per annum. One amongst them, however, the Sheik Seid Jumblat (whose name has been so often before the public lately, as having sheltered at his own and his sister's house, many of the refugees) possesses a princely revenue for these people; having an income of nearly 3,500*l.* per annum from the produce of fertile lands and plantations. Some of the Sheiks are, however, deeply involved; but their pride and love of display makes them willingly sacrifice even the common necessaries of life to keep up external appearances of show and wealth. They would rather subsist on dry bread and onions, than give up their much-loved mares; and yet, as is sometimes the case with ridiculous pride, they are constrained to stoop to the ignominious necessity of having a partner to defray the expense, who participates turn by turn in the luxury of a gallop, or share of the profits, when any foal or filly is put up to the hammer. The Druse Sheiks are noted for their breed of horses, to the rearing and training of which they devote great skill and pains; and they treat them with the utmost kindness and consideration. They use little of the whip, and less of the spur; and never goad their steeds to vain exertion, nor unnecessarily expose them to damp or cold. Indeed, they are essentially a horse-loving people; and of all the manly games in which cavaliers delight, none surpasses the Meidan.

The Meidan is usually opposite to the entrances to these Sheiks' houses; and few things can present a more picturesque or striking tableau than the gathering of these mountain chiefs and their followers. The sublime mountain scenery around; the snow-capped hills gleaming with gold and scarlet in the sun's bright rays; the purple and crimson hues of the firmament flecked with silvery clouds; the azure tint of the distant mountains contrasting with the deep brown hue of the nearer hills, and the emerald carpet spread over the Meidan by the ever bountiful hand of nature—all these combined form a beautiful picture; which is rendered more brilliant and animated by the groups of richly-dressed horsemen, and superbly caparisoned steeds—the handsomest of men and the noblest of steeds—curvetting and prancing to and fro in the pride of strength and health and the full enjoyment of the exhilarating breeze, which is cooled by the snow and rendered fragrant with the scents of the wild shrubs and flowers. All these combined render the scene, as represented in the engraving, a magnificent and spirit-stirring spectacle.

The Sheiks and their principal attendants who intend to take part in the sports congregate here at an early hour; and though the sight is a common one to the natives, it invariably attracts crowds of spectators. The horses are put into the requisite paces to get them into good breath, the riders poising their djereeds and practising the fling of the arm, to prepare for the contest. After about a quarter of an hour's practice, the horsemen divide into two parties, stationing themselves at opposite extremities of the Meidan, about a dozen opponents on either side being on the field, and the sport of the day commences. The djereed is a long stick about an inch in diameter, and a yard and a half in length, but blunt and round at both ends. Armed with this, and skilfully poising it in his hand, the Sheik himself is not more impatient for the commencement of the game than is the fiery steed he bestrides, who paws the earth, and sniffs the air with dilated nostrils. Suddenly there rides forth from the ranks a challenger, who leans slightly backwards in his saddle, his right arm carried below his waist, grasping the djereed in the centre and with the clasped fingers uppermost. After traversing about two-thirds of the Meidan he abruptly wheels his horse to the left, without sensibly checking its speed, and in the act of wheeling throws the djereed with his full force at the opponent he has selected, and immediately afterwards putting his horse to its utmost speed, gallops back to his own party, pursued by some other opponent. The djereed thus delivered, derives additional impetus from the swift curve made by the horse in wheeling abruptly round, and it cuts through the air with a whiff like that of a shot. The pursuing horseman from the opposite side in his turn aims at the fugitive, and the greatest agility and skill are displayed by the retreating parties, who avoid the blows aimed at them, by feats of dexterity that would do credit to any acrobat; hanging over by the horse's neck, and dodging from one side to the other, so that sometimes nothing more than the rider's foot presents itself to his opponent. Sometimes the pursued will suddenly wheel round, and, with consummate address, seize the djereed by the left hand in the full velocity of its flight. Soon the mêlée becomes general, and presents a most exciting spectacle to those not actively engaged in it. Men on foot find ample and fatiguing occupation in supplying the riders with djereeds.

In this game of the Meidan severe and dangerous blows are sometimes exchanged; the combatants get angry, and throwing away their djereeds, draw their swords, and fall to fighting in earnest. On such occasions, however, prompt interference prevents bloodshed. After about three hours, both horses and men are fairly knocked up, and obliged to relinquish the sport. There are many anecdotes of the strength and dexterity of their celebrated djereed-throwers. One, named Sheik Hottar Amul, is said to have sent a djereed through a two-inch deal board. His father was the best horseman in all Syria, and it is told of him, that on one occasion, being present at a Meidan at Grand Cairo, Mahomet Ali bantered him about a certain favourite black eunuch, of enormous strength, who was

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the champion of the Meidan, and challenged him to enter the lists with the negro. The Sheik accepted the challenge, stipulating, however, that he should not be held responsible for any consequences; and then riding boldly into the affray, after a few harmless passes that were skilfully parried, he delivered his djereed with such force at the retreating eunuch, that it entered his back between the shoulders and came out at his breast. There is rarely a Meidan without some wound or other being inflicted, and the horses are oftentimes greater sufferers than the men; a riderless and half frantic steed has been seen tearing across the Meidan with a djereed sticking up from its haunches like a signal staff.

Possibly the present intervention in Syria may throw some light on the mysteries of the Druses; meanwhile, there is one singular circumstance which may in some measure account for the sanguinary outbreak in the Lebanon. As Pagans and Mahomedans in India were deeply imbued with the notion that the British raj was drawing to a close, because the hundred years of their prophecy had been accomplished; so the Druses, looking for Hakim's advent, may have carefully registered the dates, and watched the progress of warfare from China in 1840 through Scinde, Beloochistan, Persia, and India, also the massacres at Jedda and Crete—and like the lotus leaf and the chupatties of India—regarded these as signs of the time being at hand when they and their creed were to be paramount. Nor is there any lack of foreign spies or Jesuitical influence about them to lure them into snares and incite turmoils. Yet, be it borne in mind, it was these very Druses, that afforded an inviolable sanctuary to the British Consul-General of Aleppo, and all the Protestant merchants of that town and from other parts of Syria, who fled thither at the commencement of the present century during the war with France, and when the Turks, taking advantage of the state of affairs, would have persecuted them cruelly.

The Maronites may be characterized as the lowland tribes of the Lebanon, and are addicted to peaceful pursuits rather than to warlike exercises. They chiefly employ themselves in rearing silkworms, the produce of which is sold to the European proprietors of the silk factories in the country, most of whom are French. The Maronites are also skilful and industrious cultivators of the soil; producing a great quantity of wine, and supplying the Beyrout market with fruit and vegetables As regards their religious tenets, the Maronites originally belonged to the Greek Church; but since the reign of Louis XIV., the influence of French emissaries of the Roman Catholic faith has induced great numbers of them to conform to the creed of the Latin Church, though they will not directly acknowledge Papal supremacy. They trace their name to the ancient anchorite Maron; a misanthrope who seems, like Simon Zelotus, to have perverted the principles of Christianity. Even before they professed the Roman Catholic faith the Maronites fraternized with the warriors of the first Crusade, and guided them to Jerusalem. Subsequently, according to the Catholic traditions of

the Lebanon, they fought under the Christian banners during the wars of the Cross. They are a valiant and vigorous race, and before these massacres their numbers were estimated at 250,000 souls. Their principal prelate takes the title of Patriarch of Antioch. What is almost proof positive of the existence of this sect at the time of the Crusades, is the curious fact that many of the families have retained European appellations—a circumstance which tends to the belief that some of the Franks in the times of the Crusaders, must have settled down on Lebanon. Indeed, the Maronites have been termed the "*French of the East*," by faith, reminiscences, and predilection. If they are not so, it is not for the want of priestly craft, and influence, and bribes. They are much attached to the country of St. Louis, and they possess as glorious relics, two letters of protection; one from Louis XIV., the other from the Emperor and most Christian King Louis XV. In the Lebanon the Maronites lived in security, and that district being closed against the Turks, it was an inviolable sanctuary. Many of them resided in the most fertile district of the Kesrowan—where 40,000 Christians are said to be now beleaguered by the ruffianly hordes of Bedouins and Metuallis.

The religious feud that has so long existed between these mountain tribes has been fomented by the intrigues of foreign agents, who, with more zeal than discretion, seek to extend the influence of their respective governments by fostering the prejudices of those parties whom they desire to gain over to their schemes. Thus the Maronites, who are no less fanatical than the Druses, are acted upon, those who belong to the Latin Church by Jesuits, and those of the Greek Church by Greeks; religious bigotry is inflamed, and intolerance roused to a pitch of personal enmity; while the Turks, on their side, lose no opportunity of exacerbating the stern and relentless Druses, and secretly exult in the dissensions of tribes who are almost equally objects of their aversion. For the Druses—though outwardly professing the faith of Mahomet, are not true Mussulmans, but devout believers in their own mysterious creed—hate the Turks with a hatred as deadly as that of the Turks towards Christians. The soldiers of the Sultan, consisting of the very dregs of the people, ill-fed, worse clad, seldom paid, and commanded, for the most part, by indolent and incapable officers, no less barbarous and bigoted than their men, are well pleased to look on at the slaughter of the "Christian dogs;" and, so far from interfering to prevent bloodshed, would only be too eager to join in the sanguinary work.

With such a complication of national and religious antipathies, and political and local antagonisms, influencing barbarous and warlike tribes whose passions and prejudices are violent in proportion to their ignorance, the atrocities recently committed by the Druses, horrible as they are, do not appear so surprising; indeed, it is wonderful that the peace should have been preserved so long, under such a state of things.

It has been insinuated by some foreign journals that the evils existing in Syria have arisen from the expulsion of the Egyptians by the British;

and doubtless European interests were more respected when Syria was governed by Ibrahim Pasha, who ruled with the sword. But, ignorant and bigoted, he emulated the ferocity of Mahomet Ali, without possessing either the sagacity or shrewdness of that redoubtable ruler, and his memory is execrated by the natives, who still spit upon the ground when he is named. An anecdote or two will best illustrate his character. On one occasion Ibrahim Pasha caused a soldier to be ripped up, on the complaint of a poor milk-woman that he had drunk all her milk and refused to pay for it: and the skilful, but unhappy engineer who erected the once magnificent barracks at Antioch by contract, was rewarded by being decapitated on the old bridge that spans the Orontes between Seleucia and Antioch.

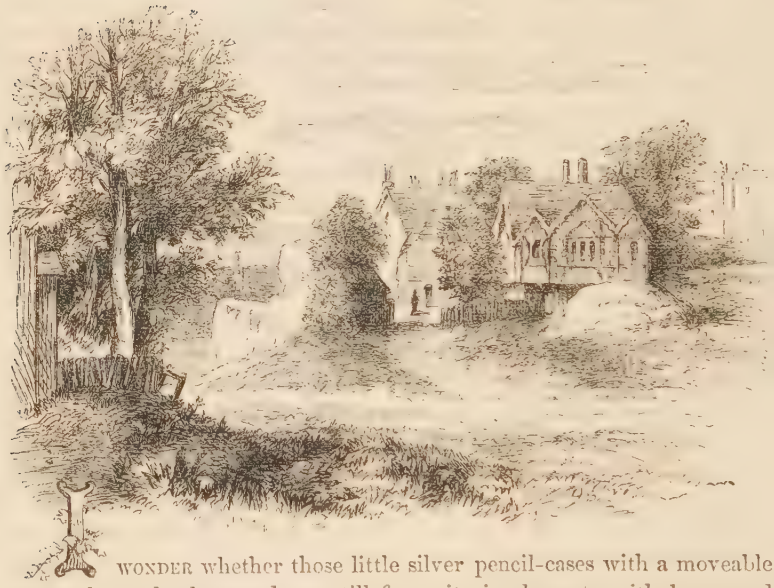
Whether, as is hoped, the government of the Sultan will be powerful enough to keep peace in Syria, is doubtful. The vigorous measures adopted by Fuad Pasha, coupled with the gratifying fact that the massacre has ceased, and the truce—for it is nothing more—agreed to by the inimical tribes, may, for a time, produce an outward semblance of tranquillity; but the intervention of European powers would be a much surer guarantee of peace, if political encroachments were not contemplated, and the suppression of internecine warfare and civil broils were alone aimed at. But, unhappily, there are many inducements to make "political capital" out of local feuds, for the advancement of schemes of territorial acquisition. If the intervention of other powers were as free from sinister motives and secret aims of aggrandizement, as that of England, and the religious tenets of the respective tribes were respected, no attempts at proselytism being made, peace might be preserved in the Lebanon, and the Druses and Maronites might dwell tranquilly, if not in harmony, under their vines and fig-trees, smoking the pipe of repose.

Of all the European powers, the influence of the English would be the most acceptable, and the most efficacious; for British power is respected because its exercise has always been free from that intermeddling and proselytizing spirit, which has caused the interference of other powers to to be regarded with distrust and aversion. So strong is the general feeling of the Syrians in the disinterestedness of the British Government, that if we had had a resident consul in Lebanon—an English gentleman, firm yet conciliating, acquainted with the character of the people and esteemed by them—it is probable that the massacre might have been prevented. In corroboration of this opinion, it may be stated that in Aleppo, which is a hotbed of fanaticism, the influence of the British consul, Mr. Skene, has been the means of keeping the peace; indeed, so highly respected is that gentleman by the Bedouins, that though he is known to be a sincere Christian, he has been made a Sheik by them. At Tripoli and Damascus, where all the other consulates were attacked, the British consuls were respected.

As it is, however, the future of Syria is veiled by ominous clouds, which are as yet impenetrable.

Roundabout Papers.—No. VII.

TUNBRIDGE TOYS.



I WONDER whether those little silver pencil-cases with a moveable almanack at the butt-end are still favourite implements with boys, and whether pedlars still hawk them about the country? Are there pedlars and hawkers still, or are rustics and children grown too sharp to deal with them? Those pencil-cases, as far as my memory serves me, were not of much use. The screw, upon which the moveable almanac turned, was constantly getting loose. The 1 of the table would work from its moorings, under Tuesday or Wednesday, as the case might be, and you would find, on examination, that Th. or W. was the 23½ of the month (which was absurd on the face of the thing), and in a word your cherished pencil-case an utterly unreliable timekeeper. Nor was this a matter of wonder. Consider the position of a pencil-case in a boy's pocket. You had hard-bake in it; marbles, kept in your purse when the money was all gone; your mother's purse knitted so fondly and supplied with a little bit of gold, long since—prodigal little son!—scattered amongst the swine—I mean amongst brandy-balls, open tarts, three-cornered puffs, and similar abominations. You had a top and string; a knife; a piece of cobbler's wax; two or three bullets; a *Little Warbler;* and I, for my part, remember, for a considerable period, a brass-barrelled pocket-pistol (which would fire beautifully, for with it I shot off a button from Butt Major's jacket);—with all these things, and ever so many more, clinking and

rattling in your pockets, and your hands, of course, keeping them in perpetual movement, how could you expect your moveable almanac not to be twisted out of its place now and again—your pencil-case to be bent—your liquorice water not to leak out of your bottle over the cobbler's wax, your bull's-eyes not to ram up the lock and barrel of your pistol, and so forth.

In the month of June, thirty-seven years ago, I bought one of those pencil-cases from a boy whom I shall call Hawker, and who was in my form. Is he dead? Is he a millionnaire? Is he a bankrupt now? He was an immense screw at school, and I believe to this day that the value of the thing for which I owed and eventually paid three-and-sixpence, was in reality not one-and-nine.

I certainly enjoyed the case at first a good deal, and amused myself with twiddling round the moveable calendar. But this pleasure wore off. The jewel, as I said, was not paid for, and Hawker, a large and violent boy, was exceedingly unpleasant as a creditor. His constant remark was, "When are you going to pay me that three-and-sixpence? What sneaks your relations must be! They come to see you. You go out to them on Saturdays and Sundays, and they never give you anything! Don't tell *me*, you little humbug!" and so forth. The truth is that my relations were respectable; but my parents were making a tour in Scotland; and my friends in London, whom I used to go and see, were most kind to me, certainly, but somehow never tipped me. That term, of May to August, 1823, passed in agonies then, in consequence of my debt to Hawker. What was the pleasure of a calendar pencil-case in comparison with the doubt and torture of mind occasioned by the sense of the debt, and the constant reproach in that fellow's scowling eyes and gloomy, coarse reminders? How was I to pay off such a debt out of sixpence a week? ludicrous! Why did not some one come to see me, and tip me? Ah! my dear sir, if you have any little friends at school, go and see them, and do the natural thing by them. You won't miss the sovereign. You don't know what a blessing it will be to them. Don't fancy they are too old—try 'em. And they will remember you, and bless you in future days; and their gratitude shall accompany your dreary after life; and they shall meet you kindly when thanks for kindness are scant. O mercy! shall I ever forget that sovereign you gave me, Captain Bob? or the agonies of being in debt to Hawker? In that very term, a relation of mine was going to India. I actually was fetched from school in order to take leave of him. I am afraid I told Hawker of this circumstance. I own I speculated upon my friend's giving me a pound. A pound? Pooh! A relation going to India, and deeply affected at parting from his darling kinsman, might give five pounds to the dear fellow! . . . . There was Hawker when I came back—of course there he was. As he looked in my scared face, his turned livid with rage. He muttered curses, terrible from the lips of so young a boy. My relation, about to cross the ocean to fill a lucrative appointment, asked me with much interest about

my progress at school, heard me construe a passage of Eutropius, the pleasing Latin work on which I was then engaged; gave me a God bless you, and sent me back to school; upon my word of honour, without so much as a half-crown! It is all very well, my dear sir, to say that boys contract habits of expecting tips from their parents' friends, that they become avaricious and so forth. Avaricious! fudge! Boys contract habits of tart and toffee eating, which they do not carry into after life. On the contrary, I wish I *did* like 'em. What raptures of pleasure one could have now for five shillings, if one could but pick it off the pastrycook's tray! No. If you have any little friends at school, out with your half-crowns, my friend, and impart to those little ones the little fleeting joys of their age.

Well, then. At the beginning of August, 1823, Bartlemy-tide holidays came, and I was to go to my parents, who were at Tunbridge Wells. My place in the coach was taken by my tutor's servants—Bolt-in-Tun, Fleet Street, seven o'clock in the morning, was the word. My tutor, the Rev. Edward P——, to whom I hereby present my best compliments, had a parting interview with me: gave me my little account for my governor: the remaining part of the coach-hire; five shillings for my own expenses; and some five-and-twenty shillings on an old account which had been overpaid, and was to be restored to my family.

Away I ran and paid Hawker his three-and-six. Ouf! what a weight it was off my mind! (He was a Norfolk boy, and used to go home from Mrs. Nelson's Bell Inn, Aldgate—but that is not to the point.) The next morning, of course, we were an hour before the time. I and another boy shared a hackney-coach; two-and-six: porter for putting luggage on coach, threepence. I had no more money of my own left. Rasherwell, my companion, went into the Bolt-in-Tun coffee-room, and had a good breakfast. I couldn't; because, though I had five-and-twenty shillings of my parents' money, I had none of my own, you see.

I certainly intended to go without breakfast, and still remember how strongly I had that resolution in my mind. But there was that hour to wait. A beautiful August morning — I am very hungry. There is Rasherwell "tucking" away in the coffee-room. I pace the street, as sadly almost as if I had been coming to school, not going thence. I turn into a court by mere chance—I vow it was by mere chance—and there I see a coffee-shop with a placard in the window, *Coffee, Twopence. Round of buttered toast, Twopence.* And here am I hungry, penniless, with five-and-twenty shillings of my parents' money in my pocket.

What would you have done? You see I had had my money, and spent it in that pencil-case affair. The five-and-twenty shillings were a trust—by me to be handed over.

But then would my parents wish their only child to be actually without breakfast? Having this money, and being so hungry, so *very* hungry, mightn't I take ever so little? Mightn't I at home eat as much as I chose?

Well, I went into the coffee-shop, and spent fourpence. I remember

the taste of the coffee and toast to this day—a peculiar, muddy, not-sweet-enough, most fragrant coffee—a rich, rancid, yet not-buttered-enough, delicious toast. The waiter had nothing. At any rate, fourpence I know was the sum I spent. And, the hunger appeased, I got on the coach a guilty being.

At the last stage,—what is its name? I have forgotten in seven-and-thirty years,—there is an inn with a little green and trees before it; and by the trees there is an open carriage. It is our carriage. Yes, there are Prince and Blucher, the horses; and my parents in the carriage. Oh! how I had been counting the days until this one came! Oh! how happy had I been to see them yesterday! But there was that fourpence. All the journey down, the toast had choked me, and the coffee poisoned me.

I was in such a state of remorse about the fourpence, that I forgot the maternal joy and caresses, the tender paternal voice. I pull out the twenty-four shillings and eightpence with a trembling hand.

"Here's your money," I gasp out, "which Mr. P—— owes you, all but fourpence. I owed three-and-sixpence to Hawker out of my money for a pencil-case, and I had none left, and I took fourpence of yours, and had some coffee at a shop."

I suppose I must have been choking whilst uttering this confession.

"My dear boy," says the governor, "why didn't you go and breakfast at the hotel?"

"He must be starved," says my mother.

I had confessed; I had been a prodigal; I had been taken back to my parents' arms again. It was not a very great crime as yet, or a very long career of prodigality; but don't we know that a boy who takes a pin which is not his own, will take a thousand pounds when occasion serves, bring his parents' grey heads with sorrow to the grave, and carry his own to the gallows? Witness the career of Dick Idle, upon whom our friend Mr. Sala has been discoursing. Dick only began by playing pitch-and-toss on a tombstone: playing fair, for what we know: and even for that sin he was promptly caned by the beadle. The bamboo was ineffectual to cane that reprobate's bad courses out of him. From pitch-and toss he proceeded to manslaughter if necessary: to highway robbery; to Tyburn and the rope there. Ah! heaven be thanked, my parents' heads are still above the grass, and mine still out of the noose.

As I look up from my desk, I see Tunbridge Wells Common and the rocks, the strange familiar place which I remember forty years ago. Boys saunter over the green with stumps and cricket-bats. Other boys gallop by on the riding-master's hacks. I protest it is *Cramp, Riding-Master*, as it used to be in the reign of George IV., and that Centaur Cramp must be at least a hundred years old. Yonder comes a footman with a bundle of novels from the library. Are they as good as *our* novels? Oh! how delightful they were! Shades of Valancour, awful ghost of Manfroni, how I shudder at your appearance! Sweet image of Thaddeus of Warsaw,

how often has this almost infantile hand tried to depict you in a Polish cap and richly embroidered tights! And as for Corinthian Tom in light blue pantaloons and Hessians, and Jerry Hawthorn from the country, can all the fashion, can all the splendour of real life which these eyes have subsequently beheld, can all the wit I have heard or read in later times, compare with your fashion, with your brilliancy, with your delightful grace, and sparkling vivacious rattle?

Who knows? They *may* have kept those very books at the library still—at the well-remembered library on the Pantiles, where they sell that delightful, useful Tunbridge ware. I will go and see. I went my way to the Pantiles, the queer little old-world Pantiles, where, a hundred years since, so much good company came to take its pleasure. Is it possible, that in the past century, gentlefolks of the first rank (as I read lately in a Lecture on George II. in this *Magazine*) assembled here and entertained each other with gaming, dancing, fiddling, and tea? There are fiddlers, harpers, and trumpeters performing at this moment in a weak little old balcony, but where is the fine company? Where are the earls, duchesses, bishops, and magnificent embroidered gamesters? A half-dozen of children and their nurses are listening to the musicians; an old lady or two in a poke bonnet passes, and for the rest, I see but an uninteresting population of native tradesmen. As for the library, its window is full of pictures of burly theologians, and their works, sermons, apologues, and so forth. Can I go in and ask the young ladies at the counter for *Manfroni, or the One-Handed Monk*, and *Life in London*, or the *Adventures of Corinthian Tom, Jeremiah Hawthorn, Esq., and their friend Bob Logic*?—absurd. I turn away abashed from the casement—from the Pantiles—no longer Pantiles, but Parade. I stroll over the Common and survey the beautiful purple hills around, twinkling with a thousand bright villas, which have sprung up over this charming ground since first I saw it. What an admirable scene of peace and plenty! What a delicious air breathes over the heath, blows the cloud shadows across it, and murmurs through the full-clad trees! Can the world show a land fairer, richer, more cheerful? I see a portion of it when I look up from the window at which I write. But fair scene, green woods, bright terraces gleaming in sunshine, and purple clouds swollen with summer rain—nay, the very pages over which my head bends—disappear from before my eyes. They are looking backwards, back into forty years off, into a dark room, into a little house hard by on the Common here, in the Bartlemy-tide holidays. The parents have gone to town for two days: the house is all his own, his own and a grim old maid-servant's, and a little boy is seated at night in the lonely drawing-room—poring over *Manfroni, or the One-Handed Monk*, so frightened that he scarcely dares to turn round.

THE

CORNHILL MAGAZINE.

OCTOBER, 1860.

The Four Georges.

SKETCHES OF MANNERS, MORALS, COURT, AND TOWN LIFE.

IV.—George the Fourth.

IN Twiss's amusing *Life of Eldon*, we read how, on the death of the Duke of York, the old chancellor became possessed of a lock of the defunct prince's hair; and so careful was he respecting the authenticity of the relic, that Bessy Eldon his wife sate in the room with the young man from Hamlet's, who distributed the ringlet into separate lockets, which each of the Eldon family afterwards wore. You know how, when George IV. came to Edinburgh, a better man than he went on board the royal yacht to welcome the king to his kingdom of Scotland, seized a goblet from which his majesty had just drunk, vowed it should remain for ever as an heirloom in his family, clapped the precious glass in his pocket, and sate down on it and broke it when he got home. Suppose the good sheriff's prize unbroken now

at Abbotsford, should we not smile with something like pity as we beheld it? Suppose one of those lockets of the no-Popery prince's hair offered for sale at Christie's, *quot libras e duce summo invenies?* how many pounds would you find for the illustrious duke? Madame Tussaud has got King George's coronation robes; is there any man now alive who would kiss the hem of that trumpery? He sleeps since thirty years: do not any of you, who remember him, wonder that you once respected and huzza'd and admired him?

To make a portrait of him at first seemed a matter of small difficulty. There is his coat, his star, his wig, his countenance simpering under it: with a slate and a piece of chalk, I could at this very desk perform a recognizable likeness of him. And yet after reading of him in scores of volumes, hunting him through old magazines and newspapers, having him here at a ball, there at a public dinner, there at races and so forth, you find you have nothing—nothing but a coat and wig and a mask smiling below it—nothing but a great simulacrum. His sire and grandsires were men. One knows what they were like: what they would do in given circumstances: that on occasion they fought and demeaned themselves like tough good soldiers. They had friends whom they liked according to their natures; enemies whom they hated fiercely; passions, and actions, and individualities of their own. The sailor king who came after George was a man: the Duke of York was a man, big, burly, loud, jolly, cursing, courageous. But this George, what was he? I look through all his life, and recognize but a bow and a grin. I try and take him to pieces, and find silk stockings, padding, stays, a coat with frogs and a fur collar, a star and blue ribbon, a pocket-handkerchief prodigiously scented, one of Truefitt's best nutty brown wigs reeking with oil, a set of teeth and a huge black stock, underwaistcoats, more underwaistcoats, and then nothing. I know of no sentiment that he ever distinctly uttered. Documents are published under his name, but people wrote them—private letters, but people spelt them. He put a great George P. or George R. at the bottom of the page and fancied he had written the paper: some bookseller's clerk, some poor author, some *man* did the work; saw to the spelling; cleaned up the slovenly sentences, and gave the lax maudlin slipslop a sort of consistency. He must have had an individuality: the dancing-master whom he emulated, nay, surpassed—the wig-maker who curled his toupee for him—the tailor who cut his coats, had that. But, about George, one can get at nothing actual. That outside, I am certain, is pad and tailor's work; there may be something behind, but what? We cannot get at the character; no doubt never shall. Will men of the future have nothing better to do than to unswathe and interpret that royal old mummy? I own I once used to think it would be good sport to pursue him, fasten on him, and pull him down. But now I am ashamed to mount and lay good dogs on, to summon a full field, and then to hunt the poor game.

On the 12th August, 1762, the forty-seventh anniversary of the

1780.

1791

The Prince and Princess of Wales.

The Regent.

The King.

accession of the House of Brunswick to the English throne, all the bells in London pealed in gratulation, and announced that an heir to George III. was born. Five days afterwards the king was pleased to pass letters patent under the great seal, creating H.R.H. the Prince of Great Britain, Electoral Prince of Brunswick Lüneburg, Duke of Cornwall and Rothsay, Earl of Carrick, Baron of Renfrew, Lord of the Isles, and Great Steward of Scotland, Prince of Wales and Earl of Chester.

All the people at his birth thronged to see this lovely child; and behind a gilt china-screen railing in St. James's Palace, in a cradle surmounted by the three princely ostrich feathers, the royal infant was laid to delight the eyes of the lieges. Among the earliest instances of homage paid to him, I read that "a curious Indian bow and arrows were sent to the prince from his father's faithful subjects in New York." He was fond of playing with these toys: an old statesman, orator, and wit of his grandfather's and great-grandfather's time, never tired of his business, still eager in his old age to be well at court, used to play with the little prince, and pretend to fall down dead when the prince shot at him with his toy bow and arrows—and get up and fall down dead over and over again—to the increased delight of the child. So that he was flattered from his cradle upwards; and before his little feet could walk statesmen and courtiers were busy kissing them.

There is a pretty picture of the royal infant—a beautiful buxom child—asleep in his mother's lap; who turns round and holds a finger to her lip, as if she would bid the courtiers around respect the baby's slumbers. From that day until his decease, sixty-eight years after, I suppose there were more pictures taken of that personage than of any other human being who ever was born and died—in every kind of uniform and every possible court-dress—in long fair hair, with powder, with and without a pigtail—in every conceivable cocked-hat—in dragoon uniform—in Windsor uniform—in a field-marshal's clothes—in a Scotch kilt and tartans, with dirk and claymore (a stupendous figure)—in a frogged frock-coat with a fur collar and tight breeches and silk stockings—in wigs of every colour, fair, brown, and black—in his famous coronation robes finally, with which performance he was so much in love that he distributed copies of the picture to all the courts and British embassies in Europe, and to numberless clubs, town-halls, and private friends. I remember as a young man how almost every dining-room had his portrait.

There is plenty of biographical tattle about the prince's boyhood. It is told with what astonishing rapidity he learned all languages, ancient and modern; how he rode beautifully, sang charmingly, and played elegantly on the violoncello. That he was beautiful was patent to all eyes. He had a high spirit: and once, when he had had a difference with his father, burst into the royal closet and called out, "Wilkes and liberty for ever!" He was so clever, that he confounded his very governors in learning; and one of them, Lord Bruce, having made a false quantity in quoting Greek, the admirable young prince instantly corrected him. Lord

Bruce could not remain a governor after this humiliation; resigned his office, and, to soothe his feelings, was actually promoted to be an earl! It is the most wonderful reason for promoting a man that ever I heard. Lord Bruce was made an earl for a blunder in prosody; and Nelson was made a baron for the victory of the Nile.

Lovers of long sums have added up the millions and millions which in the course of his brilliant existence this single prince consumed. Besides his income of 50,000*l.*, 70,000*l.*, 100,000*l.*, 120,000*l.* a-year, we read of three applications to parliament: debts to the amount of 160,000*l.*, of 650,000*l.*; besides mysterious foreign loans, whereof he pocketed the proceeds. What did he do for all this money? Why was he to have it? If he had been a manufacturing town, or a populous rural district, or an army of five thousand men, he would not have cost more. He, one solitary stout man, who did not toil, nor spin, nor fight,—what had any mortal done that he should be pampered so?

In 1784, when he was twenty-one years of age, Carlton Palace was given to him, and furnished by the nation with as much luxury as could be devised. His pockets were filled with money: he said it was not enough; he flung it out of window: he spent 10,000*l.* a-year for the coats on his back. The nation gave him more money, and more, and more. The sum is past counting. He was a prince, most lovely to look on, and christened Prince Florizel on his first appearance in the world. That he was the handsomest prince in the whole world was agreed by men, and alas! by many women.

I suppose he must have been very graceful. There are so many testimonies to the charm of his manner, that we must allow him great elegance and powers of fascination. He, and the King of France's brother, the Count d'Artois, a charming young prince who danced deliciously on the tight-rope—a poor old tottering exiled king, who asked hospitality of King George's successor, and lived awhile in the palace of Mary Stuart—divided in their youth the title of first gentleman of Europe. We in England of course gave the prize to *our* gentleman. Until George's death the propriety of that award was scarce questioned or the doubters voted rebels and traitors. Only the other day I was reading in the reprint of the delightful *Noctes* of Christopher North. The health of THE KING is drunk in large capitals by the loyal Scotsman. You would fancy him a hero, a sage, a statesman, a pattern for kings and men. It was Walter Scott who had that accident with the broken glass I spoke of anon. He was the king's Scottish champion, rallied all Scotland to him, made loyalty the fashion, and laid about him fiercely with his claymore upon all the prince's enemies. The Brunswicks had no such defenders as those two Jacobite commoners, old Sam Johnson the Lichfield chapman's son, and Walter Scott, the Edinburgh lawyer's.

Nature and circumstance had done their utmost to prepare the prince for being spoiled: the dreadful dulness of papa's court, its stupid amusements, its dreary occupations, the maddening humdrum, the stifling

sobriety of its routine, would have made a scapegrace of a much less lively prince. All the big princes bolted from that castle of *ennui* where old King George sat, posting up his books and droning over his Handel; and old Queen Charlotte over her snuff and her tambour-frame. Most of the sturdy, gallant sons settled down after sowing their wild oats, and became sober subjects of their father and brother—not ill liked by the nation, which pardons youthful irregularities readily enough, for the sake of pluck, and unaffectedness, and good-humour.

The boy is father of the man. Our prince signalized his entrance into the world by a feat worthy of his future life. He invented a new shoebuckle. It was an inch long and five inches broad. "It covered almost the whole instep, reaching down to the ground on either side of the foot." A sweet invention! lovely and useful as the prince on whose foot it sparkled. At his first appearance at a court ball, we read that "his coat was pink silk, with white cuffs; his waistcoat white silk, embroidered with various-coloured foil, and adorned with a profusion of French paste. And his hat was ornamented with two rows of steel beads, five thousand in number, with a button and loop of the same metal, and cocked in a new military style." What a Florizel! Do these details seem trivial? They are the grave incidents of his life. His biographers say that when he commenced housekeeping in that splendid new palace of his, the Prince of Wales had some windy projects of encouraging literature, science, and the arts; of having assemblies of literary characters; and societies for the encouragement of geography, astronomy, and botany. Astronomy, geography, and botany! Fiddlesticks! French ballet-dancers, French cooks, horse-jockeys, buffoons, procurers, tailors, boxers, fencing-masters, china, jewel, and gimcrack merchants—these were his real companions. At first he made a pretence of having Burke and Pitt and Sheridan for his friends. But how could such men be serious before such an empty scapegrace as this lad? Fox might talk dice with him, and Sheridan wine; but what else had these men of genius in common with their tawdry young host of Carlton House? That fribble the leader of such men as Fox and Burke! That man's opinions about the constitution, the India Bill, justice to the Catholics—about any question graver than the button for a waistcoat or the sauce for a partridge—worth anything! The friendship between the prince and the Whig chiefs was impossible. They were hypocrites in pretending to respect him, and if he broke the hollow compact between them, who shall blame him? His natural companions were dandies and parasites. He could talk to a tailor or a cook; but, as the equal of great statesmen, to set up a creature, lazy, weak, indolent, besotted, of monstrous vanity, and levity incurable—it is absurd. They thought to use him, and did for awhile; but they must have known how timid he was; how entirely heartless and treacherous, and have expected his desertion. His next set of friends were mere table companions, of whom he grew tired too; then we hear of him with a very few select toadies, mere boys from school or the Guards, whose

sprightliness tickled the fancy of the worn-out voluptuary. What matters what friends he had? He dropped all his friends; he never could have real friends. An heir to the throne has flatterers, adventurers who hang about him, ambitious men who use him; but friendship is denied him.

And women, I suppose, are as false and selfish in their dealings with such a character as men. Shall we take the Leporello part, flourish a catalogue of the conquests of this royal Don Juan, and tell the names of the favourites to whom, one after the other, George Prince flung his pocket-handkerchief? What purpose would it answer to say how Perdita was pursued, won, deserted, and by whom succeeded? What good in knowing that he did actually marry Mrs. FitzHerbert according to the rites of the Roman Catholic Church; that her marriage settlements have been seen in London; that the names of the witnesses to her marriage are known. This sort of vice that we are now come to presents no new or fleeting trait of manners. Debauchees, dissolute, heartless, fickle, cowardly, have been ever since the world began. This one had more temptations than most, and so much may be said in extenuation for him.

It was an unlucky thing for this doomed one, and tending to lead him yet farther on the road to the deuce, that, besides being lovely, so that women were fascinated by him; and heir apparent, so that all the world flattered him; he should have a beautiful voice, which led him directly in the way of drink: and thus all the pleasant devils were coaxing on poor Florizel; desire, and idleness, and vanity, and drunkenness, all clashing their merry cymbals and bidding him come on.

We first hear of his warbling sentimental ditties under the walls of Kew Palace by the moonlight banks of Thames, with Lord Viscount Leporello keeping watch lest the music should be disturbed.

Singing after dinner and supper was the universal fashion of the day. You may fancy all England sounding with choruses, some ribald, some harmless, but all occasioning the consumption of a prodigious deal of fermented liquor.

> "The jolly muse her wings to try no frolic flights need take,
> But round the bowl would dip and fly, like swallows round a lake,"

sang Morris in one of his gallant Anacreontics, to which the prince many a time joined in chorus, and of which the burden is,—

> "And that I think's a reason fair to drink and fill again."

This delightful boon companion of the prince's found "a reason fair" to forego filling and drinking, saw the error of his ways, gave up the bowl and chorus, and died retired and religious. The prince's table no doubt was a very tempting one. The wits came and did their utmost to amuse him. It is wonderful how the spirits rise, the wit brightens, the wine has an aroma, when a great man is at the head of the table. Scott, the loyal cavalier, the king's true liegeman, the very best *raconteur* of his time, poured out with an endless generosity his store of old-world learning,

kindness, and humour. Grattan contributed to it his wondrous eloquence, fancy, feeling. Tom Moore perched upon it for awhile, and piped his most exquisite little love-tunes on it, flying away in a twitter of indignation afterwards, and attacking the prince with bill and claw. In such society, no wonder the sitting was long, and the butler tired of drawing corks. Remember what the usages of the time were, and that William Pitt, coming to the House of Commons after having drunk a bottle of port-wine at his own house, would go into Bellamy's with Dundas, and help finish a couple more.

You peruse volumes after volumes about our prince, and find some half-dozen stock stories—indeed not many more—common to all the histories. He was good-natured; an indolent, voluptuous prince, not unkindly. One story, the most favourable to him of all perhaps, is that as Prince Regent, he was eager to hear all that could be said in behalf of prisoners condemned to death, and anxious, if possible, to remit the capital sentence. He was kind to his servants. There is a story common to all the biographies, of Molly the housemaid, who, when his household was to be broken up, owing to some reforms which he tried absurdly to practise, was discovered crying as she dusted the chairs because she was to leave a master who had a kind word for all his servants. Another tale is that of a groom of the prince's being discovered in corn and oat peculations, and dismissed by the personage at the head of the stables; the prince had word of John's disgrace, remonstrated with him very kindly, generously reinstated him, and bade him promise to sin no more—a promise which John kept. Another story is very fondly told of the prince as a young man hearing of an officer's family in distress, and how he straightway borrowed six or eight hundred pounds, put his long fair hair under his hat, and so disguised carried the money to the starving family. He sent money, too, to Sheridan on his death-bed, and would have sent more had not death ended the career of that man of genius. Besides these, there are a few pretty speeches, kind and graceful, to persons with whom he was brought in contact. But he turned upon twenty friends. He was fond and familiar with them one day, and he passed them on the next without recognition. He used them, liked them, loved them perhaps in his way, and then separated from them. On Monday he kissed and fondled poor Perdita, and on Tuesday he met her and did not know her. On Wednesday he was very affectionate with that wretched Brummell, and on Thursday forgot him; cheated him even out of a snuff-box which he owed the poor dandy; saw him years afterwards in his downfall and poverty, when the bankrupt Beau sent him another snuff-box with some of the snuff he used to love, as a piteous token of remembrance and submission, and the king took the snuff, and ordered his horses and drove on, and had not the grace to notice his old companion, favourite, rival, enemy, superior. In Wraxall there is some gossip about him. When the charming, beautiful, generous Duchess of Devonshire died—the lovely lady whom he used to call his dearest duchess once, and pretend to admire as all English society

admired her—he said, "Then we have lost the best bred woman in England," "Then we have lost the kindest heart in England," said noble Charles Fox. On another occasion, when three noblemen were to receive the Garter, says Wraxall, "A great personage observed that never did three men receive the order in so characteristic a manner. The Duke of A. advanced to the sovereign with a phlegmatic, cold, awkward air like a clown; Lord B. came forward fawning and smiling like a courtier; Lord C. presented himself easy, unembarrassed, like a gentleman?" These are the stories one has to recall about the prince and king—kindness to a housemaid, generosity to a groom, criticism on a bow. There *are* no better stories about him: they are mean and trivial, and they characterize him. The great war of empires and giants goes on. Day by day victories are won and lost by the brave. Torn, smoky flags and battered eagles are wrenched from the heroic enemy and laid at his feet; and he sits there on his throne and smiles, and gives the guerdon of valour to the conqueror. He! Elliston the actor, when the *Coronation* was performed, in which he took the principal part, used to fancy himself the king, burst into tears, and hiccup a blessing on the people. I believe it is certain about George IV., that he had heard so much of the war, knighted so many people, and worn such a prodigious quantity of marshal's uniforms, cocked-hats, cock's feathers, scarlet and bullion in general, that he actually fancied he had been present in some campaigns, and, under the name of General Brock, led a tremendous charge of the German legion at Waterloo.

He is dead but thirty years, and one asks how a great society could have tolerated him? Would we bear him now? In this quarter of a century, what a silent revolution has been working! how it has separated us from old times and manners! How it has changed men themselves! I can see old gentlemen now among us, of perfect good breeding, of quiet lives, with venerable grey heads, fondling their grandchildren; and look at them, and wonder at what they were once. That gentleman of the grand old school, when he was in the 10th Hussars, and dined at the prince's table, would fall under it night after night. Night after night, that gentleman sate at Brookes's or Raggett's over the dice. If, in the petulance of play or drink, that gentleman spoke a sharp word to his neighbour, he and the other would infallibly go out and try to shoot each other the next morning. That gentleman would drive his friend Richmond the black boxer down to Moulsey, and hold his coat, and shout and swear, and hurrah with delight, whilst the black man was beating Dutch Sam the Jew. That gentleman would take a manly pleasure in pulling his own coat off, and thrashing a bargeman in a street row. That gentleman has been in a watchhouse. That gentleman, so exquisitely polite with ladies in a drawing-room, so loftily courteous, if he talked now as he used among men in his youth, would swear so as to make your hair stand on end. I met lately a very old German gentleman, who had served in our army at the beginning of the century. Since then he has lived on his own estate, but rarely meeting with an Englishman, whose language—the language of

fifty years ago that is—he possesses perfectly. When this highly bred old man began to speak English to me, almost every other word he uttered was an oath: as they used it (they swore dreadfully in Flanders) with the Duke of York before Valenciennes, or at Carlton House over the supper and cards. Read Byron's letters. So accustomed is the young man to oaths that he employs them even in writing to his friends, and swears by the post. Read his account of the doings of young men at Cambridge, of the ribald professors, one of whom "could pour out Greek like a drunken Helot," and whose excesses surpassed even those of the young men. Read Matthews' description of the boyish lordling's housekeeping at Newstead, the skull-cup passed round, the monk's dresses from the masquerade warehouse, in which the young scapegraces used to sit until daylight, chanting appropriate songs round their wine. "We come to breakfast at two or three o'clock," Matthews says. "There are gloves and foils for those who like to amuse themselves, or we fire pistols at a mark in the hall, or we worry the wolf." A jolly life truly! The noble young owner of the mansion writes about such affairs himself in letters to his friend Mr. John Jackson, pugilist, in London.

All the prince's time tells a similar strange story of manners and pleasure. In Wraxall we find the prime minister himself, the redoubted William Pitt, engaged in high jinks with personages of no less importance than Lord Thurlow the lord chancellor, and Mr. Dundas the treasurer of the navy. Wraxall relates how these three statesmen, returning after dinner from Addiscombe, found a turnpike open and galloped through it without paying the toll. The turnpike man, fancying they were highwaymen, fired a blunderbuss after them, but missed them; and the poet sang,—

> "How as Pitt wandered darkling o'er the plain,
> His reason drown'd in Jenkinson's champagne,
> A rustic's hand, but righteous fate withstood,
> Had shed a premier's for a robber's blood."

Here we have the treasurer of the navy, the lord high chancellor, and the prime minister, all engaged in a most undoubted lark. In Eldon's *Memoirs*, about the very same time, I read that the bar loved wine, as well as the woolsack. Not John Scott himself; he was a good boy always; and though he loved port wine, loved his business and his duty and his fees a great deal better.

He has a Northern Circuit story of those days, about a party at the house of a certain Lawyer Fawcett, who gave a dinner every year to the counsel.

"On one occasion," related Lord Eldon, "I heard Lee say, 'I cannot leave Fawcett's wine. Mind, Davenport, you will go home immediately after dinner, to read the brief in that cause that we have to conduct to-morrow.'"

"'Not I,' said Davenport. 'Leave my dinner and my wine to read a brief! No, no, Lee; that won't do.'

"'Then,' said Lee, 'what is to be done? who else is employed?'

"*Davenport.*—'Oh! young Scott.'

"*Lee.*—'Oh! he must go. Mr. Scott, you must go home immediately, and make yourself acquainted with that cause, before our consultation this evening.'

"This was very hard upon me; but I did go, and there was an attorney from Cumberland, and one from Northumberland, and I do not know how many other persons. Pretty late, in came Jack Lee, as drunk as he could be.

"'I cannot consult to-night; I must go to bed,' he exclaimed, and away he went. Then came Sir Thomas Davenport.

"'We cannot have a consultation to-night, Mr. Wordsworth' (Wordsworth, I think, was the name; it was a Cumberland name), shouted Davenport. 'Don't you see how drunk Mr. Scott is? it is impossible to consult.' Poor me! who had scarce had any dinner, and lost all my wine —I was so drunk that I could not consult! Well, a verdict was given against us, and it was all owing to Lawyer Fawcett's dinner. We moved for a new trial; and I must say, for the honour of the bar, that those two gentlemen, Jack Lee and Sir Thomas Davenport, paid all the expenses between them of the first trial. It is the only instance I ever knew, but they did. We moved for a new trial (on the ground, I suppose, of the counsel not being in their senses), and it was granted. When it came on, the following year, the judge rose and said,—

"'Gentlemen, did any of you dine with Lawyer Fawcett yesterday? for, if you did, I will not hear this cause till next year.'

"There was great laughter. We gained the cause that time."

On another occasion, at Lancaster, where poor Bozzy must needs be going the Northern Circuit, "we found him," says Mr. Scott, "lying upon the pavement inebriated. We subscribed a guinea at supper for him, and a half-crown for his clerk"—(no doubt there was a large bar, and that Scott's joke did not cost him much),—"and sent him, when he waked next morning, a brief, with instructions to move for what we denominated the writ of *quare adhæsit pavimento?* with observations duly calculated to induce him to think that it required great learning to explain the necessity of granting it, to the judge before whom he was to move." Boswell sent all round the town to attorneys for books, that might enable him to distinguish himself —but in vain. He moved, however, for the writ, making the best use he could of the observations in the brief. The judge was perfectly astonished, and the audience amazed. The judge said, "I never heard of such a writ —what can it be that adheres *pavimento?* Are any of you gentlemen at the bar able to explain this?"

The bar laughed. At last one of them said,—

"My lord, Mr. Boswell last night *adhæsit pavimento.* There was no moving him for some time. At last he was carried to bed, and he has been dreaming about himself and the pavement."

The canny old gentleman relishes these jokes. When the Bishop of Lincoln was moving from the deanery of St. Paul's, he says he asked a

learned friend of his, by name Will Hay, how he should move some especially fine claret, about which he was anxious.

"Pray, my lord bishop," says Hay, "how much of the wine have you?"

The bishop said six dozen.

"If that is all," Hay answered, "you have but to ask me six times to dinner, and I will carry it all away myself."

There were giants in those days; but this joke about wine is not so fearful as one perpetrated by Orator Thelwall, in the heat of the French Revolution, ten years later, over a frothing pot of porter. He blew the head off, and said, "This is the way I would serve all kings."

Now we come to yet higher personages, and find their doings recorded in the blushing pages of timid little Miss Burney's *Memoirs*. She represents a prince of the blood in quite a royal condition. The loudness, the bigness, boisterousness, creaking boots and rattling oaths, of the young princes, appeared to have frightened the prim household of Windsor, and set all the teacups twittering on the tray. On the night of a ball and birthday, when one of the pretty, kind princesses was to come out, it was agreed that her brother, Prince William Henry, should dance the opening minuet with her, and he came to visit the household at their dinner.

"At dinner, Mrs. Schwellenberg presided, attired magnificently; Miss Goldsworthy, Mrs. Stanforth, Messrs. Du Luc and Stanhope, dined with us; and while we were still eating fruit, the Duke of Clarence entered.

"He was just risen from the king's table, and waiting for his equipage to go home and prepare for the ball. To give you an idea of the energy of his royal highness's language, I ought to set apart an objection to writing, or rather intimating, certain forcible words, and beg leave to show you in genuine colours a royal sailor.

"We all rose, of course, upon his entrance, and the two gentlemen placed themselves behind their chairs, while the footmen left the room. But he ordered us all to sit down, and called the men back to hand about some wine. He was in exceeding high spirits, and in the utmost good humour. He placed himself at the head of the table, next Mrs. Schwellenberg, and looked remarkably well, gay, and full of sport and mischief; yet clever withal, as well as comical.

"'Well, this is the first day I have ever dined with the king at St. James's on his birthday. Pray, have you all drunk his Majesty's health?'

"'No, your royal highness; your royal highness might make dem do dat,' said Mrs. Schwellenberg.

"'Oh, by——, I will! Here, you (to the footman), bring champagne; I'll drink the king's health again, if I die for it. Yes, I have done it pretty well already; so has the king, I promise you! I believe his majesty was never taken such good care of before; we have kept his spirits up, I promise you; we have enabled him to go through his fatigues; and I should have done more still, but for the ball and Mary;—I have promised to dance with Mary. I must keep sober for Mary.'"

Indefatigable Miss Burney continues for a dozen pages reporting H.R.H.'s conversation, and indicating, with a humour not unworthy of the clever little author of *Evelina*, the increasing state of excitement of the young sailor prince, who drank more and more champagne, stopped old Mrs. Schwellenberg's remonstrances by giving the old lady a kiss, and telling her to hold her potato-trap, and who did not "keep sober for Mary." Mary had to find another partner that night, for the royal William Henry could not keep his legs.

Will you have a picture of the amusements of another royal prince? It is the Duke of York, the blundering general, the beloved commander-in-chief of the army, the brother with whom George IV. had had many a midnight carouse, and who continued his habits of pleasure almost till death seized his stout body.

In Pückler Muskau's *Letters*, that German prince describes a bout with H.R.H., who in his best time was such a powerful toper that "six bottles of claret after dinner scarce made a perceptible change in his countenance."

"I remember," says Pückler, "that one evening,—indeed, it was past midnight,—he took some of his guests, among whom were the Austrian ambassador, Count Meervelt, Count Beroldingen, and myself, into his beautiful armoury. We tried to swing several Turkish sabres, but none of us had a very firm grasp; whence it happened that the duke and Meervelt both scratched themselves with a sort of straight Indian sword so as to draw blood. Meervelt then wished to try if the sword cut as well as a Damascus, and attempted to cut through one of the wax candles that stood on the table. The experiment answered so ill, that both the candles, candlesticks and all, fell to the ground and were extinguished. While we were groping in the dark and trying to find the door, the duke's aide-de-camp stammered out in great agitation, 'By G—, sir, I remember the sword is poisoned!'

"You may conceive the agreeable feelings of the wounded at this intelligence! Happily, on further examination, it appeared that claret, and not poison, was at the bottom of the colonel's exclamation."

And now I have one more story of the bacchanalian sort, in which Clarence and York, and the very highest personage of the realm, the great Prince Regent, all play parts. The feast took place at the Pavilion at Brighton, and was described to me by a gentleman who was present at the scene. In Gilray's caricatures, and amongst Fox's jolly associates, there figures a great nobleman, the Duke of Norfolk, called Jockey of Norfolk in his time, and celebrated for his table exploits. He had quarrelled with the prince, like the rest of the Whigs; but a sort of reconciliation had taken place; and now, being a very old man, the prince invited him to dine and sleep at the Pavilion, and the old duke drove over from his Castle of Arundel with his famous equipage of grey horses, still remembered in Sussex.

The Prince of Wales had concocted with his royal brothers a notable

scheme for making the old man drunk. Every person at table was enjoined to drink wine with the duke—a challenge which the old toper did not refuse. He soon began to see that there was a conspiracy against him; he drank glass for glass; he overthrew many of the brave. At last the First Gentleman of Europe proposed bumpers of brandy. One of the royal brothers filled a great glass for the duke. He stood up and tossed off the drink. "Now," says he, "I will have my carriage, and go home." The prince urged upon him his previous promise to sleep under the roof where he had been so generously entertained. "No," he said, he had had enough of such hospitality. A trap had been set for him; he would leave the place at once and never enter its doors more.

The carriage was called, and came; but, in the half-hour's interval, the liquor had proved too potent for the old man; his host's generous purpose was answered, and the duke's old grey head lay stupefied on the table. Nevertheless, when his post-chaise was announced, he staggered to it as well as he could, and stumbling in, bade the postilions drive to Arundel. They drove him for half an hour round and round the Pavilion lawn; the poor old man fancied he was going home. When he awoke that morning he was in bed at the prince's hideous house at Brighton. You may see the place now for sixpence: they have fiddlers there every day; and sometimes buffoons and mountebanks hire the Riding House and do their tricks and tumbling there. The trees are still there, and the gravel walks round which the poor old sinner was trotted. I can fancy the flushed faces of the royal princes as they support themselves at the portico pillars, and look on at old Norfolk's disgrace; but I can't fancy how the man who perpetrated it continued to be called a gentleman.

From drinking, the pleased Muse now turns to gambling, of which in his youth our prince was a great practitioner. He was a famous pigeon for the play-men; they lived upon him. Egalité Orleans, it was believed, punished him severely. A noble lord, whom we shall call the Marquis of Steyne, is said to have mulcted him in immense sums. He frequented the clubs, where play was then almost universal; and, as it was known his debts of honour were sacred, whilst he was gambling Jews waited outside to purchase his notes of hand. His transactions on the turf were unlucky as well as discreditable: though I believe he, and his jockey, and his horse Escape, were all innocent in that affair which created so much scandal.

Arthur's, Almack's, Bootle's, and White's were the chief clubs of the young men of fashion. There was play at all, and decayed noblemen and broken-down senators fleeced the unwary there. In Selwyn's *Letters* we find Carlisle, Devonshire, Coventry, Queensberry, all undergoing the probation. Charles Fox, a dreadful gambler, was cheated in very late times —lost 200,000*l.* at play. Gibbon tells of his playing for twenty-two hours at a sitting, and losing 500*l.* an hour. That indomitable punter said that the greatest pleasure in life, after winning, was losing. What hours, what nights, what health did he waste over the devil's books! I was going to

say what peace of mind; but he took his losses very philosophically. After an awful night's play, and the enjoyment of the greatest pleasure but *one* in life, he was found on a sofa tranquilly reading an Eclogue of Virgil.

Play survived long after the wild prince and Fox had given up the dice-box. The dandies continued it. Byron, Brummell—how many names could I mention of men of the world who have suffered by it! In 1837 occurred a famous trial which pretty nigh put an end to gambling in England. A peer of the realm was found cheating at whist, and repeatedly seen to practise the trick called *sauter la coupe*. His friends at the clubs saw him cheat, and went on playing with him. One greenhorn, who had discovered his foul play, asked an old hand what he should do. "Do," said the Mammon of Unrighteousness, "*Back him, you fool.*" The best efforts were made to screen him. People wrote him anonymous letters and warned him; but he would cheat, and they were obliged to find him out. Since that day, when my lord's shame was made public, the gaming-table has lost all its splendour. Shabby Jews and blacklegs prowl about race-courses and tavern parlours, and now and then inveigle silly yokels with greasy packs of cards in railroad cars; but Play is a deposed goddess, her worshippers bankrupt and her table in rags.

So is another famous British institution gone to decay—the Ring: the noble practice of British boxing, which in my youth was still almost flourishing.

The prince, in his early days, was a great patron of this national sport, as his grand-uncle Culloden Cumberland had been before him; but, being present at a fight at Brighton, where one of the combatants was killed, the prince pensioned the boxer's widow, and declared he never would attend another battle. "But, nevertheless,"—I read in the noble language of Pierce Egan (whose smaller work on Pugilism I have the honour to possess),—"he thought it a manly and decided English feature, which ought not to be destroyed. His majesty had a drawing of the sporting characters in the Fives' Court placed in his boudoir, to remind him of his former attachment and support of true courage; and when any fight of note occurred after he was king, accounts of it were read to him by his desire." That gives one a fine image of a king taking his recreation;—at ease in a royal dressing-gown;—too majestic to read himself, ordering the prime minister to read him accounts of battles: how Cribb punched Molyneux's eye, or Jack Randall thrashed the Game Chicken.

Where my prince *did* actually distinguish himself was in driving. He drove once in four hours and a half from Brighton to Carlton House—fifty-six miles. All the young men of that day were fond of that sport. But the fashion of rapid driving deserted England; and, I believe, trotted over to America. Where are the amusements of our youth? I hear of no gambling now but amongst obscure ruffians; of no boxing but amongst the lowest rabble. One solitary four-in-hand still drove round the parks in London last year; but that charioteer must soon disappear. He was

very old; he was attired after the fashion of the year 1825. He must drive to the banks of Styx ere long,—where the ferry-boat waits to carry him over to the defunct revellers, who boxed and gambled and drank and drove with King George.

The bravery of the Brunswicks, that all the family must have it, that George possessed it, are points which all English writers have agreed to admit; and yet I cannot see how George IV. should have been endowed with this quality. Swaddled in feather-beds all his life, lazy, obese, perpetually eating and drinking, his education was quite unlike that of his tough old progenitors. His grandsires had confronted hardship and war, and ridden up and fired their pistols undaunted into the face of death. His father had conquered luxury, and overcome indolence. Here was one who never resisted any temptation; never had a desire but he coddled and pampered it; if ever he had any nerve, frittered it away among cooks, and tailors, and barbers, and furnituremongers, and opera dancers. What muscle would not grow flaccid in such a life—a life that was never strung up to any action—an endless Capua without any campaign—all fiddling, and flowers, and feasting, and flattery, and folly? When George III. was pressed by the Catholic question and the India Bill, he said he would retire to Hanover rather than yield upon either point; and he would have done what he said. But, before yielding, he was determined to fight his ministers and parliament; and he did, and he beat them. The time came when George IV. was pressed too upon the Catholic claims: the cautious Peel had slipped over to that side; the grim old Wellington had joined it; and Peel tells us, in his *Memoirs*, what was the conduct of the king. He at first refused to submit; whereupon Peel and the duke offered their resignations, which their gracious master accepted. He did these two gentlemen the honour, Peel says, to kiss them both when they went away. (Fancy old Arthur's grim countenance and eagle beak as the monarch kisses it!) When they were gone he sent after them, surrendered, and wrote to them a letter begging them to remain in office, and allowing them to have their way. Then his majesty had a meeting with Eldon, which is related at curious length in the latter's *Memoirs*. He told Eldon what was not true about his interview with the new Catholic converts; utterly misled the old ex-chancellor; cried, whimpered, fell on his neck, and kissed him too. We know old Eldon's own tears were pumped very freely. Did these two fountains gush together? I can't fancy a behaviour more unmanly, imbecile, pitiable. This a defender of the faith! This a chief in the crisis of a great nation! This an inheritor of the courage of the Georges!

Many of my hearers no doubt have journeyed to the pretty old town of Brunswick, in company with that most worthy, prudent, and polite gentleman, the Earl of Malmesbury, and fetched away Princess Caroline for her longing husband, the Prince of Wales. Old Queen Charlotte would have had her eldest son marry a niece of her own, that famous Louisa of Strelitz, afterwards Queen of Prussia, and who shares with Marie An-

toinette in the last age the sad pre-eminence of beauty and misfortune. But George III. had a niece at Brunswick: she was a richer princess than her Serene Highness of Strelitz:—in fine, the Princess Caroline was selected to marry the heir to the English throne. We follow my Lord Malmesbury in quest of her; we are introduced to her illustrious father and royal mother; we witness the balls and fêtes of the old court; we are presented to the princess herself, with her fair hair, her blue eyes, and her impertinent shoulders—a lively, bouncing, romping princess, who takes the advice of her courtly English mentor most generously and kindly. We can be present at her very toilette, if we like, regarding which, and for very good reasons, the British courtier implores her to be particular. What a strange court! What a queer privacy of morals and manners do we look into! Shall we regard it as preachers and moralists, and cry, Woe, against the open vice and selfishness and corruption; or look at it as we do at the king in the pantomime, with his pantomime wife, and pantomime courtiers, whose big heads he knocks together, whom he pokes with his pantomime sceptre, whom he orders to prison under the guard of his pantomime beefeaters, as he sits down to dine on his pantomime pudding? It is grave, it is sad, it is theme most curious for moral and political speculation; it is monstrous, grotesque, laughable, with its prodigious littlenesses, etiquettes, ceremonials, sham moralities; it is as serious as a sermon, and as absurd and outrageous as Punch's puppet-show.

Malmesbury tells us of the private life of the duke, Princess Caroline's father, who was to die, like his warlike son, in arms against the French; presents us to his courtiers, his favourite; his duchess, George III.'s sister, a grim old princess, who took the British envoy aside, and told him wicked old stories of wicked old dead people and times; who came to England afterwards when her nephew was regent, and lived in a shabby furnished lodging, old, and dingy, and deserted, and grotesque, but somehow royal. And we go with him to the duke to demand the princess's hand in form, and we hear the Brunswick guns fire their adieux of salute, as H.R.H. the Princess of Wales departs in the frost and snow; and we visit the domains of the Prince Bishop of Osnaburg—the Duke of York of our early time; and we dodge about from the French revolutionists, whose ragged legions are pouring over Holland and Germany, and gaily trampling down the old world to the tune of *ça ira;* and we take shipping at Slade, and we land at Greenwich, where the princess's ladies and the prince's ladies are in waiting to receive her royal highness.

What a history follows! Arrived in London, the bridegroom hastened eagerly to receive his bride. When she was first presented to him, Lord Malmesbury says she very properly attempted to kneel. He raised her gracefully enough, embraced her, and turning round to me, said,—

"Harris, I am not well; pray get me a glass of brandy."

I said, "Sir, had you not better have a glass of water?"

Upon which, much out of humour, he said, with an oath, "No; I will go to the queen."

What could be expected from a wedding which had such a beginning—from such a bridegroom and such a bride? I am not going to carry you through the scandal of that story, or follow the poor princess through all her vagaries; her balls and her dances, her travels to Jerusalem and Naples, her jigs and her junketings and her tears. As I read her trial in history, I vote she is not guilty. I don't say it is an impartial verdict; but as one reads her story the heart bleeds for the kindly, generous, outraged creature. If wrong there be, let it lie at his door who wickedly thrust her from it. Spite of her follies, the great, hearty people of England loved, and protected, and pitied her. "God bless you! we will bring your husband back to you," said a mechanic one day, as she told Lady Charlotte Bury with tears streaming down her cheeks. They could not bring that husband back; they could not cleanse that selfish heart. Was hers the only one he had wounded? Steeped in selfishness, impotent for faithful attachment and manly enduring love,—had it not survived remorse, was it not accustomed to desertion?

Malmesbury gives us the beginning of the marriage story;—how the prince reeled into chapel to be married; how he hiccupped out his vows of fidelity—you know how he kept them; how he pursued the woman whom he had married; to what a state he brought her; with what blows he struck her; with what malignity he pursued her; what his treatment of his daughter was; and what his own life. *He* the first gentleman of Europe! There is no stronger satire on the proud English society of that day, than that they admired George.

No, thank God, we can tell of better gentlemen; and whilst our eyes turn away, shocked, from this monstrous image of pride, vanity, weakness, they may see in that England over which the last George pretended to reign, some who merit indeed the title of gentlemen, some who make our hearts beat when we hear their names, and whose memory we fondly salute when that of yonder imperial manikin is tumbled into oblivion. I will take men of my own profession of letters. I will take Walter Scott, who loved the king, and who was his sword and buckler, and championed him like that brave Highlander in his own story, who fights round his craven chief. What a good gentleman! What a friendly soul, what a generous hand, what an amiable life was that of the noble Sir Walter! I will take another man of letters, whose life I admire even more,—an English worthy, doing his duty for fifty noble years of labour, day by day storing up learning, day by day working for scant wages, most charitable out of his small means, bravely faithful to the calling which he had chosen, refusing to turn from his path for popular praise or princes' favour;—I mean *Robert Southey*. We have left his old political landmarks miles and miles behind; we protest against his dogmatism; nay, we begin to forget it and his politics: but I hope his life will not be forgotten, for it is sublime in its simplicity, its energy, its honour, its affection. In the combat between Time and Thalaba, I suspect the former destroyer has conquered. Kehama's curse frightens very few readers now; but Southey's private letters are worth

piles of epics, and are sure to last among us, as long as kind hearts like to sympathize with goodness and purity, and love and upright life. "If your feelings are like mine," he writes to his wife, "I will not go to Lisbon without you, or I will stay at home, and not part from you. For though not unhappy when away, still without you I am not happy. For your sake, as well as my own and little Edith's, I will not consent to any separation; the growth of a year's love between her and me, if it please God she should live, is a thing too delightful in itself, and too valuable in its consequences, to be given up for any light inconvenience on your part or mine. . . . On these things we will talk at leisure; only, dear, dear Edith, *we must not part!*"

This was a poor literary gentleman. The First Gentleman in Europe had a wife and daughter too. Did he love them so? Was he faithful to them? Did he sacrifice ease for them, or show them the sacred examples of religion and honour? Heaven gave the Great English Prodigal no such good fortune. Peel proposed to make a baronet of Southey; and to this advancement the king agreed. The poet nobly rejected the offered promotion.

"I have," he wrote, "a pension of 200*l.* a year, conferred upon me by the good offices of my old friend C. Wynn, and I have the laureateship. The salary of the latter was immediately appropriated, as far as it went, to a life insurance for 3,000*l.*, which, with an earlier insurance, is the sole provision I have made for my family. All beyond must be derived from my own industry. Writing for a livelihood, a livelihood is all that I have gained; for, having also something better in view, and never, therefore, having courted popularity, nor written for the mere sake of gain, it has not been possible for me to lay by anything. Last year, for the first time in my life, I was provided with a year's expenditure beforehand. This exposition may show how unbecoming and unwise it would be to accept the rank which, so greatly to my honour, you have solicited for me."

How noble his poverty is, compared to the wealth of his master! His acceptance even of a pension was made the object of his opponents' satire: but think of the merit and modesty of this State pensioner; and that other enormous drawer of public money, who receives 100,000*l.* a year, and comes to Parliament with a request for 650,000*l.* more!

Another true knight of those days was Cuthbert Collingwood; and I think, since heaven made gentlemen, there is no record of a better one than that. Of brighter deeds, I grant you, we may read performed by others; but where of a nobler, kinder, more beautiful life of duty, of a gentler, truer heart? Beyond dazzle of success and blaze of genius, I fancy shining a hundred and a hundred times higher, the sublime purity of Collingwood's gentle glory. His heroism stirs British hearts when we recall it. His love, and goodness, and piety make one thrill with happy emotion. As one reads of him and his great comrade going into the victory with which their names are immortally connected, how the old English word comes up, and that old English feeling of what I should like

to call Christian honour! What gentlemen they were, what great hearts they had! "We can, my dear Coll," writes Nelson to him, "have no little jealousies; we have only one great object in view,—that of meeting the enemy, and getting a glorious peace for our country." At Trafalgar, when the *Royal Sovereign* was pressing alone into the midst of the combined fleets, Lord Nelson said to Captain Blackwood: "See how that noble fellow, Collingwood, takes his ship into action! How I envy him!" The very same throb and impulse of heroic generosity was beating in Collingwood's honest bosom. As he led into the fight, he said: "What would Nelson give to be here!"

After the action of the 1st of June, he writes:—"We cruised for a few days, like disappointed people looking for what they could not find, *until the morning of little Sarah's birthday*, between eight and nine o'clock, when the French fleet, of twenty-five sail of the line, was discovered to windward. We chased them, and they bore down within about five miles of us. The night was spent in watching and preparation for the succeeding day; and many a blessing did I send forth to my Sarah, lest I should never bless her more. At dawn, we made our approach on the enemy, then drew up, dressed our ranks, and it was about eight when the admiral made the signal for each ship to engage her opponent, and bring her to close action; and then down we went under a crowd of sail, and in a manner that would have animated the coldest heart, and struck terror into the most intrepid enemy. The ship we were to engage was two ahead of the French admiral, so we had to go through his fire and that of two ships next to him, and received all their broadsides two or three times, before we fired a gun. It was then near ten o'clock. I observed to the admiral, that about that time our wives were going to church, but that I thought the peal we should ring about the Frenchman's ears would outdo their parish bells."

There are no words to tell what the heart feels in reading the simple phrases of such a hero. Here is victory and courage, but love sublimer and superior. Here is a Christian soldier spending the night before battle in watching and preparing for the succeeding day, thinking of his dearest home, and sending many blessings forth to his Sarah, "lest he should never bless her more." Who would not say Amen to his supplication? It was a benediction to his country—the prayer of that intrepid loving heart.

We have spoken of a good soldier and good men of letters as specimens of English gentlemen of the age just past: may we not also—many of my elder hearers, I am sure, have read, and fondly remember his delightful story—speak of a good divine, and mention Reginald Heber as one of the best of English gentlemen? The charming poet, the happy possessor of all sorts of gifts and accomplishments, birth, wit, fame, high character, competence—he was the beloved parish priest in his own home of Hoderel, "counselling his people in their troubles, advising them in their difficulties, comforting them in distress, kneeling often at their sick

beds at the hazard of his own life; exhorting, encouraging where there was need; where there was strife the peacemaker; where there was want the free giver."

When the Indian bishopric was offered to him he refused at first; but after communing with himself (and committing his case to the quarter whither such pious men are wont to carry their doubts), he withdrew his refusal, and prepared himself for his mission and to leave his beloved parish. "Little children, love one another, and forgive one another," were the last sacred words he said to his weeping people. He parted with them, knowing, perhaps, he should see them no more. Like those other good men of whom we have just spoken, love and duty were his life's aim. Happy he, happy they who were so gloriously faithful to both! He writes to his wife those charming lines on his journey:—

"If thou, my love, wert by my side, my babies at my knee,
How gladly would our pinnace glide o'er Gunga's mimic sea!

I miss thee at the dawning gray, when, on our deck reclined,
In careless ease my limbs I lay and woo the cooler wind.

I miss thee when by Gunga's stream my twilight steps I guide;
But most beneath the lamp's pale beam I miss thee by my side.

I spread my books, my pencil try, the lingering noon to cheer;
But miss thy kind approving eye, thy meek attentive ear.

But when of morn and eve the star beholds me on my knee,
I feel, though thou art distant far, thy prayers ascend for me.

Then on! then on! where duty leads my course be onward still,—
O'er broad Hindostan's sultry meads, o'er bleak Almorah's hill.

That course nor Delhi's kingly gates, nor wild Malwah detain,
For sweet the bliss us both awaits by yonder western main.

Thy towers, Bombay, gleam bright, they say, across the dark blue sea:
But ne'er were hearts so blithe and gay as there shall meet in thee!"

Is it not Collingwood and Sarah, and Southey and Edith? His affection is part of his life. What were life without it? Without love, I can fancy no gentleman.

How touching is a remark Heber makes in his *Travels through India*, that on inquiring of the natives at a town, which of the governors of India stood highest in the opinion of the people, he found that, though Lord Wellesley and Warren Hastings were honoured as the two greatest men who had ever ruled this part of the world, the people spoke with chief affection of Judge Cleaveland, who had died, aged twenty-nine, in 1784. The people have built a monument over him, and still hold a religious feast in his memory. So does his own country still tend with a heart's regard the memory of the gentle Heber.

And Cleaveland died in 1784, and is still loved by the heathen, is he? Why, that year 1784 was remarkable in the life of our friend the First Gentleman of Europe. Do you not know that he was twenty-one in that year, and opened Carlton House with a grand ball to the nobility and

gentry, and doubtless wore that lovely pink coat which we have described. I was eager to read about the ball, and looked to the old magazines for information. The entertainment took place on the 10th February. In the *European Magazine* of March, 1784, I came straightway upon it:—

"The alterations at Carlton House being finished, we lay before our readers a description of the state apartments as they appeared on the 10th instant, when H.R.H. gave a grand ball to the principal nobility and gentry. . . . . The entrance to the state room fills the mind with an inexpressible idea of greatness and splendour.

"The state chair is of a gold frame, covered with crimson damask; on each corner of the feet is a lion's head, expressive of fortitude and strength; the feet of the chair have serpents twining round them, to denote wisdom. Facing the throne, appears the helmet of Minerva; and over the windows, glory is represented by a Saint George with a superb gloria.

"But the saloon may be styled the *chef d'œuvre*, and in every ornament discovers great invention. It is hung with a figured lemon satin. The window curtains, sofas, and chairs are of the same colour. The ceiling is ornamented with emblematical paintings, representing the Graces and Muses, together with Jupiter, Mercury, Apollo, and Paris. Two *ormolu* chandeliers are placed here. It is impossible by expression to do justice to the extraordinary workmanship, as well as design, of the ornaments. They each consist of a palm, branching out in five directions for the reception of lights. A beautiful figure of a rural nymph is represented entwining the stems of the tree with wreaths of flowers. In the centre of the room is a rich chandelier. To see this apartment *dans son plus beau jour*, it should be viewed in the glass over the chimney-piece. The range of apartments from the saloon to the ball-room, when the doors are open, formed one of the grandest spectacles that ever was beheld."

In the *Gentleman's Magazine*, for the very same month and year—March, 1784, is an account of another festival, in which another great gentleman of English extraction is represented as taking a principal share:—

"According to order, H.E. the Commander-in-Chief was admitted to a public audience of Congress; and, being seated, the president, after a pause, informed him that the United States assembled were ready to receive his communications. Whereupon he arose, and spoke as follows:—

"'Mr. President,—The great events on which my resignation depended having at length taken place, I present myself before Congress to surrender into their hands the trust committed to me, and to claim the indulgence of retiring from the service of my country.

"'Happy in the confirmation of our independence and sovereignty, I resign the appointment I accepted with diffidence; which, however, was superseded by a confidence in the rectitude of our cause, the support of the supreme power of the nation, and the patronage of Heaven. I close this last act of my official life, by commending the interests of our dearest country to the protection of Almighty God, and those who have the superintendence of them to His holy keeping. Having finished the work

assigned me, I retire from the great theatre of action; and, bidding an affectionate farewell to this august body under whose orders I have so long acted, I here offer my commission and take my leave of the employments of my public life.' To which the president replied:—

"'Sir, having defended the standard of liberty in the New World, having taught a lesson useful to those who inflict, and those who feel oppression, you retire with the blessings of your fellow-citizens; though the glory of your virtues will not terminate with your military command, but will descend to remotest ages.'"

Which was the most splendid spectacle ever witnessed;—the opening feast of Prince George in London, or the resignation of Washington? Which is the noble character for after ages to admire;—yon fribble dancing in lace and spangles, or yonder hero who sheathes his sword after a life of spotless honour, a purity unreproached, a courage indomitable, and a consummate victory? Which of these is the true gentleman? What is it to be a gentleman? Is it to have lofty aims, to lead a pure life, to keep your honour virgin; to have the esteem of your fellow-citizens, and the love of your fireside; to bear good fortune meekly; to suffer evil with constancy; and through evil or good to maintain truth always? Show me the happy man whose life exhibits these qualities, and him we will salute as gentleman, whatever his rank may be; show me the prince who possesses them, and he may be sure of our love and loyalty. The heart of Britain still beats kindly for George III.,—not because he was wise and just, but because he was pure in life, honest in intent, and because according to his lights he worshipped heaven. I think we acknowledge in the inheritrix of his sceptre, a wiser rule, and a life as honourable and pure; and I am sure the future painter of our manners will pay a willing allegiance to that good life, and be loyal to the memory of that unsullied virtue.

"Unto this Last."

III.—QUI JUDICATIS TERRAM.

Some centuries before the Christian era, a Jew merchant, largely engaged in business on the Gold Coast, and reported to have made one of the largest fortunes of his time, (held also in repute for much practical sagacity,) left among his ledgers some general maxims concerning wealth, which have been preserved, strangely enough, even to our own days. They were held in considerable respect by the most active traders of the middle ages, especially by the Venetians, who even went so far in their admiration as to place a statue of the old Jew on the angle of one of their principal public buildings. Of late years these writings have fallen into disrepute, being opposed in every particular to the spirit of modern commerce. Nevertheless I shall reproduce a passage or two from them here, partly because they may interest the reader by their novelty; and chiefly because they will show him that it is possible for a very practical and acquisitive tradesman to hold, through a not unsuccessful career, that principle of distinction between well-gotten and ill-gotten wealth, which, partially insisted on in my last paper, it must be our work more completely to examine in this.

He says, for instance, in one place: "The getting of treasures by a lying tongue is a vanity tossed to and fro of them that seek death:" adding in another, with the same meaning (he has a curious way of doubling his sayings): "Treasures of wickedness profit nothing: but justice delivers from death." Both these passages are notable for their assertion of death as the only real issue and sum of attainment by any unjust scheme of wealth. If we read, instead of "lying tongue," "lying label, title, pretence, or advertisement," we shall more clearly perceive the bearing of the words on modern business. The seeking of death is a grand expression of the true course of men's toil in such business. We usually speak as if death pursued us, and we fled from him; but that is only so in rare instances. Ordinarily, he masks himself—makes himself beautiful—all-glorious; not like the King's daughter, all-glorious within, but outwardly: his clothing of wrought gold. We pursue him frantically all our days, he flying or hiding from us. Our crowning success at three-score and ten is utterly and perfectly to seize, and hold him in his eternal integrity—robes, ashes, and sting.

Again: the merchant says, "He that oppresseth the poor to increase his riches, shall surely come to want." And again, more strongly: "Rob not the poor because he is poor; neither oppress the afflicted in the place of business. For God shall spoil the soul of those that spoiled them."

This "robbing the poor because he is poor," is especially the mercantile form of theft, consisting in taking advantage of a man's necessities in order to obtain his labour or property at a reduced price. The ordinary highwayman's opposite form of robbery—of the rich, because he is rich—does not appear to occur so often to the old merchant's mind; probably because, being less profitable and more dangerous than the robbery of the poor, it is rarely practised by persons of discretion.

But the two most remarkable passages in their deep general significance are the following:—

"The rich and the poor have met. God is their maker."

"The rich and the poor have met. God is their light."

They "have met:" more literally, have stood in each other's way, (*obviaverunt*). That is to say, as long as the world lasts, the action and counteraction of wealth and poverty, the meeting, face to face, of rich and poor, is just as appointed and necessary a law of that world as the flow of stream to sea, or the interchange of power among the electric clouds:—"God is their maker." But, also, this action may be either gentle and just, or convulsive and destructive: it may be by rage of devouring flood, or by lapse of serviceable wave;—in blackness of thunderstroke, or continual force of vital fire, soft, and shapeable into love-syllables from far away. And which of these it shall be depends on both rich and poor knowing that God is their light; that in the mystery of human life, there is no other light than this by which they can see each other's faces, and live;—light, which is called in another of the books among which the merchant's maxims have been preserved, the "sun of justice,"* of which it is promised that it shall rise at last with "healing" (health-giving or helping, making whole or setting at one) in its wings. For truly this healing is only possible by means of justice; no love, no faith, no hope will do it; men will be unwisely fond—vainly faithful, unless primarily they are just; and the mistake of the best men through generation after generation, has been that great one of thinking to help the poor by almsgiving, and by preaching of patience or of hope, and by every other means, emollient or consolatory, except the one thing which God orders for them, justice. But this justice, with its accompanying holiness or helpfulness, being even by the best men denied in its trial time, is by the mass of men

* More accurately, Sun of Justness; but, instead of the harsh word "Justness," the old English "Righteousness" being commonly employed, has, by getting confused with "godliness," or attracting about it various vague and broken meanings, prevented most persons from receiving the force of the passages in which it occurs. The word "righteousness" properly refers to the justice of rule, or right, as distinguished from "equity," which refers to the justice of balance. More broadly, Righteousness is King's justice; and Equity, Judge's justice; the King guiding or ruling all, the Judge dividing or discerning between opposites (therefore, the double question, "Man, who made me a ruler—*δικαστής*—or a divider—*μεριστής*—over you?") Thus, with respect to the Justice of Choice (selection, the feebler and passive justice), we have, from lego,—lex, legal, loi, and loyal; and with respect to the Justice of Rule (direction, the stronger and active justice), we have from rego,—rex, regal, roi, and royal.

hated wherever it appears: so that, when the choice was one day fairly put to them, they denied the Helpful One and the Just;* and desired a murderer, sedition-raiser, and robber, to be granted to them;—the murderer instead of the Lord of Life, the sedition-raiser instead of the Prince of Peace, and the robber instead of the Just Judge of all the world.

I have just spoken of the flowing of streams to the sea as a partial image of the action of wealth. In one respect it is not a partial, but a perfect, image. The popular economist thinks himself wise in having discovered that wealth, or the forms of property in general, must go where they are required;—that where demand is, supply must follow. He farther declares that this course of demand and supply cannot be forbidden by human laws. Precisely in the same sense, and with the same certainty, the waters of the world go where they are required. Where the land falls, the water flows. The course neither of clouds nor rivers can be forbidden by human will. But the disposition and administration of them can be altered by human forethought. Whether the stream shall be a curse or a blessing, depends upon man's labour, and administrating intelligence. For centuries after centuries, great districts of the world, rich in soil, and favoured in climate, have lain desert under the rage of their own rivers; nor only desert, but plague-struck. The stream which, rightly directed, would have flowed in soft irrigation from field to field,—would have purified the air, given food to man and beast, and carried their burdens for them on its bosom—now overwhelms the plain, and poisons the wind; its breath pestilence, and its work, famine. In like manner this wealth "goes where it is required." No human laws can withstand its flow. They can only guide it: but this, the leading trench and limiting mound can do so thoroughly, that it shall become water of life—the riches of the hand of wisdom;† or, on the contrary, by leaving it to its own lawless flow, they may make it, what it has been too often, the last and deadliest of national plagues: water of Marah—the water which feeds the roots of all evil.

The necessity of these laws of distribution or restraint is curiously overlooked in the ordinary political economist's definition of his own "science." He calls it, shortly, the "science of getting rich." But there are many sciences, as well as many arts, of getting rich. Poisoning people of large estates was one employed largely in the middle ages; adulteration of food of people of small estates, is one employed largely now. The ancient and honourable highland method of black mail; the more modern and less honourable system of obtaining goods on credit, and the other variously improved methods of appropriation—which, in major and minor scales of industry, down to the most artistic pocket-picking, we owe to recent genius, —all come under the general head of sciences, or arts, of getting rich.

So that it is clear the popular economist, in calling his science the

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* In another place written with the same meaning, "Just, and having salvation."

† "Length of days in her right hand; in her left, riches and honour."

science *par excellence* of getting rich, must attach some peculiar ideas of limitation to its character. I hope I do not misrepresent him, by assuming that he means *his* science to be the science of "getting rich by legal or just means." In this definition, is the word "just," or "legal," finally to stand? For it is possible among certain nations, or under certain rulers, or by help of certain advocates, that proceedings may be legal which are by no means just. If, therefore, we leave at last only the word "just" in that place of our definition, the insertion of this solitary and small word will make a notable difference in the grammar of our science. For then it will follow that, in order to grow rich scientifically we must grow rich justly; and, therefore, know what is just; so that our economy will no longer depend merely on prudence, but on jurisprudence—and that of divine, not human law. Which prudence is indeed of no mean order, holding itself, as it were, high in the air of heaven, and gazing for ever on the light of the sun of justice; hence the souls which have excelled in it are represented by Dante as stars forming in heaven for ever the figure of the eye of an eagle: they having been in life the discerners of light from darkness; or to the whole human race, as the light of the body, which is the eye; while those souls which form the wings of the bird (giving power and dominion to justice, "healing in its wings") trace also in light the inscription in heaven: "DILIGITE JUSTITIAM QUI JUDICATIS TERRAM." "Ye who judge the earth, give" (not, observe, merely love, but) "diligent love to justice:" the love which seeks diligently, that is to say, choosingly, and by preference to all things else. Which judging or doing judgment in the earth is, according to their capacity and position, required not of judges only, nor of rulers only, but of all men: * a truth sorrowfully lost sight of even by those who are ready enough to apply to themselves passages in which Christian men are spoken of as called to be "saints" (*i.e.* to helpful or healing functions); and "chosen to be kings" (*i.e.* to knowing or directing functions); the true meaning of these titles having been long lost through the pretences of unhelpful and unable persons to saintly and kingly character; also through the once popular idea that both the sanctity and royalty are to consist in wearing long robes and high crowns, instead of in mercy and judgment; whereas all true sanctity is saving power, as all true royalty is ruling power; and injustice is part and parcel of the denial of such power, which "makes men as the creeping things, as the fishes of the sea, that have no ruler over them." †

* I hear that several of our lawyers have been greatly amused by the statement in the first of these papers that a lawyer's function was to do justice. I did not intend it for a jest; nevertheless it will be seen that in the above passage neither the determination nor doing of justice are contemplated as functions wholly peculiar to the lawyer. Possibly, the more our standing armies, whether of soldiers, pastors, or legislators (the generic term "pastor" including all teachers, and the generic term "lawyer," including makers as well as interpreters of law), can be superseded by the force of national heroism, wisdom, and honesty, the better it may be for the nation.

† It being the privilege of the fishes, as it is of rats and wolves, to live by the laws of demand and supply; but the distinction of humanity, to live by those of right.

Absolute justice is indeed no more attainable than absolute truth; but the righteous man is distinguished from the unrighteous by his desire and hope of justice, as the true man from the false by his desire and hope of truth. And though absolute justice be unattainable, as much justice as we need for all practical use is attainable by all those who make it their aim.

We have to examine, then, in the subject before us, what are the laws of justice respecting payment of labour—no small part, these, of the foundations of all jurisprudence.

I reduced, in my last paper, the idea of money payment to its simplest or radical terms. In those terms its nature, and the conditions of justice respecting it, can be best ascertained.

Money payment, as there stated, consists radically in a promise to some person working for us, that for the time and labour he spends in our service to-day we will give or procure equivalent time and labour in his service at any future time when he may demand it.*

If we promise to give him less labour than he has given us, we under-pay him. If we promise to give him more labour than he has given us, we over-pay him. In practice, according to the laws of demand and supply, when two men are ready to do the work, and only one man wants to have it done, the two men underbid each other for it; and the one who gets it to do, is under-paid. But when two men want the work done, and there is only one man ready to do it, the two men who want it done over-bid each other, and the workman is over-paid.

I will examine these two points of injustice in succession; but first I wish the reader to clearly understand the central prinoiple, lying between the two, of right or just payment.

When we ask a service of any man, he may either give it us freely; or demand payment for it. Respecting free gift of service, there is no question at present, that being a matter of affection—not of traffic. But if he demand payment for it, and we wish to treat him with absolute equity, it is evident that this equity can only consist in giving time for time, strength for strength, and skill for skill. If a man works an hour for us, and we only promise to work half-an-hour for him in return, we obtain an unjust advantage. If, on the contrary, we promise to work an hour and a half for him in return, he has an unjust advantage. The justice consists in absolute exchange; or, if there be any respect to the stations of the parties, it will not be in favour of the employer: there is certainly

* It might appear at first that the market price of labour expressed such an exchange: but this is a fallacy, for the market price is the momentary price of the kind of labour required, but the just price is its equivalent of the productive labour of mankind. This difference will be analyzed in its place. It must be noted also that I speak here only of the exchangeable value of labour, not of that of commodities. The exchangeable value of a commodity is that of the labour required to produce it, multiplied into the force of the demand for it. If the value of the labour $= x$ and the force of demand $= y$, the exchangeable value of the commodity is xy, in which if either $x = 0$, or $y = 0$, $xy = 0$.

no equitable reason in a man's being poor, that if he give me a pound of bread to-day, I should return him less than a pound of bread to-morrow; or any equitable reason in a man's being uneducated, that if he uses a certain quantity of skill and knowledge in my service, I should use a less quantity of skill and knowledge in his. Perhaps, ultimately, it may appear desirable, or, to say the least, gracious, that I should give in return somewhat more than I received. But at present, we are concerned on the law of justice only, which is that of perfect and accurate exchange;—one circumstance only interfering with the simplicity of this radical idea of just payment—that inasmuch as labour (rightly directed) is fruitful just as seed is, the fruit (or "interest," as it is called) of the labour first given, or "advanced," ought to be taken into account, and balanced by an additional quantity of labour in the subsequent repayment. Supposing the repayment to take place at the end of a year, or of any other given time, this calculation could be approximately made; but as money (that is to say, cash) payment involves no reference to time (it being optional with the person paid to spend what he receives at once or after any number of years), we can only assume, generally, that some slight advantage must in equity be allowed to the person who advances the labour, so that the typical form of bargain will be: If you give me an hour to-day, I will give you an hour and five minutes on demand. If you give me a pound of bread to-day, I will give you thirteen ounces on demand, and so on. All that it is necessary for the reader to note is, that the amount returned is at least in equity not to be *less* than the amount given.

The abstract idea, then, of just or due wages, as respects the labourer, is that they will consist in a sum of money which will at any time procure for him at least as much labour as he has given, rather more than less. And this equity or justice of payment is, observe, wholly independent of any reference to the number of men who are willing to do the work. I want a horseshoe for my horse. Twenty smiths, or twenty thousand smiths, may be ready to forge it; their number does not in one atom's weight affect the question of the equitable payment of the one who *does* forge it. It costs him a quarter of an hour of his life, and so much skill and strength of arm to make that horseshoe for me. Then at some future time I am bound in equity to give a quarter of an hour, and some minutes more, of my life (or of some other person's at my disposal), and also as much strength of arm and skill, and a little more, in making or doing what the smith may have need of.

Such being the abstract theory of just remunerative payment, its application is practically modified by the fact that the order for labour, given in payment, is general, while the labour received is special. The current coin or document is practically an order on the nation for so much work of any kind; and this universal applicability to immediate need renders it so much more valuable than special labour can be, that an order for a less quantity of this general toil will always be accepted as a just

equivalent for a greater quantity of special toil. Any given craftsman will always be willing to give an hour of his own work in order to receive command over half-an-hour, or even much less, of national work. This source of uncertainty, together with the difficulty of determining the monetary value of skill,* render the ascertainment (even approximate) of the proper wages of any given labour in terms of a currency, matter of considerable complexity. But they do not affect the principle of exchange. The worth of the work may not be easily known; but it *has* a worth, just as fixed and real as the specific gravity of a substance, though such specific gravity may not be easily ascertainable when the substance is united with many others. Nor is there so much difficulty or chance in determining it as in determining the ordinary maxima and minima of vulgar political economy. There are few bargains in which the buyer can ascertain with anything like precision that the seller would have taken no less:—or the seller acquire more than a comfortable faith that the purchaser would have given no more. This impossibility of precise knowledge prevents neither from striving to attain the desired point of greatest vexation and injury to the other, nor from accepting it for a scientific principle that he is to buy for the least and sell for the most possible,

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* Under the term "skill" I mean to include the united force of experience, intellect, and passion in their operation on manual labour: and under the term "passion," to include the entire range and agency of the moral feelings; from the simple patience and gentleness of mind which will give continuity and fineness to the touch, or enable one person to work without fatigue, and with good effect, twice as long as another, up to the qualities of character which render science possible—(the retardation of science by envy is one of the most tremendous losses in the economy of the present century)—and to the incommunicable emotion and imagination which are the first and mightiest sources of all value in art.

It is highly singular that political economists should not yet have perceived, if not the moral, at least the passionate, element, to be an inextricable quantity in every calculation. I cannot conceive, for instance, how it was possible that Mr. Mill should have followed the true clue so far as to write,—"No limit can be set to the importance—even in a purely productive and material point of view—of mere thought," without seeing that it was logically necessary to add also, "and of mere feeling." And this the more, because in his first definition of labour he includes in the idea of it "all feelings of a disagreeable kind connected with the employment of one's thoughts in a particular occupation." True; but why not also, "feelings of an agreeable kind?" It can hardly be supposed that the feelings which retard labour are more essentially a part of the labour than those which accelerate it. The first are paid for as pain, the second as power. The workman is merely indemnified for the first; but the second both produce a part of the exchangeable value of the work, and materially increase its actual quantity.

"Fritz is with us. *He* is worth fifty thousand men." Truly, a large addition to the material force;—consisting, however, be it observed, not more in operations carried on in Fritz's head, than in operations carried on in his armies' heart. "No limit can be set to the importance of *mere* thought." Perhaps not! Nay, suppose some day it should turn out that "mere" thought was in itself a recommendable object of production, and that all Material production was only a step towards this more precious Immaterial one?

though what the real least or most may be, he cannot tell. In like manner a just person lays it down for a scientific principle that he is to pay a just price, and, without being able precisely to ascertain the limits of such a price, will nevertheless strive to attain the closest possible approximation to them. A practically serviceable approximation he *can* obtain. It is easier to determine scientifically what a man ought to have for his work, than what his necessities will compel him to take for it. His necessities can only be ascertained by empirical, but his due by analytical, investigation. In the one case, you try your answer to the sum like a puzzled schoolboy —till you find one that fits; in the other, you bring out your result within certain limits, by process of calculation.

Supposing, then, the just wages of any quantity of given labour to have been ascertained, let us examine the first results of just and unjust payment, when in favour of the purchaser or employer; *i. e.* when two men are ready to do the work, and only one wants to have it done.

The unjust purchaser forces the two to bid against each other till he has reduced their demand to its lowest terms. Let us assume that the lowest bidder offers to do the work at half its just price.

The purchaser employs him, and does not employ the other. The first or *apparent* result is, therefore, that one of the two men is left out of employ, or to starvation, just as definitely as by the just procedure of giving fair price to the best workman. The various writers who endeavoured to invalidate the positions of my first paper never saw this, and assumed that the unjust hirer employed *both*. He employs both no more than the just hirer. The only difference (in the outset) is that the just man pays sufficiently, the unjust man insufficiently, for the labour of the single person employed.

I say, "in the outset;" for this first or apparent difference is not the actual difference. By the unjust procedure, half the proper price of the work is left in the hands of the employer. This enables him to hire another man at the same unjust rate, on some other kind of work; and the final result is that he has two men working for him at half-price, and two are out of employ.

By the just procedure, the whole price of the first piece of work goes into the hands of the man who does it. No surplus being left in the employer's hands, *he* cannot hire another man for another piece of labour. But by precisely so much as his power is diminished, the hired workman's power is increased; that is to say, by the additional half of the price he has received: which additional half *he* has the power of using to employ another man in *his* service. I will suppose, for the moment, the least favourable, though quite probable, case,—that, though justly treated himself, he yet will act unjustly to his subordinate; and hire at half-price, if he can. The final result will then be, that one man works for the employer, at just price; one for the workman, at half-price; and two, as in the first case, are still out of employ. These two, as I said before, are out of employ in *both* cases. The difference between the just and unjust

procedure does not lie in the number of men hired, but in the price paid to them, and the *persons by whom* it is paid. The essential difference, that which I want the reader to see clearly, is, that in the unjust case, two men work for one, the first hirer. In the just case, one man works for the first hirer, one for the person hired, and so on, down or up through the various grades of service; the influence being carried forward by justice, and arrested by injustice. The universal and constant action of justice in this matter is therefore to diminish the power of wealth, in the hands of one individual, over masses of men, and to distribute it through a chain of men. The actual power exerted by the wealth is the same in both cases; but by injustice it is put all into one man's hands, so that he directs at once and with equal force the labour of a circle of men about him; by the just procedure, he is permitted to touch the nearest only, through whom with diminished force, modified by new minds, the energy of the wealth passes on to others, and so till it exhausts itself.

The immediate operation of justice in this respect is therefore to diminish the power of wealth, first in acquisition of luxury, and, secondly, in exercise of moral influence. The employer cannot concentrate so multitudinous labour on his own interests, nor can he subdue so multitudinous mind to his own will. But the secondary operation of justice is not less important. The insufficient payment of the group of men working for one, places each under a maximum of difficulty in rising above his position. The tendency of the system is to check advancement. But the sufficient or just payment, distributed through a descending series of offices or grades of labour,* gives each subordinated person fair and sufficient means of rising in the social scale, if he chooses to use them; and thus not only diminishes the immediate power of wealth, but removes the worst disabilities of poverty.

It is on this vital problem that the entire destiny of the labourer is

* I am sorry to lose time by answering, however curtly, the equivocations of the writers who sought to obscure the instances given of regulated labour in the first of these papers, by confusing kinds, ranks, and quantities of labour with its qualities. I never said that a colonel should have the same pay as a private, nor a bishop the same pay as a curate. Neither did I say that more work ought to be paid as less work, (so that the curate of a parish of two thousand souls should have no more than the curate of a parish of five hundred). But I said that, so far as you employ it at all, bad work should be paid no less than good work; as a bad clergyman yet takes his tithes, a bad physician takes his fee, and a bad lawyer his costs. And this, as will be farther shown in the conclusion, I said, and say, partly because the best work never was, nor ever will be, done for money at all; but chiefly because, the moment people know they have to pay the bad and good alike, they will try to discern the one from the other, and not use the bad. A sagacious writer in the *Scotsman* asks me if I should like any common scribbler to be paid by Messrs. Smith, Elder and Co. as their good authors are. I should, if they employed him—but would seriously recommend them, for the scribbler's sake, as well as their own, *not* to employ him. The quantity of its money which the country at present invests in scribbling is not, in the outcome of it, economically spent; and even the highly ingenious person to whom this question occurred, might perhaps have been more beneficially employed than in printing it.

ultimately dependent. Many minor interests may sometimes appear to interfere with it, but all branch from it. For instance, considerable agitation is often caused in the minds of the lower classes when they discover the share which they nominally, and to all appearance actually, pay out of their wages in taxation (I believe thirty-five or forty per cent.) This sounds very grievous; but in reality the labourer does not pay it, but his employer. If the workman had not to pay it, his wages would be less by just that sum: competition would still reduce them to the lowest rate at which life was possible. Similarly the lower orders agitated for the repeal of the corn laws,* thinking they would be better off if bread were cheaper; never perceiving that as soon as bread was permanently cheaper, wages would permanently fall in precisely that proportion. The corn laws were rightly repealed; not, however, because they directly oppressed the poor, but because they indirectly oppressed them in causing a large quantity of their labour to be consumed unproductively. So also unnecessary taxation oppresses them, through destruction of capital, but the destiny of the poor depends primarily always on this one question of dueness of wages. Their distress (irrespectively of that caused by sloth, minor error, or crime) arises on the grand scale from

* I have to acknowledge an interesting communication on the subject of free trade from Paisley (for a short letter from "A Well-wisher" at ——, my thanks are yet more due). But the Scottish writer will, I fear, be disagreeably surprised to hear, that I am, and always have been, an utterly fearless and unscrupulous free-trader. Seven years ago, speaking of the various signs of infancy in the European mind (*Stones of Venice*, vol. iii. p. 168), I wrote: "The first principles of commerce were acknowledged by the English parliament only a few months ago, in its free-trade measures, and are still so little understood by the million, that *no nation dares to abolish its custom-houses.*"

It will be observed that I do not admit even the idea of reciprocity. Let other nations, if they like, keep their ports shut; every wise nation will throw its own open. It is not the opening them, but a sudden, inconsiderate, and blunderingly experimental manner of opening them, which does harm. If you have been protecting a manufacture for a long series of years, you must not take the protection off in a moment, so as to throw every one of its operatives at once out of employ, any more than you must take all its wrappings off a feeble child at once in cold weather, though the cumber of them may have been radically injuring its health. Little by little, you must restore it to freedom and to air.

Most people's minds are in curious confusion on the subject of free trade, because they suppose it to imply enlarged competition. On the contrary, free trade puts an end to all competition. "Protection" (among various other mischievous functions,) endeavours to enable one country to compete with another in the production of an article at a disadvantage. When trade is entirely free, no country can be competed with in the articles for the production of which it is naturally calculated; nor can it compete with any other, in the production of articles for which it is not naturally calculated. Tuscany, for instance, cannot compete with England in steel, nor England with Tuscany in oil. They must exchange their steel and oil. Which exchange should be as frank and free as honesty and the sea-winds can make it. Competition, indeed, arises at first, and sharply, in order to prove which is strongest in any given manufacture possible to both; this point once ascertained, competition is at an end.

the two reacting forces of competition and oppression. There is not yet, nor will yet for ages be, any real over-population in the world; but a local over-population, or, more accurately, a degree of population locally unmanageable under existing circumstances for want of forethought and sufficient machinery, necessarily shows itself by pressure of competition; and the taking advantage of this competition by the purchaser to obtain their labour unjustly cheap, consummates at once their suffering and his own; for in this (as I believe in every other kind of slavery) the oppressor suffers at last more than the oppressed, and those magnificent lines of Pope, even in all their force, fall short of the truth—

> "Yet, to be just to these poor men of pelf,
> Each does but HATE HIS NEIGHBOUR AS HIMSELF:
> Damned to the mines, an equal fate betides
> The slave that digs it, and the slave that hides."

The collateral and reversionary operations of justice in this matter I shall examine hereafter (it being needful first to define the nature of value); proceeding then to consider within what practical terms a juster system may be established; and ultimately the vexed question of the destinies of the unemployed workman.* Lest, however, the reader should be alarmed at some of the issues to which our investigations seem to be tending, as if in their bearing against the power of wealth they had something in common with those of socialism, I wish him to know, in accurate terms, one or two of the main points which I have in view.

Whether socialism has made more progress among the army and navy (where payment is made on my principles), or among the manufacturing operatives (who are paid on my opponents' principles), I leave it to those opponents to ascertain and declare. Whatever their conclusion may be, I think it necessary to answer for myself only this: that if there be any one point insisted on throughout my works more frequently than another, that

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* I should be glad if the reader would first clear the ground for himself so far as to determine whether the difficulty lies in getting the work or getting the pay for it? Does he consider occupation itself to be an expensive luxury, difficult of attainment, of which too little is to be found in the world? or is it rather that, while in the enjoyment even of the most athletic delight, men must nevertheless be maintained, and this maintenance is not always forthcoming? We must be clear on this head before going farther, as most people are loosely in the habit of talking of the difficulty of "finding employment." Is it employment that we want to find, or support during employment? Is it idleness we wish to put an end to, or hunger? We have to take up both questions in succession, only not both at the same time. No doubt that work *is* a luxury, and a very great one. It is, indeed, at once a luxury and a necessity; no man can retain either health of mind or body without it. So profoundly do I feel this, that, as will be seen in the sequel, one of the principal objects I would recommend to benevolent and practical persons, is to induce rich people to seek for a larger quantity of this luxury than they at present possess. Nevertheless, it appears by experience that even this healthiest of pleasures may be indulged in to excess, and that human beings are just as liable to surfeit of labour as to surfeit of meat; so that, as on the one hand, it may be charitable to provide, for some people, lighter dinner, and more work,—for others, it may be equally expedient to provide lighter work, and more dinner.

one point is the impossibility of Equality. My continual aim has been to show the eternal superiority of some men to others, sometimes even of one man to all others; and to show also the advisability of appointing such persons or person to guide, to lead, or on occasion even to compel and subdue, their inferiors, according to their own better knowledge and wiser will. My principles of Political Economy were all involved in a single phrase spoken three years ago at Manchester: "Soldiers of the Ploughshare as well as Soldiers of the Sword;" and they were all summed in a single sentence in the last volume of *Modern Painters*—"Government and co-operation are in all things the Laws of Life; Anarchy and competition the Laws of Death."

And with respect to the mode in which these general principles affect the secure possession of property, so far am I from invalidating such security, that the whole gist of these papers will be found ultimately to aim at an extension in its range; and whereas it has long been known and declared that the poor have no right to the property of the rich, I wish it also to be known and declared that the rich have no right to the property of the poor.

But that the working of the system which I have undertaken to develope would in many ways shorten the apparent and direct, though not the unseen and collateral power, both of wealth, as the Lady of Pleasure, and of capital as the Lord of Toil, I do not deny;—on the contrary, I affirm it in all joyfulness; knowing that the attraction of riches is already too strong, as their authority is already too weighty, for the reason of mankind. I said in my last paper that nothing in history had ever been so disgraceful to human intellect as the acceptance among us of the common doctrines of political economy as a science. I have many grounds for saying this, but one of the chief may be given in few words. I know no previous instance in history of a nation's establishing a systematic disobedience to the first principles of its professed religion. The writings which we (verbally) esteem as divine, not only denounce the love of money as the source of all evil, and as an idolatry abhorred of the Deity, but declare mammon service to be the accurate and irreconcileable opposite of God's service; and, wherever they speak of riches absolute, and poverty absolute, declare woe to the rich, and blessing to the poor. Whereupon we forthwith investigate a science of becoming rich, as the shortest road to national prosperity.

> "Tai Cristian dannerà l'Etiòpe,
> Quando si partiranno i due collegi,
> L'UNO IN ETERNO RICCO, E L'ALTRO INÒPE."

J. R.

A Forced Recruit at Solferino.

1.

In the ranks of the Austrian you found him;
He died with his face to you all:
Yet bury him here where around him
You honour your bravest that fall.

2.

Venetian, fair-featured, and slender,
He lies shot to death in his youth,
With a smile on his lips, over-tender
For any mere soldier's dead mouth.

3.

No stranger, and yet not a traitor!
Though alien the cloth on his breast,
Underneath it how seldom a greater
Young heart, has a shot sent to rest!

4.

By your enemy tortured and goaded
To march with them, stand in their file,
His musket (see!) never was loaded,—
He facing your guns with that smile.

5.

As orphans yearn on to their mothers,
He yearned to your patriot bands,—
"Let me die for our Italy, brothers,
If not in your ranks, by your hands!

6.

"Aim straightly, fire steadily; spare me
A ball in the body, which may
Deliver my heart here and tear me
This badge of the Austrian away."

7.

So thought he, so died he this morning.
What then? many others have died.
Ay,—but easy for men to die scorning
The death-stroke, who fought side by side;

8.

One tricolor floating above them;
Struck down mid triumphant acclaims
Of an Italy rescued to love them
And blazon the brass with their names.

9.

But he,—without witness or honor,
Mixed, shamed in his country's regard,
With the tyrants who march in upon her,—
Died faithful and passive: 'twas hard.

10.

'Twas sublime. In a cruel restriction
Cut off from the guerdon of sons,
With most filial obedience, conviction,
His soul kissed the lips of her guns.

11.

That moves you? nay, grudge not to show it
While digging a grave for him here.
The others who died, says your poet,
Have glory: let *him* have a tear.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

Physiological Riddles.

IV.—Conclusion.

"Man capable of explaining his own existence!" I seem to hear the reader exclaim, as he peruses the eloquent passage borrowed from Dr. Draper, in our last number; "it is a vain dream; we shall never be able to say what life is." Perhaps not; yet we should not be too hasty in deciding on this negative. Nothing can seem more improbable, as that question has been put, than that it should ever receive a satisfactory reply; but may there not have been an error in the way of putting it? Very simple problems sometimes come before us in a very puzzling form, especially if we take certain things for granted: how, for example, an apple could be got into a dumpling, is said to have baffled a royal intellect. And an intellect truly royal has left on record the maxim—it is part of the rich legacy bequeathed by the author of the *Novum Organon*—that "a wise seeking is the half of knowing." According to our first impression, a wide gulf separates that which has life from that which has not. We naturally, therefore, prejudge the very point at issue, and assume in living things the possession of a peculiar endowment, which is the cause of all that is distinctive in them. And then, with this idea in our minds, we strive in vain to untie the knot. The more we seek to understand Life, considered as a power capable in itself of effecting the various results which are exhibited in organic bodies—their growth, development and repair, their form and structure, their continued existence in spite of opposing agencies, their power of assimilating extraneous substances and making them part of themselves—the more convinced we become that it can never be understood.

And the difficulty is immensely increased by the connection which exists between life and *consciousness*. The union of mind and body is in our experience so intimate and so incessant, that we naturally think of them together. Hence it arises that quite foreign considerations, affecting the spiritual nature of man, ever tend to exert a disturbing influence on the higher questions of physiology. It is not easy to keep separate in our thoughts the purely physical life of the body, and the spiritual faculties of feeling and will to which it is subservient.

But distinguishing the mental and the material life, and fixing our thoughts upon the body, over which, as over an obedient instrument, the conscious man bears sway, we may see the path to be pursued. Life exhibits, not the agency of a single power, but the united effects of several causes: the problem of vitality requires division into various simpler problems. We have to seek not the nature of an invisible agent,

but the demonstrable causes of a vast variety of physical results. We have found, for example, three prominent questions claim an answer in respect to the living body: how it acts; why it grows; and whence its form? Taking these questions one by one, and seeking guidance from the facts presented to us by Nature, we have also found that each of them was capable of a solution simple enough, and even obvious when once it was seen. We may briefly recapitulate the results at which we have arrived.

I. Living bodies GROW by the operation of chemical force, which exhibits in them a twofold action, and produces substances which tend to decompose; on the same principle that gravitation in a fountain causes water to rise by the effect of its fall. So chemical change, or decomposition, causes the nourishment of the body, and the two opposite processes of growth and decay proceed in mutual dependence. This law is easily understood by fixing the thoughts on any case in which an action of one kind produces another that is opposite to itself: the movement of a pendulum, for example, in which the downward motion produces the upward, and the upward furnishes the conditions under which the downward can again take place. It is thus chemical action produces the vital action; and the vital action furnishes the conditions under which the chemical action can again take place. Living bodies, then, grow through decay, or through chemical processes which are equivalent to decay, and which resemble it in producing force.

II. The body, thus growing, receives its FORM or structure from the conditions under which it is placed in its development. Under the influence of the forces which are operating upon it, and which excite its growth, the germ expands (for the most part in certain directions more powerfully than in others); and by the varying resistances it meets in this expansion, is moulded into its specific form.

III. This form adapts it to its FUNCTIONS. The body tends to decompose, or to undergo chemical changes which give rise to force. The absorption of power in nutrition, and the evolution of it again in the decomposition of the tissues (the muscles, brain, &c.), "is precisely analogous to that which takes place in forcibly separating the poles of two magnets, retaining them apart for a certain time, and suffering them to return by their attractive force to their former union. The energy developed in the approach of the magnets towards each other is exactly equal to the force expended in their separation." In the case of the living body, the force thus developed within it necessarily produces the actions to which its structure is adapted.

Thus, for example, when a seed is placed in the ground, the first process which takes place within it is one of decomposition. The mass of the seed consists of starch and albumen, in the midst of which is placed a small cellular body, called the germ. This germ will grow, and develop into the future plant, but only on condition that a process of decay goes on in the starchy and albuminous matter with which it is in con-

nection. Part of the latter sinks into the inorganic state, uniting with oxygen, and passing off as carbonic acid. The young plant is at first of less weight than the seed or root which has disappeared in generating it.

When it arrives at the surface of the soil, a new process commences. The rays of the sun, falling on its leaves, maintain in them a continuance of the same process (one of chemical change) by which the first development of the germ was determined.* Thus new materials are added to the plant, the light exciting those chemical processes which produce the organic arrangement of fresh portions of matter. The leaves, under the stimulus of the sun's rays, decompose carbonic acid, giving off part of the oxygen, and "fix," as it is said, the carbon in union with hydrogen, and sometimes with nitrogen, &c., to form the various vegetable cells and their contents. It is curious that the oxygen and hydrogen, thus united with the carbon, are very often in the same proportion in which they unite to form water. Starch and sugar, for example, both consist of carbon and (the elements of) water.

An animal now consumes this plant. In digestion there takes place again a precisely similar process to that with which we started—the germination of the seed. The substance of the plant partially decomposes; a portion of it sinks into a state approximating to the inorganic, while another portion (doubtless, by means of the force thus generated) becomes more highly vitalized, and fitted to form part of the animal structure. The germination of the seed, and animal digestion, are parallel processes. Each of them is twofold—a decomposing and a vitalizing action going on together, the latter having its origin in and depending upon the former.

Having formed part of the animal structure for a time, this living matter decomposes yet again, and again gives off its force. But now, instead of effecting, as in the previous cases, a vitalizing action, the force produces a mechanical action in the muscles, or a nervous action in the brain, or, in short, the *function* of whatever organ the matter we are tracing may have been incorporated with;—the function being but another mode of operation of the same force which caused the nutrition.

And thus, supposing the action to have been a muscular exertion, say the lifting of a weight, we shall have traced the force, which came from the inorganic world at first, in the form of the sun's rays, and was embodied in the substance of the plant, back again into the inorganic world in the form of motion.

* The careful experiments of Professor Draper have decided this point, and proved that in the influence of the sun's rays upon the leaves of plants, a decomposing change is the first step. He found that when plants were subjected to sunlight, *nitrogen* as well as oxygen was given off from them; and in quantities so great, as to prove that it came from the substance of the leaves. "The true source," he says, "of the nitrogen exhaled is to be sought in some nitrogenized compound present in the leaf, which is undergoing decomposition in a regulated way." The separation of the oxygen from the carbonic acid (and nourishment of the plant by the carbon), "though remotely brought about by the action of the solar ray, is mainly due to the complex play of affinities of the elementary constituents of the leaves."

Let us observe another thing. In previous papers, the function and the nutrition of the body have been distinguished from each other, and even contrasted.* They are opposites:—the one is the formation of the body, the other depends on its destruction. And for either to be understood, it is necessary that the distinction between them should be clearly apprehended. But when we take a larger view, the relation of these two processes assumes quite a different aspect. The appearance of opposition is merged in a wider unity. The nutrition and the function of a living body are rather a twofold presentation of one process, than two different processes. That which, seen on one side, is nutrition, seen on the other is function. Let us take, first, the case in which a decomposition within the body, itself produces an increased nutrition. Here, it is evident, the increased vitality is the equivalent of a force that, if directed through the muscles, might have been productive of motion. It is, in fact, an internal function, so to speak. The force set free by decomposition in the body, instead of operating externally, operates within it. Nutrition, though it is the basis and provision for the external functional activity, may itself be classed as a function, and may take rank in the same list with the other results of internal decomposition — motion, animal heat, &c. The case is the same as when, in a chronometer, part of the force of the unbending spring is employed to bend a secondary one.

But in another respect, also, nutrition may be seen to be identical with function. The very same process which is the function of one body, is the nutrition of another. The vegetable world, in so far as it serves for food, has for its "function," in the strictest sense, the nutrition of the animal. This is the result which it effects by its regulated decomposition. The animal instinct provides the conditions under which the function of the vegetable is performed. The plant yields up its life to nourish the animal body, as that body, so nourished, in its activity yields up *its* life to impart force to the world around.

And this is but an illustration of a law which has its basis in the very nature of force itself. Every giving off of force has for its necessary effect the storing up of force in equal amount elsewhere. The two halves of this process cannot be divided. And whichever half of it we may be at any time regarding—whether the storing up of force (which answers to nutrition), or the giving it off (which answers to function)—we may be sure that the other is also present. That which is to one thing the storing up of force, must be the giving off of force to another. We shall perceive it as either, according to the view we are taking at the time. The storing up of force within the animal frame usurps to itself, especially, the name of nutrition, because our regard naturally centres upon ourselves and upon that which is most kindred to us.

* To guard against misapprehension, it is as well to say that by the term *nutrition* are not intended any of the actions connected with the taking of food, but only those minute internal changes by which the growth and repair of the body are effected.

But it might be that beings, different from ourselves, should look upon the other side of this process, and see in the animal nutrition rather a loss than a gain of force—a dying rather than a coming into life. Nature in this respect is like the books of a commercial firm. When there is no change in the total, however the various amounts may be shifted, there is necessarily always an equal loss and gain, and each change will be regarded as one or the other according to the interests affected. Surely it is but fair that we should recognize this rigid equity, and try to look upon ourselves, sometimes, as if through alien eyes. We are but borrowers from Nature's store, and what she showers on us with open hand, with a stern clutch she snatches from our fellows. But we are honest debtors, and pay to the last farthing.

Besides the three points to which we have directed our attention, there are very many other questions which living bodies suggest, and which equally deserve inquiry—the causes, for example, of the difference between the animal and the vegetable, or between the various textures of which our own bodies consist; by what physical necessity bone is formed in one part, muscle in another, and nerve in a third: why the circulating fluid of plants, as a rule, contains *green* particles, and that of animals *red* ones, these being complementary colours, which together constitute white light: how the various changes which take place in the gradual development of the organism, from childhood to adult life, are effected, and to what deep principle of universal order they conform. These and innumerable other subjects, which physiology presents on every hand, claim, and doubtless would well repay our pains.

But looking only to the conclusions indicated above, do they not advance us a step towards a better understanding of the living body? Do they not, at least, enable us to perceive that the main phenomena which it presents, are examples of the same laws and properties with which our experience of other things makes us familiar? In other words, do not we see that organic life is not a new thing, as compared with that which is met with in the inorganic world, but a new form of the same things? The same forces operate, the same laws rule, in the case of organic and inorganic structures; the results are so different because the conditions differ. It has been suggested before that the animal body, in respect to its power of acting, presents an analogy to a machine; and the idea seems capable of receiving a still wider application. What is a machine but a peculiar method of applying common forces and universal laws? We perceive this at once if we consider any particular case. In making and using a machine, we add nothing and we alter nothing, in respect to the nature and properties of things. We do but use for a particular end the powers which exist around us, and the laws which are universally operative. Nay, so far is a machine from involving new forces, or new laws, it is precisely by virtue of the unaltering laws and force of nature, that it can be constructed and kept in operation. As a machine, it is dependent upon, and an example of, the laws which prevail without it; if they

ceased or changed their operation, its adaptation and its power were lost. The case is the same with the living body. This also is dependent on, and is an example of, the laws and forces which prevail without it. If the laws of inorganic nature changed or ceased, if the forces of inorganic nature were no longer what they are, the animal structure would be of use, it would even exist, no more. The organic world does not differ from the inorganic in its essence.

But it differs. It would be a fatal error—happily it is an impossible one—to confound the two. There is a difference in the mode of operation, though the elements are the same. The physical powers have received in the organic world a particular direction, and are made to work to certain results which are attainable only through living structures.

Surely here, then, we are in possession, up to a certain point, of a clear and definite answer to the question, What is Life? Ever remembering that we speak of the bodily life only, may we not reply: It is a particular mode of operation of the natural forces and laws? We can trace the force operative in life, to and fro, between organic and inorganic bodies; we can see that in the organic world the laws we know in the inorganic are still supreme. But the results are new.

Thus it is easy to understand how there has arisen the conception of a peculiar vital Entity or Principle. This was a rapid generalization before the working of the various forces that conspire in life had been discerned. For the peculiar results, a peculiar agent was supposed, instead of a peculiar mode of operation. Not that this conception has been universal. Individual men have urged reasons in favour of a different view, at various times. Perhaps the most notable instance is that of Coleridge, who in his *Essay towards the Formation of a more Comprehensive Theory of Life* (though giving utterance to some opinions which are doubtful or obscure), seems to have anticipated, so far as his general view is concerned, almost the entire advance of physiological knowledge since his day.

His idea is, that physical life is a process, or a mode of operation, of the same powers which we recognize under other names, as magnetism, electricity or chemical affinity. These, by their own properties, effect all the results observed in life, but they are grouped in a special way, the various forms of action being so united as to constitute, out of many parts, a mutually dependent whole. The distinctive character of living things is the exhibition in them of a "principle of individuation," which constitutes them units, separated from, while yet partakers in, that which is around them. "Life," he says, "supposes an universal principle in nature with a limiting power in every particular animal, constantly acting to individualize, and, as it were, figure the former. Thus life is not a thing, but an act and process." And tracing the chain of organic being upward through its various grades, he points out how the great characteristic of advancing elevation in the scale of life, consists in the ever more perfect individualization of the creature; its being marked off from the

rest of nature, and placed in an attitude of freedom to use and subordinate her powers.

But this subordination is not effected by the superaddition of a new power in living things. The subjection of the physical to the vital forces resembles rather a voluntary self-control than a coercion from without. The power on each side is the same. Does not the following passage from Coleridge, indeed, convey an argument that finally disposes of the idea that the force of organic bodies can be essentially different from that of the surrounding world; that being the very force which they live by assimilating or drawing into themselves?—

"To a reflecting mind the very fact, that the powers peculiar to life in living animals, include coherence, elasticity, &c. (or, in the words of a recent publication 'that living matter exhibits these physical properties') would demonstrate, that in the truth of things they are of the same kind, and that both classes are but degrees, and different dignities of one and the same tendency. For the latter are not subjected to the former as a lever or walking stick to the muscles: the more intense the life is, the less does elasticity, for instance, appear as elasticity; it sinks down into the nearest approach to its physical form by a series of degrees, from the contraction and elongation of the irritable muscle, to the physical hardness of the insensitive nail. The lower powers are assimilated, not merely employed, and assimilation supposes the like nature of the thing assimilated; else it is a miracle; only not the same as that of creation, because it would imply that additional and equal miracle of annihilation. In short, all the impossibilities which the acutest of the reformed divines have detected in the hypothesis of transubstantiation, would apply in the very same words to that of assimilation, if the objects and the agents were really of unlike kinds. Unless, therefore, a thing can exhibit properties which do not belong to it, the very admission that living matter exhibits physical properties includes the further admission, that those physical or dead properties are themselves vital in essence, really distinct, but in appearance only different, or in absolute contrast with each other."

The term "Principle of Individuation" admirably expresses the distinguishing characteristic of the animal body. Its force is, as it were, contained or reflected within itself. Gathered from nature in nutrition, the force which the organic matter embodies, instead of passing freely onwards, is retained and stored up within it. And the structure into which the growing organism is moulded, causes that force, when it is set free, to effect actions which subserve the well-being of the animal. And not only so, but this very force, when it is given off, by decomposition, within the body, may be reflected back upon the organism itself, and cause its increased growth; the decay, as we have seen, renewing the nutrition. Is there any way of expressing these facts more appropriate than to say that in the animal body the force is turned upon itself—self-centred? It is "individualized;" limited within definitely

marked bounds. Nothing is there which is not elsewhere in nature, but a limit is applied to that which elsewhere is freely circulating.

Again it is like a machine. We cannot help perceiving the analogy; for in a machine the very same thing is done. The forces which are freely circulating through material things are seized by man, and *limited*. They are bound up, and retained, to be used for certain purposes alone. A "principle of individuation" is brought into play; and an instrument, or "organ" is the result. "Individuate" the forces of nature, and we have an instrument. The chief of instruments, the living body, presented ready to each one of us to preserve and use, is constituted thus.

It adds greatly to the interest with which the animal creation may be contemplated, to look upon it with this thought in our minds. To feel the subtle links that tie together the diverse forms of Nature's energy, and recognize, in the sportive youth or vigorous maturity of bird and beast, tokens of the same powers that make firm the earth beneath their tread, give fluency to the waves, and cunningest chemistry to the all-embracing, all-purifying air, opens to the lover of the animated tribes a new delight. Not aliens are they to the earth on which they dwell, not strangers seeking temporary lodgment and convenience, but in truest sense earth's children, with the child's claim to shelter in the bosom which sustains them all. Bone of her bone, flesh of her flesh, breath of her breath. Each thrilling wave of life flows warm and fresh, from fountains which the sunbeams feed, which roll through every fibre of the solid globe, and spring up glowing from the central fires.

We do not require, for organic life, to assume any new or special power; the common and all-pervading powers of nature are enough. But now a question arises: How can the living be derived from that which is not living? How can any limiting, or directing, or adapting, make life to be where life was not? This is a legitimate question. Men refuse to rest satisfied with any supposition which seems to refer life to an unliving source, or to reduce it to the play of mere mechanic forces. Often have the instincts of our nature repudiated the resolution of vital phenomena into the shifting balance of attractions, the lifeless affinities whose sweep is bounded by the chemist's crucible. And the feeling has a just foundation; organic life cannot spring merely from dead matter. But if the demand for a living source of life is just, it is to be observed that this demand can be satisfied in two ways:—Either the material world is dead and life does not spring from it; or, *if life springs from it, then it is not dead*. If it be proved that the forces and laws of the inorganic world, constitute all that is to be found of physical power or principle in organic life, then does not the conclusion follow that the apparently inorganic world is truly living too?

This is no paradox. It is not even a novelty. That Nature is universally living is a position that has often been maintained; but evidence of its truth could not be given, until various physiological problems had been at least approximately solved. Let us first conceive the case

hypothetically. That which constitutes matter living, in the ordinary sense, is a certain arrangement of its elements, in relations opposed, more or less, to their chemical tendencies. This arrangement of the elements gives rise to a substance in which there exists a tendency to decompose—the organic substance. This substance, moulded into adapted structures, constitutes an organic body. The conditions essential to organic life are, then, these two: an opposition to chemical affinity in the arrangement of the elements, and a structure adapted to the performance of the necessary functions. Now we must, in the present state of our knowledge, consider the living body, like all other material substances, to consist of "atoms"—minute particles, beyond which we cannot conceive division to be carried. These atoms, by their arrangement, constitute the organic matter; and if we reflect, we see that they themselves, separately considered, are not organic. They are simply the materials out of which the living body is built up, and are the same in the most highly organized animal as in the simplest mineral. The ultimate atoms of oxygen and hydrogen, for example, are the same in the human brain as they are in water; the living substance is necessarily made up of particles which are not themselves living. In other words: Physical life is a living relation of unliving parts. The ultimate atoms of which a living body is composed are not individually possessors of life; the life is in their mutual connection.

This form of life, which depends upon an opposition to chemical affinity, and therefore rests upon that affinity as its basis and condition, is peculiar to animal and vegetable bodies, and may be called, for the sake of distinction, "organic life." In this kind of life it is evident that any forms of matter which are constituted according to the laws of chemical affinity, do not partake. Such are the mass of our own globe, and in all probability the other bodies known to us as the stars and planets. These are not partakers of the life which we have called organic.

But if we think of nature on a larger scale, we remember that there is another property, or tendency of matter, cognate to chemical affinity, but affecting masses as well as atoms. Why should not *gravity* afford the conditions requisite for an organic relation of the masses of which the universe consists? We know there also exists a force opposed to gravity, which produces an arrangement of the heavenly bodies in relations different from that in which gravity tends to place them. Why should not this force constitute, in respect to them, a true analogue of the vital force? It was a suggestion of Newton's that the distances of the stars from each other are probably not greater, in proportion, than those which separate the particles of what we call solid matter, and that the stellar universe might present, to senses of proportionate scope, an appearance like that which solids present to us. A group of stars may thus be regarded as constituting a substance — why not a vital substance? We certainly know it to be full of the intensest activities, and to be the seat, especially, of two counteracting forces. Why should not this "substance" be moulded, also, into truly vital forms? In

short, why should not the multitude of stars constitute one or more living wholes? Would they not thus present to us a strict parallel to the "living wholes" which we have long recognized to be such—unliving particles in living relations to each other? True, the earth we live on is inorganic: true, we have good reason to conclude all the orbs contained in space to be inorganic too. This is no reason that they are not "particles"—atoms—though inorganic by themselves, in an organization of a corresponding magnitude. The atoms of which our own bodies consist, also, are "inorganic by themselves."

"An organization," I said, "of corresponding magnitude." I am not the first to use the term. The "organization" of the heavens—of our own solar system, and of the various galaxies of stars—has been often spoken of. The likeness of the stellar groups, and of their ordered and recurrent movements, to the forms and processes of the organic world, has found for itself a voice, at least in metaphor. There is a striking passage in the first volume of *Cosmos* bearing so directly on this view, that though it will probably have presented itself to the reader's mind, he may thank us for reproducing it. "If we imagine, as in a vision of fancy, the acuteness of our senses preternaturally sharpened even to the extreme limit of telescopic vision, and incidents which are separated by vast intervals of time compressed into a day or an hour, everything like rest in spacial existence will forthwith disappear. We shall find the innumerable host of the fixed stars commoved in groups in different directions; nebulæ drawing hither and thither like cosmic clouds; our milky way breaking up in particular parts, and its veil rent. Motion in every point of the vault of heaven, as on the surface of the earth, in the germinating, leaf-pushing, flower-unfolding organisms of its vegetable covering. The celebrated Spanish botanist, Cavanilles, first conceived the thought of 'seeing grass grow' by setting the horizontal thread of a micrometer, attached to a powerful telescope, at one time upon the tip of the shoot of a bamboo, at another upon that of a fast-growing American aloe (*Agave Americana*), precisely as the astronomer brings a culminating star upon the cross-wires of his instrument. In the aggregate life of nature, organic as well as sidereal, Being, Maintaining, and Becoming are alike associated with motion."

Here we will pause, and abstain from argument. Let the thought stand as a suggestion merely, a whim of fantasy. It is at least a noble and elevating one. The dissevered unity of nature is restored. The lower rises to the higher rank; the higher wins a new glory in descending to the lower place. Unbroken stands the scheme before us. Life infinite and boundless; throbbing in our veins with a tiny thrill of the vast pulse that courses through the infinitude of space; the joy and sorrow in our hearts calling us to an universal sympathy, guaranteeing to us a sympathy that is universal, in return.

One word, in conclusion, with respect to the title of these papers. The name of "Riddles" has not been given to them without meaning, or

merely to stimulate a jaded curiosity. The thought which it was designed to convey, has probably become evident to those whom a genuine interest in the subject has made tolerant of the abstruse discussions which some of the papers contain, and of the many imperfections which mar them all. Man is but a child. I am "an infant crying in the night," says the sweet poet of the modern time, and the words find an echo in all hearts, because they are true of all humanity. Man is a little child, and as a little child he is taught. His feeble powers are drawn gently out, in tender sportive ways. Lord Bacon says, in words which prove in him a sensibility of heart as exquisite as the reach of his intellect was sublime: "Of the sciences which contemplate nature, the sacred philosopher pronounces, 'It is the glory of God to conceal a thing; but the glory of the king to search it out:' not otherwise than as if the Divine Nature delighted in the innocent and kindly play of children, who hide themselves in order that they may be found, and in his indulgent goodness towards mankind, had chosen for His playfellow the human soul." Nature sports with us, presenting to us easy questions in hard ways. She gives us riddles—the fact simple, the mode in which it is put before us complicated and involved. We think in every possible wrong way, before we find the right; but in the meantime our faculties are strengthened and enlarged. Our chief difficulty in comprehending Nature is her simplicity, the multitude and boundless variety of results which she educes from one law, and this law, it may be, self-evident and impossible not to be. We cannot, till we have learnt by long experience, understand what great events from simple causes spring, nor how truly "the workmanship of God is such that He doth hang the greatest weight upon the smallest wires."

How amazing it is to trace the wonderful processes of life, even so partially and feebly as we have done, to the simplest laws of force. And yet more amazing is it, to reflect that these same laws extend illimitably over the field of nature. If they bear such fruit in one least corner of the universe—for "if a man meditate upon the universal frame of nature, what is the earth but a little heap of dust?"—in what rich harvests of order, beauty, life, may they not issue, through all the immeasurable sphere of their dominion! Before the resources of creative power, imagination stands silent and appalled.

The study of Nature, revealing to us, though faintly, yet truly, traces of the laws and methods of the Highest and Universal Worker—revealing to us, in His work, an absolute singleness of aim and unity of means, perfectness of calm repose one with unfailing energy of action—this study has its worthy end, only when it raises us to act like Him: with stedfast and single aim which no passion can pervert, nor interest corrupt; with means which, ever changing, are yet ever one in changeless rectitude; with an activity untiring, and a calmness that cannot be disturbed, rooted in love and trust.

Chinese Pirates.

If there is one institution of the Central Empire which has not degenerated so as to deserve a place in Mr. Carlyle's black list of Shams, that institution must be piracy. Poor China is a thing of decay and disorganization; her roses are withered into *potpourri*, her poets are plagiarists, her philosophers are dreary old disregarded twaddlers, and the Brother of the Sun and Moon is on cold terms with his magnificent relations. But piracy survives, flourishing with a luxuriance which Captain Kidd scarcely dreamed of, and which contrasts nobly with the pitiful retail business which went on a century ago upon the Spanish main. The pirates of China have their fleets, their squadrons, their self-appointed admirals and commodores, in exact imitation of the imperial navy. In fact, if it were not for the uncomfortable presence of our English cruisers, the piratical craft would soon clear the seas of their opponents the mandarin vessels.

When the writer of this paper first formed acquaintance with Chinese waters and customs, there existed a desperado of the true Paul Jones type, although this reddest of all Red Rovers did wear a pigtail—a long, silken, beautifully-braided pigtail—which might have represented the "back-hair" of some young lady at a boarding-school. This man's name was Chin Apo, and if the trumpet of fame did not publish it over Europe, the *Pekin Gazette* diffused it pretty liberally over China. Ten, nay fifteen thousand dollars, from the imperial treasury, have been offered for that neatly-plaited pigtail, and the head that it adorned. Yet Chin Apo walked in peace through the streets of Canton, Nankin, Shanghai, or any other town, as if he had been lord of the receipt for fernseed, and was invisible, for neither governor nor policeman ever happened to see him, though less noted offenders were daily crucified or sawn into halves by the purblind Chinese justice that spared Chin Apo. The exact reasons for this immunity I never could learn, but am disposed to regard it as the fruit of a judicious mixture of bribery and bullying. In fact, a master thief creates a sort of respectful sympathy in the bosom of the stoniest-hearted mandarin; and if Tarquin had been enthroned at Pekin he would have contented himself with thinning the rank and file of the poppies, leaving the tall ones untouched. So Chin Apo prospered, and robbed, and levied black-mail, and commanded a flotilla of fifty or sixty lorchas and war-junks, until in an evil hour he became concerned in the murder of two of our officers at Hong Kong, and the British Lion put his paw upon him. Being caught, the pirate displayed that curious indifference to life which is one of the most puzzling features in the national character. It is not that a Chinaman is not capable of running away to an almost

unlimited extent to avoid danger, although I sincerely believe that the proverb which says a Chinese fears noise more than pain, is a profound bit of wisdom, but when captured he dies cheerfully, as if life were valueless. So in Chin Apo's case. His sentence was transportation for life, and he was sent to Calcutta in irons; his only petition had been all along to be put to death in some decent fashion which would not compromise his tail, and the disgrace of fetters and hemp-picking made him essay to starve himself to death on board the frigate. The master-at-arms, with unwelcome philanthropy, fed him with soup through a bamboo tube, but Chin Apo succeeded in obtaining a rusty nail, opening a vein, and dying like a philosopher.

The most usual size for a piratical vessel is of about three hundred and fifty tons, but they seldom or never cruise alone; and when you see a corsair bear down upon you with sails and oars, you may be pretty sure her consort is not far off, like a hawk hovering within a bird's-eye view of its mate. A junk of this burden, mounted with a few very heavy cannon, and full of men, is no trifling opponent for an armed European merchantman, especially as Dromio of Canton is pretty sure soon to come to the aid of Dromio of Macao, while as for Chinese traders, they never show fight at all. If a Chinese merchant is prudent, he pays black-mail to some piratical dignitary, who will underwrite his ship and cargo. If he is testy or proud, he hires a Yankee or English skipper, with a half European crew, and makes an investment in gunpowder; or, if he is a very enlightened individual indeed, perhaps he even buys a British steamer, which at the worst can trust, like Atalanta, to her heels, and outrun a whole armada of pirates. Not always, though, for among the islets and promontories of the coast, especially to the northward, are some ugly straits, through which vessels have to run the gauntlet, and where the pigtailed Vikings swarm like wasps, and sting as smartly.

It makes an important difference to one's personal comfort and well-being, whether one's ship is taken by pirates on the *north* or the *south* of a certain geographical line which may be said to bisect the Chinese seaboard. If we become captives on the south of the above line, we are pretty sure to owe our lives, and perhaps a garment or two, especially if old and shabby, to the clemency of our conquerors. No doubt there will be some trifling hardships to be endured; we shall be stripped, we shall be beaten with less or greater severity, and starved till our ransom is paid by the nearest consul, or commander of one of H. M.'s men-of-war. Very probably we shall be carried about the country in bamboo cages, like so many Bajazets in reduced circumstances, and pelted with mud and stones by the rustic children, who never saw a Fanqui before, and do not admire the breed. If the ransom is long delayed, it is possible that our proprietors may grow impatient, and mark the days of anticipation by notching off a joint of one of our fingers every morning—a thing not wholly unheard of—but, at any rate, we are likely to get home to our disconsolate friends in the long run, and may figure as lions for the remainder of our natural

lives on the strength of what we have gone through, to say nothing of bringing out a neat octavo volume, with illustrations. In the northern part of the China coast, they manage these things differently. They have learned to believe in the bloodthirsty old buccaneer proverb, "Dead men tell no tales," and they make terribly short work of the captivity of their prisoners. There is but one plan—to resist to the last gasp, for the voyager may rest assured that no weak submission will plead in mitigation of judgment.

The plan of attack in the channels among the islets, or between the latter and the mainland, is a very simple and old-fashioned one; nets are simply stretched across the waterway, and the spiders lie in wait for the flies in some convenient lurking-place near their web, say in a creek where the palms are on a level with their low masts, or under a black rock that keeps their dingy hulls and straw or cotton sails within its shadow. A merchantman comes crawling along, with top-gallants and studding-sails towering aloft to woo the coy breeze. The captain was a little too impatient to find himself snugly anchored in the port he is bound for, where there would be no more logarithms to plague him, no more solar observations to take, where the fresh provisions would come on board, where the consignee would ask him to dinner, and compliment him on his quick run, and he would be quite a hero for the nonce in that circle of pale ladies and bilious merchant-princes. So he went inside the islands, to save a day, and see the result. He is asleep, we will say, in that cockroach-haunted cabin of his, with the windsail fitted to the companion-hatch, and there is nobody on deck except the red-jerseyed helmsman, and that lean old mate in check shirt-sleeves and Panama hat, who is biting his nails in the bows, and whistling for a wind. The mate doesn't like it; he was all along in opposition to that seductive plan of slipping along the glassy channel inside the islands, and the mate's opinion, before a Committee of the House of Commons, would outweigh the skipper's, who would not command the ship if he were not the owner's nephew, or son-in-law, or something of the sort. I hope the good ship is duly insured, cargo and all—as for the lives of those on board, they are gone beyond redemption: for see! already the pigtailed ruffians on board those skulking junks are casting loose their sails, and slipping those long sweeps over the gunwale into the blue water. Just then, the mate espies the ripple where the corks keep the upper line of the nets above water, fatally near and right ahead. His practised eye makes it out only too clearly, and he somehow thunders the sleepy crew upon deck in an instant. Up comes the captain too, all in a flurry. "Hard up with the helm! back mainsail! topsails aback!" No use; it only distracts the crew, for there is no room to put the ship about, and the projecting cliffs take the wind out of her sails as she shivers, taken aback, and bang! goes the first gun from the pirates. There is but one hope, to hold on, and crack through ropes and nets and stakes, for life or death. Fill away the lazy sails, clear away that carronade that has been lying neglected among boats and hencoops: hand up the muskets from below? On goes the doomed ship, crash! she goes in

among the clinging nets; she breaks some, but the others are too strong for her, and she is fairly in the toils, and with a shout of triumph, firing their brass cannon and matchlocks, brandishing their swords, pulling like demons at their hundred long sweeps out from creek and cove, the pirates come. The Englishman's poor little rusty carronade is pointed and discharged, and possibly misses, or even bursts, being honeycombed and neglected, but hit or miss, or even burst, as the piece may, its fire can never repulse eight or ten war-junks full of men. In one moment more they are alongside, flinging fire-pots on to the ship's decks, and boarding in the smoke. One last despairing struggle with the cutlass and handspike; but numbers prevail, and the deck is a shambles, and hacked and headless bodies go floating down the tide, and the good ship is pillaged and scuttled, or set on fire, and there is an end of all except the weary, weary watching of far-away wives and sweethearts for the lost vessel's return. Of course, it not seldom happens that no direct intelligence reaches owner or underwriter, and that when a missing craft is given over as irrevocably gone, the blame is laid on sunken rock or typhoon, and a wreck is imagined where the pirate has been busy at his fell work. Then sometimes the secret of the vessel's fate oozes out from the confession of some rogue in the gaol of Hong Kong, or some article of property is sold in Canton, and recognized, and the old story, in all its guilty sameness, comes to be known by men.

Of course there is a brighter side to the picture. A steamer can usually break through the row of nets, or if a friendly breeze spring up, a large sailing vessel may have way enough upon her to do so; and a powerfully-manned craft, with clean carronades and a swivel-gun in good working order, may fight through a whole fleet of junks with trifling loss, if only she escapes being boarded. Now and then it happens that our pigtailed enemies catch a Tartar, in the shape of an English cruiser, and the hornet breaks through the web that was made to catch silly flies. There cannot be a prettier sight than this in all the annals of pugnacity: the steam-sloop in the narrow channel, girt about by a ring of fire and smoke, the armed junks circling and buzzing about her like mosquitoes, and the masked batteries in the jungle ashore and on the beetling cliffs above, all bellowing and blazing together, while the matchlock volleys crackle out of every thicket that can shelter an ambuscade. All in vain. Discipline, race, and civilization are too much for fierceness and greed. The affair might be stereotyped: a stubborn fight, a fire from the cruiser of beautiful precision, junks on fire, junks sinking, shore batteries silenced, the deep British cheer rising louder and clearer over the yells of the savages; then the hasty, yet regular, manning and lowering of boats, the quick jerk of the oars, the hearty hurrah as the launch and cutters dash at the junks still afloat; and the business always ends with an *Io triumphe!* and a grim list of enemies burnt, sunk, and destroyed.

Yet you cannot easily persuade a Chinese that there is anything objectionable in piracy. The very merchants who have been stripped of

their golden fleece upon the waters do not appear to see any immorality in the practice of buccaneering, however inconvenient and expensive they acknowledge its results to be. Some of them not impossibly dabble a little in that line themselves; not that those fat old human bolsters who sell us our metal-coloured tea and raw silk are given to girding on the sword of adventure, but that they sometimes own a pirate junk—just as well-to-do church-going traffickers in our own country used fifty years ago to speculate in privateering. They look on the sea-robbers' trade, when not smarting from a fresh loss of some rich cargo of birds'-nests and spice, precisely as many worthy people *chez nous* regard smuggling—as anything but a sin. Nor is a Chinese sailor a bit more ashamed to confess that he was a pirate yesterday, and may be a pirate to-morrow, than an ancient mariner of the Sussex coast is to admit that he has not during his whole life been a scrupulous observer of the revenue laws. But when a pirate is really in the clutch of law—and very awkward, unfortunate, or impoverished he must be if he *is* thus clutched—he gets as scanty a share of mercy as he ever afforded to *his* captives. Yet, on the whole, the scoundrels prefer the short, sharp dealings of the mandarin judge, to the deliberate trial and long imprisonment which would befall them if tried before her Majesty's chief justice at Hong Kong. One of a Chinaman's greatest antipathies is to protracted confinement; he hates what he calls "fuss-fuss," too, in Cantonese ("pigeon," English); and prefers the quick stroke of the sword, which in a Chinese city will inevitably divorce his soul from his body. I cannot help thinking that Draco must have been an emigrant from the Flowery Land, so completely is his stern spirit stamped upon the Central code of laws. Besides beating with bamboos, swinging by the thumbs, and a few minor tortures, you find death awarded for very small offences. There are so many mouths to feed that human life is a drug in the market, and every man's head (unless adorned by a mandarin's button and peacock's feather) sits loosely on his shoulders. The Celestials cannot afford to keep their criminals long in prison. They must die, or they must live and eat rice at the expense of a paternal government. The paternal government is not long in making up its mind as to the preferable alternative, and the executioner has no sinecure office. But the usual sentence amounts to simple decapitation, and the long list of tortures which the ingenuity of ages has invented is kept in reserve for Taipings, for the sacrilegious, or for those blackest of criminals whose offence is the having frightened the amiable authorities out of their official propriety and embroidered slippers.

There are men of quality among the pirates, as every native tea-seller can inform you, and these are, if not the worst, perhaps the most incorrigible rogues among them. If the son of an old mandarin sows more wild oats than his bebuttoned papa approves, and gets into disgrace, he not unfrequently takes to piracy, as one of our own swells might take to colonial life, and is thenceforth regarded as an enterprising young fellow of slightly erratic temperament. He fears the law but little, since

hawks and mandarins spare their own kith and kin; and if in gaol, he is sure to be slipped out of a back door, while meaner thieves suffer Rhadamanthine severities. Perhaps he will repair his fortune, bribe the censors, pass a glorious examination, and die a deputy-governor in a yamun hung with flowered silk. Anything is possible to a literary and keen-witted Chinaman, and our young corsair never forgets his learning, but recites poetry by the fathom to the skippers he plunders, and never cuts a throat without quoting the apophthegms of Confucius to his victim. Such lettered rogues as these come over to Hong Kong, and swagger about the streets of Victoria, and are treated with great respect by the European residents, because they are of mandarin stock, and know all about the most tiresome ceremonies that ever were invented by the most pompous pigtailed bores of their native land, and above all, because they can talk *taoli*. To talk *taoli* is the dearest ambition of many an honest British exile who is coining his liver into dollars in the far East. Very pretty talk it is, and very charming sentiments they discourse in it, thickly bestrewn with moral maxims. That old opium-chewing monster in the embroidered gown and blue silk unmentionables, is uttering a string of lofty ideas that might do credit to Plato, but for all that he will adulterate the contents and falsify the weight of the tea-chests he sells you, unless you are sharper than he. This young poet who descants so eloquently on the beauty of virtue has a most infamous repute, and the venerable gentleman with the yellow buttons, who is crying over the proverbs of Hien Tsang, is about the most scientific forger China ever had the honour of giving birth to. But the interpreters, and the scholars, and the more antiquated of the English residents, seem to swallow all this fine talk as a pigeon does peas.

The pirates will never be extirpated out of Chinese waters, until European cruisers take the matter thoroughly in hand, as they did in the case of our old bugbears the Barbary rovers, and those estimable compeers of Blackbeard and Avery, who used to haunt the West Indies. There is only one way of proceeding, and that is to harry and hunt out the junks in the creeks and shallows where they love to hide, until piracy is voted a bad speculation, and there will be an end of a nuisance that was probably of old standing before the Phœnicians ever coupled the ideas of Tin and Britain. Once convince the acute, unimaginative rascal of the Celestial Empire that piracy will not pay, and the trade will be a thing of the past. A Chinaman has not a spice of romance about him, and never goes to war for an idea, or risks his neck for a sentiment less substantial than that of avarice. He never varies in his thorough appreciation of that principle of political economy which refers to a heedful care of the profits of trade. Piracy is a trade, and it is our duty to spoil the market. Nothing is easier than to turn Jack Chinaman—even piratical Jack—into a blameless mariner. Once convince him that honesty really is the best policy, and you will find him an apt pupil. Pigtailed pirates will be extinct, like the mammoths.

William Hogarth:

PAINTER, ENGRAVER, AND PHILOSOPHER.

Essays on the Man, the Work, and the Time.

IX.—Tail-Piece.

In twenty pages, or thereabouts, I have to glance at nineteen years of the history of a man's life and works. But the rough macadam of my path is smoothed and levelled, comparatively, by the knowledge that the great events in the career of my hero have been, if not fully narrated, at least enumerated in their due order. To recapitulate a little. You have seen William Hogarth born, apprenticed to Mr. Gamble, taught graving and design. You have seen him teach himself to draw with ease, to paint with grace and vigour. You have watched him learn to think, to use his knowledge of men and cities, to cover Theocritus' sad face with the droll mask of Democritus. You have seen him marry his master's daughter—Sir James's, not Ellis Gamble's;—and were this a novel, not a life-study, it would be fitting to end the history just where the parson gives his benediction. When a married pair are childless, and become prosperous, and the man renowned, and keep their coach and their country-house, the fairy-tale peroration is perhaps the most appropriate: "And they lived long and happily, beloved by everybody." But the childless couch may be thorny, and there may be hyssop in the cup of renown, and cannot poisonous laurel-water be distilled from the crisp leaves which the conqueror is crowned with? The fine coach may jolt, the wheels stick in the ruts sometimes. The country-house may be damp. There may be ratsbane in the creamiest porridge, and halters in the grandest pew. So until the end, telling of the evil and the good in an active life, I will, if you please, proceed: but be not impatient. A term is coming to your weariness and my prolixity. See how swiftly the sands are running, and how inexorably the clock-needles are moving towards the last minute of the last hour—moving sharply and cruelly, and like arrows wounding. *Vulnerant omnes, ultima necat*, is written on the dial. The bell will soon toll, and it will be time to split up this pen, and blot this sheet.

But as a shrewd devisor, making his testamentary dispositions, let me first endeavour to set my artistic property in order: to see what rich treasures, as well as little waifs and strays of value, remain to make up the grand inheritance left by William Hogarth to his country. "All my messuages and tenements—all my plate, pictures, furniture, and linen—all my bonds and securities:"—well, the schedule is lengthy enough, but a few pages may suffice to let the reader know how much, pictorially, the good man died worth.

First, of that "Forty-five," whose shadow crossed my path as I journeyed towards the eighth stage of these travels in search of Hogarth. In the stormy time of the Jacobite troubles (1745–6–7—let the generic term be the "Forty-five,"—have not Stanhope and Chambers put their seal upon it, so?) Hogarth was busiest, cleverest, most prolific, and most popular. This jolly cabbage-rose of the English garden of painting was in full bloom and beauty and odour: yea, and the dried leaves in the Hogarthian vase are redolent of sweet savours to this day. As a man who took the keenest interest in the transactions, manners, humours, and vices of his time, William could scarcely help being affected, politically, one way or the other, by that all-absorbing war of the English succession. The painter who dwelt at the sign of the "Golden Head" was a staunch Hanoverian, and the political Hanoverian was in that day generally the staunchest of Englishmen. Of the German kings who were good enough to come from Herrenhausen, and sit on our throne—the kings who were always scampering over to Vaterland, who talked French at court, and did not know enough of the English language to deliver their own royal speeches, nay, scarcely knew to what rank in the State their servants were eligible,*—Hogarth could not have been a great admirer; nor, I should imagine, did the artist trouble himself much concerning the reputed descent of the Hanoverian monarchs from Odin (!), Radag, Frond, Freidger, *Wig* (!), &c. &c. &c., as set forth in the pompous, lying *Brunswick Genealogy*, published by the "person of quality" who continued *Chamberlayne's State of England*. He simply hated Jacobitism as the vast body of the middle classes hated it, for the reason that, to his mind, the success of the Stuart cause was associated with *soupe maigre*, fricasseed frogs, and foreign ascendancy, with surreptitious warming-pans, popery, brass-money, and wooden shoes. My dear, romantic friends, I am afraid that in the "Forty-five" the "respectable classes" in England were almost to a man against the chivalrous Charles Edward. 'Tis distance, and that wonderful romance of "sixty years since"—a hundred and fifteen now—that lend enchantment to the view of "Bonny Prince Charlie." Even the noblemen who espoused his cause were either attainted titulars—as Perth, as Tullibardine, and as poor Charles Ratcliffe were—or else came to his standard as to an Adullam, wofully dipped, out at elbows, and discontented with the normal state of things, as were Kilmarnock and Balmerino. The lowest mob in London was sometimes for the Elector, and sometimes for the Chevalier—mainly following with the fluctuations of the Geneva market; but I think mob-Jacobitism in '45 must very much have resembled mob-chartism in our own '48. The accounts of the preparations made for the defence of London, when the

* When, in the early part of the second George's reign, a new Lord Chancellor had to be appointed, the name of a certain great lawyer was canvassed at the council board as fittest to hold the seals. "No! no!" cried *König* George. "Gif me te man who read te tying sbeech zo peautiful." He meant the Recorder of London, whose duty it was to deliver the periodical report on the condemned criminals in Newgate.

rebels reached Derby, form a curious parallel to the proceedings prior to that 10th of April which we all remember. The stage carpenters of Covent Garden and Drury Lane sworn in as specials; the Bank sandbagged and barricaded; the Artillery Company under arms; the gentlemen of the Inns of Court breathing defiance to St. Germain's and Rome from behind field-pieces and locked gates—all these read like prototypes of our little panic of the year of revolution. Oxford was Jacobitical in 1745, but it preferred drinking the king's health "over the water" in snug college rooms, to praying for King James, just before being turned off in that frightful Tyburn publicity. There were plenty of rich Jacobite baronets and squires in Cheshire and Lancashire, but few cared to leave their heads on Tower Hill, while their broad acres went to enrich Greenwich Hospital. They remembered Derwentwater, and remained prudently quiet. I grant the noble, self-denying chivalry of the brave Scottish gentlemen who joined in this great quarrel—the heroism of such Paladins as Cameron of Lochiel, Cluny Macpherson, Clanronald, Macdonald of Keppoch, and the ducal Drummond of Perth; but on this side the Tweed—ah me! I fear that the people who had whole coats, and small clothes, and money in their pockets, were in *posse*, if not *in esse* for King George. It is very nice and picturesque, now-a-days, to be a Jacobite in theory; it was not so pleasant in the "Forty-five" to be a Jacobite in practice—to lie in the condemned hold at Newgate, with seventy pounds weight of iron on your legs, and to be half strangled, wholly decapitated, disembowelled, and ultimately distributed piecemeal on spikes affixed to the gates and bridges of London, all in consequence of your political opinions. Cavalier Sir Walter Scott even remembered that Edward Waverley was his rich uncle's heir, and discreetly drew him out of the hempen circle of overt Jacobitism, just in time to succeed to the family estate, and marry pretty Rose Bradwardine.

There is something so suggestive of mendacity lingering about the very name of the IRELAND family, that I have been very chary, in the course of this undertaking, of quoting as an irrefragable authority any writings of the father of the notorious forger of *Vortigern*. I have been compelled to mention him from time to time, for Samuel Ireland has really written well and judiciously, as well as copiously, concerning the minor Hogarthiana. Now if Samuel is to be believed, Hogarth designed the headpiece or title for Henry Fielding's short-lived periodical, *The Jacobite's Journal: edited by John Trott Plaid, Esq.* The impression I have seen is from a woodcut, one of the vilest in drawing and execution that ever penetrated beyond Seven Dials. A monk is represented leading an ass, mounted on which are a man and woman in an absurd Scotch costume; the plaid on the woman's dress being in saltire ×, and evidently produced by rough "crisscross" slashings on the surface of the block. This lady brandishes in one hand a sword; and to the donkey's tail is appended a (seemingly) tavern sign, with three flower-de-luces on its field, and the name of "Harrington" as legend. Harrington may have been the host of some tavern which was the place of meeting of a more than ordinarily

noted Jacobite club. From the Scotchman's mouth issues a scroll with "huzza!" in very big letters. He holds a glass of (presumably) whisky; and to the ass's bridle is tacked a file of the *London Evening Post*.* London antiquaries may derive some edification from counting the spires—with St. Paul's dome in the midst—in the riverain view of London forming the background, which is, by the way, a curious counterpart of the well-known engraved heading to the *Illustrated London News*. It is not probable that W. H. did more than make the roughest sketch for this atrocious lignoon; and I daresay he was ashamed even of his slight co-operation when the wretched thing chopped out was printed. The headpiece was discontinued after the twelfth number of the publication: the alleged reason being that it was not cut deep enough, and that the impressions were too faint.

The famous portrait-etching of Simon Lord Lovat must for ever connect William Hogarth with the "Forty-five." Not till the termination of that momentous struggle was this old coronetted fox trapped. I suppose there never was, in the annals of villany, such an ancient, disreputable reprobate as this same Simon Fraser. The Regent Orleans' Abbé Dubois was a sufficiently atrocious rogue. Don Francisco, otherwise Charteris, was bad enough. Both were cheats, and ruffians, and profligates, and the last was an usurer; but the noble baron was all these, and something more. A finished scamp in early life, Captain Fraser narrowly escaped a capital conviction for a hideous outrage upon a lady whom he abducted and forced to marry him. He ratted to and from St. James's and St. Germain's a hundred times. He was as consummate a hypocrite as he was impudent a cynic. He lied and cozened, and played fast and loose with the English government, until he was nearly eighty years of age. At

* Here is a sample, in the shape of a suppositious diary of public events, from H. Fielding's other anti-Jacobite journal, *The True Patriot*, setting forth the dreadful results which London loyalists of the *bourgeois* class were taught to believe would inevitably follow from the restoration of the Stuarts. "*Jan.* 3.—Queen Anne's statue in St. Paul's Churchyard taken away, and a large crucifix erected in its room. *Jan.* 10.—Three anabaptists committed to Newgate for pulling down the crucifix. *Jan.* 12.—Being the first Sunday after Epiphany, Father Macdagger, the royal confessor, preached at St. James's—sworn afterwards of the Privy Council. Arrived, the French ambassador, with a numerous retinue. *Jan.* 26.—This day the *Gazette* informs us that Portsmouth, Berwick, and Plymouth, were delivered into the hands of French commissaries as cautionary towns; and also twenty ships of the line, with their guns and rigging, pursuant to treaty. 27.—Tom Blatch, the small-coal man, committed to the Compter for a violent attack on Father Macdagger, and three young friars who had assaulted his daughter Kate. . . . . The writ *de hæretico comburendo* abolished. Father Poignardini, an Italian Jesuit, made Privy Seal. Four heretics burnt in Smithfield, assisted in their last moments by Father O'Blaze, the Dominican. The pope's nuncio makes his public entry, met at the Royal Exchange by the Lord Mayor, a Frenchman. A grand office opened the same night in Drury Lane for the sale of pardons and indulgences. *March* 9.—My little boy Jacky taken ill of the itch. He had been on the parade with his godfather the day before, to see the Life Guards, and had just touched one of their plaids."

last they had him on the hip; and the executioner swept his wicked, clever, plotting old head off his decrepit shoulders.* He was as flowery as Barère, and as bloodthirsty as Fouquier Tinville. He was as treacherous as Reynard the Fox, and as astute as Macchiavelli. He was as malicious as Voltaire, and as depraved as Aretin, and as cruel as Claverhouse; and he died with a high-flown Latin quotation in his mouth, "*Dulce et decorum est*," *&c. &c.*, just after he had given utterance to a heartless witticism—"the very fiend's arch-mock."

Old Simon had been in alternate correspondence with the Stuarts and the Guelphs for years; but he was false to the last, and while protesting his unalterable devotion to King George's government, was sending his son, the Master of Lovat, with the Clan Fraser, to join the Pretender. He would doubtless have betrayed Charles Edward, had there been time; but Culloden came, and Simon's last trump was played. He had fled from his own house, Castle Downie, when affairs had begun to look badly; had escaped from the Earl of Loudoun, who manifested a strong inclination to detain him a prisoner at Inverness; and had set up a Patmos in the house of one Mr. Fraser, of Gortlich, in Stratherrick, "whither he was wont to repair in summer-time to drink the goat-whey." There the ruined, fugitive Chevalier found the greyhaired rogue in terrible tribulation. He could say nothing but "Chop off my head, chop off my head! my own family and all the great clans are undone. Chop off my head!" We shall see that his aspirations were attended to, presently. Simon afterwards remarked that he had now nothing to trust to but the humanity of the Duke of Cumberland ("of whom his Lordship," says my contemporary account, "here took occasion to say several very handsome things"). *Vieux Blagueur!* It was of no use. The game was up. Simon was ultimately taken by the duke's soldiers. He was found concealed in a hollow tree in the middle of a pond, with two blankets wrapped round his old legs. They brought him by easy stages to London, making much of him as a captive of the highest importance. He halted at St. Alban's, where, it suiting his purpose to fall ill, he put up at the White Hart Inn, groaning piteously. It so chanced that the physician, Dr. Webster, called in to attend him, was one of Hogarth's intimate friends. At Dr. Webster's invitation, William posted down to St. Alban's, and was introduced to the state-prisoner, who received him with much cordiality, "even to the kiss fraternal"—not so very pleasant an embrace at that moment, as Lord Lovat was under the barber's hands. The old Judas! with his kisses and slobberings. The painter had several interviews with

* Immense crowds were collected on Tower Hill to see him executed. Amphitheatres of benches were erected, and seats were at a premium. As he was mounting the steps of the scaffold, the supports of one of the neighbouring stands gave way. Numbers of persons were thrown to the ground, and two were crushed to death. Says the moribund jester to the sheriff, who directed his attention to this terrible accident, "The mair mischief the better sport,"—an old Scotch proverb, and one that suited his lips better than "*dulce et decorum.*"

this venerable traitor, whose appetite, notwithstanding his illness, for minced veal and burnt brandy, reminds one of Mr. James Blomfield Rush's solicitude, when confined in Norwich Gaol, for roast pig "and plenty of plum sauce;" and Hogarth had ample time to make the drawing from which, with great celerity, he executed that amazing etching I speak of. The prisoner is supposed to be counting on his fingers the principal Highland chieftains, and the number of claymores they could bring into the field before the rebellion. Thus, "Lochiel had so many, Cluny Macpherson so many more," and the like. There are few accessories to the portrait. Old Simon's coat and wig—an astonishing wig—and buckled shoes, are quite enough. There is not a wrinkle in his face, not a crease in his ravenous-looking hands, but tells of cunning, treachery, and lawless desire. The strangest thing about this aged desperado was, that in addition to being witty, he was an uncommonly jovial and good-tempered companion, was affable to his dependants, and bounteously hospitable to all his *dhuinè-wassels*. He kept up a grand, although rude state, at Castle Downie; where he maintained a bard to sing his praises in Gaelic, and where claret for the gentry, and usquebaugh for the commonalty, were continually flowing. Every Fraser was free of the kail-kettle and the meal-tub at Castle Downie. The clansmen pigged together at night in stables and outhouses; and with a touching and characteristic spirit of impartiality, the lord of the castle allowed his lady, while she lived, no other accommodation than her sleeping apartment, of which he resigned to her the full enjoyment, and where she lay, like the Margery Daw famed in nursery legend, on straw. Old Simon's affectionate conduct to his son, the Master of Lovat, whom, while he himself remained snugly in hiding, he bade march with his clansmen into the jaws of death, has already been alluded to. "Diabolical cunning, monstrous impiety!" exclaimed Sir William Young, one of the managers appointed by the Commons to prosecute the impeachment against him, when he came to touch upon that episode in the prisoner's career.

When the portrait was etched, a bookseller offered its weight in gold for the copper-plate.* Lovat was quite as popular a criminal as Thurtell or as Palmer. The impressions could not be taken off with sufficient rapidity to supply the anxious purchasers, though the rolling-press was at work day and night for eight or ten days. For several weeks Hogarth received money at the rate of twelve pounds a day for prints of his etching. Shortly after Lovat's execution (in 1747) a mezzotinto engraving was published, said to be from a sketch by Hogarth, and having for title *Lovat's Ghost on Pilgrimage*. The scene is a cemetery by moonlight. A headless figure, in the habit of a Capuchin monk, a staff in his hand, barefooted, is wandering through the Garden of Death, "his old feet stumbling at graves:" supported by his sinister arm is the mocking, satyr-like head

* The plate may have weighed two pounds and a half. Allow 45*l.* per pound as the price of gold: this would give 112*l.* 10s.

of Lovat, wigless now, and trunkless. The inscription to the plate is trivial enough:—

"Doomed for my crimes in pilgrimage to roam,
With weary steps I seek my native home."

To the right of the headless monk is a vault, on one side of which you read—"This monument was erected by *Simon* Lord Fraser of Lovat," &c., and on another side is a bas-relief representing a skull and crossbones, a skeleton, an hour-glass, and the headsman's axe, with these words beneath —"To the memory of *Thomas* Lord Fraser of Lovat." This monument has puzzled me. It was *Simon*, not Thomas, who was beheaded. Anon, I thought I could discern a sly touch of Hogarthian humour in the inscription. The old lord, it is clear, deliberately intended to sacrifice his son in case of the failure of the Jacobite undertaking. As it happened, the Master of Lovat escaped, while the lord was executed; and Hogarth may have intended to hint how the biter was bitten, when old Simon erected a monument in anticipation of the probable end of his son, not foreseeing his own fate. But then Thomas Fraser was but the "master," the heir-apparent to the barony of Lovat; he never succeeded to the title: so here my conjectures break down.*

Firmly, indissolubly to the "Forty-five," although not completed until three or four years afterwards, belong the plate and the picture of the *March of the Guards towards Scotland in the year* 1745, more familiarly known as *The March to Finchley*. It is well known that Hogarth intended to dedicate the engraving to King George II., and a proof before letters was consequently taken to St. James's to be submitted to the descendant of Odin and Wig. A British nobleman was good enough to bring this work of art for the inspection of the Duke of Cumberland's august papa. The following dialogue is said to have taken place on the occasion:—

Descendant of Odin and Wig.—"Who is dis Hogart?"

British Nobleman.—"May it please your Majesty, a painter."

D. of C.'s august papa.—"Bah! I do hate bainting and boetry doo. Dos dis vellow mean do laugh at my garts?"

British Nobleman (modestly, and yet with a complacent consciousness that he is saying a neat thing).—"The piece, my liege, must undoubtedly be considered as a burlesque."

Descendant of Odin and Wig.—"*Was sagst du?* A bainter purlesque mein zoldiers! He teserves do be bicketed for his inzolence! Dake de drompery out of my zight. (*Exit the D. of C.'s august papa, in a huff. The British nobleman returns crestfallen to Leicester Fields, and, telling Hogarth of the ill-success of his mission, asks him to dinner that very evening to make amends.*)

To make himself amends, sturdy William Hogarth sat down to his yet unlettered plate, and with furious graver proceeded to dedicate the *March to Finchley* to "His Majesty the King of Prussia, an Encourager of Arts

* The attainder was reversed by our gracious Queen Victoria about the time of her coronation, and there is now a worthy Simon Fraser Lord Lovat.

and Sciences," adding a big note of admiration (sarcastic dog!) and a tremendous flourish. I don't know what notice, if any, the flute-playing friend of the devout Voltaire, and the "Protestant Hero" of English evangelical circles, took of this dedication; but I am afraid that *his* papa, Mr. Carlyle's Friedrich Wilhelm, would have marked *his* sense of the "bainter's" familiarity, not only by subjecting him to the punishment of the picket, but by belabouring him with his beloved cane, could he have got William to Potsdam.

There is something to be said on both sides regarding this historical misunderstanding between the king and the artist. Hogarth was certainly the greatest English painter of the time; and, moreover, as Sir James Thornhill's son-in-law, thought he had some claim to that which he subsequently enjoyed—the royal patronage. He was in the right to feel himself aggrieved at being contemptuously snubbed and ignored; but, on the other hand, it was somewhat too much to expect the King of England, as a king, to bestow his favour on a production in which the soldiers who had just saved the crown from tumbling off his head were depicted under the most ludicrous and degrading circumstances. The guards who march to Finchley are a riotous and tipsy mob. The drummer staggers, the grenadiers are wallowing in the kennel; the rear rank are exchanging disorderly endearments with inebriated females; the sergeant is battering right and left with his halberts, and very nearly the only sober person in the tableau is the pretty little piper-boy tootle-tooing away in the corner. Now, only imagine that in the year 1854, Messrs. John Leech and Richard Doyle had conspired to produce a graphic, humorous cartoon, called the *March of the Guards towards Gallipoli*. Imagine that these jocose draughtsmen had drawn the Fusiliers and Coldstreams in all kinds of absurd and ignoble attitudes—beating the police with their belts, for instance, depriving the toll-taker on Waterloo Bridge of his copper-bottomed aprons, bartering their bearskins and cartouch-boxes for drink, blackening the eyes of their relations, and so forth. Imagine our two artists going up to Buckingham Palace, and coolly begging her Majesty's gracious permission to inscribe this facetious libel with her royal name! What would the first Lady in Christendom have said to such a request? What would his Royal Highness have thought? I daresay our art-loving Queen and Prince have a right royal "tall" copy of Hogarth's works on some snug shelf in their library; but in these genteeler days the aberrations of the Guards and other British warriors should figure only in the police reports. The battle and camp pictures of Wouvermans and Vandermeulens would not do now. We are grown more refined. Battles are fought in white kid gloves, and the camp at Aldershott gets into the *Court Circular*.

For very many reasons—the chief and plainest being, that I am uttering my last dying speech on Cornhill, having been convicted of a barbarous attempt on the life of William Hogarth, deceased, and that I am even now traversing the cart, and after taking leave, though feeling loth to depart,—

my notices of the remaining things that make up Hogarth's WORK can be little more than a curt *catalogue raisonné*. Let me mention them:—

Mr. Garrick in the Character of Richard the Third.—The original picture was commissioned by a munificent Yorkshire squire, Mr. Duncombe, of Duncombe Park. The price paid was the then handsome one of 200*l*. Hogarth shows us the tent-scene. The great tragedian, in a spurious kind of Elizabethan costume, is starting from his conscience-haunted couch. The head is very characteristic; the outstretched hand wonderfully well drawn, and full of expression; but the frame is burly and muscular enough for the body of a Lifeguardsman. In this great hulking, cowardly tyrant, we quite lose the notion of "little Davy." On the long and cordial friendship that existed between Hogarth and Garrick, I may not dwell minutely. 'Tis just right, however, to mention that William made the design for Garrick's chair, as President of the Shakspeare Club. The chair was of mahogany, richly carved; and at the back was a bust of the poet, carved by Hogarth from the Stratford-on-Avon Mulberry-Tree. What has become of this chair? Who is the fortunate possessor of this renowned mulberry-cum-mahogany-tree that brings together three such good men and true as Shakspeare, Garrick, and Hogarth?*

For a little interlude, called the *Farmer's Return*, good-naturedly written by Garrick for Mrs. Pritchard's benefit, Hogarth drew, first a rough

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* Garrick chanced to visit Hogarth one morning when the artist was engaged in his painting-room; and being about to retire hastily, "old Ben Ives," the servant, called out to him to stay a moment, as he had something to show him, which he was sure would please him. He took Garrick into the parlour, and showed him an exquisite chalk drawing, personifying Diana (but the original model has not been discovered), and exclaimed, with something like rapture: "There, sir, there's a head! they say my master can't paint a portrait. Look at that head." I know not which is the most gratifying feature in this story: the faithful servant praising his master's work, or the fact that he grew grey and became "old Ben Ives" in his service. Among the Hogarth anecdotes, few are so well known as that giving Garrick the credit for having sate for a posthumous portrait of Fielding, and by his extraordinary powers of facial mimicry, "making-up" a capital model of his deceased friend. If this be true, Garrick must have surpassed, as a mime, that famous harlequin who used to imitate a man eating fruit, and from whose mere gestures and grimaces, you could at once tell the fruit he was pretending to eat; now he was pulling currants from the stalk, now sucking an orange, now biting an unripe pear, now swallowing a cherry, and now exhausting a gooseberry. Then there is the account of Garrick sitting to Hogarth for his own picture, and mischievously giving so many varied casts of expression to his countenance, that the painter at last threw down his brush in a pet, and declared he could do no more, unconsciously imitating the Irish swineherd, who declared that he had counted all his porcine charge save one little pig; but that he "jumped about so that he couldn't count him." A better authenticated story than any of these is the relation of a trifling unpleasantness between Hogarth and Garrick, about the latter's portrait, for which he had given W. H. several sittings. David declared that the picture wasn't like him—perhaps he didn't think it handsome enough. Then they fell out about the price, and finally Hogarth drew his brush across the face, and turned the picture to the wall of his studio. Long years afterwards, the widow Hogarth sent the picture as a gift to the widow Garrick.

chalk *ébauche*, and next a beautifully finished crayon study, light and graceful, and which was engraved by Basire, and appended as frontispiece to the printed copy of the interlude. It is chronicled in this place, as Garrick passes rapidly across my stage ; but in point of chronology, the *Farmer's Return* is one of the latest of Hogarth's works, being dated 1761, just after the coronation of George the Third. Garrick is drawn smoking a pipe. His flapped hat, leathern belt and buckle, ample collar, and buff boots, make him look far more like the stage Falstaff than a farmer, and thus accoutred, he contrasts remarkably with that type of the British agriculturist with whom Gilray (about thirty years afterwards) made us so familiar. The *Farmer's Return* seems to have been a kind of "monopolylogue," to use the classic verbiage of "entertainment-givers ;" and the versatile David sang a song, described the humours of the coronation, and gave "imitations" of the Cock Lane Ghost.

The *Marriage à la Mode* (1745–6)* is to those whom (without offence, I

* Note specially in the *Marriage à la Mode*, in Scene I., the pride of the old Lord shown in the coronet broidered on his crutch, and his ostentatious prodigality in the unfinished wing of his palace seen through the open window, began through arrogance, left unfinished through lack of funds. Observe Miss in her teens twirling the ring on her handkerchief ; the beau bridegroom admiring himself in the glass ; the dogs coupled together, and the handsome *roué* barrister mending his pen. He must have been a special pleader, and have confined himself to chamber practice : was called in probably to draw Viscount Squanderfield's marriage settlement : wears, as you see, his wig and gown in private life; precisely as the clergy wore their bands and cassocks. In Scene II., note the *one* receipted bill on the attenuated steward's file ; the crowded, costly, tasteless ornaments on the mantelpiece ; the yawning servant in the vista of the huge saloon, tardily getting through his household work, and telling plainly of late hours overnight at Squanderfield House. The perspective in this scene is very masterly. In Scene III., there is much to be noted, but little that can be dilated upon, beyond the admirably expressive faces of the actors, and the *perfect* drawing and pose of the quack doctor. In Scene IV., mark the contrast between the portrait of the grave divine on the wall, and the sensuous copies from Italian pictures ; the basketful of expensive trumpery bought *au poids d'or* at an auction, and over which the black-boy is grinning ; the humours of a masquerade painted on the screen ; the fat dilettante quavering from the music-book ; the inimitable beau drinking coffee with his hair in papers ; the country cousin who has gone to sleep ; the French hairdresser,—and pray, who is the lady with the red hair, the morning wrapper, and the Pamela hat ? The old lord is dead by this time. Hogarth quietly announces the event by the bed in the alcove being surmounted by an earl's coronet. In Scene V. mark the wondrous *falling* attitude of the murdered earl, who is absolutely dying—hush ! he falls, he is dead—in this scene, as is the Pierrot in M. Gérome's masterpiece, *Le Duel après le Bal.* No blood is needed to tell that the pitcher is for ever shattered, and the wheel broken at the cistern. The hues of the dying man's face exactly fulfil the famous description of the *Facies Hippocratica* Light and shade in this scene most excellent; but none of the engravings (the originals by Ravenet) come up to the rich tones of the oil pictures. In Scene the last, observe the capital view of Old London Bridge, with the houses on it ; the aldermanic pride shown in the stained glass escutcheon on the window-pane ; his thriftiness in the Dutch pictures on the wall ; his prudence in the row of firebuckets in the vestibule ; his niggardliness in the meagre breakfast, and the half-starved ravenous dog, and the lean servanman, whom the doctor collars and trounces for bringing in the "last dying speech and confession of Counsellor Silvertongue ;" his love of solitary conviviality in the

hope) I may call the lay admirers of Hogarth, decidedly the most widely known and appreciated of this artist's works. We have been familiar with this terribly picturesque drama for years in its picture form at the National Gallery, and latterly at the delightful and admirably conducted South Kensington Museum. The six tableaux have been engraved over and over again, in every variety of size and substance—from the lordly line engraving, to the humble wood-block. Fortunately, too, while Hogarth's satire is in this performance at its keenest and most scathing point, there is an absence throughout of the literal coarseness which, unhappily, confines so many of his works to the library portfolio. The truth is indeed told in the midnight murder scene—but only by that man in the background, and that pamphlet on the floor; and the sole plate in the series in which Vice in its most dreadful form is sub-understood, is, luckily, to the young and ignorant, inexplicable. The million see little beyond Doctor Misaubin receiving patients in his laboratory, amid skeletons and stuffed crocodiles, and machines for curing dislocation of the shoulder. The *Marriage* is a grand work to ponder over. I chafe and fret to think I must dismiss it in a dozen lines, instead of a dozen pages. This is no three-volume novel of fashionable life, written by my lord's footman, or my lady's maid, but an actual, living drama, put on the stage by a man who had seen all his characters act their parts in the great world. Hogarth was no courtier, no beggar of dedications, nor haunter of antechambers; yet I do not think that a Chesterfield or a Bonnell Thornton could have detected any important solecism in etiquette among the great personages here delineated. The people in the earl's saloon and the countess's drawing-room are as true to nature as are those in the alderman's house by London Bridge, the quack's study, or the fatal bedroom at the "Key" in Chandos Street. Costumes and accessories are all in perfect keeping. You may ask whence Hogarth drew this intimate acquaintance with the manners of Piccadilly and Hanover Square —he who was born in a back yard of the Old Bailey, and served his apprenticeship to the silversmith in Cranbourn Alley? I answer, that the man was gifted with a wonderful power of observation and perception; that nothing escaped him, and that he had taken stock of, and accurately remembered all the minutiæ of the high life above stairs which he must have seen when noblemen sat to him for their portraits, and he painted "conversation pieces" and "assemblies" of noble families. Nor should it be forgotten, that haughty and magnificent as were the British aristocracy of the "Forty-five," they could bend, now and again, to artists, most gracefully. 'Twas not alone Pope who was privileged to crack a bottle with Bolingbroke, or Swift who was Harley's "dear Jonathan." The uncouth manners of Johnson,

punchbowl and tobacco-pipes in the cupboard; his insatiable avarice in that act of his in drawing the ring from the finger of his dying daughter. The agony and remorse in the poor countess are tremendous. The old nurse, for all her hard lineaments, is tender and kindly. The little girl held up to kiss her mother is weakly and rachitic; one of her poor legs strapped up in irons. The sins of the fathers are visited upon the children!

indeed, may have repelled Chesterfield; but Hogarth's simple, sturdy, plain-spoken ways do not seem to have stood in his way—with the memorable exception of his quarrel with the ugly lord to whose portrait he threatened to add a tail—in his intercourse with the proudest patricians. The great Lord Mansfield knew and loved him. So did Lord Temple. And that best of Irishmen, Lord Charlemont, writing years after the painter's death, speaks of William Hogarth as his personal friend, whose memory he holds in honour, and whose reputation he will not suffer to be assailed.

Industry and Idleness.—This "domestic drama" has been, from its moral tendency, almost infinitely multiplied.* A few years since, a handsomely framed set of the prints formed an attractive ornament of the office of the Chamberlain of London. The two careers, now parallel, now meeting, now diverging, of Francis Goodchild and Thomas Idle, are so well known, that a minute recapitulation of their features would be trite and wearisome. Tom is the model scamp; sleeps at his loom, reads flash ballads, and *Moll Flanders;* is caned by the beadle for diceing on a tombstone; is sent to sea; comes back; turns thief; sees the worst of all bad company; is betrayed to the thief-catchers in a night-cellar for the forty-pounds blood-money; is arraigned at Guildhall before his quondam fellow-'prentice, and finishes at Tyburn, with his shoes on and a halter round his neck. His reverence the ordinary follows, as in duty bound, in his coach, the procession to Tyburn; but it is an enthusiastic disciple of Wesley who sits by the convict's side in the fatal cart. As to Francis Goodchild, he is the model Lord Mayor and British merchant, of the approved Gresham and Whittington pattern. He learns his trade; reads the excellent old ballad of *The Valiant Apprentice;* works hard; pleases his master; marries that worthy tradesman's daughter; makes a fortune; serves all the civic offices with intelligence and dignity; dispenses hospitality to the poor—aided by his stout footmen, and encouraged by his virtuous spouse—in

* Here is the scheme, in Hogarth's own words, for *Industry and Idleness:* "Exemplified in the conduct of two fellow-'prentices, where the one by taking good courses, and pursuing those points for which he was put apprentice, becomes a valuable man, and an ornament to his country; while the other, giving way to idleness, naturally falls into poverty, and most commonly ends fatally, as is expressed in the last print. As these prints were intended more for use than ornament, they were done in a way that might bring them within the purchase of those whom they might most concern; and lest any part should be mistaken, a description of each print is engraved thereon." Again, Hogarth scribbled some memoranda which he seems to have addressed to the person whom he wished to continue the descriptions of his plates commenced by Rouquet. "These twelve plates were calculated for the instruction of young people, and everything addressed to them is fully described in words as well as figures, yet to foreigners a translation of the mottoes, the intention of the story, and some little description of each print, may be necessary. To this may be added a slight account of our customs, as, boys being generally bound for seven years, &c. Suppose the whole story describing in episode the nature of a night-cellar, a marrow-bone concert, a Lord Mayor's show, &c. These prints I have found sell much more rapidly at Christmas than at any other season." One side of Hogarth's drama has been made into a kind of stage-play: *George Barnwell.* The appropriate texts of Scripture, forming the commentary on each plate, were selected by Hogarth's worthy friend, the Rev. Arnold King.

a very free-handed manner; makes out Tom Idle's mittimus—with a sigh, but makes it out, notwithstanding; and is at last elected king of the city.*

"After the *March to Finchley*," says Hogarth, "the first plate I engraved was the *Roast Beef of Old England*, which took its rise from a visit I took to France in the preceding year." And from this short and not very pleasant trip arose the print generally known as *The Gate of Calais*. William proceeds to recall his impressions of French life and manners. It need scarcely be said that he does not approve of them. Farcical pomp of war; pompous parade of religion; much bustle with very little business; poverty, slavery, and innate insolence, covered with an affectation of politeness; dirty, sleek, and solemn friars; lean, ragged, and tawdry soldiers; fishwomen who are "absolute leather;"—in this uncompromising manner does William Hogarth of Leicester Fields, in the parish of St. Martin's, in the county of Middlesex, painter—here is an "abuse of specification" for you!—dispose of the magnificent nation, which its well-

* Note that the firm of "West and Goodchild" dwelt near Fish Street Hill. In the distance you see the Monument; and Hogarth—I really must call him "Protestant Bill" for once—has taken care to give prominence to the old fibbing inscription on the pedestal, since, in common decency, obliterated, touching "this Protestant city" having been destroyed by the malice of the "Popish faction." Mr. Goodchild performs his Samaritan duties in an elegant morning gown and silk nightcap. Beggars are not excluded from his bounty. Cripples and *culs de jatte* are laden with broken victuals, and the marrowbones and cleavers liberally fee'd. Observe that the Lord Mayor's banquet took place, not at Guildhall, but in the hall of one of the great companies. Ladies sat down to table; and the entertainment was held by daylight. From the superscription of the letter which one of the ward beadles has just had handed to him, and which he is pompously scrutinizing, it would seem that the chief magistrate of London was not always dubbed "right honourable." The missive is addressed to the Worshipful Francis Goodchild, Esq. Note that the forks at table have but two prongs. The perspective in the night-cellar seems to be altogether faulty. There are at least half-a-dozen points of sight. The guests are unutterably hideous: nearly all Hogarth's wicked people are noseless. The body of a murdered man is being flung down a trap-door—a little phase in the manners of the time which, but for the discoveries made when that old house in West Street, Smithfield, was pulled down some years ago, might seem exaggerated. Among the ruffians in the night-cellar is a soldier of the Footguards, who at this time were very little better than footpads. In the Tyburn tableau the convict wears a nightcap, and has the usual bouquet at his breast. The place of execution is quite in the open fields; and the hangman, stretched on the cross-beams of the gallows, lazily watches with pipe in mouth the arrival of the procession. Note the pigeon which the man in the stand is releasing to carry the intelligence of the moment of the criminal's arrival at Tyburn. In Scene the last, the Lord Mayor's show turning the south-east corner of St. Paul's Churchyard into Cheapside, I cannot find a trace of St. Paul's school. Note the extremely absurd appearance of the train-bands. I don't think the royal couple in the canopied balcony can be intended for the king and queen. They are far too young; moreover, Queen Caroline died long before *Industry and Idleness* appeared. The rather do I imagine the distinguished pair to be intended for Frederick Prince of Wales and his consort. There may be in this a touch of the Hogarthian slyness. The sign of the house with the balcony is the King's Head. You see his majesty's painted countenance, crowned and periwigged, and through my glass he seems to turn his eyes with a very sulky expression towards the son whom he hated.

beloved king, its sumptuous clergy, its aristocratic military commanders, and its enlightened philosophers, then indubitably imagined to be at the very summit and apogee of European civilization.

As Hogarth was sauntering about Calais and looking at the *Gate*, which was originally built by the English during their long occupation, he thought he could discern some traces of our royal arms sculptured on the masonry. Proceeding to make a sketch thereof, he was forthwith taken into custody by the soldiers of the *Maréchaussée;* but not attempting to cancel any of his sketches or memoranda, and, perchance, M. Dessein of the Hotel coming forward to vouch for his being a painter and not a spy, the Commandant *de Place* did not, in his discretion, deem fit to cause the captive to be forwarded to Paris, but contented himself with placing him under close arrest at his lodging, whence, when the wind changed, he was despatched per packet-boat to Dover. Hogarth's revenge for this churlish treatment was amusingly characteristic. He painted a picture and engraved a plate representing *Calais Gate*, with tattered and hungry-looking French soldiers on guard; a greasy and unwholesome friar; withered fishwomen, with scapularies, and grinning like their own flat-fish; cowled monks and penitents in the background; and a lean French cook, carrying a mighty sirloin of beef, destined, by the label attached to it, for "Madame Grandsire." Perhaps she was Hogarth's landlady, and a jovial dame who loved good eating. The cook hugs and fondles the beef, but with a rueful twinge of muscle, as though it were his unkind fate to cook beef, but not to eat it.

> "As well-bred spaniels civilly delight
> In mumbling of the game they dare not bite."

In the right-hand corner crouches a cadaverous wretch in tartan jacket and trews, whom Hogarth himself describes as "a melancholy and miserable Highlander, browsing on his scanty fare, consisting of a bit of bread and an onion, and intended for one of the many that fled from their country after the rebellion in 1745." In the left corner, and the middle distance, Hogarth has drawn himself, plump, spruce, and cheerful, in curly wig, half-military roquelaure, and smartly cocked hat, with pencil and sketch-book in hand. The lean paw laid on his shoulder, and the tip of the halbert seen beyond the perpendicular of the wall's angle, suggest that his sketch is being disturbed by one of King Louis's soldiers, and may have been the first thought for that facetious diagram of abstract art which he afterwards drew, and which purported to show "A sergeant with his halbert on his shoulder and accompanied by his dog entering an ale-house." Three lines and a little cross stick suffice to indicate the event and the actors. A C is the section of the ale-house door; B F is the sergeant's halbert; D E is the dog's tail. *Voilà tout.**

* Mr. Pine, the well-known engraver, sat for the portrait of the Friar. He alleged that he did not know what use Hogarth intended to make of the sketch; but he was

Beer Street and *Gin Lane* are said to have had for their first idea the pair of pictures by Peter Breughel called, one *La Grasse*, and the other, *La Maigre Cuisine*. The moral of these pictures, one humorous, the other terrific, is just as applicable at the present day as a hundred and ten years ago. I have no space to descant upon them, nor on the *Inn Yard*, nor on the *Four Stages of Cruelty*, which are designed with as excellent a moral intention as that shown in *Industry and Idleness*, but are from their very nature always repulsive, and sometimes intolerably disgusting. The autopsy of Tom Nero, at Surgeon's Hall, is specially revolting. The dog gnawing the heart of the dissected criminal has been frequently treated as a gross and inexcusable exaggeration; but I have read ugly stories of a hyena and a vulture maintained for the same horrible ends at schools of anatomy within the last forty years.

The last capital work of Hogarth—executed, I mean, in the style to which he owes his renown—is the series entitled *Four Prints of an Election*. The first scene represents an "entertainment," or rather orgie, in the great room of the tavern of a provincial borough, the head-quarters of the contending political parties; and while the "Blues" are gorging themselves to repletion, even to the point of impending apoplexy, necessitating the untying of cravats and the letting of blood, the "Buffs," or whatever may have been the opposing party's hue, are pelting them with stones and brickbats through the open window. The scene is crowded with figures; is second only to the *Modern Midnight Conversation* in its vigorous arrangement of composition, and its tremendous scope and direction of humour, observation, and satire; and offers a hundred points of detail susceptible of the most careful consideration, but on which to enlarge, at this crisis of my undertaking, would be useless. Let it pass with a barren mention. Let the remaining scenes of *Canvassing for Voters*, *Polling*, and *Chairing the Member*, be just alluded to and dismissed. I can be, here, but the gentleman usher on the first landing, bawling out the names of the company to the groom of the chambers in the saloon above; but time and opportunity may make amends.

Meanwhile I must go back a little to the "Forty-five," and there, taking up Hogarth the MAN, leave his WORK, and continue the thread of the TIME that yet remains to him. By the special Act of Parliament for which he had so doughtily battled, William had secured to himself the fair share of the emoluments accruing from his plates. Their popularity

unmercifully quizzed in consequence, and, among his acquaintances, went by the name of "Friar Pine." The scarecrow figure of the French soldier was long used, as a rough woodcut, as a heading for English recruiting placards; and thus William Hogarth and Charles Dibdin were equally enabled, in different walks of art, to serve their country. The plate was chiefly engraved by C. Mosley; but the heads are evidently by Hogarth. Lord Charlemont was the purchaser of the original picture; but soon after it was sent home it accidentally fell down, and a nail ran through the cross at the top of the picture. Hogarth in vain attempted to repair the blemish, and at length he managed to conceal it by substituting a black crow, of hungry aspect, looking down on the beef.

was enormous. He was for many years exclusively his own publisher; but his works were bought much less as pictures than as graphic satires and lay sermons. The public taste for pictorial art in England was yet of the feeblest and most perverted nature; and although William frequently received a commission for a single painting, he had much difficulty in selling his great series on canvas. In 1745 he devised an elaborate but too complex scheme for disposing of those of his pictures which remained unsold, by a kind of half-public auction. The ticket of admission to the sale was the etching of the *Battle of the Pictures*, in which he very tartly symbolized his contempt for the old masters, or rather for the spurious imitations of their productions, which then monopolized the patronage of the wealthy classes. The semi-auction was a more than semi-failure. The entire series of the *Rake's* and of the *Harlot's Progress*, together with the *Four Parts of the Day* and the *Strolling Actresses*, brought, in all, no more than 427*l.* 7*s.* Hogarth was bitterly and cruelly disappointed. As a satirist, he had come at the nick of time; as a painter, he had been born forty years too soon. Good man! how his ears would have tingled to hear of the price paid for *The Awakened Conscience*, or *The Derby Day!*

About this time, also, importuned by well-meaning friends, he projected a *Happy Marriage*, as a companion to the *Marriage à la Mode;* but a besetting fear and more active horror of falling into the insipid and the inane, soon blotted out the sketches for the *Matrimonio felice.* His reputation is the better, perhaps, for this reticence.*

Shortly before 1750 he purchased a small, snug house at Chiswick, at which he resided in summer-time; and he even set up a coach of his own, ensconced in which he and his wife made their pilgrimages in great state between the pleasant neighbourhood of the Mall and Leicester Fields. In the year '52, his scriptural piece of *Paul before Felix* was placed in the hall at Lincoln's Inn. Lord Wyndham had bequeathed 200*l.* for the execution of a picture by some approved master for the hall; and Hogarth's friend, Lord Mansfield, obtained the commission for him. The Honourable Society of Lincoln's Inn must have been well pleased with their artist, for they entertained him grandly at dinner in their hall. His large painting of *Moses before Pharaoh's Daughter*—in which a curly-headed, chubby little English urchin is being smiled upon by a smiling comely English lass, whose embroidered lappets are supposed sufficiently to denote her connexion with the Pharaohs and their dusky land of mystery and darkened knowledge: a blackamoor making love to her waiting-maid,

* There is a story fathered on Hogarth, assuming him to have been a very absent man, and narrating how, calling at the Mansion House, in his carriage, to visit the Lord Mayor, a violent storm of rain set in during his interview, at the conclusion of which the painter, quitting the municipal palace by another door to that at which he had entered, quite forgot that he possessed a carriage, walked home in the rain, and got wet through. Hogarth was the very reverse of an "absent" or *distrait* man; and, moreover, the story is told of half-a-dozen other equally celebrated personages who "flourished" both before and after his time.

and a rabbinical gentleman, apparently fresh from Houndsditch completing the tableau—he presented to the Foundling Hospital. Both these pictures were elaborately engraved under his superintendence and with his co-operation. According to his usual custom, he executed a whimsical etching as a ticket for subscriptions for the plate, and the subject of this—nobody in the world but Hogarth would have ventured upon such a one—was a deliberate burlesque upon the big solemn picture he had just completed. His intention is said to have been to show, by contrast, the difference between the real sublime and the low, coarse conceptions of the Dutch painters. He shows us a stumpy Paul, mounted upon a three-legged stool, and haranguing an ignoble Felix and an assembly apparently composed of pettifoggers from Thavies Inn and old clothesmen from Duke's-place, seated in an area mean and squalid enough for a Court of Requests. A hulking Angel with a Lifeguardsman's torso backs up Paul; but the *Avvocato del Diavolo* is present in the shape of a tiny Callotesque demon, who is busily engaged in sawing away one of the supports of the three-legged stool. It is difficult to determine which is the funniest of the two *Pauls*, the one meant in earnest or the one meant in jest.

Dr. Warton took occasion, shortly after Hogarth's unfortunate *Horæ Paulinæ*, to remark in a note to his first edition of Pope, and on the line—

"One science only can one genius fit,"—

that Hogarth was incapable of treating serious or dignified subjects. In a rage the painter proceeded to exhibit Warton and Warton's works from a most degrading point of view; but through the interference of Garrick and Dr. John Hoadly a reconciliation was brought about. In a subsequent edition Warton retracted his stricture, and paid William a very handsome compliment.

Well, he has been dead a hundred years and over. Criticisms, strictures, can do this valiant Englishman no harm now. It dims not one laurel-leaf of his real and glorious chaplet to admit that Warton, "scholiast" of my second essay—first severe, next complimentary—had some justice on his side from the first. Hogarth was *not* capable of the dignified in art. He could be serious indeed; terribly and truly serious. Hang up the gambling-house scene, the duel in the bedroom scene, the harlot's death scene, or *Gin Lane*, by the side of Scheffer's *Faust and Mephisto on the Blocksbury*, of Delaroche's *Cromwell looking on the body of Charles I.*, of Décamp's *Morte*, of Edwin Landseer's *Shepherd's Chief Mourner*—and William Hogarth will keep his ground for solemn truth, for sober tragedy, for the reality, the domesticity of grief and terror. But can all the pictured Cæsars that ever fell at the base of Pompey's statue, or the Jaels that hammered nails into Siseras, or the Judiths that chopped off Holofernes' heads—can all the Apollos that ever destroyed Pythons or flayed Marsyases, equal in tragic terror a Body that is lying on a bed covered with a sheet, or a coffin-lid leaning against a door whence, yesterday, hung the silk dress of a fair woman? I maintain, for the last time, that Hogarth could be serious, and that he could be

alike dramatic, tender, and terrible; as in my limited comprehension I can realize the notions of tenderness or of terror. I grant his lack of dignity, just as I admit his deficiency in appreciation of poetic, ideal beauty. No women can be fairer than his; but they are flesh and blood, not marble. His tragedies were best told in succinct nervous prose. When on his firm-treading foot he placed the cothurnus, he stumbled. When he attempted blank verse he stammered and broke down, and those who best loved the man could ill suppress a smile at his rugged delivery and his ungainly accents. I ask again, does all this matter now? His worst scriptural pictures are but errors: they are ungraceful and prosaic, but they are yet too powerful ever to be contemptible. Had he painted three hundred instead of three or four unsuccessful works, his failures would not—should not militate against the endurance of his fame. They would not deprive him of the place among great men due to one who was as powerful a satirist as Juvenal, and not malevolent; as keen as Swift, but not cruel; and in his humble honest man's creed as pious (and as plain-spoken) as Hugh Latimer. Forget or remember his failures in the grand style as you will. Those failures will never wither the wreaths which posterity continues to hang on his tomb. Do failures dim the diadem of Dryden because he wrote rhyming tragedies as well as the *Ode on St. Cecilia's Day?* Does it matter if De Balzac wrote *Jeanne la Pâle* and *Dom Gigadas*—a whole cloud of worthless novels, before *Le Père Goriot* and *Eugénie Grandet?* Does *Swellfoot the Tyrant* stand in the way of the *Revolt of Islam;* and what does a hurried and inaccurate *Life of Napoleon* weigh against *Waverley* and the *Bride of Lammermoor?*

I suppose that the *Analysis of Beauty* must be reckoned among Hogarth's failures. He wrote this now often-mentioned but seldom-studied treatise as a kind of defiance to the scholarly critics whose censures galled him, even as a burlesque writer twitted on his ignorance by learned but dully mediocre adversaries might devote himself to the study of Greek, and produce a commentary on Simonides or a new translation of Aristophanes. The *Analysis*, as an argument, certainly went to prove that a waving or serpentine line is a beautiful line. Beyond this it proved nothing. The fairest criticisms on the work itself are condensed in the oft-quoted remark of Nichols, that "the sources of beauty are so various and complicated, that every attempt to reduce them to any single principle, except that of association, has proved nugatory, and has foiled the ability of the most ingenious."

The publication of the *Analysis* * brought nothing but troublesome and

* The manuscript of the *Analysis* was submitted for correction to Hogarth's friend, Dr. Morell; and, after that gentleman's decease, to the Rev. Mr. Townley, the Head Master of Merchant Taylors' School. The work was originally published in quarto, and Hogarth engraved a strange frontispiece for it, treating *de omnibus rebus* in art matters. There is a caricature of Quin in the character of Coriolanus; Desnoyer the ballet-dancer; a beau in court costume made first in the likeness of George III. as a young man, but subsequently, "by desire," altered to the Duke of Kingston; the Venus de'

irritating squabbles to a man now (1752) fifty-five years old, and who should have been safely moored in the haven of competence and peace. A German translation of the work by one Herr Mylius was prepared under the inspection of the author, and published in London. Another German translation, by Vok, appeared at Berlin in 1754. There are two or three translations of the *Analysis* in French: and in 1761 a version in Italian was produced at Leghorn.

Very long since I mentioned that Hogarth presented the casts and models bequeathed to him by Sir James Thornhill to the Society of Artists, who held their drawing-school in St. Martin's Lane. To the scheme of a Royal Academy, however, which began to be mooted in 1755, he offered a more than negative opposition, "as tending to allure many young men into a profession in which they would not be able to support themselves." This was a tradesmanlike view of the question fit for the old apprentice of Ellis Gamble; but Hogarth qualified his discouragement, arguing against the creation of a mob of artistic mediocrities by "degrading what ought to be a liberal profession into a purely mechanical one." The Royal Academy have certainly borne some portion of Hogarth's warning in mind during the last half-century, by teaching as few young men to draw as ever they possibly could.

Medicis, Apollo; busts, cranes, anatomical *écorchés*, a whole row of ladies' corsets of various design, and legions of strange whims and oddities besides. Walpole, Beattie, Lamb have written on the *Analysis*, but without being able to make much of it. Indeed, it is very puzzling reading. Hogarth talks of "parsley leaves," well composed nosegays, "common old-fashioned stove grates," Indian figs, torch thistles, and candlesticks, and other incongruous matters. But the Hogarthian common-sense is not entirely absent. Witness this passage: "Nor can I help thinking but that churches, palaces, hospitals, prisons, dwelling and summer-houses might be built more in distinct characters than they are, by contriving orders suitable for each; whereas were a modern architect to build a palace in Lapland or the West Indies, Palladio must be his guide, nor would he dare to stir a step without his book." Again, "What are all the manners, as they are called, of even the greatest masters, which are known to differ so much from one another, and all of them from nature, but so many strong proofs of their inviolable attachment to falsehood, converted into established proof in their own eyes by self-opinion. Rubens would in all probability have been as much disgusted at the dry manner of Poussin, as Poussin was at the extravagant of Rubens." Hogarth is a firm defender of the three-legged stool. How pleasing, he says, is the idea of firmness in standing conveyed to the eye by the three elegant claws of a table; the three feet of a tea lamp, or the celebrated tripod of the ancients! He might have added a painter's easel, a camp stool, or a pile of soldiers' muskets to his catalogue. While enthusiastic in his admiration for the Laocoon, he censures the absurdity of dwarfing the proportions of the children in order to bring the group within the pyramidal form of composition. He is happy when he calls the pine-apple one of Nature's "works of fancy," in contra-distinction to such plain work-a-day esculents as apples, and potatoes, and cabbages. He insists on intricacy as one of the elements of pleasure in art. "Wherein," he asks, "would consist the joys of hunting, fishing, shooting, and other diversions without the frequent turns, and difficulties, and disappointments, that are daily met with in the pursuit. How joyless does the sportsman return when the hare has not had fair play! how lively, and in spirits even, when an old cunning one has baffled and outrun the dogs!"

The last plate of the *Election* (Chairing) was not completed until 1758. In the interval between this year and 1755 Hogarth had published nothing of importance. He contributed the inimitably droll frontispiece to "Kirkby's *Perspective*"—showing the true and the false applications of that science; and he engraved an odd conceit, called *Crown, Mitres, and Maces.* Between '55 and '57, however, he was fortunate enough to get a lucrative commission from the churchwardens of St. Mary Redcliffe, Bristol, for three oil paintings of sacred subjects: viz., *The Annunciation, The High Priests and Servants sealing the Tomb*, and *The Three Maries*, He went down to Bristol, and resided there some considerable time while the pictures were in progress; and a correspondent from that western city—to whom, not being able to decipher his signature, I hereby take the opportunity of returning my sincere thanks—has been good enough to forward me the fac-simile of Hogarth's receipt for the amount of the commission—five hundred pounds.

In 1757, William was elected a councillor and honorary member of the Imperial Academy of Augsburg; and notwithstanding old King George's hatred for "boetry and bainters," he condescended to overlook Hogarth's libel on the Footguards, and appointed him sergeant painter to the king. The office was worth 200*l.* per annum; and it must be recorded to the honour of John Thornhill, the marine painter, Sir James's son, and Hogarth's fast friend, who had succeeded his father in the office, that he resigned it in favour of his illustrious colleague and companion. In 1758, Hogarth gave the public a capital portrait of himself sitting at his easel and painting the *Comic Muse;* as also a humorous etching called *Character: or, the Bench*, containing the portraits of most of the eminent judges of the day. In 1759, he published one of the best of what I may call his "one act comedies," the *Cockpit Royal.*

1759 gave birth also to that famous fresco picture of his, the *Sigismunda.* It is said that it was painted in absurd emulation of Correggio. Hogarth himself says, that as the sum of four hundred pounds had been paid for a picture of *Sigismunda*, falsely attributed to Correggio, but really the work of a Frenchman, he saw no reason why he should not produce a version of the woe of Count Guiscardo's widow which should be worth as much money. Lord Charlemont had given him four hundred pounds for a sentimental picture, and now Sir Richard, afterwards Lord Grosvenor, commissioned a *Sigismunda* for the same price. The work was completed, but the critics concurred in abusing the performance. Sir Richard demurred from *Sigismunda* at any price. An angry correspondence between the patrician and the painter followed; but the days of Joshua Morris and the *Element of Earth* were gone, to return no more. Hogarth did not go to law about his picture. He believed in its merit strongly; but he was growing old, and querulous, and weary. He agreed to the cancelling of the bargain. The noble Grosvenor kept his money, and Hogarth his picture. *Sigismunda* was unlucky from first to last. To vindicate its excellence, Hogarth determined to have it engraved, but he hesitated to undertake so

large a work himself. His old coadjutor Ravenet was willing, but he was under articles to Boydell. Then Grignion took it in hand, and got through the preparatory etching; but Hogarth became dissatisfied, and withdrew the plate from him. Basire followed, and outlined the face "after the manner of Edelink." He, too, gave it up, and our poor old artist, in despair, issued advertisements, stating that he would engrave *manu proprio* the much-vexed widow. This was in January, '54; but he never lived to transfer *Sigismunda* to copper. To his widow he left strict injunctions never to part with the picture for a sum less than five hundred pounds. In this, as in all other behests, Jane Hogarth obeyed her lord, and she faithfully kept *Sigismunda*—no purchaser offering the required price—until her death. At the sale of her effects in 1790, the unlucky portrait was at length knocked down to Alderman Boydell, for fifty-six guineas; but better financial fate was reserved for it. It was made one of the prizes in the Shakspeare lottery; was sold by Mr. Christie in 1807, for four hundred guineas, and was exhibited at the British Gallery in 1814. Poor William could never bear to speak with patience of the criticism lavished on his attempt at the sublime—all provoked by a sale of questionable old masters, belonging to the courtier-connoisseur, Sir Luke Schaub. "The most virulent and violent abuse," he writes, "was thrown on it from a set of *miscreants* with whom I am proud of being *ever at war*. I mean *the expounders of the mysteries of old pictures*."

The end was drawing nigh. The illustrious man was old. He was obstinate. He was testy. But one more event of moment remains to be recorded in his career:—his famous and deplorable quarrel with Wilkes and Churchill.

Hogarth had ever, as you know, been a Church and State man; a Tory Brunswicker, so to speak; and demagoguism, nay, liberalism, were to him only a caricature of papistry and Gallicism. He had been convivially friendly for some time with the notorious editor of the *North Briton*, but seldom was attraction visible in bodies so naturally fitted for repulsion. The decided democratic turn taken by Wilkes as a politician at the commencement of George III.'s reign, contributed to estrange him from Hogarth; the breach widened; and, as *will* happen, even in purely political disputes, the painter began to remember something of the private character of the leveller. He began to be shocked at this hideous, profligate, witty, worthless satyr; a demoniacally-minded man it would seem, but, like Mirabeau, permitted by Providence to appear and flourish for a season, that he might give utterance to some eternal constitutional truths. Hogarth, the decorous, rate-paying citizen, husband, and king's sergeant painter, began to see beneath the flaming cap of liberty the Asmodeus lineaments of the Monk of Medmenham. It is but just to confess that he commenced the attack on Wilkes. In a print called *The Times* (the second under that title), he drew Wilkes in the pillory, with a rueful countenance, empty pockets, and a scroll inscribed "Defamation" above his head. Wilkes retorted by a severe but not undignified admonition to Hogarth in the

North Briton (No. 17). Forthwith Hogarth etched that peculiarly abhorrent portrait of Wilkes sitting in a chair, with the cap of liberty on a pole. The Wilkites could not forgive the scathing indignation that stamped as it were on adamant and for ever the frightful squint, the horned Pan's leer of their leader. Charles Churchill, ex-parson and ex-gentleman, Wilkes's fellow-railer, crony and boon companion, threw himself, fiercely panting for fisticuffs, into the quarrel. He published his cruel and unmanly *Epistle to William Hogarth*, in which he sneered at the artist's works, at his life, at his wife, at his avarice, at his age, at his infirmities—in which he dubbed him "dotard," and bade him "retire to his closet." I think William Hogarth might have well replied in the superb lines of Ben Jonson apostrophizing himself:—

> "Leave things so prostitute,
> And take th' Alcaic lute,
> Or thine own Homer, or Anacreon's lyre;
> Warm thee by Pindar's fire.
> *And tho' thy nerves be shrunk, and blood be cold,*
> *Ere years have made thee old,*
> Strike the disdainful heat,
> So loud to their defeat,
> As curious fools, and envious of thy strain,
> Shall blushing own no palsy 's in thy brain."

Hogarth had passed his sixty-third year, but he was no dotard, and no palsy was in his brain. For Alcaic lute, and Anacreon's lyre, and the fire of Pindar, Hogarth had, for all support his graver and etching-needle. He went to work, looked up an old copper, blocked out a portrait of himself, with his dog Trump by his side (*vide* portrait in South Kensington Museum), slightly altered Trump, and for his own effigy substituted a caricature of Churchill as the *Bruiser, or Russian Hercules*—in other words, as a slavering, growling bear, with the torn canonicals of a clergyman, a pot of porter by his side, and a great ragged staff in his paw—each knot inscribed with "lye." This satire was not very ill-natured. It was a good knock-down blow, but not a stab with a poisoned dagger as Churchill's epistle was. Had Hogarth chosen to be malicious, he might have overwhelmed both his opponents with intolerable infamy. In one vignette he might have touched upon certain traits in the character of the patriot who wrote the *Essay on Woman* which would have made the world loathe *Liberty Wilkes* as though he had been a cagot or a leper. But so far he refrained to advance. He did not tell half what he knew or what he thought of the clever, meteoric ruffian Churchill—the shooting-star that emitted such an unsavoury odour when it fell. Nor could Hogarth tell his clerical enemy—he had not the gift of prophecy—that both were squabbling on the verge of a grave half dug; that one, Hogarth, was to die in peace and honour in the arms of the woman who loved him, and to leave a grand and unsullied name which remote posterity will not let die; that another, Churchill, was to end bankrupt, drunken, alone, forlorn, in a mean town on the seashore, not to be remembered in this

age save with a qualified admiration in which curiosity that is almost pruriency has the better part. For the time, Hogarth had the worst of the controversy. His foes were younger and active, and the mob were on their side. Churchill's epistle is undoubtedly as clever as it is wicked; but has it aught but a galvanized existence now? and is not every touch of William Hogarth living, vigorous, vascular, to this day?

The Wilkites used to boast that they killed Hogarth. A year before his death, indeed, Churchill again alluded to the character Hogarth might draw

"..... were Hogarth living now."

The "Bruiser" habitually spoke of him in the past tense, a conceit borrowed from Swift's attack on Partridge, the almanack-maker. Hogarth, however, lived full two years after the Wilkes and Churchill warfare. He produced that grand rebuke to the frenzied revivalism of his time, called "Credulity, Superstition, and Fanaticism." But he had long been ill, and more and more sensible of a gradual bodily decay. The last year of his life was occupied in retouching his favourite plates, with the assistance of several engravers whom he took with him to Chiswick. Still he was merry and convivial, and entertained his friends at his modest, hospitable table; but with a sad presentiment that the end was coming. He drew and wholly engraved the last, the most pathetic of his works—"*Finis; or, the Bathos.*" It is the end of all things. Time with clipped wings, broken scythe, cracked hour-glass, has smoked his last pipe. The word Finis curls in the last puff from his lips. Around him all lies in ruins. The bottle is broken; the broom is worn to the stump; the bell is cracked; the bow unstrung; Phœbus and his horses are dead in the clouds; the ship is wrecked; the signpost of the World's End tavern tumbles down; the moon is on the wane; the crown is in pieces; the playbook lies opened at *Exeunt omnes;* the purse is empty; the musket is shattered; the clock has stopped; the gibbet falls; the skeleton is gone; the chains drop. A statute of Bankruptcy is taken out against Nature.

"Nothing now remains but this," said the old man, and drew a painter's palette, broken.

The print of *The Bathos* bears the date of the third of March, 1764; Hogarth never touched pencil or graver after its completion. He was, notwithstanding his growing weakness, cheerful to the last; saw friends the day before his death, and ate a hearty dinner on the very day. On the twenty-fifth of October, 1764, he was removed from his Villa at Chiswick to his house in Leicester Fields, and there, the same night, and in the arms of his wife, he died. I need scarcely say that he was buried at Chiswick, and that the pathetic and affectionate epitaph on his tomb was written by his friend, David Garrick. Hogarth died in competence, but by no means in wealth. The most available jointure he could leave to his widow were the stock and copyright of his engravings, and these were deemed of sufficient value to be made chargeable with an annuity of 80*l.* to his sister Anne. Mrs. Hogarth survived her husband five and twenty years, dying on the 13th November, 1789.

Here I pause. What more I have to say of the great Englishman who has been my theme in these pages during the last nine months, would fill very many and closely printed pages, in addition to those you already have. But of my essays on Hogarth, in this place, there is satiety, and I cease. I have endeavoured to touch upon the chief points in the painter's career, from his birth to his death, to notice his principal works, and as many of his minor productions as the space at my command would warrant. I am conscious of the commission of many errors and inaccuracies in the performance of my task; but I humbly hope that the opportunity will be afforded to me, at no distant date, of correcting my blunders elsewhere. This work—trivial as its result may be, has not been pursued without difficulty; it is not concluded without reluctance; but the remembrance of kindness and encouragement from troops of friends, the majority personally unknown to me, who have cheered me in my progress, softens the sigh with which I rise from the labour of sixty-seven happy nights—nights when the fruits of long years' study of Hogarth and his time have been put to paper.

FINIS; OR, THE BATHOS.

Framley Parsonage.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Dr. Thorne.

When Miss Dunstable met her friends, the Greshams,—young Frank Gresham and his wife—at Gatherum Castle, she immediately asked after one Dr. Thorne, who was Mrs. Gresham's uncle. Dr. Thorne was an old bachelor, in whom both as a man and a doctor Miss Dunstable was inclined to place much confidence. Not that she had ever entrusted the cure of her bodily ailments to Dr. Thorne—for she kept a doctor of her own, Dr. Easyman, for this purpose—and it may moreover be said that she rarely had bodily ailments requiring the care of any doctor. But she always spoke of Dr. Thorne among her friends as a man of wonderful erudition and judgment; and had once or twice asked and acted on his advice in matters of much moment. Dr. Thorne was not a man accustomed to the London world; he kept no house there, and seldom even visited the metropolis; but Miss Dunstable had known him at Greshamsbury, where he lived, and there had for some months past grown up a considerable intimacy between them. He was now staying at the house of his niece, Mrs. Gresham; but the chief reason of his coming up had been a desire expressed by Miss Dunstable, that he should do so. She had wished for his advice; and at the instigation of his niece he had visited London and given it.

The special piece of business as to which Dr. Thorne had thus been summoned from the bedsides of his country patients, and especially from the bedside of Lady Arabella Gresham, to whose son his niece was married, related to certain large money interests, as to which one might have imagined that Dr. Thorne's advice would not be peculiarly valuable. He had never been much versed in such matters on his own account, and was knowing neither in the ways of the share market, nor in the prices of land. But Miss Dunstable was a lady accustomed to have her own way, and to be indulged in her own wishes without being called on to give adequate reasons for them.

"My dear," she had said to young Mrs. Gresham, "if your uncle don't come up to London now, when I make such a point of it, I shall think that he is a bear and a savage; and I certainly will never speak to him again,—or to Frank—or to you; so you had better see to it." Mrs. Gresham had not probably taken her friend's threat as meaning quite all that it threatened. Miss Dunstable habitually used strong language; and those who knew her well, generally understood when she was to be taken as expressing her thoughts, by figures of speech. In

this instance she had not meant it all; but, nevertheless, Mrs. Gresham had used violent influence in bringing the poor doctor up to London.

"Besides," said Miss Dunstable, "I have resolved on having the doctor at my conversazione, and if he won't come of himself, I shall go down and fetch him. I have set my heart on trumping my dear friend Mrs. Proudie's best card; so I mean to get everybody!"

The upshot of all this was, that the doctor did come up to town, and remained the best part of a week at his niece's house in Portman Square —to the great disgust of the Lady Arabella, who conceived that she must die if neglected for three days. As to the matter of business, I have no doubt but that he was of great use. He was possessed of common sense and an honest purpose; and I am inclined to think that they are often a sufficient counterpoise to a considerable amount of worldly experience. If one could have the worldly experience also——! True! but then it is so difficult to get everything. But with that special matter of business we need not have any further concern. We will presume it to have been discussed and completed, and will now dress ourselves for Miss Dunstable's conversazione.

But it must not be supposed that she was so poor in genius, as to call her party openly by a name borrowed for the nonce from Mrs. Proudie. It was only among her specially intimate friends, Mrs. Harold Smith and some few dozen others, that she indulged in this little joke. There had been nothing in the least pretentious about the card with which she summoned her friends to her house on this occasion. She had merely signified in some ordinary way, that she would be glad to see them as soon after nine o'clock on Thursday evening, the——instant, as might be convenient. But all the world understood that all the world was to be gathered together at Miss Dunstable's house on the night in question,—that an effort was to be made to bring together people of all classes, gods and giants, saints and sinners, those rabid through the strength of their morality, such as our dear friend Lady Lufton, and those who were rabid in the opposite direction, such as Lady Hartletop, the Duke of Omnium, and Mr. Sowerby. An orthodox martyr had been caught from the East, and an oily latter-day St. Paul from the other side of the water—to the horror and amazement of Archdeacon Grantly who had come up all the way from Plumstead to be present on the occasion. Mrs. Grantly also had hankered to be there; but when she heard of the presence of the latter-day St. Paul, she triumphed loudly over her husband, who had made no offer to take her. That Lords Brock and De Terrier were to be at the gathering was nothing. The pleasant king of the gods, and the courtly chief of the giants could shake hands with each other in any house with the greatest pleasure; but men were to meet who, in reference to each other, could shake nothing but their heads or their fists. Supplehouse was to be there, and Harold Smith, who now hated his enemy with a hatred surpassing that of women—or even of politicians. The minor gods, it was thought, would congregate together

in one room, very bitter in their present state of banishment; and the minor giants in another, terribly loud in their triumph. That is the fault of the giants, who, otherwise, are not bad fellows; they are unable to endure the weight of any temporary success. When attempting Olympus—and this work of attempting is doubtless their natural condition—they scratch and scramble, diligently using both toes and fingers, with a mixture of good-humoured virulence and self-satisfied industry that is gratifying to all parties. But whenever their efforts are unexpectedly, and for themselves unfortunately successful, they are so taken aback that they lose the power of behaving themselves with even gigantesque propriety.

Such, so great and so various, was to be the intended gathering at Miss Dunstable's house. She herself laughed, and quizzed herself—speaking of the affair to Mrs. Harold Smith as though it were an excellent joke, and to Mrs. Proudie as though she were simply emulous of rivalling those world-famous assemblies in Gloucester Place; but the town at large knew that an effort was being made, and it was supposed that even Miss Dunstable was somewhat nervous. In spite of her excellent joking it was presumed that she would be unhappy if she failed.

To Mrs. Frank Gresham she did speak with some little seriousness. "But why on earth should you give yourself all this trouble?" that lady had said, when Miss Dunstable owned that she was doubtful, and unhappy in her doubts, as to the coming of one of the great colleagues of Mr. Supplehouse. "When such hundreds are coming, big wigs and little wigs of all shades, what can it matter whether Mr. Towers be there or not?"

But Miss Dunstable had answered almost with a screech,—

"My dear, it will be nothing without him. You don't understand; but the fact is, that Tom Towers is everybody and everything at present."

And then, by no means for the first time, Mrs. Gresham began to lecture her friend as to her vanity; in answer to which lecture Miss Dunstable mysteriously hinted, that if she were only allowed her full swing on this occasion,—if all the world would now indulge her, she would—— She did not quite say what she would do, but the inference drawn by Mrs. Gresham was this: that if the incense now offered on the altar of Fashion were accepted, Miss Dunstable would at once abandon the pomps and vanities of this wicked world, and all the sinful lusts of the flesh.

"But the doctor will stay, my dear? I hope I may look on that as fixed."

Miss Dunstable, in making this demand on the doctor's time, showed an energy quite equal to that with which she invoked the gods that Tom Towers might not be absent. Now, to tell the truth, Dr. Thorne had at first thought it very unreasonable that he should be asked to remain up in London in order that he might be present at an evening party, and had for a while pertinaciously refused; but when he learned that

three or four prime ministers were expected, and that it was possible that even Tom Towers might be there in the flesh, his philosophy also had become weak, and he had written to Lady Arabella to say that his prolonged absence for two days further must be endured, and that the mild tonics, morning and evening, might be continued.

But why should Miss Dunstable be so anxious that Dr. Thorne should be present on this grand occasion? Why, indeed, should she be so frequently inclined to summon him away from his country practice, his compounding board, and his useful ministrations to rural ailments? The doctor was connected with her by no ties of blood. Their friendship, intimate as it was, had as yet been but of short date. She was a very rich woman, capable of purchasing all manner of advice and good counsel, whereas, he was so far from being rich, that any continued disturbance to his practice might be inconvenient to him. Nevertheless, Miss Dunstable seemed to have no more compunction in making calls upon his time, than she might have felt had he been her brother. No ideas on this matter suggested themselves to the doctor himself. He was a simple-minded man, taking things as they came, and especially so taking things that came pleasantly. He liked Miss Dunstable, and was gratified by her friendship, and did not think of asking himself whether she had a right to put him to trouble and inconvenience. But such ideas did occur to Mrs. Gresham, the doctor's niece. Had Miss Dunstable any object, and if so, what object? Was it simply veneration for the doctor, or was it caprice? Was it eccentricity—or could it possibly be love?

In speaking of the ages of these two friends it may be said in round terms that the lady was well past forty, and that the gentleman was well past fifty. Under such circumstances could it be love? The lady, too, was one who had had offers almost by the dozen,—offers from men of rank, from men of fashion, and from men of power; from men endowed with personal attractions, with pleasant manners, with cultivated tastes, and with eloquent tongues. Not only had she loved none such, but by none such had she been cajoled into an idea that it was possible that she could love them. That Dr. Thorne's tastes were cultivated, and his manners pleasant, might probably be admitted by three or four old friends in the country who valued him; but the world in London, that world to which Miss Dunstable was accustomed, and which was apparently becoming dearer to her day by day, would not have regarded the doctor as a man likely to become the object of a lady's passion.

But nevertheless the idea did occur to Mrs. Gresham. She had been brought up at the elbow of this country practitioner: she had lived with him as though she had been his daughter; she had been for years the ministering angel of his household; and, till her heart had opened to the natural love of womanhood, all her closest sympathies had been with him. In her eyes the doctor was all but perfect; and it did not seem to her to be out of the question that Miss Dunstable should have fallen in love with her uncle.

Miss Dunstable once said to Mrs. Harold Smith that it was possible that she might marry, the only condition then expressed being this, that the man elected should be one who was quite indifferent as to money. Mrs. Harold Smith, who, by her friends, was presumed to know the world with tolerable accuracy, had replied that such a man Miss Dunstable would never find in this world. All this had passed in that half comic vein of banter which Miss Dunstable so commonly used when conversing with such friends as Mrs. Harold Smith; but she had spoken words of the same import more than once to Mrs. Gresham; and Mrs. Gresham, putting two and two together as women do, had made four of the little sum; and, as the final result of the calculation, determined that Miss Dunstable would marry Dr. Thorne if Dr. Thorne would ask her.

And then Mrs. Gresham began to bethink herself of two other questions. Would it be well that her uncle should marry Miss Dunstable? and if so, would it be possible to induce him to make such a proposition? After the consideration of many pros and cons, and the balancing of very various arguments, Mrs. Gresham thought that the arrangement on the whole might not be a bad one. For Miss Dunstable she herself had a sincere affection, which was shared by her husband. She had often grieved at the sacrifices Miss Dunstable made to the world, thinking that her friend was falling into vanity, indifference, and an ill mode of life; but such a marriage as this would probably cure all that. And then as to Dr. Thorne himself, to whose benefit were of course applied Mrs. Gresham's most earnest thoughts in this matter, she could not but think that he would be happier married than he was single. In point of temper, no woman could stand higher than Miss Dunstable; no one had ever heard of her being in an ill humour; and then though Mrs. Gresham was gifted with a mind which was far removed from being mercenary, it was impossible not to feel that some benefit must accrue from the bride's wealth. Mary Thorne, the present Mrs. Frank Gresham, had herself been a great heiress. Circumstances had weighted her hand with enormous possessions, and hitherto she had not realized the truth of that lesson which would teach us to believe that happiness and riches are incompatible. Therefore she resolved that it might be well if the doctor and Miss Dunstable were brought together.

But could the doctor be induced to make such an offer? Mrs. Gresham acknowledged a terrible difficulty in looking at the matter from that point of view. Her uncle was fond of Miss Dunstable; but she was sure that an idea of such a marriage had never entered his head; that it would be very difficult—almost impossible—to create such an idea; and that if the idea were there, the doctor could hardly be instigated to make the proposition. Looking at the matter as a whole, she feared that the match was not practicable.

On the day of Miss Dunstable's party, Mrs. Gresham and her uncle dined together alone in Portman Square. Mr. Gresham was not yet in

parliament, but an almost immediate vacancy was expected in his division of the county, and it was known that no one could stand against him with any chance of success. This threw him much among the politicians of his party, those giants, namely, whom it would be his business to support, and on this account he was a good deal away from his own house at the present moment.

"Politics make a terrible demand on a man's time," he said to his wife; and then went down to dine at his club in Pall Mall with sundry other young philogeants. On men of that class politics do make a great demand—at the hour of dinner and thereabouts.

"What do you think of Miss Dunstable?" said Mrs. Gresham to her uncle, as they sat together over their coffee. She added nothing to the question, but asked it in all its baldness.

"Think about her!" said the doctor. "Well, Mary; what do you think about her? I dare say we think the same."

"But that's not the question. What do you think about her? Do you think she's honest?"

"Honest? Oh, yes, certainly—very honest, I should say."

"And good-tempered?"

"Uncommonly good-tempered."

"And affectionate?"

"Well; yes,—and affectionate. I should certainly say that she is affectionate."

"I'm sure she's clever."

"Yes, I think she's clever."

"And, and——and womanly in her feelings," Mrs. Gresham felt that she could not quite say lady-like, though she would fain have done so had she dared.

"Oh, certainly," said the doctor. "But, Mary, why are you dissecting Miss Dunstable's character with so much ingenuity?"

"Well, uncle, I will tell you why; because—" and Mrs. Gresham, while she was speaking, got up from her chair, and going round the table to her uncle's side, put her arm round his neck till her face was close to his, and then continued speaking as she stood behind him out of his sight—"because—I think that Miss Dunstable is—is very fond of you; and that it would make her happy if you would—ask her to be your wife."

"Mary!" said the doctor, turning round with an endeavour to look his niece in the face.

"I am quite in earnest, uncle—quite in earnest. From little things that she has said, and little things that I have seen, I do believe what I now tell you."

"And you want me to——"

"Dear uncle; my own one darling uncle, I want you only to do that which will make you—make you happy. What is Miss Dunstable to me compared to you?" And then she stooped down and kissed him.

The doctor was apparently too much astounded by the intimation given him to make any further immediate reply. His niece, seeing this, left him that she might go and dress; and when they met again in the drawing-room Frank Gresham was with them.

CHAPTER XXIX.

Miss Dunstable at Home.

Miss Dunstable did not look like a love-lorn maiden, as she stood in a small ante-chamber at the top of her drawing-room stairs receiving her guests. Her house was one of those abnormal mansions, which are to be seen here and there in London, built in compliance rather with the rules of rural architecture, than with those which usually govern the erection of city streets and town terraces. It stood back from its brethren, and alone, so that its owner could walk round it. It was approached by a short carriageway; the chief door was in the back of the building; and the front of the house looked on to one of the parks. Miss Dunstable in procuring it had had her usual luck. It had been built by an eccentric millionnaire at an enormous cost; and the eccentric millionnaire, after living in it for twelve months, had declared that it did not possess a single comfort, and that it was deficient in most of those details which, in point of house accommodation, are necessary to the very existence of man. Consequently the mansion was sold, and Miss Dunstable was the purchaser. Cranbourn House it had been named, and its present owner had made no change in this respect; but the world at large very generally called it Ointment Hall, and Miss Dunstable herself as frequently used that name for it as any other. It was impossible to quiz Miss Dunstable with any success, because she always joined in the joke herself.

Not a word further had passed between Mrs. Gresham and Dr. Thorne on the subject of their last conversation; but the doctor as he entered the lady's portals amongst a tribe of servants and in a glare of light, and saw the crowd before him and the crowd behind him, felt that it was quite impossible that he should ever be at home there. It might be all right that a Miss Dunstable should live in this way, but it could not be right that the wife of Dr. Thorne should so live. But all this was a matter of the merest speculation, for he was well aware—as he said to himself a dozen times—that his niece had blundered strangely in her reading of Miss Dunstable's character.

When the Gresham party entered the ante-room into which the staircase opened, they found Miss Dunstable standing there surrounded by a few of her most intimate allies. Mrs. Harold Smith was sitting quite close to her; Dr. Easyman was reclining on a sofa against the wall, and the lady who habitually lived with Miss Dunstable was by his side. One or two others were there also, so that a little running conversation was

kept up, in order to relieve Miss Dunstable of the tedium which might otherwise be engendered by the work she had in hand. As Mrs. Gresham, leaning on her husband's arm, entered the room, she saw the back of Mrs. Proudie, as that lady made her way through the opposite door leaning on the arm of the bishop.

Mrs. Harold Smith had apparently recovered from the annoyance which she must no doubt have felt when Miss Dunstable so utterly rejected her suit on behalf of her brother. If any feeling had existed, even for a day, calculated to put a stop to the intimacy between the two ladies, that feeling had altogether died away, for Mrs. Harold Smith was conversing with her friend, quite in the old way. She made some remark on each of the guests as they passed by, and apparently did so in a manner satisfactory to the owner of the house, for Miss Dunstable answered with her kindest smiles, and in that genial, happy tone of voice which gave its peculiar character to her good humour:

"She is quite convinced that you are a mere plagiarist in what you are doing," said Mrs. Harold Smith, speaking of Mrs. Proudie.

"And so I am. I don't suppose there can be anything very original now-a-days about an evening party."

"But she thinks you are copying her."

"And why not? I copy everybody that I see, more or less. You did not at first begin to wear big petticoats out of your own head? If Mrs. Proudie has any such pride as that, pray don't rob her of it. Here's the doctor and the Greshams. Mary, my darling, how are you?" and in spite of all her grandeur of apparel, Miss Dunstable took hold of Mrs. Gresham and kissed her—to the disgust of the dozen-and-a-half of the distinguished fashionable world who were passing up the stairs behind.

The doctor was somewhat repressed in his mode of address by the communication which had so lately been made to him. Miss Dunstable was now standing on the very top of the pinnacle of wealth, and seemed to him to be not only so much above his reach, but also so far removed from his track in life, that he could not in any way put himself on a level with her. He could neither aspire so high nor descend so low; and thinking of this he spoke to Miss Dunstable as though there were some great distance between them,—as though there had been no hours of intimate friendship down at Greshamsbury. There had been such hours, during which Miss Dunstable and Dr. Thorne had lived as though they belonged to the same world: and this at any rate may be said of Miss Dunstable, that she had no idea of forgetting them.

Dr. Thorne merely gave her his hand, and then prepared to pass on.

"Don't go, doctor," she said; "for heaven's sake, don't go yet. I don't know when I may catch you if you get in there. I shan't be able to follow you for the next two hours. Lady Meredith, I am so much obliged to you for coming—your mother will be here, I hope. Oh, I am so glad! From her you know that is quite a favour. You, Sir George, are half a sinner yourself, so I don't think so much about it."

"Oh, quite so," said Sir George; "perhaps rather the largest half."

"The men divide the world into gods and giants," said Miss Dunstable. "We women have our divisions also. We are saints or sinners according to our party. The worst of it is, that we rat almost as often as you do." Whereupon Sir George laughed and passed on.

"I know, doctor, you don't like this kind of thing," she continued, "but there is no reason why you should indulge yourself altogether in your own way, more than another—is there, Frank?"

"I am not so sure but he does like it," said Mr. Gresham. "There are some of your reputed friends whom he owns that he is anxious to see."

"Are there? Then there is some hope of his ratting too. But he'll never make a good staunch sinner; will he, Mary? You're too old to learn new tricks; eh, doctor?"

"I am afraid I am," said the doctor, with a faint laugh.

"Does Dr. Thorne rank himself among the army of saints?" asked Mrs. Harold Smith.

"Decidedly," said Miss Dunstable. "But you must always remember that there are saints of different orders; are there not, Mary? and nobody supposes that the Franciscans and the Dominicans agree very well together. Dr. Thorne does not belong to the school of St. Proudie, of Barchester; he would prefer the priestess whom I see coming round the corner of the staircase, with a very famous young novice at her elbow."

"From all that I can hear, you will have to reckon Miss Grantly among the sinners," said Mrs. Harold Smith—seeing that Lady Lufton with her young friend was approaching—"unless, indeed, you can make a saint of Lady Hartletop."

And then Lady Lufton entered the room, and Miss Dunstable came forward to meet her with more quiet respect in her manner than she had as yet shown to many of her guests. "I am much obliged to you for coming, Lady Lufton," she said, "and the more so, for bringing Miss Grantly with you."

Lady Lufton uttered some pretty little speech, during which Dr. Thorne came up and shook hands with her; as did also Frank Gresham and his wife. There was a county acquaintance between the Framley people and the Greshamsbury people, and therefore there was a little general conversation before Lady Lufton passed out of the small room into what Mrs. Proudie would have called the noble suite of apartments. "Papa will be here," said Miss Grantly; "at least so I understand. I have not seen him yet myself."

"Oh, yes, he has promised me," said Miss Dunstable; "and the archdeacon, I know, will keep his word. I should by no means have the proper ecclesiastical balance without him."

"Papa always does keep his word," said Miss Grantly, in a tone that was almost severe. She had not at all understood poor Miss Dunstable's little joke, or at any rate she was too dignified to respond to it.

"I understand that old Sir John is to accept the Chiltern Hundreds at once," said Lady Lufton, in a half whisper to Frank Gresham. Lady Lufton had always taken a keen interest in the politics of East Barsetshire, and was now desirous of expressing her satisfaction that a Gresham should again sit for the county. The Greshams had been old county members in Barsetshire, time out of mind.

"Oh, yes; I believe so," said Frank, blushing. He was still young enough to feel almost ashamed of putting himself forward for such high honours.

"There will be no contest of course," said Lady Lufton, confidentially. "There seldom is in East Barsetshire, I am happy to say. But if there were, every tenant at Framley would vote on the right side; I can assure you of that. Lord Lufton was saying so to me only this morning."

Frank Gresham made a pretty little speech in reply, such as young sucking politicians are expected to make; and this, with sundry other small courteous murmurings, detained the Lufton party for a minute or two in the ante-chamber. In the meantime the world was pressing on and passing through to the four or five large reception-rooms—the noble suite, which was already piercing poor Mrs. Proudie's heart with envy to the very core. "These are the sort of rooms," she said to herself unconsciously, "which ought to be provided by the country for the use of its bishops."

"But the people are not brought enough together," she said to her lord.

"No, no; I don't think they are," said the bishop.

"And that is so essential for a conversazione," continued Mrs. Proudie. "Now in Gloucester Place——." But we will not record all her adverse criticisms, as Lady Lufton is waiting for us in the ante-room.

And now another arrival of moment had taken place;—an arrival indeed of very great moment. To tell the truth, Miss Dunstable's heart had been set upon having two special persons; and though no stone had been left unturned,—no stone which could be turned with discretion,—she was still left in doubt as to both these two wondrous potentates. At the very moments of which we are now speaking, light and airy as she appeared to be—for it was her character to be light and airy—her mind was torn with doubts. If the wished-for two would come, her evening would be thoroughly successful; but if not, all her trouble would have been thrown away, and the thing would have been a failure; and there were circumstances connected with the present assembly which made Miss Dunstable very anxious that she should not fail. That the two great ones of the earth were Tom Towers of the *Jupiter*, and the Duke of Omnium, need hardly be expressed in words.

And now, at this very moment, as Lady Lufton was making her civil speeches to young Gresham, apparently in no hurry to move on, and while Miss Dunstable was endeavouring to whisper something into the doctor's ear, which would make him feel himself at home in this new world, a sound was heard which made that lady know that half her wish had at

any rate been granted to her. A sound was heard—but only by her own and one other attentive pair of ears. Mrs. Harold Smith had also caught the name, and knew that the duke was approaching.

There was great glory and triumph in this; but why had his Grace come at so unchancy a moment? Miss Dunstable had been fully aware of the impropriety of bringing Lady Lufton and the Duke of Omnium into the same house at the same time; but when she had asked Lady Lufton, she had been led to believe that there was no hope of obtaining the duke; and then, when that hope had dawned upon her, she had comforted herself with the reflection that the two suns, though they might for some few minutes be in the same hemisphere, could hardly be expected to clash, or come across each other's orbits. Her rooms were large and would be crowded; the duke would probably do little more than walk through them once, and Lady Lufton would certainly be surrounded by persons of her own class. Thus Miss Dunstable had comforted herself. But now all things were going wrong, and Lady Lufton would find herself in close contiguity to the nearest representative of Satanic agency, which, according to her ideas, was allowed to walk this nether English world of ours. Would she scream? or indignantly retreat out of the house?—or would she proudly raise her head, and with outstretched hand and audible voice, boldly defy the devil and all his works? In thinking of these things as the duke approached Miss Dunstable almost lost her presence of mind.

But Mrs. Harold Smith did not lose hers. "So here at last is the duke," she said, in a tone intended to catch the express attention of Lady Lufton.

Mrs. Smith had calculated that there might still be time for her ladyship to pass on and avoid the interview. But Lady Lufton, if she heard the words, did not completely understand them. At any rate they did not convey to her mind at the moment the meaning they were intended to convey. She paused to whisper a last little speech to Frank Gresham, and then looking round, found that the gentleman who was pressing against her dress was ——the Duke of Omnium!

On this great occasion, when the misfortune could no longer be avoided, Miss Dunstable was by no means beneath herself or her character. She deplored the calamity, but she now saw that it was only left to her to make the best of it. The duke had honoured her by coming to her house, and she was bound to welcome him, though in doing so, she should bring Lady Lufton to her last gasp.

"Duke," she said, "I am greatly honoured by this kindness on the part of your grace. I hardly expected that you would be so good to me."

"The goodness is all on the other side," said the duke, bowing over her hand.

And then in the usual course of things this would have been all. The duke would have walked on and shown himself, would have said a word or two to Lady Hartletop, to the bishop, to Mr. Gresham, and such like, and would then have left the rooms by another way, and quietly escaped.

LADY LUFTON AND THE DUKE OF OMNIUM.

This was the duty expected from him, and this he would have done, and the value of the party would have been increased thirty per cent. by such doing; but now, as it was, the newsmongers of the West End were likely to get much more out of him.

Circumstances had so turned out that he had absolutely been pressed close against Lady Lufton, and she, when she heard the voice, and was made positively acquainted with the fact of the great man's presence by Miss Dunstable's words, turned round quickly, but still with much feminine dignity, removing her dress from the contact. In doing this she was brought absolutely face to face with the duke, so that each could not but look full at the other. "I beg your pardon," said the duke. They were the only words that had ever passed between them, nor have they spoken to each other since; but simple as they were, accompanied by the little byplay of the speakers, they gave rise to a considerable amount of ferment in the fashionable world. Lady Lufton, as she retreated back on to Dr. Easyman, curtseyed low; she curtseyed low and slowly, and with a haughty arrangement of her drapery that was all her own; but the curtsey, though it was eloquent, did not say half so much,—did not reprobate the habitual iniquities of the duke with a voice nearly as potent, as that which was expressed in the gradual fall of her eye and the gradual pressure of her lips. When she commenced her curtsey she was looking full in her foe's face. By the time that she had completed it her eyes were turned upon the ground, but there was an ineffable amount of scorn expressed in the lines of her mouth. She spoke no word, and retreated, as modest virtue and feminine weakness must ever retreat, before barefaced vice and virile power; but nevertheless she was held by all the world to have had the best of the encounter. The duke, as he begged her pardon, wore in his countenance that expression of modified sorrow which is common to any gentleman who is supposed by himself to have incommoded a lady. But over and above this,—or rather under it,—there was a slight smile of derision, as though it were impossible for him to look upon the bearing of Lady Lufton without some amount of ridicule. All this was legible to eyes so keen as those of Miss Dunstable and Mrs. Harold Smith, and the duke was known to be a master of this silent inward sarcasm; but even by them,—by Miss Dunstable and Mrs. Harold Smith,—it was admitted that Lady Lufton had conquered. When her ladyship again looked up, the duke had passed on; she then resumed the care of Miss Grantly's hand, and followed in among the company.

"That is what I call unfortunate," said Miss Dunstable, as soon as both belligerents had departed from the field of battle. "The fates sometimes will be against one."

"But they have not been at all against you here," said Mrs. Harold Smith. "If you could arrive at her ladyship's private thoughts to-morrow morning, you would find her to be quite happy in having met the duke. It will be years before she has done boasting of her triumph, and it will be talked of by the young ladies of Framley for the next three generations."

The Gresham party, including Dr. Thorne, had remained in the antechamber during the battle. The whole combat did not occupy above two minutes, and the three of them were hemmed off from escape by Lady Lufton's retreat into Dr. Easyman's lap; but now they, too, essayed to pass on.

"What, you will desert me," said Miss Dunstable. "Very well; but I shall find you out by-and-by. Frank, there is to be some dancing in one of the rooms,—just to distinguish the affair from Mrs. Proudie's conversazione. It would be stupid, you know, if all conversaziones were alike; wouldn't it? So I hope you will go and dance."

"There will, I presume, be another variation at feeding time," said Mrs. Harold Smith.

"Oh, yes; certainly; I am the most vulgar of all wretches in that respect. I do love to set people eating and drinking.—Mr. Supplehouse, I am delighted to see you; but do tell me——" and then she whispered with great energy into the ear of Mr. Supplehouse, and Mr. Supplehouse again whispered into her ear. "You think he will, then?" said Miss Dunstable.

Mr. Supplehouse assented; he did think so; but he had no warrant for stating the circumstance as a fact. And then he passed on, hardly looking at Mrs. Harold Smith as he passed.

"What a hang-dog countenance he has," said that lady.

"Ah! you're prejudiced, my dear, and no wonder; as for myself I always liked Supplehouse. He means mischief; but then mischief is his trade, and he does not conceal it. If I were a politician I should as soon think of being angry with Mr. Supplehouse for turning against me as I am now with a pin for pricking me. It's my own awkwardness, and I ought to have known how to use the pin more craftily."

"But you must detest a man who professes to stand by his party, and then does his best to ruin it."

"So many have done that, my dear; and with much more success than Mr. Supplehouse! All is fair in love and war,—why not add politics to the list? If we could only agree to do that, it would save us from such a deal of heartburning, and would make none of us a bit the worse.'

Miss Dunstable's rooms, large as they were—"a noble suite of rooms certainly, though perhaps a little too—too—too scattered, we will say, eh, bishop?"—were now nearly full, and would have been inconveniently crowded, were it not that many who came only remained for half-an-hour or so. Space, however, had been kept for the dancers—much to Mrs. Proudie's consternation. Not that she disapproved of dancing in London, as a rule; but she was indignant that the laws of a conversazione, as re-established by herself in the fashionable world, should be so violently infringed.

"Conversaziones will come to mean nothing," she said to the bishop, putting great stress on the latter word, "nothing at all, if they are to be treated in this way."

"No, they won't; nothing in the least," said the bishop.

"Dancing may be very well in its place," said Mrs. Proudie.

"I have never objected to it myself; that is, for the laity," said the bishop.

"But when people profess to assemble for higher objects," said Mrs. Proudie, "they ought to act up to their professions."

"Otherwise they are no better than hypocrites," said the bishop.

"A spade should be called a spade," said Mrs. Proudie.

"Decidedly," said the bishop, assenting.

"And when I undertook the trouble and expense of introducing conversaziones," continued Mrs. Proudie, with an evident feeling that she had been ill-used, "I had no idea of seeing the word so—so—so misinterpreted;" and then observing certain desirable acquaintances at the other side of the room, she went across, leaving the bishop to fend for himself.

Lady Lufton, having achieved her success, passed on to the dancing, whither it was not probable that her enemy would follow her, and she had not been there very long before she was joined by her son. Her heart at the present moment was not quite satisfied at the state of affairs with reference to Griselda. She had gone so far as to tell her young friend what were her own wishes; she had declared her desire that Griselda should become her daughter-in-law; but in answer to this Griselda herself had declared nothing. It was, to be sure, no more than natural that a young lady so well brought up as Miss Grantly should show no signs of a passion till she was warranted in showing them by the proceedings of the gentleman; but notwithstanding this—fully aware as she was of the propriety of such reticence—Lady Lufton did think that to her Griselda might have spoken some word evincing that the alliance would be satisfactory to her. Griselda, however, had spoken no such word, nor had she uttered a syllable to show that she would accept Lord Lufton if he did offer. Then again she had uttered no syllable to show that she would not accept him; but, nevertheless, although she knew that the world had been talking about her and Lord Dumbello, she stood up to dance with the future marquess on every possible occasion. All this did give annoyance to Lady Lufton, who began to bethink herself that if she could not quickly bring her little plan to a favourable issue, it might be well for her to wash her hands of it. She was still anxious for the match on her son's account. Griselda would, she did not doubt, make a good wife; but Lady Lufton was not so sure as she once had been that she herself would be able to keep up so strong a feeling for her daughter-in-law as she had hitherto hoped to do.

"Ludovic, have you been here long?" she said, smiling as she always did smile when her eyes fell upon her son's face.

"This instant arrived; and I hurried on after you, as Miss Dunstable told me that you were here. What a crowd she has! Did you see Lord Brock?"

"I did not observe him."

"Or Lord De Terrier? I saw them both in the centre room."

"Lord De Terrier did me the honour of shaking hands with me as I passed through."

"I never saw such a mixture of people. There is Mrs. Proudie going out of her mind because you are all going to dance."

"The Miss Proudies dance," said Griselda Grantly.

"But not at conversaziones. You don't see the difference. And I saw Spermoil there, looking as pleased as Punch. He had quite a circle of his own round him, and was chattering away as though he were quite accustomed to the wickednesses of the world."

"There certainly are people here whom one would not have wished to meet, had one thought of it," said Lady Lufton, mindful of her late engagement.

"But it must be all right, for I walked up the stairs with the archdeacon. That is an absolute proof; is it not, Miss Grantly?"

"I have no fears. When I am with your mother I know I must be safe."

"I am not so sure of that," said Lord Lufton, laughing. "Mother, you hardly know the worst of it yet. Who is here, do you think?"

"I know whom you mean; I have seen him," said Lady Lufton, very quietly.

"We came across him just at the top of the stairs," said Griselda, with more animation in her face than ever Lord Lufton had seen there before.

"What; the duke?"

"Yes, the duke," said Lady Lufton. "I certainly should not have come had I expected to be brought in contact with that man. But it was an accident, and on such an occasion as this it could not be helped."

Lord Lufton at once perceived, by the tone of his mother's voice and by the shades of her countenance that she had absolutely endured some personal encounter with the duke, and also that she was by no means so indignant at the occurrence as might have been expected. There she was, still in Miss Dunstable's house, and expressing no anger as to Miss Dunstable's conduct. Lord Lufton could hardly have been more surprised had he seen the duke handing his mother down to supper; he said, however, nothing further on the subject.

"Are you going to dance, Ludovic?" said Lady Lufton.

"Well, I am not sure that I do not agree with Mrs. Proudie in thinking that dancing would contaminate a conversazione. What are your ideas, Miss Grantly?"

Griselda was never very good at a joke, and imagined that Lord Lufton wanted to escape the trouble of dancing with her. This angered her. For the only species of love-making, or flirtation, or sociability between herself as a young lady, and any other self as a young gentleman, which recommended itself to her taste, was to be found in the amusement of dancing. She was altogether at variance with Mrs. Proudie on this matter, and gave Miss Dunstable great credit for her innovation. In

society Griselda's toes were more serviceable to her than her tongue, and she was to be won by a rapid twirl much more probably than by a soft word. The offer of which she would approve would be conveyed by two all but breathless words during a spasmodic pause in a waltz; and then as she lifted up her arm to receive the accustomed support at her back, she might just find power enough to say, "You—must ask—papa." After that she would not care to have the affair mentioned till everything was properly settled.

"I have not thought about it," said Griselda, turning her face away from Lord Lufton.

It must not, however, be supposed that Miss Grantly had not thought about Lord Lufton, or that she had not considered how great might be the advantage of having Lady Lufton on her side if she made up her mind that she did wish to become Lord Lufton's wife. She knew well that now was her time for a triumph, now in this very first season of her acknowledged beauty; and she knew also that young, good-looking bachelor lords do not grow on hedges like blackberries. Had Lord Lufton offered to her, she would have accepted him at once without any remorse as to the greater glories which might appertain to a future marchioness of Hartletop. In that direction she was not without sufficient wisdom. But then Lord Lufton had not offered to her, nor given any signs that he intended to do so; and to give Griselda Grantly her due, she was not a girl to make a first overture. Neither had Lord Dumbello offered; but he had given signs,—dumb signs, such as birds give to each other, quite as intelligible, as verbal signs to a girl who preferred the use of her toes to that of her tongue.

"I have not thought about it," said Griselda, very coldly, and at that moment a gentleman stood before her and asked her hand for the next dance. It was Lord Dumbello; and Griselda, making no reply except by a slight bow, got up and put her hand within her partner's arm.

"Shall I find you here, Lady Lufton, when we have done?" she said; and then started off among the dancers. When the work before one is dancing the proper thing for a gentleman to do is, at any rate, to ask a lady; this proper thing Lord Lufton had omitted, and now the prize was taken away from under his very nose.

There was clearly an air of triumph about Lord Dumbello as he walked away with the beauty. The world had been saying that Lord Lufton was to marry her, and the world had also been saying that Lord Dumbello admired her. Now this had angered Lord Dumbello, and made him feel as though he walked about, a mark of scorn, as a disappointed suitor. Had it not been for Lord Lufton, perhaps he would not have cared so much for Griselda Grantly; but circumstances had so turned out that he did care for her, and felt it to be incumbent upon him as the heir to a marquisate to obtain what he wanted, let who would have a hankering after the same article. It is in this way that pictures are so well sold at

auctions; and Lord Dumbello regarded Miss Grantly as being now subject to the auctioneer's hammer, and conceived that Lord Lufton was bidding against him. There was, therefore, an air of triumph about him as he put his arm round Griselda's waist and whirled her up and down the room in obedience to the music.

Lady Lufton and her son were left together looking at each other. Of course he had intended to ask Griselda to dance, but it cannot be said that he very much regretted his disappointment. Of course also Lady Lufton had expected that her son and Griselda would stand up together, and she was a little inclined to be angry with her *protégée*.

"I think she might have waited a minute," said Lady Lufton.

"But why, mother? There are certain things for which no one ever waits: to give a friend, for instance, the first passage through a gate out hunting, and such like. Miss Grantly was quite right to take the first that offered."

Lady Lufton had determined to learn what was to be the end of this scheme of hers. She could not have Griselda always with her, and if anything were to be arranged it must be arranged now, while both of them were in London. At the close of the season Griselda would return to Plumstead, and Lord Lufton would go—nobody as yet knew where. It would be useless to look forward to further opportunities. If they did not contrive to love each other now, they would never do so. Lady Lufton was beginning to fear that her plan would not work, but she made up her mind that she would learn the truth then and there,—at least, as far as her son was concerned.

"Oh, yes; quite so;—if it is equal to her with which she dances," said Lady Lufton.

"Quite equal, I should think—unless it be that Dumbello is longer-winded than I am."

"I am sorry to hear you speak of her in that way, Ludovic.

"Why sorry, mother?"

"Because I had hoped—that you and she would have liked each other." This she said in a serious tone of voice, tender and sad, looking up into his face with a plaintive gaze, as though she knew that she were asking of him some great favour.

"Yes, mother, I have known that you have wished that."

"You have known it, Ludovic!"

"Oh, dear, yes; you are not at all sharp at keeping your secrets from me. And, mother, at one time, for a day or so, I thought that I could oblige you. You have been so good to me, that I would almost do anything for you."

"Oh, no, no, no," she said, deprecating his praise, and the sacrifice which he seemed to offer of his own hopes and aspirations. "I would not for worlds have you do so for my sake. No mother ever had a better son, and my only ambition is for your happiness."

"But, mother, she would not make me happy. I was mad enough

for a moment to think that she could do so—for a moment I did think so. There was one occasion on which I would have asked her to take me, but——"

"But what, Ludovic?"

"Never mind; it passed away; and now I shall never ask her. Indeed I do not think she would have me. She is ambitious, and flying at higher game than I am. And I must say this for her, that she knows well what she is doing, and plays her cards as though she had been born with them in her hand."

"You will never ask her?"

"No, mother; had I done so, it would have been for love of you—only for love of you."

"I would not for worlds that you should do that."

"Let her have Dumbello; she will make an excellent wife for him, just the wife that he will want. And you, you will have been so good to her in assisting her to such a matter."

"But, Ludovic, I am so anxious to see you settled."

"All in good time, mother!"

"Ah, but the good time is passing away. Years run so very quickly. I hope you think about marrying, Ludovic."

"But, mother, what if I brought you a wife that you did not approve?"

"I will approve of any one that you love; that is——"

"That is, if you love her also; eh, mother?"

"But I rely with such confidence on your taste. I know that you can like no one that is not lady-like and good."

"Lady-like and good! Will that suffice?" said he, thinking of Lucy Robarts.

"Yes; it will suffice, if you love her. I don't want you to care for money. Griselda will have a fortune that would have been convenient; but I do not wish you to care for that." And thus, as they stood together in Miss Dunstable's crowded room, the mother and son settled between themselves that the Lufton-Grantly alliance treaty was not to be ratified. "I suppose I must let Mrs. Grantly know," said Lady Lufton to herself, as Griselda returned to her side. There had not been above a dozen words spoken between Lord Dumbello and his partner, but that young lady also had now fully made up her mind that the treaty above mentioned should never be brought into operation.

We must go back to our hostess, whom we should not have left for so long a time, seeing that this chapter is written to show how well she could conduct herself in great emergencies. She had declared that after awhile she would be able to leave her position near the entrance door, and find out her own peculiar friends among the crowd; but the opportunity for doing so did not come till very late in the evening. There was a continuation of arrivals; she was wearied to death with making little speeches, and had more than once declared that she must depute Mrs. Harold Smith to take her place.

That lady stuck to her through all her labours with admirable constancy, and made the work bearable. Without some such constancy on a friend's part, it would have been unbearable. And it must be acknowledged that this was much to the credit of Mrs. Harold Smith. Her own hopes with reference to the great heiress had all been shattered, and her answer had been given to her in very plain language. But, nevertheless, she was true to her friendship, and was almost as willing to endure fatigue on the occasion as though she had a sister-in-law's right in the house.

At about one o'clock her brother came. He had not yet seen Miss Dunstable since the offer had been made, and had now with difficulty been persuaded by his sister to show himself.

"What can be the use?" said he. "The game is up with me now;"—meaning, poor, ruined ne'er-do-well, not only that that game with Miss Dunstable was up, but that the great game of his whole life was being brought to an uncomfortable termination.

"Nonsense," said his sister. "Do you mean to despair because a man like the Duke of Omnium wants his money? What has been good security for him will be good security for another;" and then Mrs. Harold Smith made herself more agreeable than ever to Miss Dunstable.

When Miss Dunstable was nearly worn out, but was still endeavouring to buoy herself up by a hope of the still-expected great arrival—for she knew that the hero would show himself only at a very late hour if it were to be her good fortune that he showed himself at all—Mr. Sowerby walked up the stairs. He had schooled himself to go through this ordeal with all the cool effrontery which was at his command; but it was clearly to be seen that all his effrontery did not stand him in sufficient stead, and that the interview would have been embarrassing had it not been for the genuine good-humour of the lady.

"Here is my brother," said Mrs. Harold Smith, showing by the tremulousness of the whisper that she looked forward to the meeting with some amount of apprehension.

"How do you do, Mr. Sowerby?" said Miss Dunstable, walking almost into the doorway to welcome him. "Better late than never."

"I have only just got away from the House," said he, as he gave her his hand.

"Oh, I know well that you are *sans reproche* among senators;—as Mr. Harold Smith is *sans peur*;—eh, my dear?"

"I must confess that you have contrived to be uncommonly severe upon them both," said Mrs. Harold, laughing; "and as regards poor Harold, most undeservedly so: Nathaniel is here, and may defend himself."

"And no one is better able to do so on all occasions. But, my dear Mr. Sowerby, I am dying of despair. Do you think he'll come?"

"He? who?"

"You stupid man—as if there were more than one he! There were two, but the other has been."

"Upon my word, I don't understand," said Mr. Sowerby, now again at his ease. "But can I do anything? shall I go and fetch any one? Oh, Tom Towers! I fear I can't help you. But here he is at the foot of the stairs!" And then Mr. Sowerby stood back with his sister to make way for the great representative man of the age.

"Angels and ministers of grace, assist me!" said Miss Dunstable. "How on earth am I to behave myself? Mr. Sowerby, do you think that I ought to kneel down? My dear, will he have a reporter at his back in the royal livery?" And then Miss Dunstable advanced two or three steps, —not into the doorway, as she had done for Mr. Sowerby—put out her hand, and smiled her sweetest on Mr. Towers, of the *Jupiter*.

"Mr. Towers," she said, "I am delighted to have this opportunity of seeing you in my own house."

"Miss Dunstable, I am immensely honoured by the privilege of being here," said he.

"The honour done is all conferred on me," and she bowed and curtseyed with very stately grace. Each thoroughly understood the badinage of the other; and then, in a few moments, they were engaged in very easy conversation.

"By-the-by, Sowerby, what do you think of this threatened dissolution?" said Tom Towers.

"We are all in the hands of Providence," said Mr. Sowerby, striving to take the matter without any outward show of emotion. But the question was one of terrible import to him, and up to this time he had heard of no such threat. Nor had Mrs. Harold Smith, nor Miss Dunstable, nor had a hundred others who now either listened to the vaticinations of Mr. Towers, or to the immediate report made of them. But it is given to some men to originate such tidings, and the performance of the prophecy is often brought about by the authority of the prophet. On the following morning the rumour that there would be a dissolution was current in all high circles. "They have no conscience in such matters; no conscience whatever," said a small god, speaking of the giants,—a small god, whose constituency was expensive.

Mr. Towers stood there chatting for about twenty minutes, and then took his departure without making his way into the room. He had answered the purpose for which he had been invited, and left Miss Dunstable in a happy frame of mind.

"I am very glad that he came," said Mrs. Harold Smith, with an air of triumph.

"Yes, I am glad," said Miss Dunstable, "though I am thoroughly ashamed that I should be so. After all, what good has he done to me or to any one?" And having uttered this moral reflection, she made her way into the rooms, and soon discovered Dr. Thorne standing by himself against the wall.

"Well, doctor," she said, "where are Mary and Frank? You do not look at all comfortable, standing here by yourself."

"I am quite as comfortable as I expected, thank you," said he. "They are in the room somewhere, and as, I believe, equally happy."

"That's spiteful in you, doctor, to speak in that way. What would you say if you were called on to endure all that I have gone through this evening?"

"There is no accounting for tastes, but I presume you like it."

"I am not so sure of that. Give me your arm, and let me get some supper. One always likes the idea of having done hard work, and one always likes to have been successful."

"We all know that virtue is its own reward," said the doctor.

"Well, that is something hard upon me," said Miss Dunstable, as she sat down to table. "And you really think that no good of any sort can come from my giving such a party as this?"

"Oh, yes; some people, no doubt, have been amused."

"It is all vanity in your estimation," said Miss Dunstable; "vanity and vexation of spirit. Well; there is a good deal of the latter, certainly. Sherry, if you please. I would give anything for a glass of beer, but that is out of the question. Vanity and vexation of spirit! And yet I meant to do good."

"Pray, do not suppose that I am condemning you, Miss Dunstable."

"Ah, but I do suppose it. Not only you, but another also, whose judgment I care for perhaps more than yours; and that, let me tell you, is saying a great deal. You do condemn me, Dr. Thorne, and I also condemn myself. It is not that I have done wrong, but the game is not worth the candle."

"Ah; that's the question."

"The game is not worth the candle. And yet it was a triumph to have both the duke and Tom Towers. You must confess that I have not managed badly."

Soon after that the Greshams went away, and in an hour's time or so, Miss Dunstable was allowed to drag herself to her own bed.

That is the great question to be asked on all such occasions, "Is the game worth the candle?"

CHAPTER XXX.

The Grantly Triumph.

It has been mentioned cursorily—the reader no doubt, will have forgotten it—that Mrs. Grantly was not specially invited by her husband to go up to town with the view of being present at Miss Dunstable's party. Mrs. Grantly said nothing on the subject, but she was somewhat chagrined; not on account of the loss she sustained with reference to that celebrated assembly, but because she felt that her daughter's affairs required the supervision of a mother's eye. She also doubted the final ratification

of that Lufton-Grantly treaty, and, doubting it, she did not feel quite satisfied that her daughter should be left in Lady Lufton's hands. She had said a word or two to the archdeacon before he went up, but only a word or two, for she hesitated to trust him in so delicate a matter. She was, therefore, not a little surprised at receiving, on the second morning after her husband's departure, a letter from him desiring her immediate presence in London. She was surprised; but her heart was filled rather with hope than dismay, for she had full confidence in her daughter's discretion.

On the morning after the party, Lady Lufton and Griselda had breakfasted together as usual, but each felt that the manner of the other was altered. Lady Lufton thought that her young friend was somewhat less attentive, and perhaps less meek in her demeanour, than usual; and Griselda felt that Lady Lufton was less affectionate. Very little, however, was said between them, and Lady Lufton expressed no surprise when Griselda begged to be left alone at home, instead of accompanying her ladyship when the carriage came to the door.

Nobody called in Bruton-street that afternoon—no one, at least, was let in—except the archdeacon. He came there late in the day, and remained with his daughter till Lady Lufton returned. Then he took his leave, with more abruptness than was usual with him, and without saying anything special to account for the duration of his visit. Neither did Griselda say anything special; and so the evening wore away, each feeling in some unconscious manner that she was on less intimate terms with the other than had previously been the case.

On the next day also Griselda would not go out, but at four o'clock a servant brought a letter to her from Mount-street. Her mother had arrived in London and wished to see her at once. Mrs. Grantly sent her love to Lady Lufton, and would call at half-past five, or at any later hour at which it might be convenient for Lady Lufton to see her. Griselda was to stay and dine in Mount-street; so said the letter. Lady Lufton declared that she would be very happy to see Mrs. Grantly at the hour named; and then, armed with this message, Griselda started for her mother's lodgings.

"I'll send the carriage for you," said Lady Lufton. "I suppose about ten will do."

"Thank you," said Griselda, "that will do very nicely;" and then she went.

Exactly at half-past five Mrs. Grantly was shown into Lady Lufton's drawing-room. Her daughter did not come with her, and Lady Lufton could see by the expression of her friend's face that business was to be discussed. Indeed, it was necessary that she herself should discuss business, for Mrs. Grantly must now be told that the family treaty could not be ratified. The gentleman declined the alliance, and poor Lady Lufton was uneasy in her mind at the nature of the task before her.

"Your coming up has been rather unexpected," said Lady Lufton, as soon as her friend was seated on the sofa.

"Yes, indeed; I got a letter from the archdeacon only this morning, which made it absolutely necessary that I should come."

"No bad news, I hope?" said Lady Lufton.

"No; I can't call it bad news. But, dear Lady Lufton, things won't always turn out exactly as one would have them."

"No, indeed," said her ladyship, remembering that it was incumbent on her to explain to Mrs. Grantly now at this present interview the tidings with which her mind was fraught. She would, however, let Mrs. Grantly first tell her own story, feeling, perhaps, that the one might possibly bear upon the other.

"Poor dear Griselda!" said Mrs. Grantly, almost with a sigh. "I need not tell you, Lady Lufton, what my hopes were regarding her."

"Has she told you anything—anything that——"

"She would have spoken to you at once—and it was due to you that she should have done so—but she was timid; and not unnaturally so. And then it was right that she should see her father and me before she quite made up her own mind. But I may say that it is settled now."

"What is settled?" asked Lady Lufton.

"Of course it is impossible for any one to tell beforehand how these things will turn out," continued Mrs. Grantly, beating about the bush rather more than was necessary. "The dearest wish of my heart was to see her married to Lord Lufton. I should so much have wished to have her in the same county with me, and such a match as that would have fully satisfied my ambition."

"Well; I should rather think it might!" Lady Lufton did not say this out loud, but she thought it. Mrs. Grantly was absolutely speaking of a match between her daughter and Lord Lufton as though she would have displayed some amount of Christian moderation in putting up with it! Griselda Grantly might be a very nice girl; but even she—so thought Lady Lufton at the moment—might possibly be priced too highly.

"Dear Mrs. Grantly," she said, "I have foreseen for the last few days that our mutual hopes in this respect would not be gratified. Lord Lufton, I think;—but perhaps it is not necessary to explain—— Had you not come up to town I should have written to you,—probably to-day. Whatever may be dear Griselda's fate in life, I sincerely hope that she may be happy."

"I think she will," said Mrs. Grantly, in a tone that expressed much satisfaction.

"Has—has anything——"

"Lord Dumbello proposed to Griselda the other night, at Miss Dunstable's party," said Mrs. Grantly, with her eyes fixed upon the floor, and assuming on the sudden much meekness in her manner; "and his lordship was with the archdeacon yesterday, and again this morning. I fancy he is in Mount Street at the present moment."

"Oh, indeed!" said Lady Lufton. She would have given worlds to have possessed at the moment sufficient self-command to have enabled

her to express in her tone and manner unqualified satisfaction at the tidings. But she had not such self-command, and was painfully aware of her own deficiency.

"Yes," said Mrs. Grantly. "And as it is all so far settled, and as I know you are so kindly anxious about dear Griselda, I thought it right to let you know at once. Nothing can be more upright, honourable, and generous, than Lord Dumbello's conduct; and, on the whole, the match is one with which I and the archdeacon cannot but be contented."

"It is certainly a great match," said Lady Lufton. "Have you seen Lady Hartletop yet?"

Now Lady Hartletop could not be regarded as an agreeable connection, but this was the only word which escaped from Lady Lufton that could be considered in any way disparaging, and, on the whole, I think that she behaved well.

"Lord Dumbello is so completely his own master that that has not been necessary," said Mrs. Grantly. "The marquis has been told, and the archdeacon will see him either to-morrow or the day after."

There was nothing left for Lady Lufton but to congratulate her friend, and this she did in words perhaps not very sincere, but which, on the whole, were not badly chosen.

"I am sure I hope she will be very happy," said Lady Lufton, "and I trust that the alliance"—the word was very agreeable to Mrs. Grantly's ear—"will give unalloyed gratification to you and to her father. The position which she is called to fill is a very splendid one, but I do not think that it is above her merits."

This was very generous, and so Mrs. Grantly felt it. She had expected that her news would be received with the coldest shade of civility, and she was quite prepared to do battle if there were occasion. But she had no wish for war, and was almost grateful to Lady Lufton for her cordiality.

"Dear Lady Lufton," she said, "it is so kind of you to say so. I have told no one else, and of course would tell no one till you knew it. No one has known her and understood her so well as you have done. And I can assure you of this: that there is no one to whose friendship she looks forward in her new sphere of life with half so much pleasure as she does to yours."

Lady Lufton did not say much further. She could not declare that she expected much gratification from an intimacy with the future marchioness of Hartletop. The Hartletops and Luftons must, at any rate for her generation, live in a world apart, and she had now said all that her old friendship with Mrs. Grantly required. Mrs. Grantly understood all this quite as well as did Lady Lufton; but then Mrs. Grantly was much the better woman of the world.

It was arranged that Griselda should come back to Bruton-street for that night, and that her visit should then be brought to a close.

"The archdeacon thinks that for the present I had better remain up in

town," said Mrs. Grantly, "and under the very peculiar circumstances Griselda will be—perhaps more comfortable with me."

To this Lady Lufton entirely agreed; and so they parted, excellent friends, embracing each other in a most affectionate manner.

That evening Griselda did return to Bruton-street, and Lady Lufton had to go through the further task of congratulating her. This was the more disagreeable of the two, especially so as it had to be thought over beforehand. But the young lady's excellent good sense and sterling qualities made the task comparatively an easy one. She neither cried, nor was impassioned, nor went into hysterics, nor showed any emotion. She did not even talk of her noble Dumbello—her generous Dumbello. She took Lady Lufton's kisses almost in silence, thanked her gently for her kindness, and made no allusion to her own future grandeur.

"I think I should like to go to bed early," she said, "as I must see to my packing up."

"Richards will do all that for you, my dear."

"Oh, yes, thank you, nothing can be kinder than Richards. But I'll just see to my own dresses."

And so she went to bed early.

Lady Lufton did not see her son for the next two days, but when she did, of course she said a word or two about Griselda.

"You have heard the news, Ludovic?" she asked.

"Oh, yes: it's at all the clubs. I have been overwhelmed with presents of willow branches."

"You, at any rate, have got nothing to regret," she said.

"Nor you either, mother. I am sure that you do not think you have. Say that you do not regret it. Dearest mother, say so for my sake. Do you not know in your heart of hearts that she was not suited to be happy as my wife,—or to make me happy?"

"Perhaps not," said Lady Lufton, sighing. And then she kissed her son, and declared to herself that no girl in England could be good enough for him.

The Situation of the Moment in Italy.

A CRAGSMAN climbing the face of a dangerous precipice selects the moment when he has reached some jutting shelf which affords a few feet of level standing-ground, for casting a retrospective glance over the abyss beneath him, and measuring with wary eye the heights above him which remain to be conquered. The historian, too, on like principle, selects his point of pause.

But in the story of the last twenty months in Italy there has been no such pause. At the present moment, less than ever, can a resting-place be found even for an hour, from which to take a comprehensive look, however rapid, at the situation we have reached and at the path before us. And yet such look is needful—never, perhaps, in the conduct of a nation was so imperatively needful! Heroism of the most genuine stamp has been needed, and has been found. The supply-and-demand philosophers, who extend their favourite theory even to the laws which regulate the comet-like appearance of the greatest men on the world's stage, never had so admirable an example of the correctness of their theory as that furnished by the need of Italy, and the uprising of Garibaldi to meet it from her soil spurned by the heel of the Croat. One-idea'd heroism is doing, and will do, its appointed task. Never in the annals of national struggles was there a leader whose path has been more straight and undeviating, or who could be more safely trusted to continue unswervingly that path to its goal. But none the less—in some respects all the more—is it needful for the men to whom the responsibilities of the national guidance are entrusted, to scan carefully and warily the course before them. The position of these men, the rulers responsible to Italy, and in some sense to Europe, for the conduct of the nation through the present infinitely important crisis of its existence, has been one of exceeding difficulty. It is, perhaps, at the present moment more so than ever. Their part in the great drama is a less brilliant one than that of the hero who holds in his hand all Italian hearts, who can well nigh command all Italian arms, and irresistibly appeals to the sympathies of the noble-hearted in every part of the world. It is a yet more difficult one, and demands qualities which, if rightly weighed and understood, are, perhaps, not less heroic. The parts they have to play are not only different; they are in some respects, and in a certain degree, antagonistic. And hence arises the great and peculiar complexity of the situation. Difficult, nay, almost impossible, as it is, to secure a moment's breathing space for the purpose, probable as it is that ere these lines can reach the reader's eye, events may have happened which will essentially modify all the elements of the situation, it may not be uninteresting to those who are following with eager sympathy every phase in this *renaissance* of a nation, to attempt a com-

prehensive, if it be but momentary, view of the actual position of Italian hopes and fortunes, as seen from what may be supposed to be the cabinet, rather than the camp, stand-point.

King Victor Emmanuel, his government, and his ministers, whether at Turin, or in the other cities of Italy, hold their positions on the implicit condition of using those positions, and all the means and forces at their disposal, for the completion of the construction of a free, independent, and united kingdom of Italy. It may be asserted, without the least reservation, that any manifestation of an intention to repudiate such a condition would render those places untenable. The larger horizons, which the recent march of events has opened before the whilom Piedmontese, now Italian, government, if they have added to its difficulties in some respects, have at least had the effect of defining and making clear its position and duties. Piedmontese ambition, and the jealousy of it, which began to threaten pernicious consequences when the question was that of annexing to Sardinia, Lombardy, the Duchies, and Emilia, is now out of date. Even then, the proportion between the annexing power and the territories to be annexed was such as to render the phrase well nigh ridiculous, and the act, in its strict sense, well nigh impossible. The mouthful was too big, men said. Amalgamation, it must be, not annexation. But *now* it would be absurd to suppose that Piedmont can dream of absorbing, and swallowing up, entire Italy. That stage of difficulty must be held to have been passed. The King elect of Italy, and his ministers, may be considered to have understood and accepted the task of liberating, freeing, and unifying the Italian nation. Nevertheless, it is necessary that the King's government should behave *as* a government. They cannot be pariahs in Europe. They cannot ignore the code which governs nations in their relationship to each other, or that which regulates the intercourse of cabinets. They cannot incur the disapprobation, and perhaps risk the hostility, of the more powerful members of the family of nations.

And herein truly lies the knot of the difficulty. It is almost impossible to steer a course, within the limits permitted by the exigencies of European politics, that shall content the impatience of Italian patriots; or to keep pace with the ardour of the latter, without risking dangerous complications abroad.

Things cannot continue in their present position many days; perhaps not many hours. From hour to hour news is looked for from Naples, which will enable the government to place themselves in a totally different position from the expectant attitude they are compelled to hold at present.* And the shortness of the time which can in all human probability elapse before this takes place, will, there is reason to hope, prevent any serious danger from the malcontents of the self-called "party of action." Various unpleasant symptoms have recently shown that a protraction of the present situation would not be without risk from that quarter. The "party of

* Such news arrived while this paper was in the press.—Ed.

action" means Mazzini and the old republicans; and a few words will not be wasted in explaining what these men, their views, and their policy really are. It may be assumed that they are honest, sincere, and many of them high-minded patriots. They are nevertheless most assuredly embarrassing—and, in proportion to their successful action, impeding—the course of their country towards the goal which the best of them would die to see her reach. Of real theoretical republicanism there is very little in Italy. But of men who have all their lives been sufferers from the evil government of princes, there are many. Of the miseries and vices of monarchical rule such as it is seen almost over the whole of continental Europe, these men have had large experience and intimate knowledge. Of the nature of constitutional royalty they are for the most part profoundly ignorant. They are passionate, prejudiced, and unjust. It could hardly be that they should be otherwise. And much of prejudice and injustice should be pardoned to their sufferings and genuine love of their country. There is a feeling, too, in many of these veterans in the liberal cause,—unjust, perhaps, and unreasonable, but yet not altogether inexcusable,—of jealous hostility against the statesmen to whose lot it has fallen to accomplish, with little or nothing of personal suffering, the great work for which *they* have suffered long years of imprisonment or exile. The jealousies, impatience, and violence of these men produce a division in the ranks of Italian patriots regrettable in any case, and which might become dangerous if the march of events were likely to be less rapid; and, despite the sympathy which may be felt for them personally, it is absolutely necessary that the government should neither permit its plans to be interfered with, nor its authority to be set at nought, by them.

It will be readily understood that the recent enterprise of Garibaldi, and the extent to which the "volunteer" system has been carried, have afforded opportunities for doing both these things. In the immediate neighbourhood of Florence a notable instance occurred, no longer ago than the 30th of August, of the difficulties and dangers which the unavoidable admission of the nation itself to assist personally in achieving what all classes are so anxious to bring about, is liable to cause. Some 2,000 armed men were collected in a camp at a place called Castel Pucci, about six miles from Florence, under the leadership of the well-known Nicotera. They had been permitted to assemble there for the purpose of joining Garibaldi in Sicily. But shortly before the time at which they should have started on this expedition, Mazzini, sure as the stormy petrel to appear when ugly weather is at hand, was known to be moving to and fro between Florence and Castel Pucci. The government were well aware of the fact, and of the consequences likely to arise from it. The arrest of Mazzini, on the strength of former condemnations, would have been legal and perfectly justifiable. That course was proposed; and the Tuscan government wisely and generously decided against it. But from the fact of Mazzini's presence at Castel Pucci arose the necessity of arresting Nicotera, to prevent his leading his little army directly against the Roman

frontiers. Of course it were a needless waste of time to point out the expediency of preventing such an expedition. It will be remembered that Garibaldi wished, some months back, to have done the same thing. He afterwards yielded to the urgent desire of the government that nothing of the kind should be attempted. It is very possible that he may have retained his own opinion of the expediency of such a step; but the undoubted truthfulness and loyalty of the man put quite out of the question any suspicion of his abetting clandestinely that which he had openly agreed to give up. Well, Nicotera was arrested; and within a few hours afterwards, Florence heard the agreeable tidings that his 2,000 volunteers were marching on the capital to take back their general by force of arms! A couple of squadrons of dragoons were hastily despatched to meet, and, in any case, prevent their advance. The two forces met on the road, and the leaders on either side entered into parley. Fortunately, Nicotera had yielded to the representations of the authorities at Florence; and the officer leading the regulars was able to assure the volunteer leaders that their general should be at Castel Pucci within a few hours. With some difficulty the 2,000 were persuaded to return quietly to their camp. But the trouble was not yet over. Nicotera went off with them that same night to Leghorn, and they were safely embarked for Sicily. Thereupon four Sardinian vessels made their appearance, and it became known that they had orders to *escort* the volunteers to the Sicilian coast. Upon this the volunteers positively refused to start, threatening to come on shore again immediately; and again there was a moment when things had a very ugly appearance. The National Guard of Leghorn were hastily called out; and it was reassuring to observe that in Leghorn, perhaps, with the exception of Genoa, the city where there is more of *red* tendency than in any other in Italy, neither the National Guard nor the population showed the slightest desire to take part with the volunteers against the government. The turbulent youths were disarmed,—to receive their weapons again at the end of their voyage: and so all was well that ended well!

But this incident is sufficient to show the dangers that would arise were the present situation much prolonged, from the circumstance that the government of the country is held back—by considerations which volunteer generals, parties of action, and hot-headed patriots either cannot understand or recklessly ignore—from leading the nation in the path it is bent on following. It is a hard, an anomalous, and a dangerous position for an energetic, a patriotic, and a strong government, to be compelled to see the work which the nation insists on doing, and which it would fain do with and for the nation, taken out of its hands by irresponsible agents, and to be exposed to loss of influence and popularity by taunting comparisons between their own most unwilling inaction and the activity of those who are untrammelled by political considerations. And it is no small praise, no uncertain indication of veritable patriotism, that the hardship and bitterness of this position has not prompted the government to play the

dog in the manger: has never induced it to throw obstacles in the way of those who were attempting the work taken out of its own hands. Every assistance, on the contrary, which it was possible to afford, has been given with the utmost self-abnegation. It would be as yet inopportune to go into detailed statements in proof of the accuracy of this assertion. They will be forthcoming in due season.

But it would be well for those governments who are friends of "order," who have an instinctive dislike of "revolution," and a dread of power passing into the hands of men tied by no international understandings, —who recognize no cabinet conventionalisms, and who are determined to put their hands to what lies before them to do, undeterred by long-sighted views of ulterior political consequences;—it would be well if governments who like none of these things, would consider the danger of compelling the government of King Victor Emmanuel to let the real lead of the nation they govern pass into other hands. Hopes are entertained that such considerations have not been without weight in the mind of the Emperor Napoleon. The Baron Ricasoli, with whose unreplaceable services in the highest duties of organizing the nation he has so powerfully contributed to enfranchise, Italy cannot dispense, sigh as he may for retirement and well-earned rest—Ricasoli is understood to have succeeded in placing the false position held by the Italian government before the Emperor so forcibly, as to have led him to see the expediency of putting a term to it. And there is reason to believe that at Chambery it was arranged that the Italian government should be at liberty to take up a position felt to be necessary for the preservation of their authority in the country.

The dangers arising from the state of things described would have been infinitely greater had any man but such an one as Garibaldi—and it is about the same thing as saying any man save him—been at the head of the volunteer movement. It is a misfortune, which it is useless to attempt to conceal, and which less chivalrous-natured men than he have endeavoured to turn to account, that there is little love between the Prime Minister at Turin and Garibaldi. Nice, as ill-fate would have it, is Garibaldi's birthplace. The rest is easily understood, without adding another word.

The general, too, has been through life, till recently, a consistent Republican; made such by the same causes that have made so many in Italy. But Garibaldi has seen that the only safe and certain path to the one paramount object of every good Italian, is by the constitutional monarchy of Victor Emmanuel. He has accepted this solution. He has promised fealty to King Victor; he is taking crowns for him and for a united Italy. And no personal bitterness or pique against this or another minister, no intrigues of old republican comrades, no temptation of the sweets of power in his own hands, will make him swerve one hair's breadth from his straight and loyal path. This is recognized as a fact, certain as the rising of to-morrow's sun. And the certainty has been of infinite importance to the cause of Italian regeneration.

Of course, on every occasion, when wrong-headed men have sought to direct the volunteer movement into paths which it was simply impossible for the government to permit, as in the case of Nicotera's *escapade* above mentioned, it has been asserted that all was done by Garibaldi's authority and consent. It is very desirable, as well for the credit of the general's consistency as to destroy the notion that diffidence exists between him and the government, that all such statements should be decisively contradicted. So far is Garibaldi from now approving the idea of marching across the frontiers to invade the Papal States, that, the general's sudden, solitary, and mysterious departure from Sicily, which recently gave so much employment to the conjectures of the newspapers, was caused solely by the necessity of hurrying in person to prevent an expedition planned for the same purpose.

It may be mentioned, though the fact has no permanent importance, that the silly and unsuccessful attempt of the *Veloce* to cut out a Neapolitan ship of war, *Il Monarca*, was undertaken *without orders*, by the commander of the *Veloce*, to the general's great disgust.

While these lines are penned, men are in hourly expectation of news from Naples, which will change the whole aspect of the situation, and change it for the better. Any movement at Naples, anything like a *pronunciamento* of the people, the flight of the king, a popular demand even of a tumultuary nature for annexation, would be immediately responded to by the entry of Italian troops into Naples. It is to be regretted that the Neapolitans have chosen rather to await the arrival of Garibaldi, than to initiate a spontaneous movement for their own freedom. They *will* cry to Hercules, instead of putting their own shoulder to the wheel. Perhaps it may be held as an excuse, that they see Hercules so infallibly coming to their aid. Whichever deliverers may reach them first—the volunteers or the regulars—the latter will not intervene unless invited in some such way as described above. But that invitation may come even at the eleventh hour; and it would be accepted with an alacrity which would show the "party of action" how desirous the government, which they abuse for want of activity, is of becoming itself the party of action in the most emphatic sense of the word.

An Italian army and Italian ministers will then meet an army of Italian volunteers and their victorious general in Naples. Will there be danger from such rencontre? It is a position which might well become dangerous. But the master of the situation will be Garibaldi. And where that is the case there can be no serious peril to the cause of Italian unity and independence.

FLORENCE, *September* 4, 1860.

England's Future Bulwarks.

Since the Article "*London the Stronghold of England*" appeared in this serial in June last, the subject of the probable invasion of the country has been continually before Parliament and the public; but both the political and military aspects of the question have materially altered. Touching the former, we have had Lord Palmerston's speech of 23rd July (a strange sequel to the Treaty of Commerce), answered by the letter of Louis Napoleon to Count Persigny, and the reassuring speech of the Count addressed to the General Council of the Department of the Loire. As affecting the latter, we have had the *Defences of the Realm Bill;* the warnings of Lord Ellenborough and Sir De Lacy Evans in the two Houses of Parliament, besides a flood of pamphlets by eminent military officers; the launch of the *Pallas* at L'Orient, and the experimental cruise of the *La Gloire*—both powerful armour-plated frigates already built by France; the final announcement by the Secretary of the Admiralty that France will have ten such vessels to our four; and some most important experiments made at Portsmouth and Eastbourne, as to the relative powers of iron plates and masonry for resisting modern projectiles. Let us consider the question briefly in its new phases.

It will save a great deal of talk, if, in future, the probability of invasion is considered irrespective of the person who occupies the throne of France. The warlike preparations across the Channel were not commenced by Louis Napoleon. If the invasion of England were part of his settled programme, it would scarcely have been deferred till now. On the other hand, "a policy of suspicion" was condemned by all our statesmen when the French Empire was re-established; and as to the "mistrust excited everywhere since the war in Italy," to which our attention is directed by the Emperor himself, it ought scarcely to be felt in England, for this simple reason, that the less ground we now have for believing the Italian war to have been undertaken with disinterested motives,—or "for an idea," merely,—the more clearly does it seem established that Louis Napoleon has not wished to pick a quarrel with England. He will never again, we may trust, have the opportunities he has let slip. Nor should we allow our judgment to be affected by the illustration of the proverb "*qui s'excuse, s'accuse,*" which we find in the Emperor's letter. When he says, "I had *renounced* Savoy and Nice," he owns he had previously set his heart upon them, even although it may really have been "the extraordinary additions to Piedmont alone that caused him to *resume* the desire to see united to France provinces essentially French." When he assures us, that "*since* Villafranca, he has *neither done, nor even thought,* anything which could alarm any one," we can't help mentally asking, "But *before*

Villafranca, what?" The idea is put into our heads, although England may have nothing to do with it. But besides the Emperor's letter we have had Count Persigny's speech. He assures us that "the military *rôle* of France in Europe is at an end," and that "it affords him great happiness to be conscientiously able to say, that an era of peace and prosperity is *now* opening for Europe." But the French ambassador does more. He explains to us the *rôle* forced upon France since 1815, and supplies us with the *rationale* of the new Empire, reconciling all subsequent events with the famous declaration at Bordeaux, "*L'Empire c'est la paix.*" What Dr. Newman's theory of development is to the Roman Church, Count Persigny's exposition is to the French Empire. Both account, with some logical consistency, for what puzzled us sorely before. But both labour under the great disadvantage of being entirely new, and of being propounded after other theories had been advanced by those who ought best to have known their own belief. We are informed that in saying that "the Empire means peace," the Emperor does "not pretend to abolish war"—an assurance now scarcely required; but we are further told, that "the apprehensions entertained in Germany respecting the Rhine frontiers, and the fears of an invasion current in England, do not merit serious discussion." If all this had only been spoken before the regal meetings at Baden and Töplitz, and the Emperor of Austria's toast at Salzburg, "The union of the princes and the people of Germany," and before Lord John Russell declared in Parliament, that since the cession of Savoy and Nice to France, England had "resolved to re-cultivate her older European alliances," not merely England, but the whole Continent, might have been satisfied.

It is from France, and France alone, that we run any risk of invasion. We must not forget the now exiled Prince Joinville's pamphlet (*Man proposes, God disposes!*) The emblems of peace and war—the olive-branch and sword—which the present Emperor points at in Marseilles and Toulon—have no such defiant antithesis as the War Report of the National Assembly of France, published in 1851, coincident with our Peace Exhibition. A position of natural antagonism has been publicly recognized between the two countries for the last twenty years, to say nothing of our ancient rivalries and former wars; and if more were required to direct the attention of England across the Channel, there is Cherbourg.

It is needless to enter upon a comparison of the relative strength of France and England for war. We do not require or wish to rival her in her army. The naval strength of the two countries is as yet nearly equal; but, reserving the question of the nature and result of a conflict between the fleets of England and France, let us consider what are the preparations proposed for repelling invasion, "in the absence of our fleet."

The Royal Commissioners recommended that about twelve millions should be expended on fortifications for our dockyards and arsenals, and for floating-batteries; but were of opinion "that further works would be necessary for the defence of the metropolis,"—"for shielding the heart

of the empire against attack," and also "that works of defence should be provided for our commercial ports." The Government have partially adopted the Commissioners' recommendations as regards the dockyards and arsenals, but think London cannot be fortified. This result would be far from satisfactory, if our safety depended upon fortifications. The Queen's speech on the prorogation of Parliament contrasts the meagreness of the Government's present plan with the large promise made to the country a year before. On 20th August, 1859, Commissioners were appointed by her Majesty "to consider *the defences of the United Kingdom;*" on 28th August, 1860, the House of Commons is thanked by her Majesty "for the provision they have made for those defences which are essential *for the security of her dockyards and arsenals.*" And even this is an exaggeration; for all that the Royal Commissioners considered to be essential for the security of our dockyards is not to be carried out, and what they expressly recommended for the defence of our chief arsenal at Woolwich has been set aside.

The works proposed to be executed are also to occupy some four or five years in constructing. For the present year two millions only are taken; and the works are, as a general rule, only for sea defences, though partly for land defences at Plymouth, Chatham, and Portsmouth. Thus, without adopting Mr. Bright's views, as to the under-estimated cost of all government works, and looking to find, at the end of twelve months, the two millions all expended, but only one-half the projected works completed,—it is evident that England will not, within a year, be a whit more secure from her fortifications, in case of invasion, than she is at this moment.

There is, however, a general agreement of opinion that our great danger will only begin—if London fails to be made our "stronghold,"—when the dockyard fortifications are completed. The mischief will only be done when we have built extensive works at a distance from the metropolis, to lock up our land forces, in expectation of an antiquated "war of posts," while an invader makes direct for London. Captain Sullivan, R.N., in his evidence before the Royal Commissioners, said:—"If you make Portsmouth impregnable, and an invading army ever land, it makes it the more certain they will go to London." Sir John Burgoyne says: "What I should be afraid of would be placing permanent works at Portsdown, and not being able to occupy the position. If a French army landed on any part of the coast, London would be the first point for which they would make. I think that that is their *only* chance."

Mr. Sidney Herbert differs from the veteran Master-General of Fortifications. He alludes to the proposal put forward in this Magazine for the defence of London by what he calls six large forts something like ten miles apart—omitting all notice of the intermediate works proposed,—and says, with apparent triumph, that "he does not think a commander about to make an incursion into London would stop, if he knew there was a fort on each side of him five miles off." But when he comes

to argue in favour of fortifications at Portsmouth, Dover, and Chatham, still farther off from the capital, he changes his views of military strategy; he calls them "really the outworks of London;" and thinks "their position must enter largely into the plan of strategists contemplating an attack on London." It is unnecessary to reply to this. Sir John Burgoyne has done so.

Lord Palmerston detailed the expenditure incurred by foreign States upon fortifications, the principal of which, besides Cherbourg, being those at Cronstadt and round Paris; but he omitted to notice that Paris is a capital, and Cronstadt only the sea defence of St. Petersburg. He mentions also the fortresses built at the close of the war in 1815, on the frontiers of the Netherlands, now forming part of Belgium; but he omits to state that most of these have since been abandoned, in order to concentrate the whole defence of the kingdom round Antwerp. If we adopt fortifications for some "vital" points, such as dockyards, we must not leave the most vital of all unfortified. Our danger will lie in a mixture of incomplete systems. The Government admit this in a negative way, and evidently have not faith in what they have resolved upon. They do not propose to fortify Woolwich, but, in consequence, they abandon it, and provide another arsenal at Cannock Chase, inland, about 80 miles distant from Liverpool, and 120 from London. Were it possible, we ought, in like manner, to be provided with another metropolis; but as that cannot be, the metropolis is to be left exposed to a danger thought too great for the stores at Woolwich! A high military authority* has written: "The capital is the centre of the national life, and it must not be left to the risk of a sudden, bold attack. If Vienna in 1805, Berlin in 1806, Madrid in 1808, had been fortified, the results of Ulm, Jena, and Burgos would have been different. If Paris in 1814–15 could have held out for eight days, what might have been the effect on events?" Paris has since been fortified. Are we the only people whose rulers will not profit even by experience?

Practically, in the meantime, we are left to "an army in the field" to repel invasion. This need not cause us undue anxiety. Sir John Burgoyne is of opinion that landing in the face of an enemy is the most desperate of undertakings; and we have a power of concentrating our forces, by means of our railways and telegraphs, unrivalled in any other country. The Government, by neglecting the warning of Lord Ellenborough, and not even listening to Sir De Lacy Evans on the subject of defending London, have accepted a grave responsibility; and it is to be presumed they have a well-organized scheme for our defence, by a proper distribution of our army, militia, and volunteers, and preconcerted arrangements against surprises, feints, and decoys, aided by means of electric telegraphs and light signals. Our present reliance must be in our power of concentrating, at a moment's notice, some thousands of troops, with Armstrong batteries, upon an enemy's ships and transports. Our natural

* Baron Maurice.

advantages are great; and it seems now to be admitted that those arising from scientific improvements and discoveries are greater for our defence than for any attack upon our shores. Among these should be noticed the new portable electric light, invented by Professor Way, which will enable us to complete our system of telegraphy by night, both at sea and on land. The Scientific Committee of the War Department are now busily engaged in devising a system of signals by light-flashes, which can be produced with the greatest ease by means of this invention.

But the question of fortifications or no fortifications, has lately lost much of its interest. In the same month of August last, in which Lord Palmerston was enlarging upon the great advantages of masonry works over all other kinds of material defences, but inconsistently proposing to leave London without such protection, it was narrated in the newspapers that experiments had at last been made against steel and iron armour for ships, scientifically constructed with the view of diverting the shot and causing it to glance off, instead of clumsily attempting to resist it by mere strength of material alone, and that the results were most satisfactory; also that a complementary experiment had been made upon a martello tower, which proved that the vaunted masonry-work was worthless against modern ordnance. At less than 200 yards, butts of iron and steel plates, fixed so as to be struck by the shot at an angle of 45 deg., were fired at with a 10-inch gun, and struck again and again without being penetrated. At more than 1,000 yards' distance, a martello tower at Eastbourne—"very old and solid"—with walls on the land side 6½ feet thick, and 9 feet thick to seaward, was crumbled to pieces by Armstrong guns.

These facts, and the subsequent announcement that the armour-ship *Pallas* was launched at L'Orient, while the *La Gloire* had made a successful experimental trip, in which her speed was above 13 knots, have directed public attention very earnestly once more to our Navy. France intends to have ten of these vessels, England only four! With these odds against us, invasion is not our great danger. Our navy, our commerce, our colonies, are at stake. Naval men have long considered line-of-battle ships built of wood as doomed. To encounter rifled cannon and shells filled with molten iron, they think we have now but the choice of two kinds of vessels—iron-plated ships, and gunboats. In an Article in the *United Service Magazine* for June, and in the able pamphlets of Lieut.-Colonel Alexander, this is laid down as an axiom. Across the Channel it has been accepted, and already acted on.

What is England to do? Now that we can have invulnerable floating batteries, capable alike of maintaining a fixed station or of manœuvring in a general engagement, and which can be constructed with tenfold the rapidity of masonry works, should not our dockyards and arsenals be defended by means of these, as our second sea-line, instead of by fixed fortifications? Even before experiments had been made for diverting shot by means of oblique metal surfaces, the superiority of iron vessels, and the necessity of some cover for guns, had been recognized. The Defence

Commissioners recommended the building of moveable floating batteries as "highly efficient for defensive purposes," and that these vessels should have their guns mounted in the manner proposed by Captain Cowper Coles, R.N. On this plan the guns are placed on turn-tables, under shot-proof circular shields or cupolas, having portholes almost entirely closed by the guns. The security thus obtained against shot and shells filled with molten iron, contrasted with the exposure at the gaping portholes of a battery built in the ordinary way, will be seen at a glance from the accompanying diagrams. Fig. 1 is a section of an

Fig. 1.

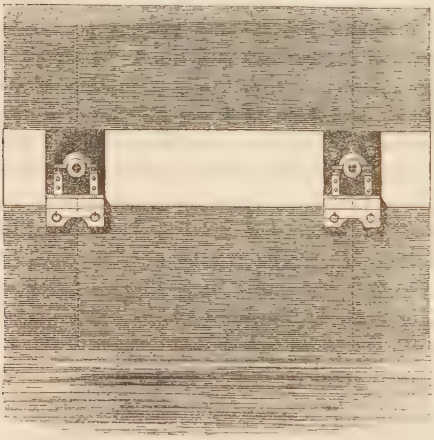
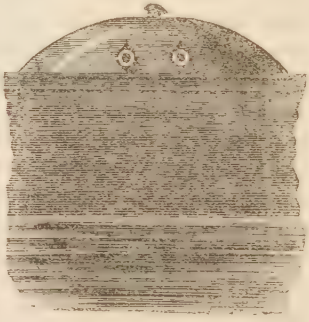
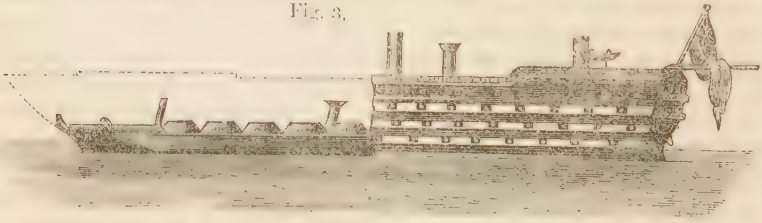


Fig. 2.



iron-cased vessel with ordinary ports. Fig. 2 represents two guns placed on the deck of such a vessel under one of Captain Coles's shields. In the lecture from which these drawings are copied, and which was delivered in the Royal United Service Institution on the 29th June last, is also given a side view of a vessel constructed with shields, compared with a section of the *Warrior*, which is here reproduced (fig. 3). The

Fig. 3.

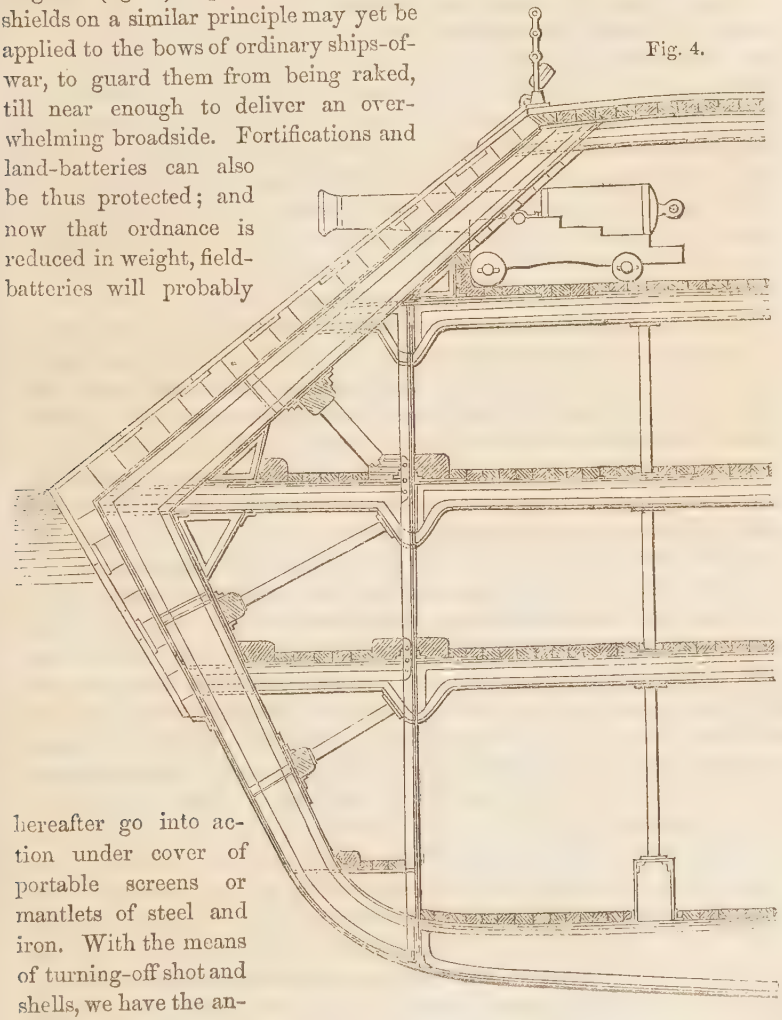


whole of one such vessel is not half the size of the other. The three-decker will present an area of 10,150 feet, and is inflammable and vulnerable to shot through the portholes; the shield-ship only exposes 3,750 feet, wholly invulnerable to shot, and uninflammable.

The sides of these shield-ships, Captain Coles proposes, should be sloped or angulated, on the principle of diverting the shot, as patented by

Mr. Josiah Jones, of Liverpool. It was upon a target, or section of a vessel, prepared by that gentleman, that the successful experiments referred to were made at Portsmouth, in August; and, although further experiments are yet to be made, which may modify the application of this principle in detail, its main features will be found exhibited in the diagram (fig. 4) copied from the specification of the patent. Armour-shields on a similar principle may yet be applied to the bows of ordinary ships-of-war, to guard them from being raked, till near enough to deliver an overwhelming broadside. Fortifications and land-batteries can also be thus protected; and now that ordnance is reduced in weight, field-batteries will probably hereafter go into action under cover of portable screens or mantlets of steel and iron. With the means of turning-off shot and shells, we have the antidote to rifled ordnance.

Fig. 4.



It will scarcely be believed, when these matters are thus treated as new, and if their importance is considered, that Captain Coles's invention dates so far back as 1855, and that up to this time no experiments whatever have been made to test its efficiency. But so it is. Mr. Jones's patent is only dated 1st November, 1859, and it is satisfactory to find

that first experiments have been already made to test the principle of his invention. In *The Times* of 6th, 8th, and 10th August last, a full account of these experiments will be found; and it is stated they are preliminary to others which will, at last, be carried out to test the system of Captain Cowper Coles.

Some doubt has recently been expressed as to the wisdom of building iron-plated vessels, because the wall-sided *Trusty*, and upright armour-plates intended for the *Warrior*, have been penetrated and broken; it also being found that even when these plates are not penetrated, the whole framework behind them is loosened, from the concussion of the heavy shot. This is an argument against wall-sided armour-ships; but not against another mode of construction for diverting, instead of attempting to resist, the shot. In *The Times* of September 14, it is stated that experiments had been made on numerous iron plates, but "the only results that have been obtained have been the success of the Jones's angulated principle."

It has recently been noticed how little is doing to the masonry-works at Cherbourg. The forts on the Digue are left uncompleted, and one of them is rent from top to bottom. The basins are also nearly empty; for, with modern projectiles, Cherbourg might at present be bombarded from the sea. But how long will this be so? In an Article quoted by *The Times* from *Galignani*, in February, 1859, relating to armour-clad ships, we find how Cherbourg may be protected: "These floating citadels, mounted with guns of the largest calibre, and manœuvring at a port or roadstead, will, when two or three are together, keep off the whole of an enemy's squadron, and protect the arsenal and towns from the reach of any projectile."

Let us have our various seaports thus protected by invulnerable vessels of a new and scientific construction, without masts, with guns under cover, and capable of steaming twelve or fourteen knots an hour; and what enemy will dare approach us? These vessels might be stationed so as to bar the approach of any ship, and keep the enemy at such a distance that not a single dockyard or harbour could be bombarded. They could stand across the path of any venturesome commander, and could not be passed by other armour-plated vessels, as all fixed fortifications might be. Such batteries placed at the Needles, the Nab, and south of the Isle of Wight, would not only afford a better protection to Portsmouth Dockyard than sea-face fortifications, but also be able, by extending their *cordon*, if necessary, to give equally effective protection to the hundreds of merchant-ships which would assuredly seek such protection at Spithead on the first outbreak of war—but seek for it in vain, unless we have armour-plated ships to cope with those of France. The matter is very obvious. Invasion is not our chief danger. And if iron-plated vessels can be made, either superior or equal to masonry, our second line of defence, as well as our first, ought to be Afloat—our future Bulwarks must be of Iron.

Roundabout Papers.—No. VIII.

DE JUVENTUTE.

OUR last Paper of this veracious and roundabout series related to a period which can only be historical to a great number of readers of this Magazine. Four I saw at the station to-day with orange-covered books in their hands, who can but have known George IV. by books, and statues, and pictures. Elderly gentlemen were in their prime, old men in their middle age, when he reigned over us. His image remains on coins; on a picture or two hanging here and there in a Club or old-fashioned dining-room; on horseback, as at Trafalgar Square, for example, where I defy any monarch to look more uncomfortable. He turns up in sundry memoirs and histories which have been published of late days; in Mr. Massey's History; in the Buckingham and Grenville Correspondence; and gentlemen who have accused a certain writer of disloyalty are referred to those volumes to see whether the picture drawn of George is overcharged. Charon has paddled him off; he has mingled with the crowded republic of the dead. His effigy smiles from a canvas or two. Breechless he bestrides his steed in Trafalgar Square. I believe he still wears his robes at Madame Tussaud's (Madame herself having quitted Baker Street and life, and found him she modelled t'other side the Stygian stream). On the head of a five-shilling piece we still occasionally come upon him, with St. George, the dragon-slayer, on the other side of the coin. Ah me! did this George slay many dragons? Was he a brave, heroic champion, and rescuer of virgins? Well! well! have you and I overcome all the dragons that assail *us?* come alive and victorious out of all the caverns which we have entered in life, and succoured, at risk of life and limb, all poor distressed persons in whose naked limbs the dragon Poverty is about to fasten his fangs, whom the dragon Crime is poisoning with his horrible breath, and about to crunch up and devour? O my royal liege! O my gracious prince and warrior! *You* a champion to fight that monster? Your feeble spear ever pierce that slimy paunch or plated back? See how the flames come gurgling out of his red-hot brazen throat! What a roar! Nearer and nearer he trails, with eyes flaming like the lamps of a railroad engine. How he squeals, rushing out through the darkness of his tunnel! Now he is near. Now he is *here.* And now—what?—

lance, shield, knight, feathers, horse and all? O horror, horror! Next day, round the monster's cave, there lie a few bones more. You, who wish to keep yours in your skins, be thankful that you are not called upon to go out and fight dragons. Be grateful that they don't sally out and swallow you. Keep a wise distance from their caves, lest you pay too dearly for approaching them. Remember that years passed, and whole districts were ravaged, before the warrior came who was able to cope with the devouring monster. When that knight *does* make his appearance, with all my heart let us go out and welcome him with our best songs, huzzahs, and laurel wreaths, and eagerly recognize his valour and victory. But he comes only seldom. Countless knights were slain before St. George won the battle. In the battle of life are we all going to try for the honours of championship? If we can do our duty, if we can keep our place pretty honourably through the combat, let us say *Laus Deo!* at the end of it, as the firing ceases, and the night falls over the field.

The old were middle-aged, the elderly were in their prime, then, thirty years since, when yon royal George was still fighting the dragon. As for you, my pretty lass, with your saucy hat and golden tresses tumbled in your net, and you, my spruce young gentleman in your mandarin's cap (the young folks at the country-place where I am staying are so attired), your parents were unknown to each other, and wore short frocks and short jackets, at the date of this five-shilling piece. Only to-day I met a dog-cart crammed with children—children with moustachios and mandarin caps—children with saucy hats and hair-nets—children in short frocks and knickerbockers (surely the prettiest boy's dress that has appeared these hundred years)—children from twenty years of age to six; and father, with mother by his side, driving in front—and on father's countenance I saw that very laugh which I remember perfectly in the time when this crown-piece was coined—in *his* time, in King George's time, when we were school-boys seated on the same form. The smile was just as broad, as bright, as jolly, as I remember it in the past—unforgotten, though not seen or thought of, for how many decades of years, and quite and instantly familiar, though so long out of sight.

Any contemporary of that coin who takes it up and reads the inscription round the laurelled head, "Georgius IV. Britanniarum Rex. Fid. Def. 1823," if he will but look steadily enough at the round, and utter the proper incantation, I daresay may conjure back his life there. Look well, my elderly friend, and tell me what you see? First, I see a Sultan, with hair, beautiful hair, and a crown of laurels round his head, and his name is Georgius Rex. Fid. Def., and so on. Now the Sultan has disappeared; and what is that I see? A boy,—a boy in a jacket. He is at a desk; he has great books before him, Latin and Greek books and dictionaries. Yes, but behind the great books, which he pretends to read, is a little one, with pictures, which he is really reading. It is—yes, I can read now—it is the *Heart of Mid Lothian*, by the author of *Waverley*—or, no, it is *Life in London, or the Adventures of Corinthian Tom, Jeremiah Hawthorn,*

and their friend Bob Logic, by Pierce Egan; and it has pictures—oh! such funny pictures! As he reads, there comes behind the boy, a man, a dervish, in a black gown, like a woman, and a black square cap, and he has a book in each hand, and he seizes the boy who is reading the picture-book, and lays his head upon one of his books, and smacks it with the other. The boy makes faces, and so that picture disappears.

Now the boy has grown bigger. *He* has got on a black gown and cap, something like the dervish. He is at a table, with ever so many bottles on it, and fruit, and tobacco; and other young dervishes come in. They seem as if they were singing. To them enters an old moollah, he takes down their names, and orders them all to go to bed. What is this? a carriage, with four beautiful horses all galloping—a man in red is blowing a trumpet. Many young men are on the carriage—one of them is driving the horses. Surely they won't drive into that—ah! they have all disappeared! And now I see one of the young men alone. He is walking in a street—a dark street—presently a light comes to a window. There is the shadow of a lady who passes. He stands there till the light goes out. Now he is in a room scribbling on a piece of paper, and kissing a miniature every now and then. They seem to be lines each pretty much of a length. I can read *heart*, *smart*, *dart*; *Mary*, *fairy*; *Cupid*, *stupid*; *true*, *you*; and never mind what more. Bah! it is bosh. Now see, he has got a gown on again, and a wig of white hair on his head, and he is sitting with other dervishes in a great room full of them, and on a throne in the middle is an old Sultan in scarlet, sitting before a desk, and he wears a wig too—and the young man gets up and speaks to him. And now what is here? He is in a room with ever so many children, and the miniature hanging up. Can it be a likeness of that woman who is sitting before that copper urn, with a silver vase in her hand, from which she is pouring hot liquor into cups? Was *she* ever a fairy? She is as fat as a hippopotamus now. He is sitting on a divan by the fire. He has a paper on his knees. Read the name of the paper. It is the *Superfine Review*. It inclines to think that Mr. Dickens is not a true gentleman, that Mr. Thackeray is not a true gentleman, and that when the one is pert and the other is arch, we, the gentlemen of the *Superfine Review*, think, and think rightly, that we have some cause to be indignant. The great cause why modern humour and modern sentimentalism repel us, is that they are unwarrantably familiar. Now, Mr. Sterne, the *Superfine Reviewer* thinks, "was a true sentimentalist, because he was *above all things* a true gentleman." The flattering inference is obvious: let us be thankful for having an elegant moralist watching over us, and learn, if not too old, to imitate his highbred politeness and catch his unobtrusive grace. If we are unwarrantably familiar, we know who is not. If we repel by pertness, we know who never does. If our language offends, we know whose is always modest. O pity! The vision has disappeared off the silver, the images of youth and the past are vanishing away! We who have lived before railways were made, belong to another world. In how many hours could the Prince of Wales drive

from Brighton to London, with a light carriage built expressly, and relays of horses longing to gallop the next stage? Do you remember Sir Somebody, the coachman of the Age, who took our half-crown so affably? It was only yesterday; but what a gulph between now and then! *Then* was the old world. Stage-coaches, more or less swift, riding-horses, pack-horses, highwaymen, knights in armour, Norman invaders, Roman legions, Druids, Ancient Britons painted blue, and so forth—all these belong to the old period. I will concede a halt in the midst of it, and allow that gunpowder and printing tended to modernize the world. But your railroad starts the new era, and we of a certain age belong to the new time and the old one. We are of the time of chivalry as well as the Black Prince or Sir Walter Manny. We are of the age of steam. We have stepped out of the old world on to Brunel's vast deck, and across the waters *ingens patet tellus*. Towards what new continent are we wending? to what new laws, new manners, new politics, vast new expanses of liberties unknown as yet, or only surmised? I used to know a man who had invented a flying-machine. "Sir," he would say, "give me but five hundred pounds, and I will make it. It is so simple of construction that I tremble daily lest some other person should light upon and patent my discovery." Perhaps faith was wanting; perhaps the five hundred pounds. He is dead, and somebody else must make the flying-machine. But that will only be a step forward on the journey already begun since we quitted the old world. There it lies on the other side of yonder embankments. You young folks have never seen it; and Waterloo is to you no more than Agincourt, and George IV. than Sardanapalus. We elderly people have lived in that prærailroad world, which has passed into limbo and vanished from under us. I tell you it was firm under our feet once, and not long ago. They have raised those railroad embankments up, and shut off the old world that was behind them. Climb up that bank on which the irons are laid, and look to the other side—it is gone. There *is* no other side. Try and catch yesterday. Where is it? Here is a *Times* newspaper, dated Monday 26th, and this is Tuesday, 27th. Suppose you deny there was such a day as yesterday?

We who lived before railways, and survive out of the ancient world, are like Father Noah and his family out of the Ark. The children will gather round and say to us patriarchs, "Tell us, grandpapa, about the old world." And we shall mumble our old stories; and we shall drop off one by one; and there will be fewer and fewer of us, and these very old and feeble. There will be but ten prærailroadites left: then three—then two—then one—then 0! If the hippopotamus had the least sensibility (of which I cannot trace any signs either in his hide or his face), I think he would go down to the bottom of his tank, and never come up again. Does he not see that he belongs to bygone ages, and that his great hulking barrel of a body is out of place in these times? What has he in common with the brisk young life surrounding him? In the watches of the night, when the keepers are asleep, when the birds are

on one leg, when even the little armadillo is quiet, and the monkeys have ceased their chatter,—he, I mean the hippopotamus, and the elephant, and the long-necked giraffe, perhaps may lay their heads together and have a colloquy about the great silent antediluvian world which they remember, where mighty monsters floundered through the ooze, crocodiles basked on the banks, and dragons darted out of the caves and waters before men were made to slay them. We who lived before railways—are antediluvians —we must pass away. We are growing scarcer every day; and old—old—very old relicts of the times when George was still fighting the Dragon.

Not long since, a company of horse-riders paid a visit to our watering-place. We went to see them, and I bethought me that young Walter Juvenis, who was in the place, might like also to witness the performance. A pantomime is not always amusing to persons who have attained a certain age; but a boy at a pantomime is always amused and amusing, and, to see his pleasure, is good for most hypochondriacs.

We sent to Walter's mother, requesting that he might join us, and the kind lady replied that the boy had already been at the morning performance of the equestrians, but was most eager to go in the evening likewise. And go he did; and laughed at all Mr. Merryman's remarks, though he remembered them with remarkable accuracy, and insisted upon waiting to the very end of the fun, and was only induced to retire just before its conclusion by representations that the ladies of the party would be incommoded if they were to wait and undergo the rush and trample of the crowd round about. When this fact was pointed out to him, he yielded at once, though with a heavy heart, his eyes looking longingly towards the ring as we retreated out of the booth. We were scarcely clear of the place, when we heard "God save the King," played by the equestrian band, the signal that all was over. Our companion entertained us with scraps of the dialogue on our way home—precious crumbs of wit which he had brought away from that feast. He laughed over them again as we walked under the stars. He has them now, and takes them out of the pocket of his memory, and crunches a bit, and relishes it with a sentimental tenderness, too, for he is, no doubt, back at school by this time; the holidays are over; and Doctor Birch's young friends have reassembled.

Queer jokes, which caused a thousand simple mouths to grin! As the jaded Merryman uttered them to the old gentleman with the whip, some of the old folks in the audience, I daresay, indulged in reflections of their own. There was one joke—I utterly forget it—but it began with Merryman saying what he had for dinner. He had mutton for dinner, at one o'clock, after which "he had to *come to business*." And then came the point. Walter Juvenis, Esq., Rev. Doctor Birch's, Market Rodborough, if you read this, will you please send me a line, and let me know what was the joke Mr. Merryman made about having his dinner? *You* remember well enough. But do I want to know? Suppose a boy takes a favourite, long-cherished lump of cake out of his pocket, and offers you a bite? *Merci!* The fact is, I *don't* care much about knowing that joke of Mr. Merryman's.

But whilst he was talking about his dinner, and his mutton, and his landlord, and his business, I felt a great interest about Mr. M. in private life—about his wife, lodgings, earnings, and general history, and I daresay was forming a picture of those in my mind:—wife cooking the mutton; children waiting for it; Merryman in his plain clothes, and so forth; during which contemplation the joke was uttered and laughed at, and Mr. M., resuming his professional duties, was tumbling over head and heels. Do not suppose I am going, *sicut est mos*, to indulge in moralities about buffoons, paint, motley, and mountebanking. Nay, Prime Ministers rehearse their jokes; Opposition leaders prepare and polish them; Tabernacle preachers must arrange them in their mind before they utter them. All I mean is, that I would like to know any one of these performers thoroughly, and out of his uniform: that preacher, and why in his travels this and that point struck him; wherein lies his power of pathos, humour, eloquence;—that Minister of State, and what moves him, and how his private heart is working;—I would only say that, at a certain time of life certain things cease to interest: but about *some* things when we cease to care, what will be the use of life, sight, hearing? Poems are written, and we cease to admire. Lady Jones invites us, and we yawn; she ceases to invite us, and we are resigned. The last time I saw a ballet at the opera—oh! it is many years ago—I fell asleep in the stalls, wagging my head in insane dreams, and I hope affording amusement to the company, while the feet of five hundred nymphs were cutting flicflacs on the stage at a few paces' distance. Ah! I remember a different state of things! *Credite posteri.* To see those nymphs—gracious powers, how beautiful they were! That leering, painted, shrivelled, thin-armed, thick-ankled old thing, cutting dreary capers, coming thumping down on her board out of time—*that* an opera-dancer? Pooh! My dear Walter, the great difference between *my* time and yours, who will enter life some two or three years hence, is that, now, the dancing women and singing women are ludicrously old, out of time, and out of tune; the paint is so visible, and the dinge and wrinkles of their wretched old cotton stockings, that I am surprised how anybody can like to look at them. And as for laughing at *me* for falling asleep, I can't understand a man of sense doing otherwise. In *my* time, *à la bonne heure*. In the reign of George IV., I give you my honour, all the dancers at the opera were as beautiful as Houris. Even in William IV.'s time, when I think of Duvernay prancing in as the Bayadère,—I say it was a vision of loveliness such as mortal eyes can't see now-a-days. How well I remember the tune to which she used to appear! Kaled used to say to the Sultan, "My lord, a troop of those dancing and sing-ging gurls called Bayadères approaches," and, to the clash of cymbals, and the thumping of my heart, in she used to dance! There has never been anything like it—never. There never will be—I laugh to scorn old people who tell me about your Noblet, your Montessu, your Vestris, your Parisot—pshaw, the senile twaddlers! And the impudence of the young men, with their music and their dancers of to-day!

I tell you the women are dreary old creatures. I tell you one air in an opera is just like another, and they send all rational creatures to sleep. Ah, Ronzi de Begnis, thou lovely one! Ah, Caradori, thou smiling angel! Ah, Malibran! Nay, I will come to modern times, and acknowledge that Lablache was a very good singer thirty years ago (though Porto was the boy for me); and then we had Ambrogetti, and Curioni, and Donzelli, a rising young singer.

But what is most certain and lamentable is the decay of stage beauty since the days of George IV. Think of Sontag! I remember her in *Otello* and the *Donna del Lago* in '28. I remember being behind the scenes at the opera (where numbers of us young fellows of fashion used to go), and seeing Sontag let her hair fall down over her shoulders previous to her murder by Donzelli. Young fellows have never seen beauty like *that*, heard such a voice, seen such hair, such eyes. Don't tell *me!* A man who has been about town since the reign of George IV., ought he not to know better than you, young lads who have seen nothing? The deterioration of women is lamentable; and the conceit of the young fellows more lamentable still, that they won't see this fact, but persist in thinking their time as good as ours.

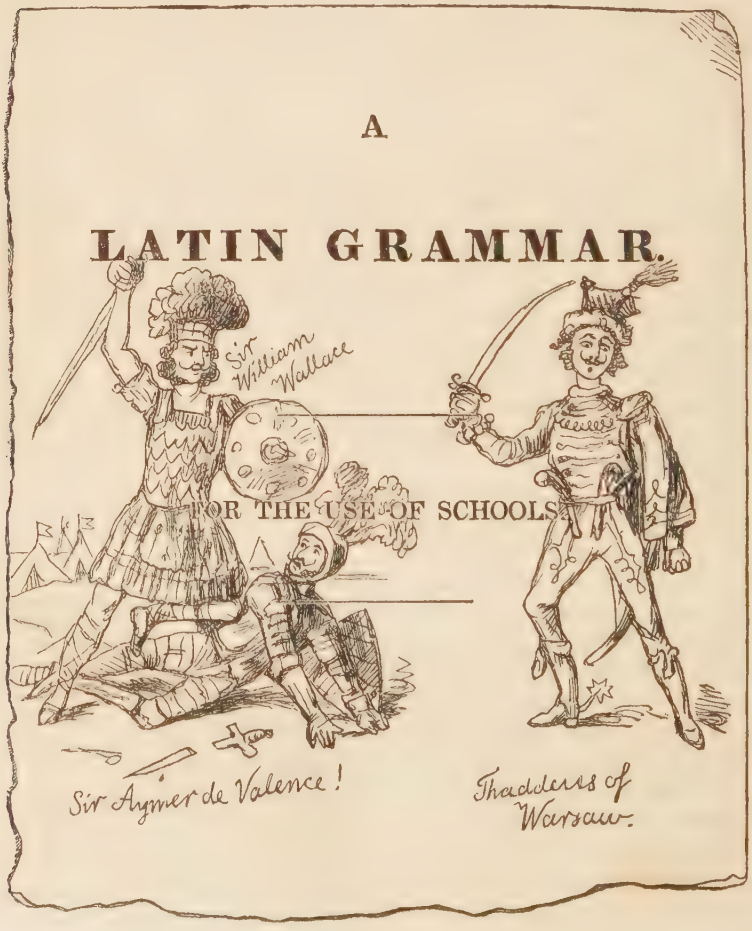
Bless me! when I was a lad, the stage was covered with angels, who sang, acted, and danced. When I remember the Adelphi, and the actresses there: when I think of Miss Chester, and Miss Love, and Mrs. Serle at Sadler's Wells, and her forty glorious pupils—of the Opera and Noblet, and the exquisite young Taglioni, and Pauline Leroux, and a host more! One much-admired being of those days I confess I never cared for, and that was the chief *male* dancer—a very important personage then, with a bare neck, bare arms, a tunic, and a hat and feathers, who used to divide the applause with the ladies, and who has now sunk down a trap-door for ever. And this frank admission ought to show that I am not your mere twaddling *laudator temporis acti*—your old fogey who can see no good except in his own time.

They say that claret is better now-a-days, and cookery much improved since the days of *my* monarch—of George IV. *Pastry Cookery* is certainly not so good. I have often eaten half-a-crown's worth (including, I trust, ginger-beer) at our school pastrycook's, and that is a proof that the pastry must have been very good, for could I do as much now? I passed by the pastrycook's shop lately, having occasion to visit my old school. It looked a very dingy old baker's; misfortunes may have come over him—those penny tarts certainly did *not* look so nice as I remember them: but he may have grown careless as he has grown old (I should judge him to be now about 96 years of age), and his hand may have lost its cunning.

Not that we were not great epicures. I remember how we constantly grumbled at the quantity of the food in our master's house—which on my conscience I believe was excellent and plentiful—and how we tried once or twice to eat him out of house and home. At the pastrycook's we may have over-eaten ourselves (I have admitted half-a-crown's worth

for my own part, but I don't like to mention the *real* figure for fear of perverting the present generation of boys by my monstrous confession)—we may have eaten too much, I say. We did; but what then? The school apothecary was sent for: a couple of small globules at night, a trifling preparation of senna in the morning, and we had not to go to school, so that the draught was an actual pleasure.

For our amusements, besides the games in vogue, which were pretty much in old times as they are now (except cricket, *par exemple*—and I wish the present youth joy of their bowling, and suppose Armstrong and Whitworth will bowl at them with light field-pieces next), there were novels—ah! I trouble you to find such novels in the present day! O Scottish Chiefs, didn't we weep over you! O Mysteries of Udolfo, didn't I and Briggs minor draw pictures out of you, as I have said? This was the sort of thing: this was the fashion in *our* day:—



Efforts, feeble indeed, but still giving pleasure to us and our friends. "I say, old boy, draw us Vivaldi tortured in the Inquisition," or, "Draw us Don Quixote and the windmills, you know," amateurs would say, to boys who had a love of drawing. *Peregrine Pickle* we liked, our fathers admiring it, and telling us (the sly old boys) it was capital fun; but I think I was rather bewildered by it, though Roderick Random was and remains delightful. I don't remember having Sterne in the school library, no doubt because the works of that divine were not considered decent for young people. Ah! not against thy genius, O father of Uncle Toby and Trim, would I say a word in disrespect. But I am thankful to live in times when men no longer have the temptation to write so as to call blushes on women's cheeks, and would shame to whisper wicked allusions to honest boys. Then, above all, we had Walter Scott, the kindly, the generous, the pure—the companion of what countless delightful hours; the purveyor of how much happiness; the friend whom we recall as the constant benefactor of our youth! How well I remember the type and the brownish paper of the old duodecimo *Tales of My Landlord!* I have never dared to read the *Pirate*, and the *Bride of Lammermoor*, or *Kenilworth*, from that day to this, because the finale is unhappy, and people die, and are murdered at the end. But *Ivanhoe*, and *Quentin Durward!* Oh! for a half-holiday, and a quiet corner, and one of those books again! Those books, and perhaps those eyes with which we read them; and, it may be, the brains behind the eyes! It may be the tart was good; but how fresh the appetite was! If the gods would give me the desire of my heart, I should be able to write a story which boys would relish for the next few dozen of centuries. The boy-critic loves the story: grown up, he loves the author who wrote the story. Hence the kindly tie is established between writer and reader, and lasts pretty nearly for life. I meet people now who don't care for Walter Scott, or the *Arabian Nights;* I am sorry for them, unless they in their time have found *their* romancer—their charming Scheherazade. By the way, Walter, when you are writing, tell me who is the favourite novelist in the fourth form now? Have you got anything so good and kindly as dear Miss Edgeworth's *Frank?* It used to belong to a fellow's sisters generally; but though he pretended to despise it, and said, "Oh, stuff for girls!" he read it; and I think there were one or two passages which would try my eyes now, were I to meet with the little book.

As for Thomas and Jeremiah (it is only my witty way of calling Tom and Jerry), I went to the British Museum the other day on purpose to get it; but somehow, if you will press the question so closely, on reperusal, Tom and Jerry is not so brilliant as I had supposed it to be. The pictures are just as fine as ever; and I shook hands with broad-backed Jerry Hawthorn and Corinthian Tom with delight, after many years' absence. But the style of the writing, I own, was not pleasing to me; I even thought it a little vulgar—well! well! other writers have been considered vulgar—

and as a description of the sports and amusements of London in the ancient times, more curious than amusing.

But the pictures!—oh! the pictures are noble still! First, there is Jerry arriving from the country, in a green coat and leather gaiters, and being measured for a fashionable suit at Corinthian House, by Corinthian Tom's tailor. Then away for the career of pleasure and fashion. The park! delicious excitement—the theatre! the saloon!! the green-room!!! rapturous bliss—the opera itself! and then perhaps to Temple Bar, to *knock down a Charley* there! There are Jerry and Tom, with their tights and little cocked hats, coming from the opera—very much as gentlemen in waiting on royalty are habited now. There they are at Almack's itself, amidst a crowd of high-bred personages, with the Duke of Clarence himself looking at them dancing. Now, strange change, they are in Tom Cribb's parlour, where they don't seem to be a whit less at home than in fashion's gilded halls; and now they are at Newgate, seeing the irons knocked off the malefactors' legs previous to execution. What hardened ferocity in the countenance of the desperado in yellow breeches! What compunction in the face of the gentleman in black (who, I suppose, has been forging), and who clasps his hands, and listens to the chaplain! Now we haste away to merrier scenes: to Tattersall's (ah! gracious powers! what a funny fellow that actor was who performed Dicky Green in that scene at the play!); and now we are at a private party, at which Corinthian Tom is waltzing (and very gracefully, too, as you must confess) with Corinthian Kate, whilst Bob Logic, the Oxonian, is playing on the piano!

"After," the text says, "*the Oxonian* had played several pieces of lively music, he requested as a favour that Kate and his friend Tom would perform a waltz. Kate without any hesitation immediately stood up. Tom offered his hand to his fascinating partner, and the dance took place. The plate conveys a correct representation of the 'gay scene' at that precise moment. The anxiety of *the Oxonian* to witness the attitudes of the elegant pair, had nearly put a stop to their movements. On turning round from the pianoforte and presenting his comical *mug*, Kate could scarcely suppress a laugh."

And no wonder; just look at it now (as I have copied it to the best of my humble ability), and compare Master Logic's countenance and attitude with the splendid elegance of Tom! Now every London man is weary and *blasé*. There is an enjoyment of life in these young bucks of 1823, which contrasts strangely with our feelings of 1860. Here, for instance, is a specimen of their talk and walk. "'If,' says Logic—'if *enjoyment* is your *motto*, you may make the most of an evening at Vauxhall, more than at any other place in the metropolis. It is all free and easy. Stay as long as you like, and depart when you think proper.'—'Your description is so flattering,' replied Jerry, 'that I do not care how soon the time arrives for us to start.' Logic proposed a '*bit of a stroll*' in order to get rid of

an hour or two, which was immediately accepted by Tom and Jerry. A *turn* or two in Bond Street, a *stroll* through Piccadilly, a *look in* at TATTERSALL'S, a *ramble* through Pall Mall, and a *strut* on the Corinthian path, fully occupied the time of our heroes until the hour for dinner arrived, when a few glasses of TOM'S rich wines soon put them on the *qui vive*. VAUXHALL was then the object in view, and the TRIO started, bent upon enjoying the pleasures which this place so amply affords."

How nobly those inverted commas, those italics, those capitals, bring out the writer's wit and relieve the eye! They are as good as jokes, though you mayn't quite perceive the point. Mark the varieties of lounge in which the young men indulge—now a *stroll*, then a *look in*, then *a ramble*, and presently *a strut*. When George, Prince of Wales, was 20, I have read in an old Magazine, "the Prince's lounge" was a peculiar manner of walking which the young bucks imitated. At Windsor George III. had *a cat's path*—a sly early walk which the good old king took in the gray morning before his household was astir. What was the Corinthian path here recorded? Does any antiquary know? And what were the rich wines which our friends took, and which enabled them to enjoy Vauxhall? Vauxhall is gone, but the wines which could occasion

such a delightful perversion of the intellect as to enable it to enjoy ample pleasures there, what were they?

So the game of life proceeds, until Jerry Hawthorn, the rustic, is fairly knocked up by all this excitement and is forced to go home, and the last picture represents him getting into the coach at the White Horse Cellar, he being one of six inside; whilst his friends shake him by the hand; whilst the sailor mounts on the roof; whilst the Jews hang round with oranges, knives, and sealing-wax; whilst the guard is closing the door. Where are they now, those sealing-wax vendors? where are the guards? where are the jolly teams? where are the coaches? and where the youth that climbed inside and out of them; that heard the merry horn which sounds no more; that saw the sunrise over Stonehenge; that rubbed away the bitter tears at night after parting, as the coach sped on the journey to school and London; that looked out with beating heart as the milestones flew by, for the welcome corner where began home and holidays?

It is night now: and here is home. Gathered under the quiet roof, elders and children lie alike at rest. In the midst of a great peace and calm, the stars look out from the heavens. The silence is peopled with the past; sorrowful remorses for sins and shortcomings—memories of passionate joys and griefs rise out of their graves, both now alike calm and sad. Eyes, as I shut mine, look at me, that have long ceased to shine. The town and the fair landscape sleep under the starlight, wreathed in the autumn mists. Twinkling among the houses a light keeps watch here and there, in what may be a sick chamber or two. The clock tolls sweetly in the silent air. Here is night and rest. An awful sense of thanks makes the heart swell, and the head bow, as I pass to my room through the sleeping house, and feel as though a hushed blessing were upon it.

LAST WORDS.

THE

CORNHILL MAGAZINE.

NOVEMBER, 1860.

Last Words.

Will, are you sitting and watching there yet? And I know, by a certain skill
That grows out of utter wakefulness, the night must be far spent, Will:
For, lying awake so many a night, I have learn'd at last to catch
From the crowing cock, and the clanging clock, and the sound of the beating watch,
A misty sense of the measureless march of Time, as he passes here,
Leaving my life behind him; and I know that the dawn is near. [night,
But you have been watching three nights, Will, and you look'd so wan to-
I thought, as I saw you sitting there, in the sad monotonous light
Of the moody night-lamp near you, that I could not choose but close
My lids as fast, and lie as still, as tho' I lay in a doze:
For, I thought, "He will deem I am dreaming, and then he may steal away,
And sleep a little: and this will be well." And truly, I dream'd, as I lay
Wide awake, but all as quiet, as tho', the last office done, [anon.
They had streak'd me out for the grave, Will, to which they will bear me
Dream'd; for old things and places came dancing about my brain,
Like ghosts that dance in an empty house: and my thoughts went slipping again
By green back-ways forgotten to a stiller circle of time,
Where violets, faded for ever, seem'd blowing as once in their prime:
And I fancied that you and I, Will, were boys again as of old,
At dawn on the hill-top together, at eve in the field by the fold;
Till the thought of this was growing too wildly sweet to be borne,
And I op'd my eyes, and turn'd me round, and there, in the light forlorn,
I find you sitting beside me. But the dawn is at hand, I know.
Sleep a little. I shall not die to-night. You may leave me. Go.
Eh! is it time for the drink? must you mix it? it does me no good.
But thanks, old friend, true friend! I would live for your sake, if I could.
Ay, there are some good things in life, that fall not away with the rest.
And, of all best things upon earth, I hold that a faithful friend is the best.
For woman, Will, is a thorny flower: it breaks, and we bleed and smart:
The blossom falls at the fairest, and the thorn runs into the heart.

And woman's love is a bitter fruit; and, however he bite it, or sip,
There's many a man has lived to curse the taste of that fruit on his lip.
But never was any man yet, as I ween, be he whosoever he may,
That has known what a true friend is, Will, and wish'd that knowledge away.
You were proud of my promise, faithful despite of my fall,
Sad when the world seem'd over sweet, sweet when the world turn'd gall:
When I cloak'd myself in the pride of praise from what God grieved to see,
You saw thro' the glittering lie of it all, and silently mourn'd for me:
When the world took back what the world had given, and scorn with praise chang'd place,
I, from my sackcloth and ashes, look'd up, and saw hope glow on your face:
Therefore, fair weather be yours, Will, whether it shines or pours,
And, if I can slip from out of my grave, my spirit will visit yours.

O woman eyes that have smiled and smiled, O woman lips that have kist
The life-blood out of my heart, why thus for ever do you persist,
Pressing out of the dark all round, to bewilder my dying hours
With your ghostly sorceries brew'd from the breath of your poison flowers?
Still, tho' the idol be broken, I see at their ancient revels,
The riven altar around, come dancing the selfsame devils.
Lente currite, lente currite, noctis equi!
Linger a little, O Time, and let me be saved ere I die.
How many a night 'neath her window have I walk'd in the wind and rain,
Only to look at her shadow fleet over the lighted pane.
Alas! 'twas the shadow that rested, 'twas herself that fleeted, you see,
And now I am dying, I know it:—dying, and where is she!
Dancing divinely, perchance, or, over her soft harp strings,
Using the past to give pathos to the little new song that she sings.
Bitter? I dare not be bitter in the few last hours left to live.
Needing so much forgiveness, God grant me at least to forgive.
There can be no space for the ghost of her face down in the narrow room,
And the mole is blind, and the worm is mute, and there must be rest in the tomb.
And just one failure more or less to a life that seems to be
(Whilst I lie looking upon it, as a bird on the broken tree
She hovers about, ere making wing for a land of lovelier growth,
Brighter blossom, and purer air, somewhere far off in the south,)
Failure, crowning failure, failure from end to end,
Just one more or less, what matter, to the many no grief can mend?
Not to know vice is virtue, not fate, however men rave:
And, next to this I hold that man to be but a coward and slave
Who bears the plague-spot about him, and, knowing it, shrinks or fears
To brand it out, tho' the burning knife should hiss in his heart's hot tears.
But I have caught the contagion of a world that I never loved,
Pleased myself with approval of those that I never approved,

Palter'd with pleasures that pleased not, and fame where no fame could be,
And how shall I look, do you think, Will, when the angels are looking on me?
Yet oh! the confident spirit once mine, to dare and to do!
Take the world into my hand, and shape it, and make it anew:
Gather all men in my purpose, men in their darkness and dearth,
Men in their meanness and misery, made of the dust of the earth,
Mould them afresh, and make out of them Man, with his spirit sublime,
Man, the great heir of Eternity, dragging the conquests of Time!
Therefore I mingled among them, deeming the poet should hold
All natures saved in his own, as the world in the ark was of old;
All natures saved in his own to be types of a nobler race,
When the old world passeth away and the new world taketh his place.
Triple fool in my folly! purblind and impotent worm,
Thinking to move the world, who could not myself stand firm!
Cheat of a worn-out trick, as one that on ship-board roves
Wherever the wind may blow, still deeming the continent moves!
Blowing the frothy bubble of life's brittle purpose away;
Child, ever chasing the morrow, who now cannot ransom a day:
Still I call'd Fame to lead onward, forgetting she follows behind
Those who know whither they walk thro' the praise or dispraise of mankind.
All my life (looking back on it) shows like the broken stair
That winds round a ruin'd tower, and never will lead anywhere.
Friend, lay your hand in my own, and swear to me, when you have seen
My body borne out from the door, ere the grass on my grave shall be green,
You will burn every book I have written. And so perish, one and all,
Each trace of the struggle that fail'd with the life that I cannot recall.
Dust and ashes, earth's dross, which the mattock may give to the mole!
Something, tho' stain'd and defaced, survives, as I trust, with the soul.

Something? . . . Ay, something comes back to me . . . Think! that I might have been . . . what?
Almost, I fancy at times, what I meant to have been, and am not.
Where was the fault? Was it strength fell short? And yet (I can speak of it now)
How my spirit sung like the resonant nerve of a warrior's battle bow
When the shaft has leapt from the string, what time, her first bright banner unfurl'd,
Song aim'd her arrowy purpose in me sharp at the heart of the world.
Was it the hand that falter'd, unskill'd? or was it the eye that deceived?
However I reason it out, there remains a failure time has not retrieved.
I said I would live in all lives that beat, and love in all loves that be:
I would crown me lord of all passions; and the passions were lords of me.
I would compass every circle, I would enter at every door,
In the starry spiral of science, and the labyrinth of lore,

Only to follow the flying foot of love to his last retreat.
Fool! that with man's all-imperfect would circumscribe God's all-complete!
Arrogant error! whereby I starved like the fool in the fable of old,
Whom the gods destroyed by the gift he craved, turning all things to gold.
Be wise: know what to leave unknown. The flowers bloom on the brink,
But black death lurks at the bottom. Help men to enjoy, not to think,
O poet to whom I give place! cull the latest effect, leave the cause.
Few that dive for the pearl of the deep but are crush'd in the kraken's jaws.
While the harp of Arion is heard at eve over the glimmering ocean:
He floats in the foam, on the dolphin's back, gliding with gentle motion,
Over the rolling water, under the light of the beaming star,
And the nymphs, half asleep on the surface, sail moving his musical car.
A little knowledge will turn youth grey. And I stood, chill in the sun,
Naming you each of the roses; blest by the beauty of none.
My song had an after-savour of the salt of many tears,
Or it burn'd with a bitter foretaste of the end as it now appears:
And the world that had paused to listen awhile, because the first notes were gay, [to say?
Pass'd on its way with a sneer and a smile: "Has he nothing fresher
This poet's mind was a weedy flower that presently comes to nought!"
For the world was not so sad but what my song was sadder, it thought.
Comfort me not. For if aught be worse than failure from over-stress
Of a life's prime purpose, it is to sit down content with a little success.
Talk not of genius baffled. Genius is master of man.
Genius does what it must, and talent does what it can.
Blot out my name, that the spirits of Shakspeare and Milton and Burns
Look not down on the praises of fools with a pity my soul yet spurns.
And yet, had I only the trick of an aptitude shrewd of its kind,
I should have lived longer, I think, more merry of heart and of mind.
Surely I knew (who better?) the innermost secret of each
Bird, and beast, and flower. Failed I to give to them speech?
All the pale spirits of storm, that sail down streams of the wind,
Cleaving the thunder-cloud, with wild hair blowing behind;
All the soft seraphs that float in the light of the crimson eve,
When Hesper begins to glitter, and the heavy woodland to heave:
All the white nymphs of the water that dwell mid the lilies alone:
And the buskin'd maids for the love of whom the hoary oak trees groan;
They came to my call in the forest; they crept to my feet from the river: [breathless endeavour
They softly look'd out of the sky when I sung, and their wings beat with
The blocks of the broken thunder piling their stormy lattices,
Over the moaning mountain walls, and over the sobbing seas.
So many more reproachful faces around my bed!
Voices moaning about me: "Ah! couldst thou not heed what we said?"

Peace to the past! it skills not now: these thoughts that vex it in vain
Are but the dust of a broken purpose blowing about the brain
Which presently will be tenantless, when the wanton worms carouse,
And the mole builds over my bones his little windowless house.
It is growing darker and stranger, Will, and colder—dark and cold,
Dark and cold! Is the lamp gone out? Give me thy hand to hold.
No: 'tis life's brief candle burning down. Tears? tears, Will! Why,
This which we call dying is only ceasing to die.
It is but the giving over a game all lose. Fear life, not death.
The hard thing was to live, Will. To whatever bourne this breath
Is going, the way is easy now. With flowers and music, life,
Like a pagan sacrifice, leads us along to this dark High Priest with the knife. [friend,
I have been too peevish at mere mischance. For whether we build it,
Of brick or jasper, life's large base dwindles into this point at the end,
A kind of nothing! Who knows whether 'tis fittest to weep or laugh
At those thin curtains the spider spins o'er each dusty epitaph?
I talk wildly. But this I know, that not even the best and first,
When all is done, can claim by desert what even to the last and worst
Of us weak workmen, God from the depth of his infinite mercy giveth.
These bones shall rest in peace, for I know that my Redeemer liveth.
Doubtful images come and go; and I seem to be passing them by.
Bubbles these be of the mind, which show that the stream is hurrying nigh
To the home of waters. Already I feel, in a sort of still sweet awe,
The great main current of all that I am beginning to draw and draw
Into perfect peace. I attain at last! Life's a long, long reaching out
Of the soul to something beyond her. Now comes the end of all doubt.
The vanishing point in the picture! I have utter'd weak words to-night,
And foolish. A thousand failures, what are these in the sight
Of the One All-Perfect who, whether man fails in his work, or succeeds,
Builds surely, solemnly up from our broken days and deeds
The infinite purpose of time. We are but day labourers all,
Early or late, or first or last at the gate in the vineyard wall.
Lord! if, in love, tho' fainting oft, I have tended thy gracious Vine,
Oh! quench the thirst on these dying lips, Thou who pourest the wine.
Hush! I am in the way to study a long, long silence now.
I know at last what I cannot tell: I see what I may not shew.
Pray awhile for my soul. Then sleep. There is nothing in this to fear.
I shall sleep into death. Night sleeps. The hoarse wolf howls not near,
No dull owl beats the casement, and no rough-bearded star
Stares on my mild departure from yon dark window bar.
Nature takes no notice of those that are coming or going.
To-morrow make ready my grave, Will. To-morrow new flowers will be blowing.

OWEN MEREDITH.

Framley Parsonage.

CHAPTER XXXI.

Salmon Fishing in Norway.

Lord Dumbello's engagement with Griselda Grantly was the talk of the town for the next ten days. It formed, at least, one of two subjects which monopolized attention, the other being that dreadful rumour, first put in motion by Tom Towers at Miss Dunstable's party, as to a threatened dissolution of Parliament.

"Perhaps, after all, it will be the best thing for us," said Mr. Green Walker, who felt himself to be tolerably safe at Crewe Junction.

"I regard it as a most wicked attempt," said Harold Smith, who was not equally secure in his own borough, and to whom the expense of an election was disagreeable. "It is done in order that they may get time to tide over the autumn. They won't gain ten votes by a dissolution, and less than forty would hardly give them a majority. But they have no sense of public duty—none whatever. Indeed, I don't know who has."

"No, by Jove; that's just it. That's what my aunt Lady Hartletop says; there is no sense of duty left in the world. By-the-by, what an uncommon fool Dumbello is making himself!" And then the conversation went off to that other topic.

Lord Lufton's joke against himself about the willow branches was all very well, and nobody dreamed that his heart was sore in that matter. The world was laughing at Lord Dumbello for what it chose to call a foolish match, and Lord Lufton's friends talked to him about it as though they had never suspected that he could have made an ass of himself in the same direction; but, nevertheless, he was not altogether contented. He by no means wished to marry Griselda; he had declared to himself a dozen times since he had first suspected his mother's manœuvres, that no consideration on earth should induce him to do so; he had pronounced her to be cold, insipid, and unattractive in spite of her beauty; and yet he felt almost angry that Lord Dumbello should have been successful. And this, too, was the more inexcusable, seeing that he had never forgotten Lucy Robarts, had never ceased to love her, and that, in holding those various conversations within his own bosom, he was as loud in Lucy's favour as he was in dispraise of Griselda.

"Your hero, then," I hear some well-balanced critic say, "is not worth very much."

In the first place Lord Lufton is not my hero; and in the next place, a man may be very imperfect and yet worth a great deal. A man may be as imperfect as Lord Lufton, and yet worthy of a good mother and a good

wife. If not, how many of us are unworthy of the mothers and wives we have! It is my belief that few young men settle themselves down to the work of the world, to the begetting of children, and carving and paying and struggling and fretting for the same, without having first been in love with four or five possible mothers for them, and probably with two or three at the same time. And yet these men are, as a rule, worthy of the excellent wives that ultimately fall to their lot. In this way Lord Lufton had, to a certain extent, been in love with Griselda. There had been one moment in his life in which he would have offered her his hand, had not her discretion been so excellent; and though that moment never returned, still he suffered from some feeling akin to disappointment, when he learned that Griselda had been won and was to be worn. He was, then, a dog in the manger, you will say. Well; and are we not all dogs in the manger, more or less actively? Is not that manger-doggishness one of the most common phases of the human heart?

But not the less was Lord Lufton truly in love with Lucy Robarts. Had he fancied that any Dumbello was carrying on a siege before that fortress, his vexation would have manifested itself in a very different manner. He could joke about Griselda Grantly with a frank face and a happy tone of voice; but had he heard of any tidings of a similar import with reference to Lucy, he would have been past all joking, and I much doubt whether it would not even have affected his appetite.

"Mother," he said to Lady Lufton a day or two after the declaration of Griselda's engagement, "I am going to Norway to fish."

"To Norway,—to fish!"

"Yes. We've got rather a nice party. Clontarf is going, and Culpepper ——"

"What, that horrid man!"

"He's an excellent hand at fishing;—and Haddington Peebles, and—and—there'll be six of us altogether; and we start this day week."

"That's rather sudden, Ludovic."

"Yes, it is sudden; but we're sick of London. I should not care to go so soon myself, but Clontarf and Culpepper say that the season is early this year. I must go down to Framley before I start—about my horses; and therefore I came to tell you that I shall be there to-morrow."

"At Framley to-morrow! If you could put it off for three days I should be going myself."

But Lord Lufton could not put it off for three days. It may be that on this occasion he did not wish for his mother's presence at Framley while he was there; that he conceived that he should be more at his ease in giving orders about his stable if he were alone while so employed. At any rate he declined her company, and on the following morning did go down to Framley by himself.

"Mark," said Mrs. Robarts, hurrying into her husband's book-room about the middle of the day, "Lord Lufton is at home. Have you heard it?"

"What; here at Framley?"

"He is over at Framley Court; so the servants say. Carson saw him in the paddock with some of the horses. Won't you go and see him?"

"Of course I will," said Mark, shutting up his papers. "Lady Lufton can't be here, and if he is alone he will probably come and dine."

"I don't know about that," said Mrs. Robarts, thinking of poor Lucy.

"He is not in the least particular. What does for us will do for him. I shall ask him, at any rate." And without further parley the clergyman took up his hat and went off in search of his friend.

Lucy Robarts had been present when the gardener brought in tidings of Lord Lufton's arrival at Framley, and was aware that Fanny had gone to tell her husband.

"He won't come here, will he?" she said, as soon as Mrs. Robarts returned.

"I can't say," said Fanny. "I hope not. He ought not to do so, and I don't think he will. But Mark says that he will ask him to dinner."

"Then, Fanny, I must be taken ill. There is nothing else for it."

"I don't think he will come. I don't think he can be so cruel. Indeed, I feel sure that he won't; but I thought it right to tell you."

Lucy also conceived that it was improbable that Lord Lufton should come to the parsonage under the present circumstances; and she declared to herself that it would not be possible that she should appear at table if he did do so; but, nevertheless, the idea of his being at Framley was, perhaps, not altogether painful to her. She did not recognize any pleasure as coming to her from his arrival, but still there was something in his presence which was, unconsciously to herself, soothing to her feelings. But that terrible question remained;—how was she to act if it should turn out that he was coming to dinner?

"If he does come, Fanny," she said, solemnly, after a pause, "I must keep to my own room, and leave Mark to think what he pleases. It will be better for me to make a fool of myself there, than in his presence in the drawing-room."

Mark Robarts took his hat and stick and went over at once to the home paddock, in which he knew that Lord Lufton was engaged with the horse and groom. He also was in no supremely happy frame of mind, for his correspondence with Mr. Tozer was on the increase. He had received notice from that indefatigable gentleman that certain "overdue bills" were now lying at the bank in Barchester, and were very desirous of his, Mr. Robarts's, notice. A concatenation of certain peculiarly unfortunate circumstances made it indispensably necessary that Mr. Tozer should be repaid, without further loss of time, the various sums of money which he had advanced on the credit of Mr. Robarts's name, &c. &c. &c. No absolute threat was put forth, and, singular to say, no actual amount was named. Mr. Robarts, however, could not but observe, with a most painfully accurate attention, that mention was made, not of an overdue bill,

but of overdue bills. What if Mr. Tozer were to demand from him the instant repayment of nine hundred pounds? Hitherto he had merely written to Mr. Sowerby, and he might have had an answer from that gentleman this morning, but no such answer had as yet reached him. Consequently he was not, at the present moment, in a very happy frame of mind.

He soon found himself with Lord Lufton and the horses. Four or five of them were being walked slowly about the paddock, in the care of as many men or boys, and the sheets were being taken off them—off one after another, so that their master might look at them with the more accuracy and satisfaction. But though Lord Lufton was thus doing his duty, and going through his work, he was not doing it with his whole heart,—as the head groom perceived very well. He was fretful about the nags, and seemed anxious to get them out of his sight, as soon as he had made a decent pretext of looking at them.

"How are you, Lufton?" said Robarts, coming forward. "They told me that you were down, and so I came across at once."

"Yes; I only got here this morning, and should have been over with you directly. I am going to Norway for six weeks or so, and it seems that the fish are so early this year, that we must start at once. I have a matter on which I want to speak to you before I leave; and, indeed, it was that which brought me down more than anything else."

There was something hurried and not altogether easy about his manner as he spoke, which struck Robarts, and made him think that this promised matter to be spoken of would not be agreeable in discussion. He did not know whether Lord Lufton might not again be mixed up with Tozer and the bills.

"You will dine with us to-day," he said, "if, as I suppose, you are all alone."

"Yes, I am all alone."

"Then you'll come?"

"Well; I don't quite know. No, I don't think I can go over to dinner. Don't look so disgusted. I'll explain it all to you just now."

What could there be in the wind; and how was it possible that Tozer's bill should make it inexpedient for Lord Lufton to dine at the parsonage? Robarts, however, said nothing further about it at the moment, but turned off to look at the horses.

"They are an uncommonly nice set of animals," said he.

"Well, yes; I don't know. When a man has four or five horses to look at, somehow or other he never has one fit to go. That chesnut mare is a picture, now that nobody wants her; but she wasn't able to carry me well to hounds a single day last winter. Take them in, Pounce; that'll do."

"Won't your lordship run your eye over the old black 'oss?" said Pounce, the head groom, in a melancholy tone; "he's as fine, sir—as fine as a stag."

"To tell you the truth, I think they're too fine; but that'll do; take

them in. And now, Mark, if you're at leisure, we'll take a turn round the place."

Mark, of course, was at leisure, and so they started on their walk.

"You're too difficult to please about your stable," Robarts began.

"Never mind the stable now," said Lord Lufton. "The truth is, I am not thinking about it. Mark," he then said, very abruptly, "I want you to be frank with me. Has your sister ever spoken to you about me?"

"My sister; Lucy?"

"Yes; your sister Lucy."

"No, never; at least nothing especial; nothing that I can remember at this moment."

"Nor your wife?"

"Spoken about you!—Fanny? Of course she has, in an ordinary way. It would be impossible that she should not. But what do you mean?"

"Have either of them told you that I made an offer to your sister?"

"That you made an offer to Lucy?"

"Yes, that I made an offer to Lucy."

"No; nobody has told me so. I have never dreamed of such a thing; nor, as far as I believe, have they. If anybody has spread such report, or said that either of them have hinted at such a thing, it is a base lie. Good heavens! Lufton, for what do you take them?"

"But I did," said his lordship.

"Did what?" said the parson.

"I did make your sister an offer."

"You made Lucy an offer of marriage!"

"Yes, I did;—in as plain language as a gentleman could use to a lady."

"And what answer did she make?"

"She refused me. And now, Mark, I have come down here with the express purpose of making that offer again. Nothing could be more decided than your sister's answer. It struck me as being almost uncourteously decided. But still it is possible that circumstances may have weighed with her, which ought not to weigh with her. If her love be not given to any one else, I may still have a chance of it. It's the old story of faint heart, you know: at any rate, I mean to try my luck again; and thinking over it with deliberate purpose, I have come to the conclusion that I ought to tell you before I see her."

Lord Lufton in love with Lucy! As these words repeated themselves over and over again within Mark Robarts's mind, his mind added to them notes of surprise without end. How had it possibly come about,—and why? In his estimation his sister Lucy was a very simple girl—not plain indeed, but by no means beautiful; certainly not stupid, but by no means brilliant. And then, he would have said, that of all men whom he knew, Lord Lufton would have been the last to fall in love with

such a girl as his sister. And now, what was he to say or do? What views was he bound to hold? In what direction should he act? There was Lady Lufton on the one side, to whom he owed everything. How would life be possible to him in that parsonage—within a few yards of her elbow—if he consented to receive Lord Lufton as the acknowledged suitor of his sister? It would be a great match for Lucy, doubtless; but—— Indeed, he could not bring himself to believe that Lucy could in truth become the absolute reigning queen of Framley Court.

"Do you think that Fanny knows anything of all this?" he said, after a moment or two.

"I cannot possibly tell. If she does, it is not with my knowledge. I should have thought that you could best answer that."

"I cannot answer it at all," said Mark. "I, at least, have had no remotest idea of such a thing."

"Your ideas of it now need not be at all remote," said Lord Lufton, with a faint smile; "and you may know it as a fact. I did make her an offer of marriage; I was refused; I am going to repeat it; and I am now taking you into my confidence, in order that, as her brother, and as my friend, you may give me such assistance as you can." They then walked on in silence for some yards, after which Lord Lufton added: "And now I'll dine with you to-day if you wish it."

Mr. Robarts did not know what to say; he could not bethink himself what answer duty required of him. He had no right to interfere between his sister and such a marriage, if she herself should wish it; but still there was something terrible in the thought of it! He had a vague conception that it must come to evil; that the project was a dangerous one; and that it could not finally result happily for any of them. What would Lady Lufton say? That undoubtedly was the chief source of his dismay.

"Have you spoken to your mother about this?" he said.

"My mother? no; why speak to her till I know my fate? A man does not like to speak much of such matters if there be a probability of his being rejected. I tell you because I do not like to make my way into your house under a false pretence."

"But what would Lady Lufton say?"

"I think it probable that she would be displeased on the first hearing it; that in four and twenty hours she would be reconciled; and that after a week or so Lucy would be her dearest favourite and the prime minister of all her machinations. You don't know my mother as well as I do. She would give her head off her shoulders to do me a pleasure."

"And for that reason," said Mark Robarts, "you ought, if possible, to do her pleasure."

"I cannot absolutely marry a wife of her choosing, if you mean that," said Lord Lufton.

They went on walking about the garden for an hour, but they hardly got any farther than the point to which we have now brought them. Mark Robarts could not make up his mind on the spur of the moment;

nor, as he said more than once to Lord Lufton, could he be at all sure that Lucy would in any way be guided by him. It was, therefore, at last settled between them that Lord Lufton should come to the parsonage immediately after breakfast on the following morning. It was agreed also that the dinner had better not come off, and Robarts promised that he would, if possible, have determined by the morning as to what advice he would give his sister.

He went direct home to the parsonage from Framley Court, feeling that he was altogether in the dark till he should have consulted his wife. How would he feel if Lucy were to become Lady Lufton? and how would he look Lady Lufton in the face in telling her that such was to be his sister's destiny? On returning home he immediately found his wife, and had not been closeted with her five minutes before he knew, at any rate, all that she knew.

"And you mean to say that she does love him?" said Mark.

"Indeed she does; and is it not natural that she should? When I saw them so much together I feared that she would. But I never thought that he would care for her."

Even Fanny did not as yet give Lucy credit for half her attractiveness. After an hour's talking the interview between the husband and wife ended in a message to Lucy, begging her to join them both in the book-room.

"Aunt Lucy," said a chubby little darling, who was taken up into his aunt's arms as he spoke, "papa and mama 'ant 'oo in te tuddy, and I musn't go wis 'oo."

Lucy, as she kissed the boy and pressed his face against her own, felt that her blood was running quick to her heart.

"Mus'nt 'oo go wis me, my own one?" she said, as she put her playfellow down; but she played with the child only because she did not wish to betray even to him that she was hardly mistress of herself. She knew that Lord Lufton was at Framley; she knew that her brother had been to him; she knew that a proposal had been made that he should come there that day to dinner. Must it not therefore be the case that this call to a meeting in the study had arisen out of Lord Lufton's arrival at Framley? and yet, how could it have done so? Had Fanny betrayed her in order to prevent the dinner invitation? It could not be possible that Lord Lufton himself should have spoken on the subject! And then she again stooped to kiss the child, rubbed her hands across her forehead to smooth her hair, and erase, if that might be possible, the look of care which she wore, and then descended slowly to her brother's sitting-room.

Her hand paused for a second on the door ere she opened it, but she had resolved that, come what might, she would be brave. She pushed it open and walked in with a bold front, with eyes wide open, and a slow step.

"Frank says that you want me," she said.

Mr. Robarts and Fanny were both standing up by the fireplace, and

each waited a second for the other to speak when Lucy entered the room; and then Fanny began,—

"Lord Lufton is here, Lucy."

"Here! Where? At the parsonage?"

"No, not at the parsonage; but over at Framley Court," said Mark.

"And he promises to call here after breakfast to-morrow," said Fanny. And then again there was a pause. Mrs. Robarts hardly dared to look Lucy in the face. She had not betrayed her trust, seeing that the secret had been told to Mark, not by her, but by Lord Lufton; but she could not but feel that Lucy would think that she had betrayed it.

"Very well," said Lucy, trying to smile; "I have no objection in life."

"But, Lucy, dear,"—and now Mrs. Robarts put her arm round her sister-in-law's waist,—"he is coming here especially to see you."

"Oh; that makes a difference. I am afraid that I shall be—— engaged."

"He has told everything to Mark," said Mrs. Robarts.

Lucy now felt that her bravery was almost deserting her. She hardly knew which way to look or how to stand. Had Fanny told everything also? There was so much that Fanny knew that Lord Lufton could not have known. But, in truth, Fanny had told all—the whole story of Lucy's love, and had described the reasons which had induced her to reject her suitor; and had done so in words which, had Lord Lufton heard them, would have made him twice as passionate in his love.

And then it certainly did occur to Lucy to think why Lord Lufton should have come to Framley and told all this history to her brother. She attempted for a moment to make herself believe that she was angry with him for doing so. But she was not angry. She had not time to argue much about it, but there came upon her a gratified sensation of having been remembered, and thought of, and—loved. Must it not be so? Could it be possible that he himself would have told this tale to her brother, if he did not still love her? Fifty times she had said to herself that his offer had been an affair of the moment, and fifty times she had been unhappy in so saying. But this new coming of his could not be an affair of the moment. She had been the dupe, she had thought, of an absurd passion on her own part; but now—how was it now? She did not bring herself to think that she should ever be Lady Lufton. She had still, in some perversely obstinate manner, made up her mind against that result. But yet, nevertheless, it did in some unaccountable manner satisfy her to feel that Lord Lufton had himself come down to Framley and himself told this story.

"He has told everything to Mark," said Mrs. Robarts; and then again there was a pause for a moment, during which these thoughts passed through Lucy's mind.

"Yes," said Mark, "he has told me all, and he is coming here to-morrow morning that he may receive an answer from yourself."

"What answer?" said Lucy, trembling.

"Nay, dearest; who can say that but yourself?" and her sister-in-law, as she spoke, pressed close against her. "You must say that yourself."

Mrs. Robarts in her long conversation with her husband had pleaded strongly on Lucy's behalf, taking, as it were, a part against Lady Lufton. She had said that if Lord Lufton persevered in his suit, they at the parsonage could not be justified in robbing Lucy of all that she had won for herself, in order to do Lady Lufton's pleasure.

"But she will think," said Mark, "that we have plotted and intrigued for this. She will call us ungrateful, and will make Lucy's life wretched." To which the wife had answered, that all that must be left in God's hands. They had not plotted or intrigued. Lucy, though loving the man in her heart of hearts, had already once refused him, because she would not be thought to have snatched at so great a prize. But if Lord Lufton loved her so warmly that he had come down there in this manner, on purpose, as he himself had put it, that he might learn his fate, then—so argued Mrs. Robarts—they two, let their loyalty to Lady Lufton be ever so strong, could not justify it to their consciences to stand between Lucy and her lover. Mark had still somewhat demurred to this, suggesting how terrible would be their plight if they should now encourage Lord Lufton, and if he, after such encouragement, when they should have quarrelled with Lady Lufton, should allow himself to be led away from his engagement by his mother. To which Fanny had announced that justice was justice, and that right was right. Everything must be told to Lucy, and she must judge for herself.

"But I do not know what Lord Lufton wants," said Lucy, with her eyes fixed upon the ground, and now trembling more than ever. "He did come to me, and I did give him an answer."

"And is that answer to be final?" said Mark,—somewhat cruelly, for Lucy had not yet been told that her lover had made any repetition of his proposal. Fanny, however, determined that no injustice should be done, and therefore she at last continued the story.

"We know that you did give him an answer, dearest; but gentlemen sometimes will not put up with one answer on such a subject. Lord Lufton has declared to Mark that he means to ask again. He has come down here on purpose to do so.

"And Lady Lufton—" said Lucy, speaking hardly above a whisper, and still hiding her face as she leaned against her sister's shoulder.

"Lord Lufton has not spoken to his mother about it," said Mark; and it immediately became clear to Lucy, from the tone of her brother's voice, that he, at least, would not be pleased, should she accept her lover's vow.

"You must decide out of your own heart, dear," said Fanny, generously. "Mark and I know how well you have behaved, for I have told him everything." Lucy shuddered and leaned closer against her sister as this was said to her. "I had no alternative, dearest, but to tell him. It was best so; was it not? But nothing has been told to Lord Lufton.

Mark would not let him come here to-day, because it would have flurried you, and he wished to give you time to think. But you can see him to-morrow morning,—can you not? and then answer him."

Lucy now stood perfectly silent, feeling that she dearly loved her sister-in-law for her sisterly kindness—for that sisterly wish to promote a sister's love; but still there was in her mind a strong resolve not to allow Lord Lufton to come there under the idea that he would be received as a favoured lover. Her love was powerful, but so also was her pride; and she could not bring herself to bear the scorn which would lay in Lady Lufton's eyes. "His mother will despise me, and then he will despise me too," she said to herself; and with a strong gulp of disappointed love and ambition she determined to persist.

"Shall we leave you now, dear; and speak of it again to-morrow morning, before he comes?" said Fanny.

"That will be the best," said Mark. "Turn it in your mind every way to-night. Think of it when you have said your prayers—and, Lucy, come here to me;"—then, taking her in his arms, he kissed her with a tenderness that was not customary with him towards her. "It is fair," said he, "that I should tell you this: that I have perfect confidence in your judgment and feeling; and that I will stand by you as your brother in whatever decision you may come to. Fanny and I both think that you have behaved excellently, and are both of us sure that you will do what is best. Whatever you do I will stick to you;—and so will Fanny."

"Dearest, dearest Mark!"

"And now we will say nothing more about it till to-morrow morning," said Fanny.

But Lucy felt that this saying nothing more about it till to-morrow morning would be tantamount to an acceptance on her part of Lord Lufton's offer. Mrs. Robarts knew, and Mr. Robarts also now knew, the secret of her heart; and if, such being the case, she allowed Lord Lufton to come there with the acknowledged purpose of pleading his own suit, it would be impossible for her not to yield. If she were resolved that she would not yield, now was the time for her to stand her ground and make her fight.

"Do not go, Fanny; at least not quite yet," she said.

"Well, dear?"

"I want you to stay while I tell Mark. He must not let Lord Lufton come here to-morrow."

"Not let him!" said Mrs. Robarts.

Mr. Robarts said nothing, but he felt that his sister was rising in his esteem from minute to minute.

"No; Mark must bid him not come. He will not wish to pain me when it can do no good. Look here, Mark;" and she walked over to her brother, and put both her hands upon his arm. "I do love Lord Lufton. I had no such meaning or thought when I first knew him. But I do love him—I love him dearly;—almost as well as Fanny loves you, I sup-

pose. You may tell him so if you think proper—nay, you must tell him so, or he will not understand me. But tell him this, as coming from me: that I will never marry him, unless his mother asks me."

"She will not do that, I fear," said Mark, sorrowfully.

"No; I suppose not," said Lucy, now regaining all her courage. "If I thought it probable that she should wish me to be her daughter-in-law, it would not be necessary that I should make such a stipulation. It is because she will not wish it; because she would regard me as unfit to—to—to mate with her son. She would hate me, and scorn me; and then he would begin to scorn me, and perhaps would cease to love me. I could not bear her eye upon me, if she thought that I had injured her son. Mark, you will go to him now; will you not? and explain this to him;—as much of it as is necessary. Tell him, that if his mother asks me I will—consent. But that as I know that she never will, he is to look upon all that he has said as forgotten. With me it shall be the same as though it were forgotten."

Such was her verdict, and so confident were they both of her firmness—of her obstinacy Mark would have called it on any other occasion,—that they, neither of them, sought to make her alter it.

"You will go to him now,—this afternoon; will you not?" she said; and Mark promised that he would. He could not but feel that he himself was greatly relieved. Lady Lufton might probably hear that her son had been fool enough to fall in love with the parson's sister, but under existing circumstances she could not consider herself aggrieved either by the parson or by his sister. Lucy was behaving well, and Mark was proud of her. Lucy was behaving with fierce spirit, and Fanny was grieving for her.

"I'd rather be by myself till dinner-time," said Lucy, as Mrs. Robarts prepared to go with her out of the room. "Dear Fanny, don't look unhappy; there's nothing to make us unhappy. I told you I should want goat's milk, and that will be all."

Robarts, after sitting for an hour with his wife, did return again to Framley Court; and, after a considerable search, found Lord Lufton returning home to a late dinner.

"Unless my mother asks her," said he, when the story had been told him. "That is nonsense. Surely you told her that such is not the way of the world."

Robarts endeavoured to explain to him that Lucy could not endure to think that her husband's mother should look on her with disfavour.

"Does she think that my mother dislikes her—her specially?" asked Lord Lufton.

No; Robarts could not suppose that that was the case; but Lady Lufton might probably think that a marriage with a clergyman's sister would be a mésalliance.

"That is out of the question," said Lord Lufton; "as she has especially wanted me to marry a clergyman's daughter for some time past. But,

Mark, it is absurd talking about my mother. A man in these days is not to marry as his mother bids him."

Mark could only assure him, in answer to all this, that Lucy was very firm in what she was doing, that she had quite made up her mind, and that she altogether absolved Lord Lufton from any necessity to speak to his mother, if he did not think well of doing so. But all this was to very little purpose.

"She does love me then?" said Lord Lufton.

"Well," said Mark, "I will not say whether she does or does not. I can only repeat her own message. She cannot accept you, unless she does so at your mother's request." And having said that again, he took his leave, and went back to the parsonage.

Poor Lucy, having finished her interview with so much dignity, having fully satisfied her brother, and declined any immediate consolation from her sister-in-law, betook herself to her own bed-room. She had to think over what she had said and done, and it was necessary that she should be alone to do so. It might be that, when she came to reconsider the matter, she would not be quite so well satisfied as was her brother. Her grandeur of demeanour and slow propriety of carriage lasted her till she was well into her own room. There are animals who, when they are ailing in any way, contrive to hide themselves, ashamed, as it were, that the weakness of their suffering should be witnessed. Indeed, I am not sure whether all dumb animals do not do so more or less; and in this respect Lucy was like a dumb animal. Even in her confidences with Fanny she made a joke of her own misfortunes, and spoke of her heart ailments with self-ridicule. But now, having walked up the staircase with no hurried step, and having deliberately locked the door, she turned herself round to suffer in silence and solitude—as do the beasts and birds.

She sat herself down on a low chair, which stood at the foot of her bed, and, throwing back her head, held her handkerchief across her eyes and forehead, holding it tight in both her hands; and then she began to think. She began to think and also to cry, for the tears came running down from beneath the handkerchief; and low sobs were to be heard,—only that the animal had taken itself off, to suffer in solitude.

Had she not thrown from her all her chances of happiness? Was it possible that he should come to her yet again,—a third time? No; it was not possible. The very mode and pride of this, her second rejection of him, made it impossible. In coming to her determination, and making her avowal, she had been actuated by the knowledge that Lady Lufton would regard such a marriage with abhorrence. Lady Lufton would not, and could not ask her to condescend to be her son's bride. Her chance of happiness, of glory, of ambition, of love, was all gone. She had sacrificed everything, not to virtue, but to pride. And she had sacrificed not only herself, but him. When first he came there; when she had meditated over his first visit, she had hardly given him credit for deep love; but now,—there could be no doubt that he loved her now. After his season in

London, his days and nights passed with all that was beautiful, he had returned there, to that little country parsonage, that he might again throw himself at her feet. And she—she had refused to see him, though she loved him with all her heart; she had refused to see him, because she was so vile a coward that she could not bear the sour looks of an old woman!

"I will come down directly," she said, when Fanny at last knocked at the door, begging to be admitted. "I won't open it, love, but I will be with you in ten minutes; I will, indeed." And so she was; not, perhaps, without traces of tears, discernible by the experienced eye of Mrs. Robarts, but yet with a smooth brow, and voice under her own command.

"I wonder whether she really loves him," Mark said to his wife that night.

"Love him!" his wife had answered; "indeed she does; and, Mark, do not be led away by the stern quiet of her demeanour. To my thinking she is a girl who might almost die for love."

On the next day Lord Lufton left Framley; and started, according to his arrangements, for the Norway salmon fishing.

CHAPTER XXXII.

The Goat and Compasses.

Harold Smith had been made unhappy by that rumour of a dissolution; but the misfortune to him would be as nothing compared to the severity with which it would fall on Mr. Sowerby. Harold Smith might or might not lose his borough, but Mr. Sowerby would undoubtedly lose his county; and, in losing that, he would lose everything. He felt very certain now that the duke would not support him again, let who would be master of Chaldicotes; and as he reflected on these things he found it very hard to keep up his spirits.

Tom Towers, it seems, had known all about it, as he always does. The little remark which had dropped from him at Miss Dunstable's, made, no doubt, after mature deliberation, and with profound political motives, was the forerunner, only by twelve hours, of a very general report that the giants were going to the country. It was manifest that the giants had not a majority in Parliament, generous as had been the promises of support disinterestedly made to them by the gods. This indeed was manifest, and therefore they were going to the country, although they had been deliberately warned by a very prominent scion of Olympus that if they did do so that disinterested support must be withdrawn. This threat did not seem to weigh much, and by two o'clock on the day following Miss Dunstable's party, the fiat was presumed to have gone forth. The rumour had begun with Tom Towers, but by that time it had reached Buggins at the Petty Bag Office.

"It won't make no difference to hus, sir; will it, Mr. Robarts?" said Buggins, as he leaned respectfully against the wall near the door, in the room of the private secretary at that establishment.

A good deal of conversation, miscellaneous, special, and political, went on between young Robarts and Buggins in the course of the day; as was natural, seeing that they were thrown in these evil times very much upon each other. The Lord Petty Bag of the present ministry was not such a one as Harold Smith. He was a giant indifferent to his private notes, and careless as to the duties even of patronage; he rarely visited the office, and as there were no other clerks in the establishment—owing to a root and branch reform carried out in the short reign of Harold Smith,—to whom could young Robarts talk, if not to Buggins?

"No; I suppose not," said Robarts, as he completed on his blotting-paper an elaborate picture of a Turk seated on his divan.

"'Cause, you see, sir, we're in the Upper 'Ouse, now;—as I always thinks we hought to be. I don't think it ain't constitutional for the Petty Bag to be in the Commons, Mr. Robarts. Hany ways, it never usen't."

"They're changing all those sort of things now-a-days, Buggins," said Robarts, giving the final touch to the Turk's smoke.

"Well; I'll tell you what it is, Mr. Robarts. I think I'll go. I can't stand all these changes. I'm turned of sixty now, and don't want any 'stifficates. I think I'll take my pension and walk. The hoffice ain't the same place at all since it come down among the Commons." And then Buggins retired sighing, to console himself with a pot of porter behind a large open office ledger, set up on end on a small table in the little lobby outside the private secretary's room. Buggins sighed again as he saw that the date made visible in the open book was almost as old as his own appointment; for such a book as this lasted long in the Petty Bag Office. A peer of high degree had been Lord Petty Bag in those days; one whom a messenger's heart could respect with infinite veneration, as he made his unaccustomed visits to the office with much solemnity—perhaps four times during the season. The Lord Petty Bag then was highly regarded by his staff, and his coming among them was talked about for some hours previously and for some days afterwards; but Harold Smith had bustled in and out like the managing clerk in a Manchester house. "The service is going to the dogs," said Buggins to himself, as he put down the porter pot and looked up over the book at a gentleman who presented himself at the door.

"Mr. Robarts in his room?" said Buggins, repeating the gentleman's words. "Yes, Mr. Sowerby; you'll find him there; first door to the left." And then, remembering that the visitor was a county member, a position which Buggins regarded as next to that of a peer, he got up, and, opening the private secretary's door, ushered in the visitor.

Young Robarts and Mr. Sowerby had, of course, become acquainted in the days of Harold Smith's reign. During that short time the member for East Barset had on most days dropped in at the Petty Bag Office for a

minute or two, finding out what the energetic cabinet minister was doing, chatting on semi-official subjects, and teaching the private secretary to laugh at his master. There was nothing, therefore, in his present visit which need appear to be singular, or which required any immediate special explanation. He sat himself down in his ordinary way, and began to speak of the subject of the day.

"We're all to go," said Sowerby.

"So I hear," said the private secretary. "It will give me no trouble, for, as the respectable Buggins says, we're in the Upper House now."

"What a delightful time those lucky dogs of lords do have!" said Sowerby. "No constituents, no turning out, no fighting, no necessity for political opinions,—and, as a rule, no such opinions at all!"

"I suppose you're tolerably safe in East Barsetshire?" said Robarts. "The duke has it pretty much his own way there."

"Yes; the duke does have it pretty much his own way. By-the-by, where is your brother?"

"At home," said Robarts; "at least I presume so."

"At Framley or at Barchester? I believe he was in residence at Barchester not long since."

"He's at Framley now, I know. I got a letter only yesterday from his wife, with a commission. He was there, and Lord Lufton had just left."

"Yes; Lufton was down. He started for Norway this morning. I want to see your brother. You have not heard from him yourself, have you?"

"No; not lately. Mark is a bad correspondent. He would not do at all for a private secretary."

"At any rate, not to Harold Smith. But you are sure I should not catch him at Barchester?"

"Send down by telegraph, and he would meet you."

"I don't want to do that. A telegraph message makes such a fuss in the country, frightening people's wives, and setting all the horses about the place galloping."

"What is it about?"

"Nothing of any great consequence. I didn't know whether he might have told you. I'll write down by to-night's post, and then he can meet me at Barchester to-morrow. Or do you write. There's nothing I hate so much as letter-writing;—just tell him that I called, and that I shall be much obliged if he can meet me at the Dragon of Wantly—say at two to-morrow. I will go down by the express."

Mark Robarts, in talking over this coming money trouble with Sowerby, had once mentioned that if it were necessary to take up the bill for a short time he might be able to borrow the money from his brother. So much of the father's legacy still remained in the hands of the private secretary as would enable him to produce the amount of the latter bill, and there could be no doubt that he would lend it if asked. Mr. Sowerby's visit to the Petty Bag Office had been caused by a desire

to learn whether any such request had been made,—and also by a half-formed resolution to make the request himself if he should find that the clergyman had not done so. It seemed to him to be a pity that such a sum should be lying about, as it were, within reach, and that he should not stoop to put his hands upon it. Such abstinence would be so contrary to all the practice of his life that it was as difficult to him as it is for a sportsman to let pass a cock-pheasant. But yet something like remorse touched his heart as he sat there balancing himself on his chair in the private secretary's room, and looking at the young man's open face.

"Yes; I'll write to him," said John Robarts; "but he hasn't said anything to me about anything particular."

"Hasn't he? It does not much signify. I only mentioned it because I thought I understood him to say that he would." And then Mr. Sowerby went on swinging himself. How was it that he felt so averse to mention that little sum of 500*l.* to a young man like John Robarts, a fellow without wife or children or calls on him of any sort, who would not even be injured by the loss of the money, seeing that he had an ample salary on which to live? He wondered at his own weakness. The want of the money was urgent on him in the extreme. He had reasons for supposing that Mark would find it very difficult to renew the bills, but he, Sowerby, could stop their presentation if he could get this money at once into his own hands.

"Can I do anything for you?" said the innocent lamb, offering his throat to the butcher.

But some unwonted feeling numbed the butcher's fingers, and blunted his knife. He sat still for half a minute after the question, and then jumping from his seat, declined the offer. "No, no; nothing, thank you. Only write to Mark, and say that I shall be there to-morrow," and then, taking his hat, he hurried out of the office. "What an ass I am," he said to himself as he went: "as if it were of any use now to be particular!"

He then got into a cab and had himself driven half way up Portman Street towards the New Road, and walking from thence a few hundred yards down a cross-street he came to a public-house. It was called the "Goat and Compasses,"—a very meaningless name, one would say; but the house boasted of being a place of public entertainment very long established on that site, having been a tavern out in the country in the days of Cromwell. At that time the pious landlord, putting up a pious legend for the benefit of his pious customers, had declared that—"God encompasseth us." The "Goat and Compasses" in these days does quite as well; and, considering the present character of the house, was perhaps less unsuitable than the old legend.

"Is Mr. Austen here?" asked Mr. Sowerby of the man at the bar.

"Which on 'em? Not Mr. John; he ain't here. Mr. Tom is in,—the little room on the left-hand side." The man whom Mr. Sowerby would have preferred to see was the elder brother, John; but as he was

not to be found, he did go into the little room. In that room he found—Mr. Austen, Junior, according to one arrangement of nomenclature, and Mr. Tom Tozer according to another. To gentlemen of the legal profession he generally chose to introduce himself as belonging to the respectable family of the Austens; but among his intimates, he had always been—Tozer.

Mr. Sowerby, though he was intimate with the family, did not love the Tozers; but he especially hated Tom Tozer. Tom Tozer was a bull-necked, beetle-browed fellow, the expression of whose face was eloquent with acknowledged roguery. "I am a rogue," it seemed to say. "I know it; all the world knows it: but you're another. All the world don't know that, but I do. Men are all rogues, pretty nigh. Some are soft rogues, and some are 'cute rogues. I am a 'cute one; so mind your eye." It was with such words that Tom Tozer's face spoke out; and though a thorough liar in his heart, he was not a liar in his face.

"Well, Tozer," said Mr. Sowerby, absolutely shaking hands with the dirty miscreant, "I wanted to see your brother."

"John ain't here, and ain't like; but it's all as one."

"Yes, yes; I suppose it is. I know you two hunt in couples."

"I don't know what you mean about hunting, Mr. Sowerby. You gents 'as all the hunting, and we poor folk 'as all the work. I hope you're going to make up this trifle of money we're out of so long."

"It's about that I've called. I don't know what you call long, Tozer; but the last bill was only dated in February."

"It's overdue; ain't it?"

"Oh, yes; it's overdue. There's no doubt about that."

"Well; when a bit of paper is come round, the next thing is to take it up. Them's my ideas. And to tell you the truth, Mr. Sowerby, we don't think as 'ow you've been treating us just on the square lately. In that matter of Lord Lufton's you was down on us uncommon."

"You know I couldn't help myself."

"Well; and we can't help ourselves now. That's where it is, Mr. Sowerby. Lord love you; we know what's what, we do. And so, the fact is we're uncommon low as to the ready just at present, and we must have them few hundred pounds. We must have them at once, or we must sell up that clerical gent. I'm dashed if it ain't as hard to get money from a parson as it is to take a bone from a dog. 'E's 'ad 'is account, no doubt, and why don't 'e pay?"

Mr. Sowerby had called with the intention of explaining that he was about to proceed to Barchester on the following day with the express view of "making arrangements" about this bill; and had he seen John Tozer, John would have been compelled to accord to him some little extension of time. Both Tom and John knew this; and, therefore, John—the soft-hearted one—kept out of the way. There was no danger that Tom would be weak; and, after some half-hour of parley, he was again left by Mr. Sowerby, without having evinced any symptom of weakness.

"It's the dibs as we want, Mr. Sowerby; that's all," were the last words which he spoke as the member of Parliament left the room.

Mr. Sowerby then got into another cab, and had himself driven to his sister's house. It is a remarkable thing with reference to men who are distressed for money—distressed as was now the case with Mr. Sowerby—that they never seem at a loss for small sums, or deny themselves those luxuries which small sums purchase. Cabs, dinners, wine, theatres, and new gloves are always at the command of men who are drowned in pecuniary embarrassments, whereas those who don't owe a shilling are so frequently obliged to go without them! It would seem that there is no gratification so costly as that of keeping out of debt. But then it is only fair that, if a man has a hobby, he should pay for it.

Any one else would have saved his shilling, as Mrs. Harold Smith's house was only just across Oxford Street, in the neighbourhood of Hanover Square; but Mr. Sowerby never thought of this. He had never saved a shilling in his life, and it did not occur to him to begin now. He had sent word to her to remain at home for him, and he now found her waiting.

"Harriett," said he, throwing himself back into an easy chair, "the game is pretty well up at last."

"Nonsense," said she. "The game is not up at all if you have the spirit to carry it on."

"I can only say that I got a formal notice this morning from the duke's lawyer, saying that he meant to foreclose at once;—not from Fothergill, but from those people in South Audley Street."

"You expected that," said his sister.

"I don't see how that makes it any better; besides, I am not quite sure that I did expect it; at any rate I did not feel certain. There is no doubt now."

"It is better that there should be no doubt. It is much better that you should know on what ground you have to stand."

"I shall soon have no ground to stand on, none at least of my own,—not an acre," said the unhappy man, with great bitterness in his tone.

"You can't in reality be poorer now than you were last year. You have not spent anything to speak of. There can be no doubt that Chaldicotes will be ample to pay all you owe the duke."

"It's as much as it will; and what am I to do then? I almost think more of the seat than I do of Chaldicotes."

"You know what I advise," said Mrs. Smith. "Ask Miss Dunstable to advance the money on the same security which the duke holds. She will be as safe then as he is now. And if you can arrange that, stand for the county against him; perhaps you may be beaten."

"I shouldn't have a chance,"

"But it would show that you are not a creature in the duke's hands. That's my advice," said Mrs. Smith, with much spirit; "and if you wish,

I'll broach it to Miss Dunstable, and ask her to get her lawyer to look into it."

"If I had done this before I had run my head into that other absurdity!"

"Don't fret yourself about that; she will lose nothing by such an investment, and therefore you are not asking any favour of her. Besides, did she not make the offer? and she is just the woman to do this for you now, because she refused to do that other thing for you yesterday. You understand most things, Nathaniel; but I am not sure that you understand women; not, at any rate, such a woman as her."

It went against the grain with Mr. Sowerby, this seeking of pecuniary assistance from the very woman whose hand he had attempted to gain about a fortnight since; but he allowed his sister to prevail. What could any man do in such straits that would not go against the grain? At the present moment he felt in his mind an infinite hatred against the duke, Mr. Fothergill, Gumption and Gagebee, and all the tribes of Gatherum Castle and South Audley Street; they wanted to rob him of that which had belonged to the Sowerbys before the name of Omnium had been heard of in the county, or in England! The great leviathan of the deep was anxious to swallow him up as a prey! He was to be swallowed up, and made away with, and put out of sight, without a pang of remorse! Any measure which could now present itself as the means of staving off so evil a day would be acceptable; and therefore he gave his sister the commission of making this second proposal to Miss Dunstable. In cursing the duke—for he did curse the duke lustily,—it hardly occurred to him to think that, after all, the duke only asked for his own.

As for Mrs. Harold Smith, whatever may be the view taken of her general character as a wife and a member of society, it must be admitted that as a sister she had virtues.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Consolation.

On the next day, at two o'clock punctually, Mark Robarts was at the "Dragon of Wantly," walking up and down the very room in which the party had breakfasted after Harold Smith's lecture, and waiting for the arrival of Mr. Sowerby. He had been very well able to divine what was the business on which his friend wished to see him, and he had been rather glad than otherwise to receive the summons. Judging of his friend's character by what he had hitherto seen, he thought that Mr. Sowerby would have kept out of the way, unless he had it in his power to make some provision for these terrible bills. So he walked up and down the dingy room, impatient for the expected arrival, and thought himself

wickedly ill-used in that Mr. Sowerby was not there when the clock struck a quarter to three. But when the clock struck three, Mr. Sowerby was there, and Mark Robarts's hopes were nearly at an end.

"Do you mean that they will demand nine hundred pounds?" said Robarts, standing up and glaring angrily at the member of Parliament.

"I fear that they will," said Sowerby. "I think it is best to tell you the worst, in order that we may see what can be done."

"I can do nothing, and will do nothing," said Robarts. "They may do what they choose—what the law allows them."

And then he thought of Fanny and his nursery, and Lucy refusing in her pride Lord Lufton's offer, and he turned away his face that the hard man of the world before him might not see the tear gathering in his eye.

"But, Mark, my dear fellow——" said Sowerby, trying to have recourse to the power of his cajoling voice.

Robarts, however, would not listen.

"Mr. Sowerby," said he, with an attempt at calmness which betrayed itself at every syllable, "it seems to me that you have robbed me. That I have been a fool, and worse than a fool, I know well; but—but—but I thought that your position in the world would guarantee me from such treatment as this."

Mr. Sowerby was by no means without feeling, and the words which he now heard cut him very deeply—the more so because it was impossible that he should answer then with an attempt at indignation. He had robbed his friend, and, with all his wit, knew no words at the present moment sufficiently witty to make it seem that he had not done so.

"Robarts," said he, "you may say what you like to me now; I shall not resent it."

"Who would care for your resentment?" said the clergyman, turning on him with ferocity. "The resentment of a gentleman is terrible to a gentleman; and the resentment of one just man is terrible to another. Your resentment!"—and then he walked twice the length of the room, leaving Sowerby dumb in his seat. "I wonder whether you ever thought of my wife and children when you were plotting this ruin for me!" And then again he walked the room.

"I suppose you will be calm enough presently to speak of this with some attempt to make a settlement?"

"No; I will make no such attempt. These friends of yours, you tell me, have a claim on me for nine hundred pounds, of which they demand immediate payment. You shall be asked in a court of law how much of that money I have handled. You know that I have never touched—have never wanted to touch—one shilling. I will make no attempt at any settlement. My person is here, and there is my house. Let them do their worst."

"But, Mark——"

"Call me by my name, sir, and drop that affectation of regard. What an ass I have been to be so cozened by a sharper!"

Sowerby had by no means expected this. He had always known that Robarts possessed, what he, Sowerby, would have called the spirit of a gentleman. He had regarded him as a bold, open, generous fellow, able to take his own part when called on to do so, and by no means disinclined to speak his own mind; but he had not expected from him such a torrent of indignation, or thought that he was capable of such a depth of anger.

"If you use such language as that, Robarts, I can only leave you."

"You are welcome. Go. You tell me that you are the messenger of these men who intend to work nine hundred pounds out of me. You have done your part in the plot, and have now brought their message. It seems to me that you had better go back to them. As for me, I want my time to prepare my wife for the destiny before her."

"Robarts, you will be sorry some day for the cruelty of your words."

"I wonder whether you will ever be sorry for the cruelty of your doings, or whether these things are really a joke to you."

"I am at this moment a ruined man," said Sowerby. "Everything is going from me,—my place in the world, the estate of my family, my father's house, my seat in Parliament, the power of living among my countrymen, or, indeed, of living anywhere;—but all this does not oppress me now so much as the misery which I have brought upon you." And then Sowerby also turned away his face, and wiped from his eyes tears which were not artificial.

Robarts was still walking up and down the room, but it was not possible for him to continue his reproaches after this. This is always the case. Let a man endure to heap contumely on his own head, and he will silence the contumely of others—for the moment. Sowerby, without meditating on the matter, had had some inkling of this, and immediately saw that there was at last an opening for conversation.

"You are unjust to me," said he, "in supposing that I have now no wish to save you. It is solely in the hope of doing so that I have come here."

"And what is your hope? That I should accept another brace of bills, I suppose."

"Not a brace; but one renewed bill for——"

"Look here, Mr. Sowerby. On no earthly consideration that can be put before me, will I again sign my name to any bill in the guise of an acceptance. I have been very weak, and am ashamed of my weakness; but so much strength as that, I hope, is left to me. I have been very wicked, and am ashamed of my wickedness; but so much right principle as that, I hope, remains. I will put my name to no other bill; not for you, not even for myself."

"But, Robarts, under your present circumstances that will be madness."

"Then I will be mad."

"Have you seen Forrest? If you will speak to him I think you will find that everything can be accommodated."

"I already owe Mr. Forrest a hundred and fifty pounds, which I obtained from him when you pressed me for the price of that horse, and I will not increase the debt. What a fool I was again there. Perhaps you do not remember that, when I agreed to buy the horse, the price was to be my contribution to the liquidation of these bills."

"I do remember it; but I will tell you how that was."

"It does not signify. It has been all of a piece."

"But listen to me. I think you would feel for me if you knew all that I have gone through. I pledge you my solemn word that I had no intention of asking you for the money when you took the horse;—indeed I had not. But you remember that affair of Lufton's, when he came to you at your hotel in London and was so angry about an outstanding bill."

"I know that he was very unreasonable as far as I was concerned."

"He was so; but that makes no difference. He was resolved, in his rage, to expose the whole affair; and I saw that, if he did so, it would be most injurious to you, seeing that you had just accepted your stall at Barchester." Here the poor prebendary winced terribly. "I moved heaven and earth to get up that bill. Those vultures stuck to their prey when they found the value which I attached to it, and I was forced to raise above a hundred pounds at the moment to obtain possession of it, although every shilling absolutely due on it had long since been paid. Never in my life did I wish to get money, as I did to raise that hundred and twenty pounds; and as I hope for mercy in my last moments, I did that for your sake. Lufton could not have injured me in that matter."

"But you told him that you got it for twenty-five pounds."

"Yes, I told him so. I was obliged to tell him that, or I should have apparently condemned myself by showing how anxious I was to get it. And you know I could not have explained all this before him and you. You would have thrown up the stall in disgust."

Would that he had! That was Mark's wish now,—his futile wish. In what a slough of despond had he come to wallow in consequence of his folly on that night at Gatherum Castle! He had then done a silly thing, and was he now to rue it by almost total ruin? He was sickened also with all these lies. His very soul was dismayed by the dirt through which he was forced to wade. He had become unconsciously connected with the lowest dregs of mankind, and would have to see his name mingled with theirs in the daily newspapers. And for what had he done this? Why had he thus filed his mind and made himself a disgrace to his cloth? In order that he might befriend such a one as Mr. Sowerby!

"Well," continued Sowerby; "I did get the money, but you would hardly believe the rigour of the pledge which was exacted from me for repayment. I got it from Harold Smith, and never, in my worst straits, will I again look to him for assistance. I borrowed it only for a fortnight; and in order that I might repay it, I was obliged to ask you

for the price of the horse. Mark, it was on your behalf that I did all this,—indeed it was."

"And now I am to repay you for your kindness by the loss of all that I have in the world."

"If you will put the affairs into the hands of Mr. Forrest, nothing need be touched,—not a hair of a horse's back; no, not though you should be obliged to pay the whole amount yourself, gradually out of your income. You must execute a series of bills, falling due quarterly, and then——"

"I will execute no bill, I will put my name to no paper in the matter; as to that my mind is fully made up. They may come and do their worst."

Mr. Sowerby persevered for a long time, but he was quite unable to move the parson from this position. He would do nothing towards making what Mr. Sowerby called an arrangement, but persisted that he would remain at home at Framley, and that any one who had a claim upon him might take legal steps.

"I shall do nothing myself," he said; "but if proceedings against me be taken, I shall prove that I have never had a shilling of the money." And in this resolution he quitted the Dragon of Wantly.

Mr. Sowerby at one time said a word as to the expediency of borrowing that sum of money from John Robarts; but as to this Mark would say nothing. Mr. Sowerby was not the friend with whom he now intended to hold consultation in such matters. "I am not at present prepared," he said, "to declare what I may do; I must first see what steps others take;" and then he took his hat and went off; and mounting his horse in the yard of the Dragon of Wantly—that horse which he had now so many reasons to dislike, he slowly rode back home.

Many thoughts passed through his mind during that ride, but only one resolution obtained for itself a fixture there. He must now tell his wife everything. He would not be so cruel as to let it remain untold until a bailiff were at the door, ready to walk him off to the county gaol, or until the bed on which they slept was to be sold from under them. Yes, he would tell her everything,—immediately, before his resolution could again have faded away. He got off his horse in the yard, and seeing his wife's maid at the kitchen door, desired her to beg her mistress to come to him in the book-room. He would not allow one half-hour to pass towards the waning of his purpose. If it be ordained that a man shall drown, had he not better drown and have done with it?

Mrs. Robarts came to him in his room, reaching him in time to touch his arm as he entered it.

"Mary says you want me. I have been gardening, and she caught me just as I came in."

"Yes, Fanny, I do want you. Sit down for a moment." And walking across the room, he placed his whip in its proper place.

"Oh, Mark, is there anything the matter?"

"Yes, dearest; yes. Sit down, Fanny; I can talk to you better if you will sit."

But she, poor lady, did not wish to sit. He had hinted at some misfortune, and therefore she felt a longing to stand by him and cling to him.

"Well, there; I will if I must; but, Mark, do not frighten me. Why is your face so very wretched?"

"Fanny, I have done very wrong," he said. "I have been very foolish. I fear that I have brought upon you great sorrow and trouble." And then he leaned his head upon his hand and turned his face away from her.

"Oh, Mark, dearest Mark, my own Mark! what is it?" and then she was quickly up from her chair, and went down on her knees before him. "Do not turn from me. Tell me, Mark! tell me, that we may share it."

"Yes, Fanny, I must tell you now; but I hardly know what you will think of me when you have heard it."

"I will think that you are my own husband, Mark; I will think that—that chiefly, whatever it may be." And then she caressed his knees, and looked up in his face, and, getting hold of one of his hands, pressed it between her own. "Even if you have been foolish, who should forgive you if I cannot?"

And then he told it her all, beginning from that evening when Mr. Sowerby had got him into his bedroom, and going on gradually, now about the bills, and now about the horses, till his poor wife was utterly lost in the complexity of the accounts. She could by no means follow him in the details of his story; nor could she quite sympathize with him in his indignation against Mr. Sowerby, seeing that she did not comprehend at all the nature of the renewing of a bill. The only part to her of importance in the matter, was the amount of money which her husband would be called upon to pay;—that and her strong hope, which was already a conviction, that he would never again incur such debts.

"And how much is it, dearest, altogether?"

"These men claim nine hundred pounds of me."

"Oh, dear! that is a terrible sum."

"And then there is the hundred and fifty which I have borrowed from the bank—the price of the horse, you know; and there are some other debts,—not a great deal, I think; but people will now look for every shilling that is due to them. If I have to pay it all, it will be twelve or thirteen hundred pounds."

"That will be as much as a year's income, Mark; even with the stall."

That was the only word of reproach she said,—if that could be called a reproach.

"Yes," he said; "and it is claimed by men who will have no pity in exacting it at any sacrifice, if they have the power. And to think that I should have incurred all this debt without having received anything for it. Oh, Fanny, what will you think of me?"

But she swore to him that she would think nothing of it,—that she would never bear it in her mind against him,—that it could have no effect in lessening her trust in him. Was he not her husband? She was so glad she knew it, that she might comfort him. And she did comfort him, making the weight seem lighter and lighter on his shoulders as he talked of it. And such weights do thus become lighter. A burden that will crush a single pair of shoulders, will, when equally divided—when shared by two, each of whom is willing to take the heavier part—become light as a feather. Is not that sharing of the mind's burdens one of the chief purposes for which man wants a wife? For there is no folly so great as keeping one's sorrows hidden.

And this wife cheerfully, gladly, thankfully took her share. To endure with her lord all her lord's troubles was easy to her; it was the work to which she had pledged herself. But to have thought that her lord had troubles not communicated to her;—that would have been to her the one thing not to be borne.

And then they discussed their plans;—what mode of escape they might have out of this terrible money difficulty. Like a true woman, Mrs. Robarts proposed at once to abandon all superfluities. They would sell all their horses; they would not sell their cows, but would sell the butter that came from them; they would sell the pony carriage, and get rid of the groom. That the footman must go was so much a matter of course, that it was hardly mentioned. But then, as to that house at Barchester, the dignified prebendal mansion in the close; might they not be allowed to leave it unoccupied for one year longer,—perhaps to let it? The world of course must know of their misfortune; but if that misfortune was faced bravely, the world would be less bitter in its condemnation. And then, above all things, everything must be told to Lady Lufton.

"You may, at any rate, believe this, Fanny," said he, "that for no consideration which can be offered to me will I ever put my name to another bill."

The kiss with which she thanked him for this was as warm and generous as though he had brought to her that day news of the brightest; and when he sat, as he did that evening, discussing it all not only with his wife but with Lucy, he wondered how it was that his troubles were now so light.

Whether or no a man should have his own private pleasures, I will not now say; but it never can be worth his while to keep his sorrows private.

"Unto this Last."

IV.—AD VALOREM.

In the last paper we saw that just payment of labour consisted in a sum of money which would approximately obtain equivalent labour at a future time: we have now to examine the means of obtaining such equivalence. Which question involves the definition of Value, Wealth, Price, and Produce.

None of these terms are yet defined so as to be understood by the public. But the last, Produce, which one might have thought the clearest of all, is, in use, the most ambiguous; and the examination of the kind of ambiguity attendant on its present employment will best open the way to our work.

In his chapter on Capital,* Mr. J. S. Mill instances, as a capitalist, a hardware manufacturer, who, having intended to spend a certain portion of the proceeds of his business in buying plate and jewels, changes his mind, and "pays it as wages to additional workpeople." The effect is stated by Mr. Mill to be, that "more food is appropriated to the consumption of productive labourers."

Now I do not ask, though, had I written this paragraph, it would surely have been asked of me, What is to become of the silversmiths? If they are truly unproductive persons, we will acquiesce in their extinction. And though in another part of the same passage, the hardware merchant is supposed also to dispense with a number of servants, whose "food is thus set free for productive purposes," I do not inquire what will be the effect, painful or otherwise, upon the servants, of this emancipation of their food. But I very seriously inquire why ironware is produce, and silverware is not? That the merchant consumes the one, and sells the other, certainly does not constitute the difference, unless it can be shown (which, indeed, I perceive it to be becoming daily more and more the aim of tradesmen to show) that commodities are made to be sold, and not to be consumed. The merchant is an agent of conveyance to the consumer in one case, and is himself the consumer in the other: †

* Book I. chap. iv. ss. 1. To save space, my future references to Mr. Mill's work will be by numerals only, as in this instance, I. iv. 1. Ed. in 2 vols. 8vo, Parker, 1848.

† If Mr. Mill had wished to show the difference in result between consumption and sale, he should have represented the hardware merchant as consuming his own goods instead of selling them; similarly, the silver merchant as consuming his own goods instead of selling them. Had he done this, he would have made his position clearer, though less tenable; and perhaps this was the position he really intended to take, tacitly involving his theory, elsewhere stated, and shown in the sequel of this paper to be false, that demand for commodities is not demand for labour. But by the most

but the labourers are in either case equally productive, since they have produced goods to the same value, if the hardware and the plate are both goods.

And what distinction separates them? It is indeed possible that in the "comparative estimate of the moralist," with which Mr. Mill says political economy has nothing to do (III. i. 2), a steel fork might appear a more substantial production than a silver one: we may grant also that knives, no less than forks, are good produce; and scythes and ploughshares serviceable articles. But how of bayonets? Supposing the hardware merchant to effect large sales of these, by help of the "setting free" of the food of his servants and his silversmith,—is he still employing productive labourers, or, in Mr. Mill's words, labourers who increase "the stock of permanent means of enjoyment" (I. iii. 4). Or if, instead of bayonets, he supply bombs, will not the absolute and final "enjoyment" of even these energetically productive articles (each of which costs ten pounds*) be dependent on a proper choice of time and place for their *enfantement*; choice, that is to say, depending on those philosophical considerations with which political economy has nothing to do? †

I should have regretted the need of pointing out inconsistency in any portion of Mr. Mill's work, had not the value of his work proceeded from its inconsistencies. He deserves honour among economists by inadvertently disclaiming the principles which he states, and tacitly introducing the moral considerations with which he declares his science has no connection. Many of his chapters are, therefore, true and valuable; and the only conclusions of his which I have to dispute are those which follow from his premises.

Thus, the idea which lies at the root of the passage we have just been examining, namely, that labour applied to produce luxuries will not support so many persons as labour applied to produce useful articles, is entirely true; but the instance given fails—and in four directions of failure at once—because Mr. Mills has not defined the real meaning of usefulness. The definition which he has given—"capacity to satisfy a desire, or serve a purpose" (III. i. 2)—applies equally to the iron and silver; while the true definition—which he has not given, but which nevertheless underlies the false verbal definition in his mind, and comes out once or twice by accident (as in the words "any support to life or

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diligent scrutiny of the paragraph now under examination, I cannot determine whether it is a fallacy pure and simple, or the half of one fallacy supported by the whole of a greater one; so that I treat it here on the kinder assumption that it is one fallacy only.

* I take Mr. Helps' estimate in his essay on War.

† Also when the wrought silver vases of Spain were dashed to fragments by our custom-house officers, because bullion might be imported free of duty, but not brains, was the axe that broke them productive?—the artist who wrought them unproductive? Or again. If the woodman's axe is productive, is the executioner's? as also, if the hemp of a cable be productive, does not the productiveness of hemp in a halter depend on its moral more than on its material application?

strength" in I. i. 5)—applies to some articles of iron, but not to others, and to some articles of silver, but not to others. It applies to ploughs, but not to bayonets; and to forks, but not to filigree.*

The eliciting of the true definition will give us the reply to our first question, "What is value?" respecting which, however, we must first hear the popular statements.

"The word 'value,' when used without adjunct, always means, in political economy, value in exchange" (Mill, III. i. 3). So that, if two ships cannot exchange their rudders, their rudders are, in politico-economic language, of no value to either.

But "the subject of political economy is wealth." — (Preliminary remarks, page 1.)

And wealth "consists of all useful and agreeable objects which possess exchangeable value."—(Preliminary remarks, page 10.)

It appears, then, according to Mr. Mill, that usefulness and agreeableness underlie the exchange value, and must be ascertained to exist in the thing, before we can esteem it an object of wealth.

Now, the economical usefulness of a thing depends not merely on its own nature, but on the number of people who can and will use it. A horse is useless, and therefore unsaleable, if no one can ride,—a sword if no one can strike, and meat, if no one can eat. Thus every material utility depends on its relative human capacity.

Similarly: The agreeableness of a thing depends not merely on its own likeableness, but on the number of people who can be got to like it. The relative agreeableness, and therefore saleableness, of "a pot of the smallest ale," and of "Adonis painted by a running brook," depends virtually on the opinion of Demos, in the shape of Christopher Sly. That is to say, the agreeableness of a thing depends on its relative human disposition.† Therefore, political economy, being a science of wealth, must be a science respecting human capacities and dispositions. But moral considerations have nothing to do with political economy (III. i. 2). Therefore, moral considerations have nothing to do with human capacities and dispositions.

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* Filigree: that is to say, generally, ornament dependent on complexity, not on art.

† These statements sound crude in their brevity; but will be found of the utmost importance when they are developed. Thus, in the above instance, economists have never perceived that disposition to buy is a wholly *moral* element in demand: that is to say, when you give a man half-a-crown, it depends on his disposition whether he is rich or poor with it—whether he will buy disease, ruin, and hatred, or buy health, advancement, and domestic love. And thus the agreeableness or exchange value of every offered commodity depends on production, not merely of the commodity, but of buyers of it; therefore on the education of buyers, and on all the moral elements by which their disposition to buy this, or that, is formed. I will illustrate and expand into final consequences every one of these definitions in its place: at present they can only be given with extremest brevity; for in order to put the subject at once in a connected form before the reader, I have thrown into one, the opening definitions of four chapters; namely, of that on Value ("Ad Valorem"); on Price ("Thirty Pieces"); on Production ("Demeter"); and on Economy ("The Law of the House").

I do not wholly like the look of this conclusion from Mr. Mill's statements:—let us try Mr. Ricardo's.

"Utility is not the measure of exchangeable value, though it is absolutely essential to it."—(Chap. I. sect. i.) Essential in what degree, Mr. Ricardo? There may be greater and less degrees of utility. Meat, for instance, may be so good as to be fit for any one to eat, or so bad as to be fit for no one to eat. What is the exact degree of goodness which is "essential" to its exchangeable value, but not "the measure" of it? How good must the meat be, in order to possess any exchangeable value; and how bad must it be—(I wish this were a settled question in London markets)—in order to possess none?

There appears to be some hitch, I think, in the working even of Mr. Ricardo's principles; but let him take his own example. "Suppose that in the early stages of society the bows and arrows of the hunter were of equal value with the implements of the fisherman. Under such circumstances the value of the deer, the produce of the hunter's day's labour, would be *exactly*" (italics mine) "equal to the value of the fish, the product of the fisherman's day's labour. The comparative value of the fish and game would be *entirely* regulated by the quantity of labour realized in each." (Ricardo, chap. iii. On Value.)

Indeed! Therefore, if the fisherman catches one sprat, and the huntsman one deer, one sprat will be equal in value to one deer; but if the fisherman catches no sprat, and the huntsman two deer, no sprat will be equal in value to two deer?

Nay; but—Mr. Ricardo's supporters may say—he means, on an average;—if the average product of a day's work of fisher and hunter be one fish and one deer, the one fish will always be equal in value to the one deer.

Might I inquire the species of fish. Whale? or whitebait?*

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* Perhaps it may be said, in farther support of Mr. Ricardo, that he meant, "when the utility is constant or given, the price varies as the quantity of labour." If he meant this, he should have said it; but, had he meant it, he could have hardly missed the necessary result, that utility would be one measure of price (which he expressly denies it to be); and that, to prove saleableness, he had to prove a given quantity of utility, as well as a given quantity of labour: to wit, in his own instance, that the deer and fish would each feed the same number of men, for the same number of days, with equal pleasure to their palates. The fact is, he did not know what he meant himself. The general idea which he had derived from commercial experience, without being able to analyze it, was, that when the demand is constant, the price varies as the quantity of labour required for production; or,—using the formula I gave in last paper—when y is constant, $x\,y$ varies as x. But demand never is, nor can be, ultimately constant, if x varies distinctly; for, as price rises, consumers fall away; and as soon as there is monopoly (and all scarcity is a form of monopoly; so that every commodity is affected occasionally by some colour of monopoly), y becomes the most influential condition of the price. Thus the price of a painting depends less on its merit than on the interest taken in it by the public; the price of singing less on the labour of the singer than the number of persons who desire to hear him; and the price of gold less on the scarcity which affects it in common with

It would be waste of time to pursue these fallacies farther; we will seek for a true definition.

Much store has been set for centuries upon the use of our English classical education. It were to be wished that our well-educated merchants recalled to mind always this much of their Latin schooling,—that the nominative of *valorem* (a word already sufficiently familiar to them) is *valor;* a word which, therefore, ought to be familiar to them. *Valor*, from *valere*, to be well, or strong (*ὑγιαίνω*);—strong, *in* life (if a man), or valiant; strong, *for* life (if a thing), or valuable. To be "valuable," therefore, is to "avail towards life." A truly valuable or availing thing is that which leads to life with its whole strength. In proportion as it does not lead to life, or as its strength is broken, it is less valuable; in proportion as it leads away from life, it is unvaluable or malignant.

The value of a thing, therefore, is independent of opinion, and of quantity. Think what you will of it, gain how much you may of it, the value of the thing itself is neither greater nor less. For ever it avails, or avails not; no estimate can raise, no disdain depress, the power which it holds from the Maker of things and of men.

The real science of political economy, which has yet to be distinguished from the bastard science, as medicine from witchcraft, and astronomy from astrology, is that which teaches nations to desire and labour for the things that lead to life; and which teaches them to scorn and destroy the things that lead to destruction. And if, in a state of infancy, they suppose indifferent things, such as excrescences of shell-fish, and pieces of blue and red stone, to be valuable, and spend large measure of the labour which ought to be employed for the extension and ennobling of life, in diving or digging for them, and cutting them into various shapes,—or if, in the same state of infancy, they imagine precious and beneficent things, such as air, light, and cleanliness, to be valueless,—or if, finally, they imagine the conditions of their own existence, by which alone they can truly possess or use anything, such, for instance, as peace, trust, and love, to be prudently exchangeable, when the market offers, for gold, iron, or excrescences of shells—the great and only science of Political Economy teaches them, in all these cases, what is vanity, and what substance;

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cerium or iridium, than on the sun-like colour and unalterable purity by which it attracts the admiration and answers the trust of mankind.

It must be kept in mind, however, that I use the word "demand" in a somewhat different sense from economists usually. They mean by it "the quantity of a thing sold." I mean by it "the force of the buyer's capable intention to buy." In good English, a person's "demand" signifies, not what he gets, but what he asks for.

Economists also do not notice that objects are not valued by absolute bulk or weight, but by such bulk and weight as is necessary to bring them into use. They say, for instance, that water bears no price in the market. It is true that a cupful does not, but a lake does; just as a handful of dust does not, but an acre does. And were it possible to make even the possession of the cupful or handful permanent, (*i. e.* to find a place for them), the earth and sea would be bought up by handfuls and cupfuls.

and how the service of Death, the Lord of Waste, and of eternal emptiness, differs from the service of Wisdom, the Lady of Saving and of eternal fulness; she who has said, "I will cause those that love me to inherit SUBSTANCE; and I will FILL their treasures."

The "Lady of Saving," in a profounder sense than that of the savings' bank, though that is a good one: Madonna della Salute,—Lady of Health —which, though commonly spoken of as if separate from wealth, is indeed a part of wealth. This word, "wealth," it will be remembered, is the next we have to define.

"To be wealthy," says Mr. Mill, is "to have a large stock of useful articles."

I accept this definition. Only let us perfectly understand it. My opponents often lament my not giving them enough logic: I fear I must at present use a little more than they will like; but this business of Political Economy is no light one, and we must allow no loose terms in it.

We have, therefore, to ascertain in the above definition, first, what is the meaning of "having," or the nature of Possession. Then, what is the meaning of "useful," or the nature of Utility.

And first of possession. At the crossing of the transepts of Milan Cathedral has lain, for three hundred years, the embalmed body of St. Carlo Borromeo. It holds a golden crosier, and has a cross of emeralds on its breast. Admitting the crosier and emeralds to be useful articles, is the body to be considered as "having" them? Do they, in the politico-economical sense of property, belong to it? If not, and if we may, therefore, conclude generally that a dead body cannot possess property, what degree and period of animation in the body will render possession possible?

As thus: lately in a wreck of a Californian ship, one of the passengers fastened a belt about him with two hundred pounds of gold in it, with which he was found afterwards at the bottom. Now, as he was sinking—had he the gold? or had the gold him?*

And if, instead of sinking him in the sea by its weight, the gold had struck him on the forehead, and thereby caused incurable disease—suppose palsy or insanity,—would the gold in that case have been more a "possession" than in the first? Without pressing the inquiry up through instances of gradually increasing vital power over the gold (which I will, however, give, if they are asked for), I presume the reader will see that possession, or "having," is not an absolute, but a gradated, power; and consists not only in the quantity or nature of the thing possessed, but also (and in a greater degree) in its suitableness to the person possessing it, and in his vital power to use it.

And our definition of Wealth, expanded, becomes: "The possession of useful articles, *which we can use*." This is a very serious change. For wealth, instead of depending merely on a "have," is thus seen to depend

* Compare GEORGE HERBERT, *The Church Porch*, Stanza 28.

on a "can." Gladiator's death, on a "habet;" but soldier's victory, and state's salvation, on a "quo plurimum posset." (Liv. VII. 6.) And what we reasoned of only as accumulation of material, is seen to demand also accumulation of capacity.

So much for our verb. Next for our adjective. What is the meaning of "useful?"

The inquiry is closely connected with the last. For what is capable of use in the hands of some persons, is capable, in the hands of others, of the opposite of use, called commonly, "from-use," or "ab-use." And it depends on the person, much more than on the article, whether its usefulness or ab-usefulness will be the quality developed in it. Thus, wine, which the Greeks, in their Bacchus, made, rightly, the type of all passion, and which, when used, "cheereth god and man" (that is to say, strengthens both the divine life, or reasoning power, and the earthly, or carnal power, of man); yet, when abused, becomes "Dionusos," hurtful especially to the divine part of man, or reason. And again, the body itself, being equally liable to use and to abuse, and, when rightly disciplined, serviceable to the State, both for war and labour;—but when not disciplined, or abused, valueless to the State, and capable only of continuing the private or single existence of the individual (and that but feebly)—the Greeks called such a body an "idiotic" or "private" body, from their word signifying a person employed in no way directly useful to the State; whence, finally, our "idiot," meaning a person entirely occupied with his own concerns.

Hence, it follows, that if a thing is to be useful, it must be not only of an availing nature, but in availing hands. Or, in accurate terms, usefulness is value in the hands of the valiant; so that this science of wealth being, as we have just seen, when regarded as the science of Accumulation, accumulative of capacity as well as of material,—when regarded as the Science of Distribution, is distribution not absolute, but discriminate; not of every thing to every man, but of the right thing to the right man. A difficult science, dependent on more than arithmetic.

Wealth, therefore, is "THE POSSESSION OF THE VALUABLE BY THE VALIANT;" and in considering it as a power existing in a nation, the two elements, the value of the thing, and the valour of its possessor, must be estimated together. Whence it appears that many of the persons commonly considered wealthy, are in reality no more wealthy than the locks of their own strong boxes are; they being inherently and eternally incapable of wealth; and operating for the nation, in an economical point of view, either as pools of dead water, and eddies in a stream (which, so long as the stream flows, are useless, or serve only to drown people, but may become of importance in a state of stagnation, should the stream dry); or else, as dams in a river, of which the ultimate service depends not on the dam, but the miller; or else, as mere accidental stays and impediments, acting, not as wealth, but (for we ought to have a correspondent term) as "illth," causing various devastation and trouble around them in all directions; or

lastly, act not at all, but are merely animated conditions of delay, (no use being possible of anything they have until they are dead,) in which last condition they are nevertheless often useful *as* delays, and "impedimenta," if a nation is apt to move too fast.

This being so, the difficulty of the true science of Political Economy lies not merely in the need of developing manly character to deal with material value, but in the fact, that while the manly character and material value only form wealth by their conjunction, they have nevertheless a mutually destructive operation on each other. For the manly character is apt to ignore, or even cast away, the material value:—whence that of Pope:—

> "Sure, of qualities demanding praise,
> More go to ruin fortunes, than to raise,"

And on the other hand, the material value is apt to undermine the manly character; so that it must be our work, in the issue, to examine what evidence there is of the effect of wealth on the minds of its possessors: also, what kind of person it is who usually sets himself to obtain wealth, and succeeds in doing so; and whether the world owes more gratitude to rich or to poor men, either for their moral influence upon it, or for chief goods, discoveries, and practical advancements. I may, however, anticipate future conclusions so far as to state that in a community regulated only by laws of demand and supply, but protected from open violence, the persons who become rich are, generally speaking, industrious, resolute, proud, covetous, prompt, methodical, sensible, unimaginative, insensitive, and ignorant. The persons who remain poor are the entirely foolish, the entirely wise,* the idle, the reckless, the humble, the thoughtful, the dull, the imaginative, the sensitive, the well-informed, the improvident, the irregularly and impulsively wicked, the clumsy knave, the open thief, and the entirely merciful, just, and godly person.

Thus far then of wealth. Next, we have to ascertain the nature of PRICE; that is to say, of exchange value, and its expression by currencies.

Note first, of exchange, there can be no *profit* in it. It is only in labour there can be profit—that is to say, a "making in advance," or "making in favour of" (from proficio). In exchange, there is only advantage, *i. e.* a bringing of vantage or power to the exchanging persons. Thus, one man, by sowing and reaping, turns one measure of corn into two measures. That is Profit. Another by digging and forging, turns one spade into two spades. That is Profit. But the man who has two measures of corn wants sometimes to dig; and the man who has two spades wants sometimes to eat:—They exchange the gained grain for the gained tool; and both are the better for the exchange; but though there is much advantage in the transaction, there is no profit. Nothing is constructed or

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* "ὁ Ζεὺς δήπου πένεται."—*Arist. Plut.* 582. It would but weaken the grand words to lean on the preceding ones:—"ὅτι τοῦ Πλούτου παρέχω βελτίονας ἄνδρας, καὶ τὴν γνώμην, καὶ τὴν ἰδέαν."

produced. Only that which had been before constructed is given to the person by whom it can be used. If labour is necessary to effect the exchange, that labour is in reality involved in the production, and, like all other labour, bears profit. Whatever number of men are concerned in the manufacture, or in the conveyance, have share in the profit; but neither the manufacture nor the conveyance are the exchange, and in the exchange itself there is no profit.

There may, however, be acquisition, which is a very different thing. If, in the exchange, one man is able to give what cost him little labour for what has cost the other much, he "acquires" a certain quantity of the produce of the other's labour. And precisely what he acquires, the other loses. In mercantile language, the person who thus acquires is commonly said to have "made a profit;" and I believe that many of our merchants are seriously under the impression that it is possible for everybody, somehow, to make a profit in this manner. Whereas, by the unfortunate constitution of the world we live in, the laws both of matter and motion have quite rigorously forbidden universal acquisition of this kind. Profit, or material gain, is attainable only by construction or by discovery; not by exchange. Whenever material gain follows exchange, for every *plus* there is a precisely equal *minus*.

Unhappily for the progress of the science of Political Economy, the plus quantities, or—if I may be allowed to coin an awkward plural—the pluses, make a very positive and venerable appearance in the world, so that every one is eager to learn the science which produces results so magnificent; whereas, the minuses have, on the other hand, a tendency to retire into back streets, and other places of shade,—or even to get themselves wholly and finally put out of sight in graves: which renders the algebra of this science peculiar, and difficultly legible; a large number of its negative signs being written by the account-keeper in a kind of red ink, which starvation thins, and makes strangely pale, or even quite invisible ink, for the present.

The Science of Exchange, or, as I hear it has been proposed to call it, of "Catallactics," considered as one of gain, is, therefore, simply nugatory; but considered as one of acquisition, it is a very curious science, differing in its data and basis from every other science known. Thus:—If I can exchange a needle with a savage for a diamond, my power of doing so depends either on the savage's ignorance of social arrangements in Europe, or on his want of power to take advantage of them, by selling the diamond to any one else for more needles. If, farther, I make the bargain as completely advantageous to myself as possible, by giving to the savage a needle with no eye in it (reaching, thus, a sufficiently satisfactory type of the perfect operation of catallactic science), the advantage to me in the entire transaction depends wholly upon the ignorance, powerlessness, or heedlessness of the person dealt with. Do away with these, and catallactic advantage becomes impossible. So far, therefore, as the science of exchange relates to the advantage of one of the exchanging persons only, it is founded

on the ignorance or incapacity of the opposite person. Where these vanish, it also vanishes. It is therefore a science founded on nescience, and an art founded on artlessness. But all other sciences and arts, except this, have for their object the doing away with their opposite nescience and artlessness. *This* science, alone of sciences, must, by all available means, promulgate and prolong its opposite nescience; otherwise the science itself is impossible. It is, therefore, peculiarly and alone, the science of darkness; probably a bastard science—not by any means a *divina scientia*, but one begotten of another father, that father who, advising his children to turn stones into bread, is himself employed in turning bread into stones, and who, if you ask a fish of him (fish not being producible on his estate), can but give you a serpent.

The general law, then, respecting just or economical exchange, is simply this:—There must be advantage on both sides (or if only advantage on one, at least no disadvantage on the other) to the persons exchanging; and just payment for his time, intelligence, and labour, to any intermediate person effecting the transaction (commonly called a merchant): and whatever advantage there is on either side, and whatever pay is given to the intermediate person, should be thoroughly known to all concerned. All attempt at concealment implies some practice of the opposite, or undivine science, founded on nescience. Whence another saying of the Jew merchant's—"As a nail between the stone joints, so doth sin stick fast between buying and selling." Which peculiar riveting of stone and timber, in men's dealings with each other, is again set forth in the house which was to be destroyed—timber and stones together—when Zechariah's roll (more probably "curved sword") flew over it: "the curse that goeth forth over all the earth upon every one that stealeth and holdeth himself guiltless," instantly followed by the vision of the Great Measure;—the measure "of the injustice of them in all the earth" (αὕτη ἡ ἀδικία αὐτῶν ἐν πάσῃ τῇ γῇ), with the weight of lead for its lid, and the woman, the spirit of wickedness, within it;—that is to say, Wickedness hidden by Dulness, and formalized, outwardly, into ponderously established cruelty. "It shall be set upon its own base in the land of Babel."*

I have hitherto carefully restricted myself, in speaking of exchange, to the use of the term "advantage;" but that term includes two ideas; the advantage, namely, of getting what we *need*, and that of getting what we *wish for*. Three-fourths of the demands existing in the world are romantic; founded on visions, idealisms, hopes, and affections; and the regulation of the purse is, in its essence, regulation of the imagination and the heart. Hence, the right discussion of the nature of price is a very high metaphysical and psychical problem; sometimes to be solved only in a passionate manner, as by David in his counting the price of the water of the well by the gate of Bethlehem; but its first conditions are the following:—The price of anything is the quantity of labour given by the person

* Zech. v. 11. See note on the passage, at page 556.

desiring it, in order to obtain possession of it. This price depends on four variable quantities. *A*. The quantity of wish the purchaser has for the thing; opposed to α, the quantity of wish the seller has to keep it. *B*. The quantity of labour the purchaser can afford to obtain the thing; opposed to β, the quantity of labour the seller can afford, to keep it. These quantities are operative only in excess; *i.e.* the quantity of wish (*A*) means the quantity of wish for this thing, above wish for other things; and the quantity of work (*B*) means the quantity which can be spared to get this thing from the quantity needed to get other things.

Phenomena of price, therefore, are intensely complex, curious, and interesting—too complex, however, to be examined yet; every one of them, when traced far enough, showing itself at last as a part of the bargain of the Poor of the Flock (or "flock of slaughter"), "If ye think good, give ME my price, and if not, forbear"—Zech. xi. 12; but as the price of everything is to be calculated finally in labour, it is necessary to define the nature of that standard.

Labour is the contest of the life of man with an opposite;—the term "life" including his intellect, soul, and physical power, contending with question, difficulty, trial, or material force.

Labour is of a higher or lower order, as it includes more or fewer of the elements of life: and labour of good quality, in any kind, includes always as much intellect and feeling as will fully and harmoniously regulate the physical force.

In speaking of the value and price of labour, it is necessary always to understand labour of a given rank and quality, as we should speak of gold or silver of a given standard. Bad (that is, heartless, inexperienced, or senseless) labour cannot be valued; it is like gold of uncertain alloy, or flawed iron.*

The quality and kind of labour being given, its value, like that of all other valuable things, is invariable. But the quantity of it which must be given for other things is variable: and in estimating this variation, the price of other things must always be counted by the quantity of labour; not the price of labour by the quantity of other things.

Thus, if we want to plant an apple sapling in rocky ground, it may take two hours' work; in soft ground, perhaps only half an hour. Grant the

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* Labour which is entirely good of its kind, that is to say effective, or efficient, the Greeks called "weighable," or ἄξιος, translated usually "worthy," and because thus substantial and true, they called its price τιμή, the "honourable estimate" of it (honorarium): this word being founded on their conception of true labour as a divine thing, to be honoured with the kind of honour given to the gods; whereas the price of false labour, or of that which led away from life, was to be, not honour, but vengeance; for which they reserved another word, attributing the exaction of such price to a peculiar goddess, called Tisiphone, the "requiter (or quittance-taker) of death;" a person versed in the highest branches of arithmetic, and punctual in her habits; with whom accounts current have been opened also in modern days.

soil equally good for the tree in each case. Then the value of the sapling planted by two hours' work is nowise greater than that of the sapling planted in half an hour. One will bear no more fruit than the other. Also, one half-hour of work is as valuable as another half-hour; nevertheless the one sapling has cost four such pieces of work, the other only one. Now the proper statement of this fact is, not that the labour on the hard ground is cheaper than on the soft; but that the tree is dearer. The exchange value may, or may not, afterwards depend on this fact. If other people have plenty of soft ground to plant in, they will take no cognizance of our two hours' labour, in the price they will offer for the plant on the rock. And if, through want of sufficient botanical science, we have planted an upas-tree instead of an apple, the exchange-value will be a negative quantity; still less proportionate to the labour expended.

What is commonly called cheapness of labour, signifies, therefore, in reality, that many obstacles have to be overcome by it; so that much labour is required to produce a small result. But this should never be spoken of as cheapness of labour, but as dearness of the object wrought for. It would be just as rational to say that walking was cheap, because we had ten miles to walk home to our dinner, as that labour was cheap, because we had to work ten hours to earn it.

The last word which we have to define is "Production."

I have hitherto spoken of all labour as profitable; because it is impossible to consider under one head the quality or value of labour, and its aim. But labour of the best quality may be various in aim. It may be either constructive ("gathering," from con and struo), as agriculture; nugatory, as jewel-cutting; or destructive ("scattering," from de and struo), as war. It is not, however, always easy to prove labour, apparently nugatory, to be actually so;* generally, the formula holds good: "he that gathereth not, scattereth;" thus, the jeweller's art is probably very harmful in its ministering to a clumsy and inelegant pride. So that, finally, I believe nearly all labour may be shortly divided into positive and negative labour: positive, that which produces life; negative, that which produces death; the most directly negative labour being murder, and the most directly positive, the bearing and rearing of children: so that in the precise degree in which murder is hateful, on the negative side of idleness, in that exact degree child-rearing is admirable, on the positive side of idleness. For

* The most accurately nugatory labour is, perhaps, that of which not enough is given to answer a purpose effectually, and which, therefore, has all to be done over again. Also, labour which fails of effect through non-co-operation. The curé of a little village near Bellinzona, to whom I had expressed wonder that the peasants allowed the Ticino to flood their fields, told me that they would not join to build an effectual embankment high up the valley, because everybody said "that would help his neighbours as much as himself." So every proprietor built a bit of low embankment about his own field; and the Ticino, as soon as it had a mind, swept away and swallowed all up together.

which reason, and because of the honour that there is in rearing* children, while the wife is said to be as the vine (for cheering), the children are as the olive-branch, for praise; nor for praise only, but for peace, (because large families can only be reared in times of peace): though since, in their spreading and voyaging in various directions, they distribute strength, they are, to the home strength, as arrows in the hand of the giant—striking here and there, far away.

Labour being thus various in its result, the prosperity of any nation is in exact proportion to the quantity of labour which it spends in obtaining and employing means of life. Observe,—I say, obtaining and employing; that is to say, not merely wisely producing, but wisely distributing and consuming. Economists usually speak as if there were no good in consumption absolute.† So far from this being so, consumption absolute is the end, crown, and perfection of production; and wise consumption is a far more difficult art than wise production. Twenty people can gain money for one who can use it; and the vital question, for individual and for nation, is, never "how much do they make?" but "to what purpose do they spend?"

The reader may, perhaps, have been surprised at the slight reference I have hitherto made to "capital," and its functions. It is here the place to define them.

Capital signifies "head, or source, or root material"—it is material by which some derivative or secondary good, is produced. It is only capital proper (caput vivum, not caput mortuum) when it is thus producing something different from itself. It is a root, which does not enter into vital function till it produces something else than a root; namely, fruit. That fruit will in time again produce roots; and so all living capital issues in reproduction of capital; but capital which produces nothing but capital is only root producing root; bulb issuing in bulb, never in tulip; seed issuing in seed, never in bread. The Political Economy of Europe has hitherto devoted itself wholly to the multiplication, or (less even) the aggregation, of bulbs. It never saw, nor conceived such a thing as a tulip. Nay, boiled bulbs they might have been—glass bulbs—Prince Rupert's drops, consummated in powder (well, if it were glass-powder and not gunpowder), for any end or meaning the economists had in defining the laws of aggregation. We will try and get a clearer notion of them.

The best and simplest general type of capital is a well-made ploughshare. Now, if that ploughshare did nothing but beget other ploughshares,

* Observe, I say, "rearing," not "begetting." The praise is in the seventh season, not in σπορητός, nor in φυταλιὰ, but in ὀπώρα. It is strange that men always praise enthusiastically any person who, by a momentary exertion, saves a life; but praise very hesitatingly a person who, by exertion and self-denial prolonged through years, creates one. We give the crown "ob civem servatum;"—why not "ob civem natum?" Born, I mean, to the full, in soul as well as body. England has oak enough, I think, for both chaplets.

† When Mr. Mill speaks of productive consumption, he only means consumption which results in increase of capital, or material wealth. See I. iii. 4, and I. iii. 5.

in a polypous manner,—however the great cluster of polypous plough might glitter in the sun, it would have lost its function of capital. It becomes true capital only by another kind of splendour,—when it is seen "splendescere sulco," to grow bright in the furrow; rather with diminution of its substance, than addition, by the noble friction. And the true home question, to every capitalist and to every nation, is not, "how many ploughs have you?" but, "where are your furrows?" not—"how quickly will this capital reproduce itself?"—but, "what will it do during reproduction?" What substance will it furnish, good for life? what work construct, protective of life? if none, its own reproduction is useless—if worse than none,—(for capital may destroy life as well as support it), its own reproduction is worse than useless; it is merely an advance from Tisiphone, on mortgage—not a profit by any means.

Not a profit, as the ancients truly saw, and showed in the type of Ixion;—for capital is the head, or fountain head, of wealth—the "well-head" of wealth, as the clouds are the well-heads of rain: but when clouds are without water, and only beget clouds, they issue in wrath at last, instead of rain, and in lightning instead of harvest; whence Ixion is said first to have invited his guests to a banquet, and then made them fall into a pit filled with fire; which is the type of the temptation of riches issuing in imprisoned torment,—torment in a pit, (as also Demas' silver mine,) after which, to show the rage of riches passing from lust of pleasure to lust of power, yet power not truly understood, Ixion is said to have desired Juno, and instead, embracing a cloud (or phantasm), to have begotten the Centaurs; the power of mere wealth being, in itself, as the embrace of a shadow,—comfortless, (so also "Ephraim feedeth on wind and followeth after the east wind;" or "that which is not"—Prov. xxiii. 5; and again Dante's Geryon, the type of avaricious fraud, as he flies, gathers the *air* up with retractile claws,"—l' aer a se raccolse,*) but in its offspring, a mingling of the brutal with the human nature: human in sagacity—using both intellect and arrow; but brutal in its body and hoof, for consuming, and trampling down. For which sin Ixion is at last bound upon a wheel—fiery and toothed, and rolling perpetually in the air;—the type of human labour when selfish and fruitless (kept far into the middle ages in their wheel of fortune); the wheel which has in it no breath or

* So also in the vision of the women bearing the ephah, before quoted, "the wind was in their wings," not wings "of a stork," as in our version; but "*milvi*," of a kite, in the Vulgate, or perhaps more accurately still in the Septuagint, "hoopoe," a bird connected typically with the power of riches by many traditions, of which that of its petition for a crest of gold is perhaps the most interesting. The "Birds" of Aristophanes, in which its part is principal, are full of them; note especially the "fortification of the air with baked bricks, like Babylon," l. 550; and, again, compare the Plutus of Dante, who (to show the influence of riches in destroying the reason) is the only one of the powers of the Inferno who cannot speak intelligibly; and also the cowardliest; he is not merely quelled or restrained, but literally "collapses" at a word; the sudden and helpless operation of mercantile panic being all told in the brief metaphor, "as the sails, swollen with the wind, fall, when the mast breaks."

spirit, but is whirled by chance only; whereas of all true work the Ezekiel vision is true, that the Spirit of the living creature is in the wheels, and where the angels go, the wheels go by them; but move no otherwise.

This being the real nature of capital, it follows that there are two kinds of true production, always going on in an active State; one of seed, and one of food; or production for the Ground, and for the Mouth; both of which are by covetous persons thought to be production only for the granary; whereas the function of the granary is but intermediate and conservative, fulfilled in distribution; else it ends in nothing but mildew, and nourishment of rats and worms. And since production for the ground is only useful with future hope of harvest, all *essential* production is for the Mouth; and is finally measured by the mouth; hence, as I said above, consumption is the crown of production; and the wealth of a nation is only to be estimated by what it consumes.

The want of any clear sight of this fact is the capital error, issuing in rich interest and revenue of error among the political economists. Their minds are continually set on money-gain, not on mouth-gain; and they fall into every sort of net and snare, dazzled by the coin-glitter as birds by the fowler's glass; or rather (for there is not much else like birds in them) they are like children trying to jump on the heads of their own shadows; the money-gain being only the shadow of the true gain, which is humanity.

The final object of political economy, therefore, is to get good method of consumption, and great quantity of consumption: in other words, to use everything, and to use it nobly; whether it be substance, service, or service perfecting substance. The most curious error in Mr. Mill's entire work (provided for him originally by Ricardo), is his endeavour to distinguish between direct and indirect service, and consequent assertion that a demand for commodities is not demand for labour (I. v. 9, *et seq.*) He distinguishes between labourers employed to lay out pleasure grounds, and to manufacture velvet; declaring that it makes material difference to the labouring classes in which of these two ways a capitalist spends his money; because the employment of the gardeners is a demand for labour, but the purchase of velvet is not.* Error colossal as well as

* The value of raw material, which has, indeed, to be deducted from the price of the labour, is not contemplated in the passages referred to, Mr. Mill having fallen into the mistake solely by pursuing the collateral results of the payment of wages to middlemen. He says—"The consumer does not, with his own funds, pay the weaver for his day's work." Pardon me; the consumer of the velvet pays the weaver with his own funds as much as he pays the gardener. He pays, probably, an intermediate ship-owner, velvet merchant, and shopman; pays carriage money, shop rent, damage money, time money, and care money: all these are above and beside the velvet price, (just as the wages of a head gardener would be above the grass price); but the velvet is as much produced by the consumer's capital, though he does not pay for it till six months after production, as the grass is produced by his capital, though he does not pay the man who mowed and rolled it on Monday, till Saturday afternoon. I do not know if Mr. Mill's conclusion,—"the capital cannot be dispensed with, the purchasers can" (p. 98), has yet been reduced to practice in the City on any large scale.

strange. It will, indeed, make a difference to the labourer whether we bid him swing his scythe in the spring winds, or drive the loom in pestilential air; but, so far as his pocket is concerned, it makes to him absolutely no difference whether we order him to make green velvet, with seed and a scythe, or red velvet, with silk and scissors. Neither does it anywise concern him whether, when the velvet is made, we consume it by walking on it, or wearing it, so long as our consumption of it is wholly selfish. But if our consumption is to be in anywise unselfish, not only our mode of consuming the articles we require interests him, but also the *kind* of article we require with a view to consumption. As thus (returning for a moment to Mr. Mill's great hardware theory*): it matters, so far as the labourer's immediate profit is concerned, not an iron filing whether I employ him in growing a peach, or forging a bombshell; but my probable mode of consumption of those articles matters seriously. Admit that it is to be in both cases "unselfish," and the difference, to him, is final, whether when his child is ill, I walk into his cottage and give it the peach, or drop the shell down his chimney, and blow his roof off.

The worst of it, for the peasant, is, that the capitalist's consumption of the peach is apt to be selfish, and of the shell, distributive;† but, in all cases, this is the broad and general fact, that on due catallactic commercial principles, *somebody's* roof must go off in fulfilment of the bomb's destiny. You may grow for your neighbour, at your liking, grapes or grapeshot; he will also, catallactically, grow grapes or grapeshot for you, and you will each reap what you have sown.

It is, therefore, the manner and issue of consumption which are the real tests of production. Production does not consist in things laboriously made, but in things serviceably consumable; and the question for the nation is not how much labour it employs, but how much life it produces.

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* Which, observe, is the precise opposite of the one under examination. The hardware theory required us to discharge our gardeners and engage manufacturers; the velvet theory requires us to discharge our manufacturers and engage gardeners.

† It is one very awful form of the operation of wealth in Europe that it is entirely capitalists' wealth which supports unjust wars. Just wars do not need so much money to support them; for most of the men who wage such, wage them gratis; but for an unjust war, men's bodies and souls have both to be bought; and the best tools of war for them besides; which makes such war costly to the maximum; not to speak of the cost of base fear, and angry suspicion, between nations which have not grace nor honesty enough in all their multitudes to buy an hour's peace of mind with: as, at present, France and England, purchasing of each other ten millions sterling worth of consternation annually, (a remarkably light crop, half thorns and half aspen-leaves, —sown, reaped, and granaried by the "science" of the modern political economist, teaching covetousness instead of truth.) And all unjust war being supportable, if not by pillage of the enemy, only by loans from capitalists, these loans are repaid by subsequent taxation of the people, who appear to have no will in the matter, the capitalists' will being the primary root of the war; but its real root is the covetousness of the whole nation, rendering it incapable of faith, frankness, or justice, and bringing about, therefore, in due time, his own separate loss and punishment to each person.

For as consumption is the end and aim of production, so life is the end and aim of consumption.

I left this question to the reader's thought two months ago, choosing rather that he should work it out for himself than have it sharply stated to him. But now, the ground being sufficiently broken (and the details into which the several questions, here opened, must lead us, being too complex for discussion in the pages of a periodical, so that I must pursue them elsewhere), I desire, in closing the series of introductory papers, to leave this one great fact clearly stated. THERE IS NO WEALTH BUT LIFE. Life, including all its powers of love, of joy, and of admiration. That country is the richest which nourishes the greatest number of noble and happy human beings; that man is richest who, having perfected the functions of his own life to the utmost, has also the widest helpful influence, both personal, and by means of his possessions, over the lives of others.

A strange political economy; the only one, nevertheless, that ever was or can be: all political economy founded on self-interest* being but the fulfilment of that which once brought schism into the policy of angels, and ruin into the economy of Heaven.

" The greatest number of human beings noble and happy." But is the nobleness consistent with the number? Yes, not only consistent with it, but essential to it. The maximum of life can only be reached by the maximum of virtue. In this respect the law of human population differs wholly from that of animal life. The multiplication of animals is checked only by want of food, and by the hostility of races; the population of the gnat is restrained by the hunger of the swallow, and that of the swallow by the scarcity of gnats. Man, considered as an animal, is indeed limited by the same laws: hunger, or plague, or war, are the necessary and only restraints upon his increase,—effectual restraints hitherto,—his principal study having been how most swiftly to destroy himself, or ravage his dwelling-places, and his highest skill directed to give range to the famine, seed to the plague, and sway to the sword. But, considered as other than an animal, his increase is not limited by these laws. It is limited only by the limits of his courage and his love. Both of these *have* their bounds; and ought to have: his race has its bounds also; but these have not yet been reached, nor will be reached for ages.

In all the ranges of human thought I know none so melancholy as the speculations of political economists on the population question. It is proposed to better the condition of the labourer by giving him higher wages. "Nay," says the economist, "if you raise his wages, he will either people down to the same point of misery at which you found him, or drink your wages away." He will. I know it. Who gave him this will? Suppose it were your own son of whom you spoke, declaring to

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* "In all reasoning about prices, the proviso must be understood, 'supposing all parties to take care of their own interest.'"—Mill, III. i. 5.

me that you dared not take him into your firm, nor even give him his just labourer's wages, because if you did, he would die of drunkenness, and leave half a score of children to the parish. "Who gave your son these dispositions?"—I should inquire. Has he them by inheritance or by education? By one or other they *must* come; and as in him, so also in the poor. Either these poor are of a race essentially different from ours, and unredeemable (which, however often implied, I have heard none yet openly say), or else by such care as we have ourselves received, we may make them continent and sober as ourselves—wise and dispassionate as we are—models arduous of imitation. But, it is answered, they cannot receive education. Why not? That is precisely the point at issue. Charitable persons suppose the worst fault of the rich is to refuse the people meat; and the people cry for their meat, kept back by fraud, to the Lord of Multitudes.* Alas! it is not meat of which the refusal is cruelest, or to which the claim is validest. The life is more than the meat. The rich not only refuse food to the poor; they refuse wisdom; they refuse virtue; they refuse salvation. Ye sheep without shepherd, it is not the pasture that has been shut from you, but the presence. Meat! perhaps your right to that may be pleadable; but other rights have to be pleaded first. Claim your crumbs from the table, if you will; but claim them as children, not as dogs; claim your right to be fed, but claim more loudly your right to be holy, perfect, and pure.

Strange words to be used of working people: "What! holy; without any long robes nor anointing oils; these rough-jacketed, rough-worded persons; set to nameless and dishonoured service? Perfect!—these, with dim eyes and cramped limbs, and slowly wakening minds? Pure!—these, with sensual desire and grovelling thought; foul of body, and coarse of soul?" It may be so; nevertheless, such as they are, they are the holiest,

* James v. 4. Observe, in these statements I am not taking up, nor countenancing one whit, the common socialist idea of division of property; division of property is its destruction; and with it the destruction of all hope, all industry, and all justice: it is simply chaos—a chaos towards which the believers in modern political economy are fast tending, and from which I am striving to save them. The rich man does not keep back meat from the poor by retaining his riches; but by basely using them. Riches are a form of strength; and a strong man does not injure others by keeping his strength, but by using it injuriously. The socialist, seeing a strong man oppress a weak one, cries out—"Break the strong man's arms;" but I say, "Teach him to use them to better purpose." The fortitude and intelligence which acquire riches are intended, by the Giver of both, not to scatter, nor to give away, but to employ those riches in the service of mankind; in other words, in the redemption of the erring and aid of the weak—that is to say, there is first to be the work to gain money; then the Sabbath of use for it—the Sabbath, whose law is, not to lose life, but to save. It is continually the fault or the folly of the poor that they are poor, as it is usually a child's fault if it falls into a pond, and a cripple's weakness that slips at a crossing; nevertheless, most passers-by would pull the child out, or help up the cripple. Put it at the worst, that all the poor of the world are but disobedient children, or careless cripples, and that all rich people are wise and strong, and you will see at once that neither is the socialist right in desiring to make everybody poor, powerless, and foolish as he is himself, nor the rich man right in leaving the children in the mire.

perfectest, purest persons the earth can at present show. They may be what you have said; but if so, they yet are holier than we, who have left them thus.

But what can be done for them? Who can clothe—who teach—who restrain their multitudes? What end can there be for them at last, but to consume one another?

I hope for another end, though not, indeed, from any of the three remedies for over-population commonly suggested by economists.

These three are, in brief—Colonization; Bringing in of waste lands; or Discouragement of Marriage.

The first and second of these expedients merely evade or delay the question. It will, indeed, be long before the world has been all colonized, and its deserts all brought under cultivation. But the radical question is not how much habitable land is in the world, but how many human beings ought to be maintained on a given space of habitable land.

Observe, I say, *ought* to be, not how many *can* be. Ricardo, with his usual inaccuracy, defines what he calls the "natural rate of wages" as "that which will maintain the labourer." Maintain him! yes; but how?—the question was instantly thus asked of me by a working girl, to whom I read the passage. I will amplify her question for her. "Maintain him, how?" As, first, to what length of life? Out of a given number of fed persons how many are to be old—how many young; that is to say, will you arrange their maintenance so as to kill them early—say at thirty or thirty-five on the average, including deaths of weakly or ill-fed children?—or so as to enable them to live out a natural life? You will feed a greater number, in the first case,* by rapidity of succession; probably a happier number in the second: which does Mr. Ricardo mean to be their natural state, and to which state belongs the natural rate of wages?

Again: A piece of land which will only support ten idle, ignorant and improvident persons will support thirty or forty intelligent and industrious ones. Which of these is their natural state, and to which of them belongs the natural rate of wages?

Again: If a piece of land support forty persons in industrious ignorance; and if, tired of this ignorance, they set apart ten of their number to study the properties of cones, and the sizes of stars; the labour of these ten, being withdrawn from the ground, must either tend to the increase of food in some transitional manner, or the persons set apart for sidereal and conic purposes must starve, or some one else starve instead of them. What is, therefore, the natural rate of wages of the scientific persons, and how does this rate relate to, or measure, their reverted or transitional productiveness?

Again: If the ground maintains, at first, forty labourers in a peaceable and pious state of mind, but they become in a few years so quarrelsome and impious that they have to set apart five, to meditate upon and settle

* The quantity of life is the same in both cases; but it is differently allotted.

their disputes;—ten, armed to the teeth with costly instruments, to enforce the decisions; and five to remind everybody in an eloquent manner of the existence of a God;—what will be the result upon the general power of production, and what is the "natural rate of wages" of the meditative, muscular, and oracular labourers?

Leaving these questions to be discussed, or waived, at their pleasure, by Mr. Ricardo's followers, I proceed to state the main facts bearing on that probable future of the labouring classes which has been partially glanced at by Mr. Mill. That chapter and the preceding one differ from the common writing of political economists in admitting some value in the aspect of nature, and expressing regret at the probability of the destruction of natural scenery. But we may spare our anxieties, on this head. Men can neither drink steam, nor eat stone. The maximum of population on a given space of land implies also the relative maximum of edible vegetable, whether for men or cattle; it implies a maximum of pure air; and of pure water. Therefore: a maximum of wood, to transmute the air, and of sloping ground, protected by herbage from the extreme heat of the sun, to feed the streams. All England may, if it so chooses, become one manufacturing town; and Englishmen, sacrificing themselves to the good of general humanity, may live diminished lives in the midst of noise, of darkness, and of deadly exhalation. But the world cannot become a factory, nor a mine. No amount of ingenuity will ever make iron digestible by the million, nor substitute hydrogen for wine. Neither the avarice nor the rage of men will ever feed them, and however the apple of Sodom and the grape of Gomorrah may spread their table for a time with dainties of ashes, and nectar of asps,—so long as men live by bread, the far away vallies must laugh as they are covered with the gold of God, and the shouts of His happy multitudes ring round the winepress and the well.

Nor need our more sentimental economists fear the too wide spread of the formalities of a mechanical agriculture. The presence of a wise population implies the search for felicity as well as for food; nor can any population reach its maximum but through that wisdom which "rejoices" in the habitable parts of the earth. The desert has its appointed place and work; the eternal engine, whose beam is the earth's axle, whose beat is its year, and whose breath is its ocean, will still divide imperiously to their desert kingdoms, bound with unfurrowable rock, and swept by unarrested sand, their powers of frost and fire: but the zones and lands between, habitable, will be loveliest in habitation. The desire of the heart is also the light of the eyes. No scene is continually and untiringly loved, but one rich by joyful human labour; smooth in field; fair in garden; full in orchard; trim, sweet, and frequent in homestead; ringing with voices of vivid existence. No air is sweet that is silent; it is only sweet when full of low currents of under sound—triplets of birds, and murmur and chirp of insects, and deep-toned words of men, and wayward trebles of childhood. As the art of life is learned, it will be found

at last that all lovely things are also necessary:—the wild flower by the wayside, as well as the tended corn; and the wild birds and creatures of the forest, as well as the tended cattle; because man doth not live by bread only, but also by the desert manna; by every wondrous word and unknowable work of God. Happy, in that he knew them not, nor did his fathers know; and that round about him reaches yet into the infinite, the amazement of his existence.

Note, finally, that all effectual advancement towards this true felicity of the human race must be by individual, not public effort. Certain general measures may aid, certain revised laws guide, such advancement; but the measure and law which have first to be determined are those of each man's home. We continually hear it recommended by sagacious people to complaining neighbours, (usually less well placed in the world than themselves), that they should "remain content in the station in which Providence has placed them." There are perhaps some circumstances of life in which Providence has no intention that people *should* be content. Nevertheless, the maxim is on the whole a good one; but it is peculiarly for home use. That your neighbour should, or should not, remain content with *his* position, is not your business; but it is very much your business to remain content with your own. What is chiefly needed in England at the present day is to show the quantity of pleasure that may be obtained by a consistent, well-administered competence, modest, confessed, and laborious. We need examples of people who, leaving Heaven to decide whether they are to rise in the world, decide for themselves that they will be happy in it, and have resolved to seek—not greater wealth, but simpler pleasure; not higher fortune, but deeper felicity; making the first of possessions, self-possession; and honouring themselves in the harmless pride and calm pursuits of peace.

Of which lowly peace it is written that "justice and peace have kissed each other;" and that the fruit of justice is "sown in peace of them that make peace;" not "peace-makers" in the common understanding—reconcilers of quarrels; (though that function also follows on the greater one;) but peace-Creators; Givers of Calm. Which you cannot give, unless you first gain; nor is this gain one which will follow assuredly on any course of business, commonly so called. No form of gain is less probable, business being (as is shown in the language of all nations—πωλεῖν from πέλω, πρᾶσις from περάω, venire, vendre, and venal, from venio, &c.) essentially restless—and probably contentious;—having a raven-like mind to the motion to and fro, as to the carrion food; whereas the olive-feeding and bearing birds look for rest for their feet: thus it is said of Wisdom that she "hath builded her house, and hewn out her seven pillars;" and even when, though apt to wait long at the doorposts, she has to leave her house and go abroad, her paths are peace also.

For us, at all events, her work must begin at the entry of the doors: all true economy is "Law of the house." Strive to make that law strict, simple, generous; waste nothing, and grudge nothing. Care in nowise to

make more of money, but care to make much of it; remembering always the great, palpable, inevitable fact—the rule and root of all economy—that what one person has, another cannot have; and that every atom of substance, of whatever kind, used or consumed, is so much human life spent; which, if it issue in the saving present life, or gaining more, is well spent, but if not, is either so much life prevented, or so much slain. In all buying, consider, first, what condition of existence you cause in the producers of what you buy; secondly, whether the sum you have paid is just to the producer, and in due proportion, lodged in his hands;* thirdly, to how much clear use, for food, knowledge, or joy, this that you have bought can be put; and fourthly, to whom and in what way it can be most speedily and serviceably distributed: in all dealings whatsoever insisting on entire openness and stern fulfilment; and in all doings, on perfection and loveliness of accomplishment; especially on fineness and purity of all marketable commodity: watching at the same time for all ways of gaining, or teaching, powers of simple pleasure; and of showing "ὅσον ἐν ἀσφοδέλῳ γέγ' ὄνειαρ"—the sum of enjoyment depending not on the quantity of things tasted, but on the vivacity and patience of taste.

And if, on due and honest thought over these things, it seems that the kind of existence to which men are now summoned by every plea of pity and claim of right, may, for some time at least, not be a luxurious one;—consider whether, even supposing it guiltless, luxury would be desired by any of us, if we saw clearly at our sides the suffering which accompanies it in the world. Luxury is indeed possible in the future—innocent and exquisite; luxury for all, and by the help of all; but luxury at present can only be enjoyed by the ignorant; the cruelest man living could not sit at his feast, unless he sat blindfold. Raise the veil boldly; face the light; and if, as yet, the light of the eye can only be through tears, and the light of the body through sackcloth, go thou forth weeping, bearing precious seed, until the time come, and the kingdom, when Christ's gift of bread, and bequest of peace shall be Unto this last as unto thee; and when, for earth's severed multitudes of the wicked and the weary, there shall be holier reconciliation than that of the narrow home, and calm economy, where the Wicked cease—not from trouble, but from troubling—and the Weary are at rest.

J. R.

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* The proper offices of middle-men, namely, overseers (or authoritative workmen); conveyancers (merchants, sailors, retail dealers, &c.), and order-takers (persons employed to receive directions from the consumer), must, of course, be examined before I can enter farther into the question of just payment of the first producer. But I have not spoken of them in these introductory papers, because the evils attendant on the abuse of such intermediate functions result not from any alleged principle of modern political economy, but from private carelessness or iniquity.

Weather.

Trite and commonplace as the subject is, there still remains a good deal to be told about the weather, and there is ample reason in the history of the years 1859–60 why the present time should be selected for telling it. Notwithstanding the daily discussion and inquiries, we believe that the most indistinct and confused ideas are still commonly enough entertained about weather. It is often mistaken for climate, and climate is confounded with it; while, although the emblem of change, the numerous and real causes of change seem hardly to enter into consideration.

Let us endeavour to bring together in a narrow compass some of the chief peculiarities of weather and its changes, accounting for them, as far as possible, by some reasonable cause. We may thus obtain an insight into the future of this obscure subject, and perhaps understand how it is that some of our friends are weather-wise. Perhaps, also, some of us may be induced to make observations of our own.

A fine day in a fine season is an event worth recording, and involves a goodly variety of conditions. On such a day we have a bright sun, but the sun's heat is not scorching, nor does its light produce a painful glare; the sky is clear, and the clouds, if any, are light and high, not streaky or in heavy, cumbrous masses during the day, and towards evening they clear away, leaving only a few that are rosy and pink at sunset. The colour of the sky is blue, but not too intense, and not extending quite to the horizon. Distant objects are visible, but not so sharply defined as to appear unusually near. The atmosphere is really heavy, as shown by a high state of the barometer; but to the feelings it is light and elastic. The air feels dry, but not harsh, containing water, but in a state capable of absorbing more than it contains. The temperature is seasonable, not far removed from the average temperature due to the time of year. There is motion in the air, but it is not enough to be called wind. It proceeds from a quarter generally favourable for fine weather in the place of observation. The electricity of the air is in a state of equilibrium. There is a fair supply of that peculiar substance or condition called *ozone*, and there is no disturbance of the magnetic forces.

An average number of such days as these, occurring at intervals, separated by cloudy and rainy weather of no long duration, and not accompanied by violent and continued wind, electric or magnetic storm, or sudden and frequent changes in the temperature and pressure of the air, characterize a fine season; and several fine seasons following each other, produce a cycle or period of fine weather. A certain amount of electric storm and hail in summer, intervals of heavy rain, wind, and storm near

the vernal and autumnal equinoxes, and an average of snow, frost, and magnetic storm in winter, are by no means incompatible with fine seasons. During such seasons the fruits of the earth ripen, and the ordinary crops of the country are obtained.

Bad weather and bad seasons are naturally the converse and opposite of fine. They also recur occasionally in cycles, and alternate with fine weather and seasons. It would be unnatural if this were not the case, for it is the result, inevitable as far as we know, of the laws governing our earth and system; but here are not wanting those who would find a national punishment in the occurrence of a season unfavourable to the growth and ripening of the crops. Such persons practically regard fine seasons as natural and normal, and bad seasons as miraculous exceptions.

The word *climate* is generally used to express the general average of the weather for a country or a district. In point of fact, hardly any two places a few miles apart have precisely the same climate; but in a general sense the climate of England is spoken of as one thing, that of France as another, and so on. Climate is properly the long average of weather in a single place, while the climate of a country is the average of all the climates of the different places in it, taken on an estimate of as long a period as possible.

Now it is quite conceivable that the climate of a place may in the course of time undergo a change, but it would take a large number of observations to prove it. By removing the trees, draining the land, and altering the crops, a certain alteration of climate is, however, necessarily induced, inasmuch as the average temperature and moisture become altered, and these are climatial essentials.

But though climate *may* change or be changed, we may almost assert it as an axiom that weather *must* change. There are districts in the world where these changes are exceedingly small, but such districts are few and exceptional. Generally, in temperate climates more especially, weather is very changeable and climate very uniform.

Climates, as we have said, are different in different places; whereas the weather, though very changeable in any one place, may be the same at the same time in very many places. This has been ascertained by systematic observations, commencing by previous arrangement at the same instant at a number of stations in different parts of the world, and continued at equal intervals. Thus it was found that on the morning of the 3rd of February, 1842, rain was falling at the same time throughout nearly every part of the United States of America, from the Gulf of Mexico in the south to beyond Lake Superior in the north, and from beyond the Mississippi in the west to far out in the Atlantic in the east. Over an area of at least a million of square miles there was for hours identical weather; and there have been other instances recorded where the whole land of Northern Europe has been under the influence of rain-clouds at the same instant, and for some time.

But we all know that the weather is often extremely different on the

two sides of a mountain-chain, across a narrow channel occupied by water, or even in two localities on land a few miles distant from each other. It follows that while there are causes which influence weather of exceedingly wide operation, there are others altogether local, and one can readily believe that the indications also will be somewhat different.

The prognostications and causes of change of weather must evidently be studied with reference to this important difference. There is, however, a third condition of weather, when it is neither uniform over a wide tract, nor variable within narrow limits; but when, as in the case of certain storms, it travels over land and sea at a nearly even pace, occupying and affecting a narrow belt, but within that belt producing effects indicating the exercise of enormous mechanical force. During the great circular storms, or *cyclones*, which have been long known in the West Indies and China Seas, and are there periodical, but which also reach our shores and have been unusually frequent during the past year, the weather travels along in this manner, a desolating hurricane surrounding a comparative lull. While the wind of the hurricane is blowing at the rate of sixty or eighty miles an hour, the whole storm moves on, generally from the south-west towards the north-east, at a rate not often exceeding twenty miles an hour. The signs and causes of this travelling weather are, as might be expected, somewhat different from those of the other two kinds.

The weather is essentially the state of the air at the place and time of observation, and change of weather involves the action of some external causes altering the condition of the atmosphere. But, as the reader will have seen by our account of a fine day, this involves a good deal. The actual weight of the air above our heads is called "the pressure of the air," because the air does really press down upon us in exact proportion to its weight. This is constantly varying from a multitude of influences. The temperature of the air also changes every hour of the day. The moisture in the air varies with the temperature. The electrical state varies from many causes, and affects the others to a marked extent. The direction of the wind frequently changes, bringing new currents of air with altered temperature, and in a different electrical state. Each of these causes and results of change requires a special instrument to measure its amount, and each observation has to be regarded in its bearing on all the others.

There is thus a great complication of phenomena to be noted, and no one instrument alone can be regarded as sufficient. We will consider presently the use and relative value of the various contrivances that have been invented, and are commonly used; but, before doing so, let us see how far we may become weather-prophets without any instruments at all.

We may either trust to our own observations of the external world, or, which is better, combine these with notices of the habits and instincts of animals. In this way any one can, by care and attention, come to possess an almost instinctive perception of weather changes.

The state of the air is one of the first things that we may study with advantage in endeavouring to become weather-wise. Those who live in

the open country or in the neighbourhood of the sea can readily observe this by the appearance of objects near the horizon. In a large city it is more difficult; but even there some of the indications are obtained.

There is hardly a more certain prognostication of coming change than a peculiar sharpness and clearness in the outlines of distant objects, enabling us to see more of them and to see them more plainly than usual. This is often looked on by those who are not weather-wise as a proof of fine weather instead of change. There are times when the state of the air is such as to bring up above the line of the horizon the form of objects actually below it, thus producing what is called *mirage*. *Mirage*, in hot, dry climates, is not necessarily followed by change; but in all parts of northern Europe, and generally in all temperate climates where rain falls irregularly, unusual clearness and irregular refraction are followed by bad weather within twenty-four hours; or if continued for some days, severe storm is almost inevitably at hand.

The quantity, mode of arrangement, and form of clouds, are all matters greatly to be looked at if we would foretell the weather a little in advance. Very light, lofty clouds, ranging in lines, but detached from each other and often crossing each other's directions, are frequently the first signs of change and coming wind after continued fine weather. They are called by sailors *cats' tails*, and the sky covered with such clouds a "mackerel sky."

To these clouds, generally many thousand feet above the earth, belong the halos occasionally seen surrounding the sun and moon; and the appearance of such meteors is also unfavourable.

In summer they announce rain; in winter, thaw.

By degrees the light clouds descend and become more prominent. They pass either into heaped masses, like carded cotton, or into dense horizontal strata, forming at sunset and disappearing at sunrise. Both kinds pass into gray, formless, leaden clouds, which gradually cover the whole face of the heavens, and at last empty themselves on the earth in rain.

A very sudden alteration of form, or shifting of the place of clouds, or a sudden obscuration of the sky without clouds in motion, is an indication of a state of the air generally belonging to changeable weather. When the round, heaped clouds appear early in the morning, they often gradually disappear as the day advances, and after noon the sky is clear; but when they come on after noon, and increase towards evening, obscuring the sunset, they generally terminate in rain. Any violent and rapid motion amongst the clouds, one group crossing another, owing to various currents of air at different altitudes, indicates the approach of changeable weather.

It has been determined by careful observations made during balloon ascents, and confirmed by what is noticed on high mountains, that at a height of a few thousand feet above the earth there is a stratum of air in which cloud is often present, above and below which the air is in a very different state. This stratum forms a kind of dividing plane, and the more immediate changes of weather, no doubt, commence there; while the more distant alterations require a longer time to perfect.

We are all aware of the value of a fine sunset in influencing, or rather intimating, the weather of the succeeding day. It requires, however, some experience to appreciate the exact state of the clouds in this respect, and the probability of interference by changes of wind or temperature, and thus the would-be prophet is often deceived. Among signs of fine weather, an early and heavy dew has often been noticed. It has also been observed that hail in summer is generally preceded by great heat, and followed by cool weather.

The state of the air in which smoke rises vertically and to a considerable height, is known to be frequently followed by fair weather; while the opposite state, in which the smoke is beaten down and refuses to rise, is unfavourable.

The direction of the wind, and direction of change when the wind veers round, are among the most important and valuable indications of weather open to the general observer. The quarter from which wind comes is of course indicated by a streamer or weathercock which is not affected by trees or buildings. With us in the British Islands, northerly winds, whether from the east or west of north, are generally cold, and southerly winds warm. North-easterly winds in winter and spring are cold and dry, but in summer often hot. North-westerly winds in ordinary seasons are fresh and pleasant in summer, but cold and wet near the equinox. South-westerly winds are generally warm and often wet.

Our chief gales proceed from the south-west or north-west, but some that are also severe come from the north-east. South-easterly winds are rare, but in summer generally warm.

Winds proceeding from any easterly point proceed over a large expanse of land, and those from the west over water. The former are thus dry, and the latter charged with moisture; but it sometimes happens that a wind, after proceeding for a long time across land or water, is, for some reason, thrown back again in a contrary direction along the earth's surface. In this case the apparently dry west wind is really part of one that has come from the east, and the apparently damp easterly wind really came from the ocean.

But although the direction of the wind affords valuable information as indicating generally the conditions to which that part of the air has been exposed for some time, the mode in which it changes its direction would seem to be far more important as a prognostication of weather. An account of this, however, belongs rather to the consideration of instrumental indications, as it involves a series of observations.

A large amount of valuable weather news is obtained by watching the habits of animals and the conditions of vegetation. The former, especially, often affords the readiest, and even the surest, proofs of coming change that are open to our observation. The flight of birds and insects, the departure of fishes from their usual haunts, the movements of cows and sheep in the fields, or of domestic animals in the house, are among the phenomena that will occur to every one; but they can only be made use of

by those who are thoroughly familiar with, and minutely observe, nature. Many of us, indeed, have our own instincts in this respect, and there are too many cases within the sphere of general knowledge where human beings, our friends or ourselves, feel without seeing those changes of wind that precede or accompany changes of weather. Amongst these are the martyrs to rheumatism and neuralgia; those who have felt the racking pain from old and imperfectly healed wounds; those from whom proceed the dry, consumptive cough; or those who suffer from the bronchial irritation that no artificial atmosphere can soothe.

All these conditions of the air are the result of causes which, if clearly understood in their relative importance and mode of action, would be reducible to direct observation and calculation. They may be described in a few words as being dependent on the pressure of the air, the temperature of the air—not only at the surface, but at various heights—the dew-point or state of moisture of the air, the rainfall, the clear or cloudy state of the upper air, the direction and force of the wind, the electrical state of the air—both with respect to ordinary electricity developed in thunder-storms, and that which is now called *ozone*—and the magnetic condition of the earth and atmosphere. Instruments are in use by means of which all these matters can be determined. These instruments must, however, not only themselves be good and accurate, but they must be compared with some fixed standards. They must also be used systematically—either always and everywhere at the same hours of the day, or so frequently that the observation of the agreed times can be deduced by calculation. The various observers must be able to compare notes, and must compare them very completely. There must be no forgetfulness and no indifference in the work, and whoever undertakes to observe, must do so for some time before he can obtain a result.

The first and most important instrument of observation is, beyond all doubt, the BAROMETER. It is a simple contrivance, consisting of a column of mercury placed in a long empty tube, open at one end and closed at the other. When inverted in a small cistern of mercury, the fluid metal descends from the top or closed end of the tube, leaving an absolute vacuum behind it, and it continues to descend until the weight of the mercury in the column exactly balances the whole weight of a column of air of the same size to the very top of our atmosphere. It is a mode of weighing this column of air, and it does so with perfect accuracy; but the markings upon the side of the column, instead of merely stating the number of inches, tenths of an inch, or hundredths of an inch, that the column is in length, also generally include certain words, such as "set fair, fair, change, rain," &c., which are, in fact, a mere delusion and a snare to the uninformed owner of the so-called *weather-glass*.

When properly made and compared with a standard, and not disturbed, it is, indeed, almost impossible that a barometer of the usual kind should get out of order, and quite impossible that it should fail in recording correctly the facts we ought to expect from it.

The barometer tells us one thing, and one thing only—namely, the pressure of the air at the moment of observation. This may seem to be a small matter; but in temperate climates the pressure of the air is, in fact, the most accurate indication of every important change that takes place in the atmosphere. In climates where the weather is little variable, the mercury in the barometer rises and falls in exact accordance with the sun's position above the horizon, so that, in the tropics, it might serve as a time-piece. With us, these minute though regular changes are masked by others more considerable and less regular.

To be of any value as a weather-gauge, the barometer requires frequent and regular observation, and comparison with other observations, concerning the temperature and the direction and force of the wind. In the normal state, or at the commencement of a series of observations, it should be compared with the determined mean height for the day and place of observation during a long period.

Assuming that we commence right, then if the mercury falls slightly but steadily for many hours without other indication of change, be assured that bad weather will follow; and the longer it is delayed the worse it will be. If the fall is sudden and considerable, with a south-west wind, and the mercury rises again, squalls and gales of wind may be looked for from the south-west, but they may soon be succeeded by fine weather. If, while the mercury falls, the wind veers round from the south-west to south and south-east, severe storms will probably follow. If the fall is very inconsiderable, but the thermometer drops, and the wind changes from east to north, severe storms from the north-west will probably follow. In all these cases, by constantly watching the barometer, and comparing its movements with those of the thermometer and the wind, the nature of the coming bad weather can generally be determined. In north-easterly weather the barometer is usually high and the thermometer low, so that storms from this quarter are less clearly indicated than from others. The same is sometimes the case with north-westerly weather. In southerly weather, on the contrary, the barometer is very sensitive and falls considerably.

The thermometer is of great value as a weather-indicator; but for this purpose the average temperature for the day at the place of observation must be known. A temperature continued for some time below or above the average, is an almost certain indication of change. In summer, electric storms follow unusual warmth; and in winter, gales of wind from north-north-west, or north-east, are not unlikely to succeed a low thermometer and almost steady barometer.

The direction of the wind, and the agreement or disagreement of this direction with the average of many years at the same period or season, is an important observation. When the wind, in shifting, goes round in the direction of the hands of a clock, from north by east to south, or from south by west to north, the change may be looked on as not unfavourable; but when the wind "*backs*" and veers from north by way of west to

south, and from south by way of the east towards north, bad weather may be expected to follow. Occasionally, as during the present year, north-west winds are greatly in excess, and the result of this has been unusual rain. Settled north-west wind brings cold and fine weather; but continued west and south-west winds are usually followed by rain. It has been observed that a prevalence of westerly weather near the time of the equinox precedes a wet summer or winter, and during the present season there has been an almost entire absence of easterly winds at the seasons in question. North-easterly winds have been singularly rare during the whole of the current year.

The coruscations of the aurora, indicating magnetic storms in actual progress, are often followed in our latitudes by bad weather, especially when they occur in summer and autumn; but the precise relations of magnetic disturbance with weather-changes are not yet fully understood. Indications of those great storms, or hurricanes (called cyclones), which occasionally sweep over limited areas with irresistible force, are tolerably certain, and two of very unusual magnitude, besides several of smaller importance, followed the remarkable magnetic disturbances that took place about a twelvemonth ago, not only in our own part of the world, but throughout the whole earth. Such indications correspond so well with others that have been previously and since observed, that they may take rank amongst settled facts.

We may now consider a little more in detail the weather of the past year, which has been unusual in a very high degree, as far as the experience and recollection of most of us is concerned; but which will be found full of valuable suggestions to those who study meteorology.

On the 29th August, 1859, auroræ, or the flashes of a great magnetic storm, were observed at a number of places reaching from the highest northern to the highest southern latitudes inhabited by civilized man. Up to that time the weather in Europe had been unusually hot and dry. "All over the world, not only in the Arctic but in Antarctic regions, in Australia, South America, the West Indies, Bermudas, and elsewhere, auroræ and meteors were unusually prevalent; and they were more remarkable in their features and appearances than had been noticed for many years. There was also an extraordinary disturbance of currents along telegraph wires. Submarine wires were unusually disturbed, and these disturbances were followed within two or three days by great commotions in the atmosphere, or by some remarkable change."*

On the 1st September, about three-quarters of an hour before noon, a moderate but marked magnetic disturbance was recorded at Kew, and a storm, a great disturbance, about four hours after midnight; the latter extending to the southern hemisphere. At the very minute when the first disturbance was recorded, two well known English astronomers, each in his own observatory, were watching the sun's disc, observing his

* Admiral Fitzroy, *Phil. Transactions*, vol. x. p. 565.

spots, when suddenly two intensely luminous bodies burst into view on the surface. They moved side by side through a space of about 35,000 miles, first increasing in brightness, then fading away, and in five minutes they had vanished. It is considered probable that these two observers actually witnessed the process of feeding the sun by the fall of meteoric matter; but however this may be, a clear relation was thus traced between phenomena apparently so independent the one of the other, as a spot on the sun and a magnetic storm ranging through the earth.

But this is only an additional fact confirming what had before been determined by observation. The sun's face is often obscured by spots, which vary exceedingly in number and magnitude. These are known to recur in a period of about eleven years, increasing very much for five years, till they attain a maximum, and then diminishing for another six years till they are at a minimum. The magnetic disturbances of the earth follow the increase or diminution of these spots.

From the commencement of October, 1859, the winter may be dated, and towards the end of that month there occurred in our parts of the world a series of the most remarkable storms of wind on record. For a few days before the great storm of the 25th–27th October, the thermometer and barometer were exceedingly low, extraordinary clearness was observed in the atmosphere, with lightning from the east and north-east. On the 24th a spiral storm, or cyclone, reached the Bay of Biscay from the south-south-west, and travelled northward, at the rate of about twenty miles an hour, over a comparatively narrow zone. In the centre of this zone was a space ten, fifteen, or twenty miles wide, over which a comparative lull existed, and round this the wind was rushing with a varying velocity of from sixty to one hundred miles an hour, blowing from all points of the compass. Two complete days were occupied by this remarkable storm in crossing the British Islands, or rather in traversing the Irish Channel from the northern extremity of the Bay of Biscay; and its influence was recognized by a large number of fatal wrecks, among which that of the *Royal Charter* was the most serious in respect to loss of human life. A few days afterwards this storm was succeeded by another, which followed nearly the same course, but ranged a little to the east, crossing the North Sea to Denmark.

The weather continued unfavourable and exceptional during the remainder of 1859. Diseases of the lungs and fever were then unusually prevalent. The range of temperature and of the barometer was unusually great, the fall of rain much in excess of the average, and the temperature of vegetation at night generally fell below the freezing point. Both solar and lunar halos were frequent; thunder, lightning, and auroræ were also frequent.

During the first three months of the present year the weather continued more unhealthy than usual at that season, the temperature remained lower than the average, and there was a constant succession of wind storms, the barometer showing constant and large changes in the

pressure of the air; while occasional thunder and lightning were experienced. Auroræ were seen on an average one day in every three, halos were very frequent, snow and hail fell to a most unusual extent, and vegetation generally was very backward. This weather lasted, with little change, up to the end of June; the wind often blowing without intermission for thirty, forty, fifty, and at times sixty hours; while for more than four days and nights from the 30th March the air was incessantly in violent motion. At these times the pressure of the wind on shore sometimes reached twenty-eight pounds on the square foot.

The fall of rain in England up to the end of June was 15½ inches, more than forty per cent. above the average (10¾ inches). Out of the six months, rain had fallen on one hundred and two days, and of these twenty-three were in June. In July, almost every day of the latter half of the month was rainy, the weather was unusually cold, from whichever quarter the wind blew, and the sky was almost always cloudy. August likewise was cold, wet, and cloudy; the temperature hardly ever reaching the average, while the rainfall was nearly fifty per cent. in excess of the average. The first part of September was remarkably fine, but during the latter half the weather recovered its former unfavourable condition, and some of the heaviest rains of the year then fell.

In spite, however, of the unusual quantity of rain there has been throughout the year less water in the air than usual in the shape of visible vapour, so that the dryness of the air has produced a quick evaporation after the heaviest showers. In consequence of this the corn crops were little injured, and the few fine days of the beginning of September were sufficient to save a large part of them. There has also been a marked excess of *ozone*, and scarcely any of the malaria and cholera fevers often common in summer.

During the last twelve months the weather that has prevailed with us in the British Islands has not, it is true, ranged uniformly over all Europe; still less has it extended to other large tracts of land and sea. But throughout the northern hemisphere on the western side of America, it has been altogether exceptional. From information recently received, we know that the whole coast of Greenland has been subjected to a degree of cold that had not been experienced for thirty years; many of the ports usually open all the season have been altogether closed, and the seas in the latitude of Cape Farewell have been blocked with ice, rendering navigation extremely difficult, and sometimes impossible. Over the whole of Europe, without exception, the weather has been cold, clouded, and stormy; even those places on the south and east coast of Spain, whose climate is quite sub-tropical, having been comparatively cool. In the east there has also been bad weather. America has had an early and large harvest, but it has not been without storm, and the summer and autumn have been extremely wet.

These marked peculiarities of weather must not, however, be assumed too hastily to indicate any change of climate. If we look back at former

records of weather, we find that at all times years of favourable seasons have succeeded each other, until people begin to forget that the contrary may happen; and when the unfavourable time comes, we are by no means prepared to recognize it as part of a well-marked series of events. There is no doubt that Pharaoh's dream of the fat and lean kine is a prophecy that will last for all time, and although we may not be able to foretell the exact year of change, the general fact of periodicity of weather is clearly established. The time may come when, by a sufficient experience arising from long-recorded accurate observations, the evil day may be more nearly anticipated, and some of its most serious consequences evaded.

But such and so accurate a knowledge of the laws that govern the weather as to enable us to foretell what will happen some time in advance, is neither common nor easy of acquisition. A mere passing glance at the barometer, without reference to the state of the wind, the temperature, and the electrical state of the air, affords absolutely no intimation whatever, inasmuch as the barometer is valuable only in comparison with itself at a former time, and with facts recorded by other instruments. A prediction of the weather from mere atmospheric appearances carefully observed, is, on the whole, much more likely to be correct; but even this is valuable only as far as it brings to bear experience, reflection, and the exercise of common sense.

It will also appear that to judge of the weather a week in advance, by noticing the hour at which the moon becomes new or full, or by observing the weather at such hour, can only be a very vague and uncertain method, subject to various causes of local interference; even if any such law of lunar influence were based on accurate observation and long experience.

It is not that valuable suggestions may not be obtained by collecting rules based on these suppositions. All observations—and we may even say all modes of connecting observations so as to deduce laws general or local—have a certain value, as they may suggest the true explanation, even if they do not give it; but we wish to show how complicated the problem is, and how impossible it is that there should be any simple solution. When the weather-beaten sailor or the old shepherd shakes his head and prognosticates a coming change which seems to less experienced observers altogether unjustified by any appearances, but which turns out correct, he gives the result of a life-long observation of small signs, of the nature of many of which he is hardly aware himself, and which, in fact, combine all that a dozen instruments and as many careful meteorologists could discover. Exactly in proportion to the experience and habit of close observation of natural appearances is the value of such an opinion; and this is all that can be said for the meteorologist also; for he compares the experience of a large number of persons, and combines their results, before he is justified in expressing an opinion; and his conclusions are worth nothing if he should neglect some correction which, however small, may largely influence the result.

Passing on, now, from effects and proximate causes, let us endeavour

to see how this subject of weather connects itself with what is known concerning the conditions of matter on the earth, and the relations of the earth with some of the other bodies of our system.

The state of the weather at any time depends so much on the state of the atmosphere, that whatever influences that gaseous envelope of the earth necessarily produces a result which is universal or local according to the nature of the influence. At an elevation of some 20,000 feet above the sea, the winds are far more regular and uniform than we are accustomed to, and there appear to be certain levels at which very distinct conditions generally prevail. Below these levels the ordinary estimate of the wind, as the very emblem of change, may be correct enough; but above, when a change in the temperature or direction of the air takes place, it exercises a wide influence; and as these winds are chiefly produced by the combined motions of the earth and moon, and the effects of the sun's rays near the equator, there cannot be a doubt that lunar influence and lunar atmospheric tides exercise a very distinct and essential influence on the weather. The same causes which produce the great tide of the ocean, produce an atmospheric tide following the moon—a bulging out of the whole mass of the air which cannot but affect the barometer, and to which, combined with the corresponding solar tide, we must attribute many of its more regular and periodic changes. It seems certain that the reflected rays from the moon also produce a result, sometimes in dissipating clouds, sometimes in affecting the fall of rain. The clouds disperse at the moon's rising more or less completely as the moon is nearer the full, this influence commencing about four days after new, and terminating about ten days after full.

But it is chiefly to the sun, that great central and dominating body of our system, that we must refer if we would trace the ultimate causes of weather. The sun is believed to possess a central, and probably a dark and solid nucleus, far smaller than the body we see. Outside this nucleus are three distinct atmospheres, the innermost a transparent elastic fluid surrounding the dark body of the sun just as our own atmosphere envelops the earth. Beyond this first atmosphere appears a second, enclosing it and consisting of vast clouds of phosphoric light, the result of gaseous combustion of the most intense kind. These clouds—if we may so call that most intense brightness, placed before whose rays as they reach us the whitest and purest artificial lights seen close at hand are dark shadows—are very irregular in form and magnitude, constantly in motion with an almost inconceivable rapidity, and subject to a periodic covering of groups of dark spots and occasional bright lines and markings. These dark spots are sometimes few and small. From this state they gradually, during about five years, increase in number and magnitude, till they cover a sensible proportion of the sun's face. After this they again diminish, till, at the end of another similar period, they almost disappear. The whole interval occupied by a complete period is something more than eleven years, and the year just past was one of maximum. They have now been

observed for thirty-five years, having passed in that time through more than three periods.

Still outside the atmosphere of phosphoric light there is supposed to be another of vast extent and imperfect transparency, through which the rays penetrate, and which is therefore generally invisible. It is only during solar eclipses that this is seen as a halo of pink or pale light.

From time to time, as on the occasion already referred to on the 1st of September, 1859, the atmosphere of light is fed by meteors falling into it and greatly affecting the radiation from it. The comets which are so frequently seen rushing wildly through space may have for their work to collect and transmit to the sun the emanations from it that have passed to the various planets.

From one or more of these atmospheres of the sun proceed those rays which communicate light, heat, chemical action and electricity. It is to the influence of these rays that we are indebted for all forms of life, and to them we must look as the ultimate cause of all our varieties of climate and weather. For aught we know, the solid nucleus of the sun itself may be thus enlightened and acted on, or it may be in perpetual gloom, owing to the radiating surface of the photosphere being outwards.

It is almost impossible for us to comprehend the vastness of those operations that seem to be going on constantly in the solar atmosphere, or the rapidity of the changes that there take place. That the so-called spots are mere intervals between the clouds, admitting a view of the dark atmosphere below, is more than probable. One such interval, measured by Sir J. Herschel, was so large that if our earth had been thrown into it there would still have been a clear interval all round of about a thousand miles to the nearest part of a bright cloud. On some occasions, one-third part of the sun's face has been thus obscured at once, and from time to time these large dark spots have suddenly become converted into points of intense brilliancy.

We have already seen that such changes are accompanied by magnetic disturbances on the earth, and that magnetic storms precede great general derangement of the weather over large areas. The relation of the periods of maxima and minima of spots with the disturbances of the magnetic needle, and therefore with the magnetic force of the earth, was discovered by observations altogether independent, and was not suspected till the observations were recorded. A period of nearly forty years has been sufficient to satisfy the least speculative philosophers that the coincidence is so real as to prove a mutual relation among the phenomena, and to place magnetic observations in the first rank of meteorological requirements. While a German astronomer was patiently noting down the sun's appearance year after year, a small body of Englishmen were, with equal patience, noting down, in various observatories in both hemispheres, at the same moment of every alternate hour, day and night, for some years, all the particulars of terrestrial magnetical disturbances. When the magnetic observations were reduced, some were found to belong to the hour of the

day, some to the day of the month, and some to the day of the year; but an important class remained unaccounted for, and these at first seemed to be irregular. As time went on, and the observations were continued, it appeared that these irregular variations arranged themselves in order. They gradually became fewer and smaller year after year for five years, and then as gradually increased for another five. These years of greatest and least disturbance were at length found to be those during which there were respectively the largest and smallest number of solar spots.

There is hardly on record a more remarkable identification, or one so pregnant with future discovery.

The study of the weather, then, leads to the consideration of some of the highest problems and most remarkable speculations of physical astronomy, and connects itself directly with investigations concerning light, heat, and the various forms of electrical action. Like all honest inquiries into natural phenomena, it commences with observation and experiment of a simple and homely kind. It requires that a large number of facts should be recorded; it carries its inquiries through many departments of knowledge, apparently little related to each other; and it lands the inquirer at last on a far higher level than he originally anticipated. He who sets himself to record weather and draw deductions from his observations, is no trifler, and his labour is not light. He must not only daily, at the same hour, record the result of his observations; he must make the necessary corrections, and bring his work into such a state as to compare it with what others have done elsewhere; he must himself make the comparison of his own with other observations, and with his own observations of former years; he must watch the course of vegetation and the habit of animals, and must notice carefully all the particulars of every meteoric appearance; he must, if living on an island, estimate the influence of winds and ocean currents, not only on his own shores, but a thousand miles away from his place of observation; he must estimate the influence of the mountains, plains, and valleys of the adjacent continent; he must inquire concerning the snow and frost on the remote and scarcely inhabited shores of the polar lands, and the ice set free from those lands, and floating on the broad ocean; he must ever be ready to accept and act upon the slightest hint thrown out by nature or by his fellow observer; he must hold his knowledge firmly, and his opinions, prejudices, and mere impressions, very loosely;—in a word, he must be patient and persevering, always ready to receive and record facts, and always cautious in deducing or admitting theories.

Such are the qualifications of a meteorologist. They are not common; but there is probably no department of science in which more real advance has been made within the last quarter of a century than in meteorology; and this advance has been entirely due to the hard labour of men not ashamed to record the smallest facts, and willing to work these facts into their places, and leave them there until, by slow degrees, a complete web is woven, the nature of the design is recognized, and the law according to

which each fact owes its place becomes clear, and itself suggests some wider generalization.

It is impossible to consider, even in a very slight degree, these phenomena of weather in their direct relation on the one hand to the sun and moon, and periodic changes in the constitution of these distant bodies, and on the other hand to ourselves, as representing the highest form of organization with which we are acquainted, without being struck with the mutual dependence that exists between the material and immaterial parts of the great system of creation. Distance and time seem annihilated when we watch the action of these mighty and mysterious influences, and we may almost recognize the reality of an existence unhampered by material impediments, when we find an instantaneous response of our innermost senses and sensations to a material stimulus applied within the burning atmosphere of the sun. Who is there who has not felt the influence of climate and weather clearing up or obscuring his intellectual faculties? We attribute this, perhaps correctly, to an indirect action through the state of our health; but who can say how much of it may not be due to some direct action hitherto unknown, proceeding from the great source of motion and force in our system? It would not be wise—nor, indeed, is it safe—to carry speculation far in such a matter; but, perhaps, some of those peculiarities of constitution that have puzzled and distressed many persons of high nervous organization, really owe their origin to a more ready sensibility to these real but indefinable natural forces.

We have been drawn away in some measure from the immediate subject of the weather in these last remarks; but before concluding, we have a word to say to those who believe that "the former days were better than these"—supposing that because there are a few unfavourable seasons our climate has changed, and will not again be what it was in their youth.

The tendency of all observation on climate is to show that it is subject to a number of periodic changes; and we are fully justified in believing, not only that the periods are many, but that we are by no means acquainted with all. There is, indeed, no known exception to the periodicity of everything connected with our system; and a few years will probably suffice to reproduce the ordinary state, whatever that may be.

But, on the other hand, it is equally certain that no absolute uniformity of weather ever did or can exist in a temperate climate. The climate remains, but the weather changes. Throughout all nature we find the same thing — perfect order and system, arising from infinite variety of detail. It cannot be too strongly stated that variety itself is the law which the God of Nature has impressed on all His works. No one need therefore be surprised at incessant change; for it is only by means of such change that the whole system is retained in that marvellous harmony and balance which is its peculiar characteristic.

Oratory.

Early in the spring, I heard a couple of ladies singing in alternate strains, like shepherds in eclogues, the rival merits of two heroes. The shepherds in the eclogue chant the virtues of Chloe and Phyllis, and here were Chloe and Phyllis in turn chanting the praises of two shepherds. The names of the shepherds, instead of being Tityrus and Melibœus, or Colin and Strephon, were Spurgeon and Punshon—the one having charge of a Baptist, the other of a Wesleyan flock. With their feet upon the grass-green carpet, and their heads amongst the lilies embroidered on the window curtains, the nymphs piped the prettiest pastoral poetry in honour of their shepherds. This was great, but that was greater. If the one had a marvellous manner, the other had a wonderful voice. What sublimities were here, and what jokes were there! North of the Thames was an orator to whom Barnum had offered a mint of money; south, was one who had undertaken to raise a fabulous amount for the building of his chapel. It is usual in this sort of poetry for a third person to interfere and decide the contest. I was willing to interfere, but my ignorance of both the shepherds rendered me incapable of deciding which is the better man. I therefore set up a little howl of my own in favour of a third orator, to whom I thought the palm of superiority might be awarded. I put in a word for Lord Derby, unquestionably our best parliamentary speaker. They were amused at the idea of placing any parliamentary speaker above their pulpit orators, while at the same time they admitted that they had never listened to a debate, and were not indisposed to give Lord Derby a trial. As the result of this encounter, I was commanded to get them into the House of Lords on the night of a great debate; and I was fortunate enough to get good places for them on that memorable evening when the Government sustained a defeat on the subject of the paper duties.

There was the wildest excitement about the House. The passages were blocked up with eager crowds. People were rushing from door to door, and exhausting the resources of the human mind in vain efforts to dodge restless policemen and rosy irresistible door-keepers. Like rocks—like "the blue Symplegades"—the policemen stood at every entrance ready to close upon the most adventurous Argonaut. The House of Lords had not been so besieged for years. My fair friends seemed to think that there was something like the Gunpowder Plot going on, and that at any time in the course of the evening we might expect to witness a terrific explosion. Their disappointment at what actually took place was rather ludicrous. They found themselves in an apartment the prevailing tint of which was painfully

suggestive of double-gilt gingerbread, and were informed that this is the great hall of state in which the grandest ceremony of constitutional government, the meeting of the Queen with her subjects, annually takes place. They saw a number of gentlemen in loose morning dress, some of them with their hats on, sprawling about on half-filled benches, and were told that this is the famous British Peerage. They saw peer after peer rise in his place, mumble a few words of which it was impossible to hear a syllable, and then walk up to the table to deposit there a bundle of papers; and it appeared that this is the customary method of presenting important petitions to the first legislative assembly of the nation. Imagination tried to picture to itself the grand debates in which, according to common report, this brilliant hall has rung with the eloquence of parliamentary chiefs, and, in doing so, was compelled to imagine each senator with a trumpet in his ear, to give the due resonance to sentences that would otherwise be inaudible. Lo, suddenly, a gentleman in black stands at the table, with his hands folded behind him, and his leg swinging about in the most free-and-easy fashion; he is making a speech. It was Lord Granville, who made a capital speech in defence of a very difficult position. But my fair friends could not understand that it was a speech in any sense of the word; it was only a conversation, a talkee-talkee, and they felt themselves injured in that the leader of the House of Lords did not mount a platform, tear his hair, roll his eyes about, and shout like Boanerges. Then rose the "old man eloquent," Lord Lyndhurst, who had that day entered upon his eighty-ninth year, and spoke with a clearness and masterly ease which amazed everybody; but when an orator has to get a railing built upon the bench below him, in order that, clutching this with his hands, he may prevent himself from falling, he evidently lacks that physical force which is one of the constituents of effective eloquence. As he was helped to arise, and as he held on by the railing, one was reminded of the pictures of John Knox in his latter days, when he was lifted into the pulpit by two of his friends, and had to lean against it for support; "but ere he was done with his sermon," says the old chronicler, "he was so active and vigorous that he was like to ding the pulpit in blads and fly out of it." So little, however, did the latter part of this description apply to Lord Lyndhurst, that, for want of more congenial excitement, the ladies, the moment he had finished, voted for a cup of tea. Tea they had in company with such an awful array of bishops as I never in my life saw before; and among them, under the tutelage of his wife, I was glad to see our friend and everybody's friend, Dr. Proudie, looking none the worse because it had been decreed by higher than episcopal authority that on this historic night he was to vote for the Government.

After tea there was but one thought—When would Lord Derby speak? Lord Dufferin was all very well, but when would Lord Derby rise? Lord Cranworth was fluent enough, but when would Lord Derby begin? Lord Chelmsford and the Duke of Rutland had their say, but

was not Lord Derby going to speak? The Duke of Argyll was more successful in arresting their attention. All women are taken with that golden hair and that eager countenance, and when it was evident that a whole bevy of duchesses had just entered the House of Lords, for the express purpose of hearing the duke and smiling on his triumph, who could resist the fascination? who could refuse to listen? At last Lord Derby got up. Time was when the Duke of Argyll, being a younger and less wise man than he is now, deemed it his peculiar mission always to reply to Lord Derby, till the Tory chief put a stop to the practice by telling, in his own rich way, the amusing anecdote of the Irishman who used to allow his wife to beat him, because it pleased her and did not hurt him. Now, however, it was Lord Derby's turn to follow the Duke of Argyll, and he did so in his finest style. One thing, indeed, was wanting. His voice has lately lost something of that bell-like clearness, which exerted a spell over an audience like that of a first-rate tenor, and which is possessed in perfection at present by Mr. Gladstone alone of our parliamentary orators. On this occasion his voice was thin and reedy, but, otherwise, nothing could be finer than his oration. We need not here discuss the question, whether he was right or wrong in his views. There can be no question as to his manner of stating them. He has a command of the most beautiful English, and his sentences are a constant miracle to the reporters. Sometimes they were of such alarming length and intricacy, that any one acquainted with the mysteries of sentence making felt curious to know how he was to get out of the labyrinth and safe to the end of his journey. He always managed it. At the very moment when everybody expected him to pull up and dismount, he would land his colours at the winning post. How he rode into his enemies! How he trampled them under foot like the Stanleys of old, slaying them with his sarcasm! The lucidity of his exposition was not to be surpassed, and there was no resisting his humour. Clearly it was the great speech of the night, and, though perhaps it was overloaded with quotation, it was worthy of the orator's fame. I expected that my companions would be as delighted as I myself was. I shall not soon forget the disappointment depicted on their fair faces. The House of Lords is a chilly audience, which expresses its approval not so much by cheering as by preserving a strict silence, and any one not accustomed to this "horrid sound of silence," is apt to feel it as a depressing influence. I expected them to blame the audience for apathy. Instead of this, however, it was with Lord Derby that they were disappointed, and it was unanimously decided that, clever as he was, he was not fit to come within twenty miles of either Punshon or Spurgeon. Punshon and Spurgeon were still enthroned pre-eminent in their hearts.

We cannot expect all the world to be of one heart and mind in admiring our favourites, but I suspect that greater diversity of sentiment prevails with regard to oratory than with regard to any other human gift. In this year of grace there is nothing of which we are inclined to think

more contemptuously than of the great gift of speech. Even Lord Brougham, the most redundant orator of his time, and the man who, in a well-known letter to Zachary Macaulay, advised that young Macaulay, in order to acquire the art of easy speaking, should practise on his friends—should make a point of speaking at all times on every subject to any and everybody who could be held by the button, and this, whether the speaker had anything to say or not;—even he, in an address delivered at Glasgow the other day, complained of our parliamentary oratory as a nuisance. And yet we venture to say that it was never of a higher order than it is now—that never since the system of a national parley was established have the debates been so good. One would think from the way that people speak that we had elected a number of talkative parrots and cackling geese for our representatives. Why, the list of our principal debaters will bear comparison as a whole with any previous list of orators to be found in St. Stephen's. The very same criticisms that in our dissatisfied moods we pass upon Disraeli and upon Gladstone, our fathers used to pronounce upon Pitt and Fox. They used to complain of Pitt's languor, and they used to say that Fox was only a debater who had never uttered a memorable saying; just as now it is said that Disraeli is dull, and that Gladstone has only a fine voice and a flow of not very fine language. It is curious what a turn the popular feeling takes in such matters. At the commencement of the session no one was in such favour as Mr. Gladstone, who was on every side declared to be the greatest of our orators—our Demosthenes—insomuch that on the occasion of his budget speech in February last, he had among his auditors Lord Brougham, who then, for the first time since he left that arena thirty years before, returned to the scene of his former triumphs to witness the ovation of an orator nearly as famous as himself. Towards the end of the session, Mr. Gladstone could hardly collect an audience, and people were as much underrating him as they had previously overpraised him. When one sees these differences of opinion—when we find that what this man regards as the highest eloquence, another man sneers at as the merest babblement—when we know that the orator who will turn one class of hearers into fountains of tears, will extract from another class only roars of laughter—we naturally ask, what is eloquence? is there any test of eloquence? where and how are we to draw the line so as to determine good oratory from bad?

I am afraid that the answer I have to give will be extremely unsatisfactory to those persons who like sharp definitions, and are disposed to raise their own peculiar tastes into a universal standard. One critic, for example, says that the test of eloquence is its immediate effect. If Mr. Gladstone makes an oration which wins fifty votes to the Government, he achieves what no other speaker in the House of Commons is capable of doing; he gains his point, and that is true eloquence. But are we not entitled to record against him next day that we forget every word he uttered, and cannot even recall what was the nature of his argument? and may we not question the nature of that eloquence which has only an

immediate effect, and which produces a momentary delirium to be afterwards regretted? Eloquence, no doubt, is persuasion; but is persuasion all? We go to a revival meeting and hear a preacher persuading his hearers into convulsions by the frequent repetition of a few awful words, such as death, sin, and hell. He produces an immediate effect, but is it genuine eloquence?

As we urge these objections it begins to dawn upon us that one of the characteristics of eloquence is reasonableness; and we conclude that as the ranter is not reasonable, therefore he is not really eloquent. But to those who insist upon reasonableness as an ingredient of eloquence, here is a case in point that will give not a little trouble. Perhaps the most false, the most unreasonable, and in every way the most absurd speech ever uttered by a British minister, was that of Canning, when he said in those much-quoted words—"I called the New World into existence to redress the balance of the Old." He had no more to do with calling the New World into existence than he had to do with the discovery of America. If anybody had a right to claim that honour it was Castlereagh, who sketched out in papers now lying in the Foreign Office the course that Canning afterwards followed; but even for Castlereagh to have claimed such merit in such terms would have been false and ridiculous bombast. We cannot in a single sentence point out the still greater absurdity of the subsequent statement, that his object was to redress the balance of the Old World. The meaning of the sentence is, that he ruined Spain in order to weaken France. To any one acquainted with the history of the transaction, as it has since been revealed in various State papers, Canning's sounding phrases are a tissue of the most glaring falsehoods and absurdities. Nothing can well be more unreasonable. And yet this was the most successful piece of oratory delivered in the present century. The effect was electrical. The House of Commons rose to its feet as he uttered these words, stared at him in blank amazement, and then burst into such tremendous cheering as even the walls of St. Stephen's had rarely echoed. Shall we say that a speech thus effective in an assembly of the most educated gentlemen of the period was not eloquent because of its turgidity, its trickery, and its utter absurdity?

Or, passing from this, shall we take Fox's test of eloquence? Fox would have it that a really good speech could not be well reported. If it read well in the report, it was a bad speech, and it must read badly if it was a good one. In pronouncing this criticism Fox was, perhaps, thinking of himself and Burke. Burke's speeches read well, and his own read badly. It so happens that there is a good deal of negative evidence on his side. A great number of very effective speeches will not bear taking to pieces—will not bear reproduction in print—Sheridan's two Begum speeches, for example. The effect of the first was so great that Pitt insisted upon the House of Commons having time to recover from the effect of it before proceeding to vote. The second, at the conclusion of which poor Sherry thought it was the right thing to fall back exhausted

into the arms of Burke, has been pronounced by Byron the finest speech ever delivered. Who can read either of them now? According to the best reports, published in the collection authorized by the Home Secretary, the speeches are dull and heavy where they have any pretensions to solidity, and where they pretend to eloquence are nothing but claptrap and trumpery gewgaws. But though a number of most effective speeches will not bear inspection, it is rather too much to say that all really good speeches must read badly. All the best speeches with which we have any acquaintance are necessarily in writing. The fame of Demosthenes now is as great as ever it was, and in his written speeches we can see exactly what he was. His speeches will bear analysis. Those of Charles James Fox will not.

The great rival of Fox made a statement with regard to eloquence which, if not so neat and decisive as the dictum of the Whig orator, is much more true and profound; and I wish to dwell upon this as being, in spite of its unsatisfactory character, about the best answer that can be given to the question—What is eloquence? Pitt observed that eloquence is not in the speaker, but in the audience. If there be any truth in that statement, it ought to teach humility both to orators and to us who are dissatisfied with orators. In the present day, when we hear so much criticism of eloquence, I believe that this truth is entirely forgotten. People get into the way of thinking that eloquence is a thing by itself; that a voice crying in the wilderness, and giving the best possible expression to certain thoughts, is eloquent, irrespective of an answering audience. Not so. As it is necessary for two to make a quarrel, there are always two factors in the production of eloquence. It is not the object of a speaker to give the best possible expression to his thoughts, but to give the expression that is the best possible for his audience. An audience is a thing to be played upon, an instrument that requires tuning. If the audience is in tune, a very ordinary speaker will appear as the most eloquent of living men; if out of tune, the eloquence of the Goldenmouth himself will appear but as the tinkling cymbal and the sounding brass.

Dr. Guthrie tells a story of a countryman who went to a neighbouring parish to hear a celebrated preacher. The preacher was inspired with his theme, and moved his audience to tears. The stranger alone was unmoved, and to one of his friends accounted for his indifference by saying: "Oh! you see, I don't belong to the parish!" Dr. Guthrie quotes this answer as a proof of narrowness and egotism. The man would admire what belonged to himself and his own little circle, but out of that round there was nothing to interest him. Surely, however, the speech admits of a different explanation, and was the unconscious expression of a true wisdom. Many a man, in listening to a sermon which made no impression on him, would at once condemn the preacher, and say that the sermon was bad. Our friend in the story did nothing of the kind. He was frank enough to confess that the fault was in himself. The sarcastic under meaning is really a discovery of Dr. Guthrie's. The man meant what he said. He

did not feel like the people of the parish, because he had not been trained and tuned like them to the proper pitch. We have no doubt that similar speeches have been uttered dozens of times with regard to Dr. Guthrie himself. He is a first-rate pulpit orator, and has an exceedingly happy vein of humour. But a stranger hearing him for the first time would be astonished to observe that the audience go off in fits of laughter almost before he has uttered a word. There is such a catching sympathy between him and his audience that a look is enough—they know what it means, and they shout with laughter; just as a theatrical audience roar if a favourite comedian merely says, "How d'ye do?" Suppose the bewildered stranger is asked why he does not laugh like the rest? Would there be of necessity an undercurrent of sarcasm, or an indication of narrow-mindedness, in the reply, "Oh, you see, I am not an Edinburgh man!" On the contrary, it would be a perfectly satisfactory explanation of the whole phenomenon.

Just as that unhappy individual, held up to ridicule by Dr. Guthrie, might, without reproach, account for his indifference under the spell of an oratory to which he was unaccustomed, by urging that he did not belong to the parish, we account for our indifference to much parliamentary eloquence by saying that we do not belong to the party. It is the oddest thing in the world to listen to the opinions expressed upon the speeches delivered in a grand debate. Mr. Disraeli makes a great speech, with which his followers are delighted. They say it is worthy of his best days, when he pitched into Peel in orations which, of their kind, have never been surpassed. They imagine that there would be nobody to equal him, if he would always fire up like that. They declare that they saw Gladstone writhing under the infliction, and think that the government must sustain great damage from such an exposure. The next man we meet is a Peelite, and what does he say? He thinks that Disraeli made a mess of it, and pronounces the speech to be stupid, pompous, and futile. "But did you hear Gladstone?" he goes on to say. "What a smasher that was! The conservative reaction is at an end! Dizzy will never get over the blow." We meet a Radical shortly afterwards, and all his admiration is given to one who has been aptly termed the Benicia Boy of the House of Commons. Nothing like Bright's wisdom—nothing like Bright's hard hitting—nothing like Bright's perfect naturalness. The Manchester men are all certain that Bright is the most eloquent man in the British Parliament. Are those of us who take a different view governed only by prejudice? Is it not quite evident that if we differ in politics from Mr. Bright he cannot speak to us as our own leaders do? Eloquence is in the echo, far more than in the expression. But what if Mr. Bright, with all his efforts, cannot get an echo out of us? Are we to blame?

A principal cause of the low esteem in which parliamentary eloquence is at present held, is the decay of party spirit. The speaking is as good as ever, but the audience is different. It frequently happens that a first-rate speaker is making one of his best speeches, without producing any effect,

till suddenly, as he comes to the end of a sentence, a shrill "Hear, hear!" from the back bench reverberates through the House of Commons. That cheer alters the whole character of the scene; the next sentence is still more loudly cheered, and the third even more so. There would have been little or no difference in the delivery of the speech, had there been no cheering at all; the speech is not altered, but the audience is, and the change in the audience makes all the difference between eloquence and ordinary speaking. It is the characteristic of parliamentary debate, that half the force of it depends upon the amount of party spirit with which it is fired. The orator makes a happy remark, but half the value of it is due to the cheering of the men behind him, who in effect say to the Opposition, "There was a dig into your ribs! How do you like that? Come, now, there's another hit—we hope you feel quite well after that." And so by round after round of applause, they make that personal application of the speech which raises it into eloquence. Thus far parliamentary eloquence may be regarded as in general of a second-rate order. The highest order of eloquence is that which affects a man personally. He is deeply moved, and does what the orator bids him. This highest kind of eloquence belongs for the most part to the pulpit. It is only in the sacred edifice that in these degenerate days we are willing to yield ourselves up to emotion, and to bend under the influence of the orator's persuasion. In most cases, however, the highest reach of even pulpit oratory is to awaken some such feeling as this—"That is a capital sermon for these people—I wish that A were here to listen to such arguments—I hope this will have some effect upon B—these people must be very hardened if they do not feel the force of such eloquence." We see how strongly the eloquence ought to be felt, not by ourselves, but by third parties. And this is the ordinary run of parliamentary eloquence. It very seldom happens that a speech really influences the vote. All the eloquence of the Opposition fails to convince the Treasury Bench. And what is all the eloquence of the Treasury Bench? Upon Sir John, who sits immediately behind, it has no personal effect. He has no need of it—he is not moved by it—to him it does not apply; but he sees the application of it to the sinners opposite, and he makes that eloquent which was not eloquent before, by insisting with his jeers and shouts on its fitness to them. An orator may knock and knock with a sledge-hammer till doomsday; but if the hammer never hits the nail, or is never acknowledged to have hit it, the hammer is no better than a straw, and the eloquence is nothing but thin air. We repeat, for the twentieth time, that eloquence is in the audience more than in the speaker. Put more party spirit into the House of Commons, so that by its eager shouting and crowing it shall give more effect and point to the speeches that are made, giving them, in a word, momentum, and the very same orations that now fall flat, would be honoured as astonishing efforts of eloquence. Once more raise that spirit of faction, which, we trust, has been laid for ever, and our parliamentary displays would acquire a new importance. We might then speak of the

gladiatorial encounters of Disraeli and Gladstone, as Byron speaks of Pitt and Fox:—

> "We, we have seen the intellectual race
> Of giants stand, like Titans, face to face—
> Athos and Ida, with a dashing sea
> Of eloquence between, which flowed all free,
> As the deep billows of the Ægean roar
> Betwixt the Hellenic and the Phrygian shore."

Eloquence has suffered, as far as the audience is concerned, in yet another way. We have become more fastidious than ever, and are inclined to measure oratory by too high a standard. An orator requires a certain time in order to elaborate his sentences and produce his effects. It is characteristic of oratory that it should be a little verbose and redundant. A man thinking on his legs, is obliged to beat out his thought for his own sake, if not for the sake of his hearers. I ask pardon for the irreverence of mistaking a member of Parliament for a cow. I do so in order to compare his speeches to milk, and to say that in general the difference between a spoken and a written style, is the difference between milk and cream. When a member of Parliament is milked bodily before our eyes, we cannot expect to be regaled with pure cream. His constitution would not stand it, and we must be content with a much thinner liquid. Cream comes of the slow and sedentary process of writing. Grant that it is not always very abundant, or very thick in books; still, it is more so than in speeches. So much the worse for eloquence; for it happens that this is a reading age, an age habituated to the more compact style of the pen, an age fond of cream, an age that by a nice method of skimming will only take the cream of a book. An age which thus refuses everything but cream goes into the House of Commons, is expected to enjoy milk, and may be very thankful if it has not to put up with milk and water. No process of skimming will serve us here. We must take the thin sky-blue fluid just as it comes. It is not worse, indeed it is far better, than it used to be; but what would satisfy an audience at the end of last century, and make the public wild with admiration of our heaven-born orators, would, in these days of diffused intelligence, be estimated by very different standards.

We utter unmeaning phrases about the wonder of Chatham's eloquence, and still speak of Bolingbroke as the greatest of our orators. But what do we know of Chatham or of Bolingbroke? We forget that in their days reporters were unknown; that the greater part of their audiences were made up of boozy squires, who could scarcely spell their own names, and that consequently the spoken style of Parliament had to fear no rivalry with the written style either of books or of such newspapers as were then published. It is not for the purpose of detracting from the fair fame of Chatham and Bolingbroke that we insist upon this. It is for the purpose of mitigating the contempt poured upon the parliamentary eloquence of our own day. People seem to think that our eloquence is degenerating, and that it is all the result of our democratic

institutions. "See to what we are tending," they say. "The Reform Bill introduced an army of babblers into the legislature. We are flooded with talk. Every year the deluge is rising more and more. Another Reform Bill will lower still further the character of the House of Commons, and make it a nest of gabblers." We have nothing to say either for or against Reform Bills. We have only to point out that Reform Bills have nothing to do with the facts in which we are now interested. The depreciation of parliamentary eloquence is a good, not a bad, sign. It signifies nothing that we can regret. It does not signify parliamentary degeneracy. It does signify the decay of party spirit, and the improvement of the popular taste. There is nothing of which educated men have such an abhorrence as of vestry eloquence. If the truth could be ascertained, it is probable that the despised eloquence of our vestries would prove to be of an infinitely higher order than the current eloquence of our Parliaments in the earlier half of last century, when "my St. John" awoke unto eloquence that stilled the senate, when the great commoner carried everything before him by his superb acting, and when Murray was put up to attack this great commoner, as if he were still but a petty cornet of the blues.

This brings me back to the ladies and their preference of Punshon and Spurgeon to Lord Derby. They would equally have preferred their favourite preachers to the three foremost orators in the Lower House—Gladstone, Disraeli, and Bright. Shall we say that they were deficient in taste? That would be absurd, and they could easily retort, by saying that we have hard, irreligious hearts. The error lies in supposing that there can be any real comparison between the two kinds of oratory—that there is any common standard by which they can be measured. We might as well compare mutton and wool, or rather the Southdown, that is chiefly valuable for its flesh, with the Merino, that is only valued for its fleece. The mighty theme of life and immortality which the preacher discourses on is eloquent of itself. Between Lord Derby discoursing on the revenue (which, by the way, every parliamentary speaker insists upon pronouncing *revénnue**) and Spurgeon dilating upon righteousness, judg-

* Walker declares that the analogy of the language requires this word to be pronounced with the accent, as in *ávenue* and *rétinue*. But how little analogy has to do with the pronunciation of the English language may be gathered from the following anecdote. The witty Scotch advocate Harry Erskine was on one occasion pleading in London before the House of Lords. He had occasion to speak of certain curators, and pronounced the word as in Scotland, with the accent on the first syllable—*cúrators*. One of the English judges, whose name I have forgotten, could not stand this, and cried out, "We are in the habit of saying *curātor* in this country, Mr. Erskine, following the analogy of the Latin language, in which, as you are aware, the penultimate syllable is long." "I thank your lordship very much," was Erskine's reply. "We are weak enough in Scotland to think that in pronouncing the word *curātor*, we follow the analogy of the English language. But I need scarcely say that I bow with pleasure to the opinion of so learned a *senātor* and so great an *orātor* as your lordship." Another word, by the way, which is somewhat affectedly pronounced in the House of Commons, is *issue*. It is a favourite word of Gladstone's, who always pronounces it *iss-you*.

ment, and the world to come, there is more than the difference between a man armed with a pistol and a man commanding a battery of Armstrong guns. Nor is this the sole difference between the preacher and the debater. Be the theme what it may, the preacher can always select his point of view and his mode of treatment. The debater must adapt what he has to say to the exigencies of the moment—his arrangement, his expressions, his whole manner of treatment, are accidental, and, as such, fail of artistic perfection.

The difference is worthy of note, because it has been made the ground of a distinction between two sorts of parliamentary eloquence. This man is described as an orator; that, as nothing more than a debater. It is said that oratorical talent has left the House of Commons—that nothing remains but debating power—and that in this sense we have very much degenerated. For the fact, it is rather hard to say that the Parliament which boasts of such men as Bulwer Lytton, Gladstone, Disraeli, Bright, Lord Ellenborough, and the Bishop of Oxford, is deficient in oratorical talent—as if these men were mere debaters. Again, it is hard to say that the session of Parliament which listened to three such speeches as Gladstone's on the budget, Bulwer Lytton's on the Reform Bill, and Horsman's on the privileges of the House of Commons, should be accused of deficient oratory. Yet again, it is not quite consistent that the Parliament which is blamed for redundancy and irrelevancy of speech should be described as excellent in debate. But be the fact what it may, it is proper to observe, that if oratory as distinguished from debating power mean the faculty of preaching sermons or composing essays, or improvising lyrical poetry, it is scarcely fitted for a practical assembly like the House of Commons, and the less we have of it the better. If, on the other hand, it simply means the discussion of broad principles instead of petty details, and the rhetorical appeal to the universal feelings of the human heart instead of the *argumentum ad hominem*,—if, in logical phrase, the orator chiefly urges the major premiss, while the debater is bent on proving the minor,—then it must be admitted that there is not so much room for oratory as there used to be, for we are all nearly agreed as to our principles, and our chief doubts relate to their application. So from a fresh point of view (that is, if we grant the somewhat arbitrary limitation of oratory to the discussion of leading principles, and refuse to the debater the power of dealing with aught but details and minor premisses) we may arrive at the same result as before—that the decline of party spirit is unfavourable to parliamentary eloquence. It can scarcely be a matter of regret, however, that we are agreed as to the main principles of our policy both at home and abroad; and it can scarcely be said that Parliament has degenerated, when, in the narrow sense of the word, there is no room for the exercise of oratory, only because we are all convinced beforehand.

Italy's Rival Liberators.

A MONTH since, it was asserted in these pages, that "no personal bitterness against this or another minister, no intrigues of old Republican comrades, no temptations of the sweets of power in his own hands, will make Garibaldi swerve one hair's breadth from his straight and loyal path." The great question in Italy at the present moment is, how far has the above statement been justified by the hero's conduct during the past month. It must be frankly admitted that very much uneasiness and many misgivings have been caused by the course he has been latterly pursuing; that "the party of action" (as the dreamers mesmerized by Mazzini's eloquence and phantasmagoric Utopias most absurdly call themselves) has been led to imagine, that the real man of action was about to become an instrument in their hands; and that the "black party" (as the reactionists, priests, and legitimists are called) has conceived hopes, engendered by his conduct. The friends of Italy beyond the Alps also have been very seriously alarmed by the symptoms of dissension which have been suffered to appear on the surface of Italian affairs. From the beginning, these foreign friends, having the old history of Italy in their minds, have been oppressed with a constant dread that all might be sacrificed and lost by dissension and party strife; and now it has, not without reason, seemed to them that their worst misgivings were about to be realized. All this is true. Yet the present writer is nevertheless disposed to adhere to his previous opinion, that Garibaldi will not swerve from the straight and loyal path on which he started.

It must be admitted, that the reputation of Garibaldi has very seriously suffered in the course of the last month. He does not stand where he did in the opinions of his countrymen. It is painful to see so brilliant a career obscured; and to feel that a noble heart is exposed to the risk of losing that central place in the Valhalla of Italian glories, which he so truly merits, from the unfortunate circumstance of being called on to assume duties for which he is not fitted. But that he *has* thus rapidly lost ground in the esteem of the nation—that, in truth, he *is* risking his future place in Italian history—is a very reassuring and comforting fact to Italy and the friends of Italian hopes. The immensity of the prestige Garibaldi possessed, the wonderful power of his name, were such as to seem irresistible, and to justify the supposition that he could have led the nation with him on any path he chose to follow. Nations more sage and less impulsive than the Italians are supposed to be, have been led to mischief ere now by less justifiable hero-worship. But it is evident that the Italians will not be so led on this occasion. And the waning of the enthusiasm

for the popular hero is the measure of the calm and well-considered determination of the Italians to become a united and independent constitutional kingdom. Evidently, the nation will not have at any price aught that shall militate against that consummation. Garibaldi is — has every element for being—the idol of the popular heart. He has by no means ceased to be so. Count Cavour is the object of no such enthusiastic affection. He has few or none of the qualities necessary for making himself a popular hero. Yet let it once be seen that the wise and reserved patrician diplomate is the pilot most capable of steering the national barque to the desired harbour, that the gallant chieftain so beloved for his noble nature, so admired for his impetuous chivalry, is likely to risk the great object in view, and the nation—with whatever regret, with whatever sacrifice of its favourite hero-worship, and pulling down of the popular idol—will rally round and support the man who can attain the object which it is bent on accomplishing, with a unanimity of which history has few examples.

We have had sundry manifestations during the last fortnight of imperial and royal plans and intentions; but the fact of most real and permanent importance to the welfare and hopes of Italy, which the chronicler of passing history has to note, has been the strong and unmistakable set of the current of popular Italian opinion in the direction that has been indicated. The nation is still willing, nay anxious, to accept Garibaldi as its liberator, and to lay at his feet the tribute of its hero-worship in no stinted measure. *But* it is prepared to depose him from his pedestal if he persists in a line of action calculated to cause suspicion that he wishes to lead it elsewhither than in the direction it is bent on following.

How far has Garibaldi merited the check which his still rising reputation has unquestionably suffered during the past month? How far is it probable that he will recover his lost ground in the affections of the nation? How far is serious danger to the future of Italy likely to arise from his present and future conduct? A satisfactory reply to these questions would furnish a tolerably sufficient and accurate notion of the present position and probabilities of the Italian question.

It is impossible to deny that the mismanagement and incapacity exhibited *since* the feats of arms which liberated Sicily and Naples from the Bourbon tyranny, have been deplorable. Eighteen millions of ducats of debt have been incurred in Sicily, with very little to show for it. Nothing has been organized. Almost everything that should have been done has been left undone; and much has been done that ought never to have been done. It is hardly necessary, but to prevent possible misconception it may be stated, that in blaming the squandering of money in Sicily, it has never for an instant entered into the mind of anybody to conceive the shadow of a suspicion of intentional malversation, either on the part of the Dictator himself (the notion of which would be too absurdly preposterous), or on that of his subordinates. The money has been simply wasted by incapacity. And the amount of demerit

which attaches to Garibaldi is simply this—that he was incapable of accomplishing the extremely arduous task of co-ordinating, legislating, and improvising a social and civil organization. Like the man who had never played the fiddle, but was ready to try whether he might be able to do so, Garibaldi not only essayed to finger the instrument, but to perform one of the most difficult pieces possible on it, and failed egregiously. Our hero *is* a hero; not only a masterful man in fight, but a hero of self-denial, purity of intention, and patriotism. But he is not a statesman. He has the gift of knowing men, too, in the field. In the cabinet a baby is not more at the mercy of those who would seem other than they are.

But how far can we absolve from blame a man who, with most disastrous results, undertakes a task which he is wholly unable to perform? On this point the liberator's conduct in Sicily must be very differently judged from that which has marked his rule in Naples. His plea, that if he had immediately caused the annexation of Sicily to the remainder of free Italy, he should have deprived himself of his base for further operations against Naples, was a true one. It *was* essential that, even at the cost of all that has taken place in Sicily, Garibaldi should hold that island in his own hands till his further work in Naples should be performed. But when that was accomplished, or all but accomplished—when Naples was free—the annexation ought to have been made at once. "What!" said a leading member of the Mazzinists to the present writer: "in order that a Piedmontese Government might send the man who has freed Italy to plant cabbages!" Now, in these words may be read the whole policy of the Mazzinian party as regards Garibaldi, the motives of their obstinate resistance to the annexation, and the grounds of their bitter disappointment and anger because the Italian Government has done exactly that which the "party of action" had been for many previous weeks urging them to do. Garibaldi was originally one of themselves. He turned out to be a great power—just the *Deus ex machinâ*, who might possibly make feasible schemes and hopes, seen to be otherwise chimerical even by the most sanguine of the Reds. "And shall the men of the monarchy filch from us our great man, confiscate to their own profit all that he has won, and which could not have been won without him, and then *send him to plant cabbages?* Shall the detested monarchy be built up by our own man beneath our eyes?" The decree, which makes the annexation a *fait accompli*, snatches from them their last hope. And it may be safely assumed that, however they may find it necessary to humour the strong set of the current of public opinion, by professing to look forward to annexation at some future time, their hope and ulterior views are to make a Neapolitan republic the means of bringing all the rest of the peninsula ultimately under the sway of the "Mazzinian idea." When the expedition of Garibaldi to Sicily resulted in a success so complete and consequences so wonderful, the "party of action" thronged, like vultures to a carcase, round the man who had for the

nonce so large a power in his hands. And though they signally failed in persuading him to deny or throw off the fealty and loyalty he had promised to the monarchy, they unfortunately succeeded in inducing him to link himself with associates who, to put it in the mildest phrase, wished that which the nation did not wish, and to confide the fortunes of the country to men who were the notorious apostles of republicanism. The amount of judgment and discretion exercised by him in the selection of men to serve the State may be instanced by the appointment of M. Alexandre Dumas to be director of the museum—a matter of small consequence, but which may be selected for citation, because all Europe is able to perceive the outrageous absurdity of the appointment.

A course of conduct marked by acts equal in discretion to this, and by a series of manifestoes and speeches still more alarming, at length made it absolutely necessary for the Government of King Victor Emmanuel to take in hand the reins, which this Phaeton was so managing as to threaten the cause of Italian regeneration with speedy overthrow and fatal catastrophe. But the Government has not entertained the smallest intention of sending the Dictator back to his island "to plant cabbages." History, indeed, tells of a patriot hero, who was entirely ready to return to his cabbages when the work for which he had left them was done. And mankind have judged that such readiness was not the smallest part of his glory. Garibaldi's work is not, however, quite done yet; although almost all that he can advantageously do separately from the action of the Sardinian Government, will in all human probability have been accomplished before these lines can meet the eye of the reader. And, on the other hand, it is just to observe that no smallest symptom of self-seeking has given any one the right to doubt that Garibaldi himself would be ready to emulate the civic virtue of the old Roman Dictator, if Italy could not advantageously avail herself of his further services. But this will not be needed. The advance of the Piedmontese army with the *rè galantuómo* —the honest king, as the Italians love to call the sovereign of their choice —at the head of it, into the southern part of the kingdom, will put all this to rights. It is said that Garibaldi is heartily sick of his disastrous attempt at statesmanship, and anxious to give it up into more competent hands, so that he may be at liberty to play the part of which he is so great a master. This he will now have to play shoulder to shoulder with the generals of the national forces. In that position he will no longer be beset by the evil influences which have recently been so thick around him. Already the stormy petrels of the "party of action" are beginning to fly away from a scene in which their occupation is gone. No Mazzinian theorists will whisper in his ear counsels respecting the handling of his troops in the field. The right man will be once more in the right place; and all the dangers, which were a few days ago making all Europe uneasy respecting the completion of the great work on which Italy is engaged, will be removed by the advance of King Victor Emmanuel. The decision of his Government to take that step has not been reached one moment too soon.

Cavour and Garibaldi have been alluded to in the title of this paper as the rival liberators of Italy. Untoward circumstances have placed the two men before the world in that light. And although within the last few days matters have taken a turn which justify a hope that they may cease to occupy such a relative position, the events of the month have led men more than ever to regard them in that light, by restoring and adding to the reputation of Cavour, in the same proportion in which they have diminished that of Garibaldi. The cession of Nice injured Cavour very deeply in the minds of Italians. They have by no means yet forgotten it. They conceive, unjustly in all probability, that the surgeon who recommended the knife, did so injudiciously and unnecessarily. They are persuaded that the operation might have been avoided; and while the body is still quivering with agony, they cannot feel cordially towards the operator. A time will come when Cavour will be judged more justly. Already a feeling of renewed confidence and approbation has been generated by the recent acts of the Government. The absolute necessity of having him, and no other pilot, at the helm, is fully recognized. And the most earnest wish of the Italians at the present moment—the one event, which would give greater pleasure than almost anything else that could happen—would be to see a cordial reconciliation between the statesman and the general.

If the events of the last month have dimmed the brilliant reputation of Garibaldi, they have done yet more to cure any section of the Italian people of any inclination to put faith or hope in Mazzini and his followers. There are persons who declare their belief that he is a paid agent of Austria. The notion is preposterous; but assuredly he would have been very conscientiously earning his wages if he were so. Unprejudiced, open-minded, and charitable men still hold Mazzini to be honest. That is to say, they consider that he honestly believes his scheme for the regeneration of his country to be that most calculated to ensure its future welfare. It has become, however, very clear that he is prepared, not only to risk, but absolutely to prevent, the reconstitution of Italy on other principles, or by any other means, than his own, at whatever hazard of replunging her into all the miseries from which she is just escaping. It is probable that if, on these grounds, Mazzini were accused of selfish ambition or of playing the part of the dog in the manger, he would defend himself, at least to his own conscience, by asserting that his views are larger and farther-sighted than those which he opposes;—that it is better for the abiding interests of humanity in the far future, that Italy should continue to be a hotbed and provoking cause of such discontent and revolution as may at any day lead to that new constitution of society all over the world, which he deems the *sine quâ non* of human improvement, than that she should become tranquillized by such a measure of good government as will make her a contented and happy supporter of a social constitution based on principles in his opinion vicious. But it is also abundantly clear that Italy has no mind to be the "*corpus vile*" on

which any such experiments, however humanitarian, shall be tried; or to risk the very fine bird she has in her hand for any entire covey still in the sorely tangled bush of the Mazzinian philosophy.

In short, the events of the last few days have, finally, it may be believed, crushed the "red" element in Italian politics. From the beginning of the movement it had no power, or prospect of power, till the immense development of a force extraneous to and uncontrolled by any constituted government opened to it a rare and quite peculiar field for its intrigues. The chances afforded by this opportunity were augmented by the circumstance of Garibaldi's early party connections and friendships, and the untoward misfortune of his misunderstanding with Cavour. This conjunction of circumstances threw into "red" hands an amount of power which for a few days threatened serious danger to the future of Italy. The masterly combination of caution and boldness with which the Government of Victor Emmanuel has acted, has averted this danger. In a very few days, the King of Italy will claim in person the obedience and loyal co-operation of the strangely powerful subject who brings in his hand a contribution of two crowns to the building up of the nation. And it will then be found that Garibaldi, despite any piques and jealousies, and despite the evil communications which have corrupted the good manners of his talk, will not fail to respond satisfactorily to the appeal.

The mention of the "party of action" by the title which they have chosen to arrogate to themselves, suggests the wish to show how truly and consistently and courageously the King's Government have been the veritable party of action. But we have not on this occasion the space needed for the purpose. Moreover, there are considerations which counsel the postponement, to a somewhat later period, of many of the proofs of this assertion. They will be forthcoming in due season. It will be known, also, in good time, how emphatically, and under what circumstances, "the party of action" were the party of inaction at Naples at a very critical moment.

For the future, Europe may assuredly depend upon it that the Italian Government, despite all that is past, will *under no circumstances* concede, abandon, or give up any one further foot of Italian territory, either on mainland or island. No minister or cabinet could venture on such a course, or could carry out any bargain to such an effect, if they had ever so much made it. It may be difficult to predict what may be demanded (although, in all probability, such demands may be judiciously proportioned to the possibility of obtaining compliance with them), and still more so to foresee what may be the results of refusal to concede what may be demanded. But it may be accepted as certain that, let the cost of refusal be what it may, Italy will refuse to cut any further pound of flesh from her side.

FLORENCE, *6th October*, 1860.

Sent to Heaven.

I had a message to send her,
To her whom my soul loved best;
But I had my task to finish,
And she had gone home to rest.

To rest in the far bright heaven—
Oh, so far away from here;
It was vain to speak to my darling,
For I knew she could not hear.

I had a message to send her,
So tender, and true, and sweet;
I longed for an angel to bear it,
And lay it down at her feet.

I placed it one summer evening
On a little white cloud's breast;
But it faded in golden splendour,
And died in the crimson west.

I gave it the lark, next morning,
And I watched it soar and soar;
But its pinions grew faint and weary,
And it fluttered to earth once more.

To the heart of a rose I told it;
And the perfume, sweet and rare,
Growing faint on the blue bright ether,
Was lost in the balmy air.

I laid it upon a censer,
And I saw the incense rise;
But its clouds of rolling silver
Could not reach the far blue skies.

I cried in my passionate longing:
"Has the earth no angel friend
Who will carry my love the message
That my heart desires to send?"

Then I heard a strain of music,
So mighty, so pure, so clear,
That my very sorrow was silent,
And my heart stood still to hear.

And I felt in my soul's deep yearning
At last the sure answer stir—
"The music will go up to heaven,
And carry my thought to her."

It rose in harmonious rushing
Of mingled voices and strings,
And I tenderly laid my message
On the music's outspread wings.

I heard it float farther and farther,
In sound more perfect than speech;—
Farther than sight can follow,—
Farther than soul can reach.

And I know that at last my message
Has passed through the golden gate;
So my heart is no longer restless,
And I am content to wait.

A. A. P.

Work.

Having lately discoursed upon Holidays, and, as I have been pleased to find, with good acceptance from some indulgent friends, I am minded, now that November has come round upon us, to take Work for my theme. Less alluring the present topic may be than its predecessor, but some delights may be gathered from it by those who seek them wisely; and there are few of us whom it does not concern. For, as I said of old, in other words, regard it properly, and Work is the substrate, or basis, of all our daily blessings, upon which lesser joys of divers kinds are built up by the Great Architect and Disposer; and without which there may be brief spasms and convulsions of excitement, which we may call pleasure, but no continuous happiness or content.

Wherefore, thank God, praise God, O my friends—ye who are born to work, and have work to do. There are few of us who may not find it when they will, and for those few we may weep tears of compassion. Not for those who deceive themselves and would deceive others into the belief, that they cannot find work to do, because, misguided by a false sense of the true dignity of life and a false measure of their own capacity—silly worldlings who would drive the coursers of the Sun—they strive to soar aloft, when nature has granted to them only to creep;—not on such vain tumours as these is our pity to be wasted. If they would consent to creep, they might creep nobly. All honest labour, be it the merest hand-work, brainless and mechanical drudgery, dignifies human life. Better is it to break stones or to turn a mangle than to do nothing. Good roads and clean linen are products of human industry which we need not be ashamed of having a hand in creating. Let us do the best we can! If it be not permitted to us to do work of one kind, let us brace ourselves up for work of another. And to all of the great guild or brotherhood of workmen let us hold out a hand—a hand of assistance, if need be; anyhow, a hand of fellowship. If the work be of much account in the world's eye, let us be thankful; if of little, let us be content. "All service ranks the same with God."—Let us rejoice that we are permitted to serve, whether at the council-board of the nation, at the head of a regiment of horse, or only behind a counter.

This is not novel doctrine; yet it needs to be enforced at odd times, lest the truth of it should pass out of remembrance. Even as I write, a newspaper lies before me, in which there is a passage, headed "Romantic Suicide," which relates how "A fine young man, named Arsene, lately hanged himself in his master's house, near Paris." His only quarrel with the world was that cruel fate had condemned him to be a grocer. He left behind him a memorandum, bewailing his hard lot, and beseeching

his parents "to erect a simple tombstone to his memory, and to inscribe upon it these words—'Born to be a man; died a grocer.'" Now, the plain truth is that he was not born to be a man; if he had been, he would have *lived* a grocer. The manliest thing that I know in this world is to do your duty in that state of life to which it has pleased God to call you; and if you have been called to grocery, why not? There are many callings without which the world could do better than without grocers. Strive then to be a good grocer. A good grocer is any day better than a bad poet. This silly Arsene, who hanged himself, wrote:—"I remember to have read somewhere that a man should apply his intelligence to be useful to humanity, and as I see I shall never be fit for anything but to weigh cheese and dried plums, I have made up my mind to go to another world, which I have heard of, and see whether there may not be a place for me there." A place, doubtless; according to the faith of the silly grocerling, a "Purgatory of Suicides," in which he will be condemned to ceaseless plum-weighings, and out of which he will in no wise be suffered to escape, until he has subdued his soul to a right sense of the dignity of plum-weighing as an appointed duty, and of the utility of the calling to the world. "Useful to humanity!" O Arsene! who is not useful, if you are not, Monsieur L'Epicier? On my honour as a gentleman, I could no more write these lines, but for the early cup of coffee wherewith I am refreshing myself in the quiet of the morning ere the house is astir, than I could pen another *Iliad*. And what if, my toilet accomplished, I were to descend to the breakfast-room and find there no tea, and no sugar—what of my equanimity for the rest of the day? Is it anything to me in this remote country town, in the neighbourhood of which I am sojourning for awhile, that there are wise men and erudite scholars in the vicinity. I do not ask, and I do not care. If Solon were to be my next door neighbour, or Socrates my fellow-lodger, what better should I be for the proximity of all their sapience? But it is everything to me that there is a good grocer in the High Street—that my daily wants, though they be not many, and plums are not my especial frailty, are adequately supplied. Not "useful to humanity"—I should like to know who *are* useful to humanity, if the grocer who keeps the shop in this little town, the assistant who weighs out the groceries, and the errand-boy who carries them to their several destinations, are *not* useful. Think of the panic in Castleton this morning if there were to be a gap in High Street, and "Figs—No. 9," with all his establishment and his stock-in-trade, were suddenly to be missing; we should then know how useful he has been to us all.

It is, doubtless, in the remembrance of many, that among other wise things to be found in Mr. John Bunyan's popular volume is a description of *Vain-Hope*, the ferryman, who ferried *Ignorance* across the river. In a little doctrinal note, Mr. Bunyan sagaciously observes: "*Vain-Hope* ever dwells in the bosom of fools, and is ever ready to assist *Ignorance*." Now, what is here said in a spiritual sense, is true also in worldly matters. Vain-Hope is ever ready, with the oar in his hand, to ferry Ignorance

across the river of life. And what shoals they encounter on the passage! in what depths of mud they flounder on the banks! It has always been so more or less; but it appears to me sometimes that this is an especial vice and danger of the age. We are, somehow or other, all of us waxing proud, and getting above our work; and what is to become of generations beyond us, if we go on at this rate, it is impossible to conjecture. What is most wanted is a strong ebb-tide to send us back again to the status of our grandsires, and to give us more lowly thoughts. Young men in these times think that they have "a soul beyond the shop;" and old men, I am afraid, are too prone to encourage the mischievous idea, and to turn their sons, who might be good tradesmen, into indifferent members of some "gentlemanly profession." But the gentlemanly professions are now becoming so crowded and overstocked, and the difficulty of earning bare subsistence in them so increasingly great, that men of family and education are beginning to think whether they may not advantageously pick up for their sons the grocer's apron which young Figs has scornfully thrown aside, or the yard measure which Bombazine junior has broken across his knee. I know some who would have done wisely had they thus stooped to conquer the great problem of the labour of life—who, vainly looking for "gentlemanly" employment for their children, and scorning meaner but honourable work, which would have profitably occupied their time and elevated their character, as a sense of honest work and manly independence ever must elevate it—have suffered them to hang about billiard-rooms and stable-yards, until the young "gentlemen" have developed into something not much better than blacklegs and sharpers. Paterfamilias! Paterfamilias! think of this before 'tis too late. When you and I were little boys, our mothers were not too learned to recite to us the versicles of good Doctor Watts. They were of a good homely, lasting quality, like our puerile corduroys; and as *Christian Years* and *Proverbial Philosophies* were not in those days, we were content with both the poetry and the morality of the doctor's lyrics. Neither you nor I can remember the best passages in Tennyson's charming *Idylls*, delightedly as we read them last year. But our memory still clings, with grateful and affectionate tenacity, to the doctrine-freighted numbers which we lisped on the maternal knee. Many were the impressive truths which we learnt in those days—truths often rendered doubly imposing to our dawning intelligence, by the striking facts in natural history (from bears and tigers down to busy bees), wherewith the poetical divine was wont to illustrate his metrical precepts; but none more firmly implanted in our minds than the fact that—

> "Satan finds some mischief still
> For idle hands to do."

"Give your son a Bible and a calling," said another eminent divine. Write the words in letters of gold! Any calling is better than none: there is nothing surer than that. You would like to see your Harry fairly started for the Woolsack; your little Cecil steaming up to the other bank

of the great river, where lies the archiepiscopal palace of Lambeth; and your blue-eyed Ernest floating calmly into the viceregal precincts of the Government House at Calcutta. Well; I have my Harry, and my Cecil, and my Ernest; and I should like to see them, too, well ahead in the race for the Chancellor's wig, or the Primate's sleeves, or the body-guard of the Governor-General; but I would sooner see them cutting planks in a saw-yard, or shouldering heavy luggage at a railway station, than doing nothing, when they have come to a fitting age to do a good day's work for a good day's wage, and to earn their bread like honest gentlemen.

There is nothing like it in human life—nothing at the same time so ennobling and so exhilarating. It braces a man like cold water: it invigorates him like iron and quinine. What a poor creature he is who has no work to do—what a burden to himself and to others! Many a man's happiness has been blasted by the possession of an estate, and, if independence without work be a sore trouble, what must idleness be without independence! For a thoroughly idle man, you must not look in the high places of the earth. Your great lords and landed proprietors have commonly work to do. The management of a great estate, in spite of all intermediate agency of lawyers, and stewards, and bailiffs, is no light matter to the owner, whatever we, who have neither lands, nor houses, nor fat beeves, and live from hand to mouth by hard brain-work, may think upon the subject. My Lord Duke disappears into his sanctum, like meaner men, every morning after breakfast, when you think that he might be playing billiards, or shooting pheasants, or riding to the hounds. He is as much encumbered with his riches, as we are with our poverty. Of both lots hard work is the condition. Moreover, it is no small thing to be a legislator, whether by birthright or by election. Our laws are made, and our Public Service is presided over, by men of large estate, whether for the national good I know not, but assuredly for their own. And indeed, when I come to think of the immense amount of harm that might be done by the thousand powerful noblemen and gentlemen, whom our two Houses of Parliament gather up and absorb into the mass of labouring men, if they were left all the year round to their own devices, I can almost forgive the legislative errors and the administrative miscarriages to which they are prone. What mischief would Satan find for the idle hands of men with so much money in their pockets. Talk of wasted sessions, of unprofitable debates, of mighty deluges of words leading to nothing, and hint that Parliament is of no use! Of no use! Is there any industrial school in the whole kingdom of half so much use? any reformatory so potential for good? Surely an institution for keeping our great lords and landed gentry out of mischief, is not to be made light of by any benevolent mind.

Large estates, in this sense, may be great blessings, as supplying work to the possessors; but small estates are commonly our bane. It is among the middle classes—the upper ranks of the middle classes—that men without work are mostly to be found. Say that a man is born to the posses-

sion of, or that in mature age he inherits, an income of 2,000*l.* a year. You wish yourself that man—well, I must confess my weakness; I have wished it scores of times myself. *Cui bono?* Though a goodly sum to earn, it is not much to spend—but it is sufficient to invite idleness. The daily bread being found, there is no necessity to toil for it; so we eschew work if we are young, and we renounce work if we are old; and we live upon our property, gentlemen at ease. "At ease!" It seems to be an easy life to live upon a property that manages itself, and to have nothing to do but to spend your few modest thousands. Ah! but I have known men who have found it a very hard life; men who have envied the bricklayer as he built up anew the chimney blown down by the September wind, or repaired the lights of the greenhouse broken by the last night's hail; men, who have looked wistfully at the mortar and the putty, and longed for a job of work, on a larger and a manlier scale than their principal daily occupation of mending their children's toys. Well, it is better to have a glue-pot simmering at your study fire, than to have no implement of work within your reach. But who can doubt that the bricklayer and the glazier are happier than the "man of property" for whom they are doing those humble strokes of work? Better that he had been articled to his uncle the lawyer, or that his money were invested in some laborious and anxious business that would occupy his time and his thoughts; better anything that would give him a calling, than that he should dawdle out life as a gentleman at large.

There are some who may accept these praises of work only in a qualified or conditional sense. Under all circumstances of health or sickness, joy or sorrow, to be compelled to work is often said to be a grievous necessity, and many kind souls are moved to compassion by the thought of it. But there is a *vis medicatrix* in work as there is in nothing else; and most people owe more to it than they acknowledge, or even suspect. To me, it has always appeared to be the hardest necessity of all to work, when good health, and elastic spirits, and a general buoyancy of one's whole being, perpetually suggests play. Let us be up and about! The sun shines. The sky is clear. All nature is jocund. The tingling life within us prompts us to active movement, and we are eager to disport ourselves in the air. We would ride or walk—play at cricket—shoot—fish—pull an oar on the river—anything that will give freedom to our limbs and freshness to our cheeks. But, the work must be done—oh, my friends, then it is that the necessity is truly grievous, then it is that the struggle between inclination and duty rends the very soul of the workman. It is a terrible conflict, demanding all the courage and resistance of a strong man to lead him along the path of victory. I assume that the work is work that ought to be done, and cannot without injury be delayed; else, these external invitations being but few in our ungenial climate, I might almost admit the wisdom of yielding to them. Does not God give us fine days that we may sun ourselves in them as well as the flowers and the harvest? Are light, and air, and heaven's warmth, only for the nurselings

of the field and the garden? Are they not also for us, cradled inheritors of the world's common blessings? Truly, such obstinate questionings as these, when work would hold us down with an iron hand, are among our sorest temptations. It is hard to be chained to the desk—cabined, cribbed, confined within four dreary walls—when your heart is throbbing and your limbs are twitching with desire to go far a-field, and to "eat the air," as they phrase it in the emphatic language of the East. Sound health and buoyant spirits, and the yearning after out-of-doors recreation which they induce, are the real aggravations of work, the disturbing influences which make us sometimes deplore that we are workmen.

But sickness and sorrow—how should we bear them, but for the work which we have to do? Writing of sickness, I shall not be understood to have in mind those mortal ailments which prostrate body and soul, and render work an impossibility, but of the lesser infirmities of our nature. There are few really sound men amongst us. Sickness, in its less subduing form, is the common lot of us poor worldlings. But it is tolerable or intolerable just as we concern ourselves little or much about it. If we really knew the processes of derangement and decay which are going on within us—if we could see all the several parts of our mortal machinery, and the disorders, organic or functional, which are impeding its right action, verily the lives of many of us would be a long night of suffering and terror. There are pangs, and spasms, and tremors, and faintnesses, greater or less, afflicting us all day long. They all indicate some internal disorganization or disturbance; and if we have nothing to do but to dwell upon them—if we are continually asking ourselves what they mean—we soon shrivel into invalids, and become what we think ourselves. A busy man takes no heed of these slight promptings of infirmity. He tells you, perhaps, when you ask him how he is, that he really does not know—that he has had no time to consider. So much, indeed, has the mind to do with our merely physical sensations, that many a man will bear witness to the fact, that when some good-natured friend has told him that he "is not looking well," he has begun at once to be conscious of some disturbance of the system of which he had had no knowledge before. I have heard men, too, contend against the expediency of holidays, on the ground that they never feel as well during the vacation as when they are actively at work. I do not deny the fact; but I altogether dispute the inference. It does not follow that because we are more conscious of our infirmities at such times, that therefore the cessation of labour is not profitable both to body and mind. Besides, who knows that the very sensations which oppress us at such seasons are not so many indications of a restorative process going on within us? Irritability is often a sign of a salutary reaction. Nature handles us a little roughly when she is setting us right.

And, only with a slight variation of phraseology, all this might truthfully be said with respect to moral ailments and disturbances. As with the body, so with the mind. We take no account of small troubles when we have much strenuous work in hand; and even great trials are softened

down to us by an absorbing occupation. Whether, rightly considered, this, so far as the greater trials are concerned, be on the whole good for us, may be open to doubt.

> "He who lacks time to mourn, lacks time to men
> Eternity mourns that: tis a bad cure
> For life's worst ills to have no time to feel them."

This may be the higher philosophy. But, after all, we suffer more in the course of our lives from small troubles and disturbances, which do us no good, than from the fiery trials which purify the soul. Against such lesser or imaginary grievances Work is verily a coat of mail; and I am not sure that because it gives us strength to bear more grievous afflictions, it therefore deprives them of their salutary, chastening effects.

I know that there is such a thing as being "kept up by excitement." We do not know how we have torn and blistered our feet, till the toilsome journey is ended, and we unloose the latchets of our shoes. There is a familiar story of a veteran cab-horse, that lived day and night in harness, because it had an awkward habit of dropping on its knees as soon as its traces were loosed. There are men amongst us who live ever between the shafts, harnessed and braced up literally within an inch of their lives. Take them out of harness, and they drop. This is not a state of things to be tolerated, much less to be advocated. Very different are the conditions of healthy labour. There is no healthy labour without periods of rest. The insensibility to small troubles, which is a result of salutary work, is very different from the obliviousness of overwrought excitement.

It was once, I believe, a popular theory that men who work hard grow prematurely old and die before their time. But whatsoever the went may have been when it was the custom of our forefathers to sustain hard work by hard drinking, I believe that, in this more temperate age, idle men run to seed more rapidly than their more laborious contemporaries. Such, at least, is my observation of life. With a keen perception of the different results wrought upon the *physique* of men by different conditions of life, I still do not find it easy to describe these distinctive differences. I think, however, it may be said generally, that idle men acquire, as they advance in years, a *flabby* appearance, more indicative of age than the strong lines and the general aspect of tension which we see in those who have lived laborious days. There are men "who rot themselves at ease on Lethe's wharf," whilst their toiling and striving brethren are full of sap and vigour. This, at least, I know, that commerce with lofty themes, whilst it elevates the mind, gives freshness and juvenility to the countenance and buoyancy to the whole demeanour. All work does not involve such commerce; but the thoughts which arise out of the humblest calling—of honest work honestly done—are nobler than those which are associated only with our personal wants and our personal cares. And though the higher class of work be rare, it is still not to be omitted from such an essay as this, that some of the busiest men whom I know, personally or by fame—the men who have worked hardest and done most—who have found life to be a

battle, and have fought it the most strenuously, are younger in their appearance, in their manner, and in their feelings, than their contemporaries who have done nothing all their lives. I never doubt when I see such men, that they have had wisdom to appreciate the small beatitudes of life; that they have taken their holidays in due season; and never suffered it to pass out of their remembrance that there is a time to work and a time to play. Half a century ago, as I have said, the pillar of statesmanship was the bottle. As the poor castaway says, alas! even in these days, "there could be no bearing such a life but for the drink." Our great men drank, and they played, too; but the play was hazard, and the play-room a stifling gambling-house, for which no milder name could be found than that which signifies the unquenchable fire of the doomed. But now-a-days, hard work in high places is ever suggestive of the wisdom of practically recognizing the advantage of occasional interludes of pleasure. These are the harmless stimulants which keep men fresh and young, gay and joyous, even with the cares of a nation on their shoulders. Ay, these *interludes!* They are the making of us all. What a word it is. *Ludus inter laborem.* Play between work. We do not all like the same games. You may choose rounders, perhaps; and I may vote for prisoner's base. I saw a game at the latter, the other day, on a smooth grassy bit of table-land among rocks on the Welsh coast, which took five-and-thirty years off my life, as with keenest interest I watched the conflict. I don't care what it is. I am catholic in my sympathies. I have not been to the Derby since Bay Middleton's year; I did not quite see the glorious fight which lately agitated the great wide world in which the English language is spoken—though I confess that I was within an inch of it. But I am pleased when I hear that there are bets on the "double event" of a noble lord winning "the blue riband of the Turf" and gaining a decisive parliamentary majority in the same week; and that I did not think much the worse of those legislators who were said to have taken the train to Farnham on that memorable April morning, though, doubtless, it is their business to make laws, and not to break them.

It may be observed, too, of men of this class, who work hard and wear well, that they are commonly fond of society, and not altogether indifferent to the pleasures of the table. And why not? A man is not bound to be an anchorite or an ascetic because he has work to do. To be saturated and soddened, as in old times, with port or any other wine, is a horrible state of existence; but are we therefore to have no more cakes and ale? Men cannot work, any more than animals, on spare diet. If you have a laborious occupation, whether it be bodily or mental, you must live well. I read sometimes in temperance tracts of careful and thrifty wives, who have persuaded their husbands out of beer, and have bought small cottages with the savings. I have as good a wife as any man, but I am convinced that the last thing in the world to which she would desire to lead me is the water-trough. There is nothing of which I have less doubt than that every kind of labour requires generous support.

Some theorists have written or declaimed about animal food clogging or deadening the intellectual faculties. I do not ask you to gourmandize, whether you have much or little to do. But you may be sure that intellectual labour demands good physical support even more than bodily work. Nature kindly tells you this. Have you not, I ask you, felt more hungry, after a good spell of work in your library, than after walking a dozen miles in the open air? Should you then feast on a salad? I knew a man—an enthusiast in art—who declared that when he was in the throes of a great work, he always lived on roasted apples. He died before his time. I suspect that the Tintorettos of the present day fare better and live longer. Beefsteaks are better than roasted apples; not that, like Fuseli, you may dream horrors, but that you may do your appointed work with less waste of human life.

To do your work well too, and to keep your mind fresh, you must diligently cultivate the affections. In the society of women and of children there is more refreshment than in anything in the world. It is bright sunshine, and clear, pure air; lovely sights and pleasant sounds; and if it cannot be said of it, as of nature, it "never did betray the heart that is its own," its betrayals are so few, that we need not take account of them. For my own part, I wonder how any one can work, who has not some one to love and some one to love him—

> "Some one to cast his glory on—to share
> His rapture with."

Whether you have finished your great history in six volumes, or only filled the gaps in the squire's hedges, there is unspeakable solace and sustentation in the thought that the loving heart which has encouraged your labour rejoices in its completion. But apart from this wonderful stimulant of sympathy, there is nothing in the world that so takes a man out of himself and diverts his thoughts from the toils and cares of his daily life as the society of women, even though they know nothing and care nothing about his work. This has all been said a thousand times before in prose and poetry, more eloquently and more forcibly than I could hope to say it, if I desired to make the most of the fact. I will only, therefore, observe here that it will commonly be found that men who, spite of much hard work, wear their years lightly, are men who delight in female society, and are popular with the other sex. Very busy men, who can find time for nothing else, beyond the immediate range of their duties and responsibilities, are seldom too busy for recreation of this kind. Some of the most strenuous and most successful workmen of modern times have, I am afraid, been perilously given to intrigue. It is the most exciting of all amusements, and, therefore, the one best suited to men whose public life is one of excitement. Bear well in mind, all who may peruse this in the midst of the pleasant and virtuous family circle, that I merely state the fact, as I believe it to be; I do not justify or palliate the practice. Happy the man to whom the *domus et placens*

uxor are all-sufficient. God be praised that there are such men, and among our brightest and bravest too! We will drop the subject of dangerous and exciting intrigue. It is a hard world indeed, if it will not admit that there may be innocent friendship and companionship between the two sexes, though the female society, which lightens the burden of toil and smoothes down the wrinkles of age, may not in all cases be that of wife and daughters.

And not less necessary than pleasant recreation and cheering society, is good sleep. If you are to work well, you must sleep well. If you are to keep your health and strength and youth—to carry your powers of work with you to the last—you must sedulously pay court to your pillow. It will commonly be found that the men who carry their years lightly are men who possess the faculty of sleeping at will. If you have much work to do, you must not account time spent in sleep to be time lost. It is time gained. It is an essential part of the duty of the day. I had once an old servant, who used to say, "Well, I have done my work. I have cleaned up; and now I'll *get my sleeping done.*" Sleeping was in her philosophy a thing to be done—not a passive state, but an active part of her duty. And every workman should so consider it. Let him sleep in his bed, if he can, at proper hours of the night; if not, let him sleep at any odd time, when nature invites him to rest himself. If we do not play tricks with ourselves; if we work hard without overworking ourselves, sleep will rarely be coy to us. As a general rule, it may be said, that busy men are better sleepers than idlers, and that mental labour contributes more to sound sleep than bodily fatigue. I believe that only mere novices in work are kept awake by the thought of it. Experienced workmen acquire a habit of shaking off its environments when they will. If there be one thing in life for which I am profoundly thankful to the Giver of all good gifts, it is for the faculty of sleep.

> "I have two friends, who are with me night and day,—
> True friends and constant, ever by my side;
> Than mother more devoted, or young bride—
> Yet when one comes, the other steals away:
> For jealous friends will no joint vigil keep;—
> The one's great name is WORK; the other's, SLEEP."

It may be thought to be a condition of good hearty strenuous work, that the business to be done should be such as suits the especial tastes and qualifications of the workman. It is a sorry thing to work against the grain; the wrong way of the stuff, as housewives say; *invitâ Minervâ*, according to the scholars. But there is much to be observed in abatement of this, whereof I shall speak presently; being minded first to say that this evil is one which is very apt to cure or to neutralize itself. For men are prone, by very force of nature, whatsoever may be their early diversions, to return to the path along which their inclination would lead them, and it will commonly be found that, in the end, they are wedded to the work of their choice. Sometimes, it may fall out, that, habit being, as saith the proverb,

"a second nature," the workman becomes first reconciled to his work, and afterwards well affected towards it simply by the force of habit and familiarity, and more than all by a growing competency to perform it with address. For seldom is it that we do not incline kindly towards that which we are conscious of being able to do readily and well. But the instances of the former mode of cure are, I esteem, more frequent; men forsaking the professions or trades to which they have been bound in youth by the will of their elders to follow others to which their natural tastes and appetences incline them. If there be truth in the proverb that, "a rolling stone gathers no moss," it may be better philosophy to reconcile oneself to the unloved work; but "Man will break out, despite philosophy," and Nature is often too strong for us. Whether it be more worldly wise in such cases of ill-assorted alliance to look the matter boldly in the face, to go into the Court of Divorce, and making great sacrifice thereby of apprentice-fees, and premia, and education money, and years of early training and servitude, to make a fresh start in life, or to cling resolutely to the first uncongenial connexion, and work on ill-mated to the last, is a question which may well perplex a philosopher. There is no rule to be derived from experience in such a case; for I have known men who have taken fresh starts, in mature years, make their way triumphantly to the goal of success, and I have known them too to break down, weak of limb and scant of breath, painfully and regretfully, on the way. It might, perhaps, have appeared on closer inspection of these varying results, that in the one case the workman had been moved by an irrepressible instinct or appetence to embrace the new vocation, and in the other, by the instability and weakness of his nature, to forsake the old. And it is very certain that no such change should be lightly made; that we should examine ourselves carefully before we undertake it, and feel assured that it is not fickleness, or love of change, or want of perseverance that impels us, but a genuine conviction that we have within us the elements of success in the new way of life—that it is, in fact, our vocation or calling—that it calls us irresistibly, and that we must go.

Besides, I would have it to be understood, as I before suggested, that even the unwilling Minerva has favours of her own to dispense—that there is compensation even for the pains and penalties of working against the grain. For there is surely no work so worthy, so ennobling, as that which is done by us painfully and laboriously under a strong sense of an abiding duty. There is a satisfaction in the feeling that we have done, to the best of our poor ability, certain work altogether foreign to our tastes and inclinations — that we have striven manfully against our natural repugnance, and done the work assigned to us thoroughly and well, in spite of every temptation to half-do it, or to leave it altogether undone. There is a satisfaction, I say, in such a feeling, not to be derived from the contemplation of more congenial labour; for there is small merit in doing thoroughly and well what it pleases us to do. Work done without strife, almost, indeed, without labour, is but a shadow or delusion of work. But

to see a man sustained by a sense of duty, working painfully and laboriously, with indomitable perseverance, day after day, at that which to him is mere drudgery and task-work, is a sight fit for the gods. What merit is it that I write these pages? Does it not please me to write them? Is not my heart in the sport? But what, if I were to have spent this bright autumn day, adding up column after column of abhorred figures, solely for duty's sake, would it not be a meritorious performance? Should I not have reason to stroke my beard approvingly, and say, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant?" Moreover, the smaller your pleasure in doing your work, the greater your pleasure in having done it. Like Byron's Tasso, I might, in one case, my pleasant long-sustaining task being done, blot its final page with tears: but, in the other, I should send up a grateful pæan, shouting—"Joy,—joy for ever, my task is done!" like Moore's Peri, and rapturously asking myself whether I am not happy.

Whether you like it or not, my friend, go at it cheerfully. I know some men who are always sighing over their work, and over work, too, of their own election. They think they are hardly used in having so much to do, and are continually predicting that they will break down under it. It is a bad sign in a workman when he falls into a habit of predicting failures and disasters. In the course of the recent investigation into the circumstances of that mysterious child-murder, which has struck so deep and tragic an interest into well nigh every household in the country, one of the witnesses, a small farmer, was asked if he knew the meaning of the word "prediction." Confessing his ignorance, he excused himself on the ground that he had been at work since he was seven years old. He had been too busy all his life to trouble himself about predictions. And I am always inclined to think, I hope not uncharitably, when I hear a man sighing over his work, and predicting that he will break down under it, that he really has not, and never has had, very much work to do. In the same way, idle men who really do nothing—who have no calling, and perhaps not even a hobby—are continually pleading want of time. They are perfectly sincere, when they tell you that they have "no time" for anything involving intellectual exercise. They have come by force of habit to mistake strenuous idleness for work, and the day is dawdled out, miserably enough, before they have begun to take account of its hours. Busy men *make* time, whilst idle men are killing it, and refrain from urging a plea which, in their case, would be a valid one, and accepted as such almost before it is offered.

It is obvious that this matter of the employment and distribution of time is at the very bottom of the whole question of Work. There are four-and-twenty hours in every day, and the great problem of their distribution is one not easily to be solved. So various in its conditions and requirements is Work, that it is impossible, in a few sentences, to lay down any rules relating to the time that should be appropriated to, and absorbed by, it. There is hand-work and there is head-work; and in many trades and callings the question of time is settled by Act of Parlia-

ment, by official regulation, or even by social compact. Only recently one important section of the working world has been agitated by a question of nine or ten hours of toil to the labouring man's days. There are some men whose work is never done, either because their calling is one which forbids limitation of hours, or because their minds are of so active, so restless a nature, that they cannot suffer themselves to lie fallow. A medical practitioner, for example, can never call an hour of the day or of the night his own. Literary men, too, work at all hours, early and late: there is no limitation to the labours of the imagination. As long as there is a subject to be found, there is work to be done. But the larger number of workmen go forth every day after breakfast, and return before dinner or before supper, spending from six to ten hours at their apportioned work. From ten to four is the ordinary work-time at the public offices, from nine to five at private mercantile establishments, and from nine to seven, or still later, at shops, where the work to be done is not of a kind to make any serious inroads upon body or on brain. Much has been said recently about the tendency of the age towards overwork. Heaven knows that I would protest against the age, if I believed that such were its tendency. Excessive competition may generate such results. But I do not think that, generally speaking, we are overworked. Perhaps what we want most is a little better distribution of our time. If I had the management of any number of men and women, and the disposal of their time, I would rather give them an extra hour's work every day, so as to afford them a half-holiday in the week, and a week or two's holiday in every year, than that they should go without their holidays. I am convinced that I should find, on the 31st of December, that I had gained some good work and that they had gained some good health by the arrangement.

About the hour of the day at which head-work can most profitably be done there are varying opinions. The more common voice would seem to incline towards the dictum that "the morning is the best time for work," but I am not disposed to accept this as a general proposition. I speak, of course, of volunteer work, which is bound by no especial laws. The ordinary affairs of life must be transacted in business hours, according to official chronology from ten to four; but I cannot help thinking that the work which makes the most noise in the world, is *not* done in office-hours. Continual interruptions at that time make sustained head-work difficult, if not impossible. There are few men occupying an important position in an "office," public or private, who do not carry their work home with them, and perform that part of it which demands the most thought, in the quietude of their own studies. Others do supplementary work, write books or articles, or solve mighty problems in science. Others again, having no official labours, choose their own time for literary labour or scientific research. To all of these, it must often have been a question, whether it is better to work early or late. I have said that the general verdict is in favour of the former; and on the whole, I think rightly. If

a man is blest with a regular occupation, demanding the mid-day period, he is necessitated to take his principal meal in the evening. If he works out of office-hours, he must work before breakfast or after dinner. To work after dinner, he must work late, by candle-light, at a time when he ought to be setting bedwards. Young men may do this, but few men past forty can work after dinner. If you can work at all at night, one hour at that time is worth any two in the morning. The house is hushed, the brain is clear, the distracting influences of the day are at an end. You have not to disturb yourself with thoughts of what you are about to do, or what you are about to suffer. You know that there is a gulf between you and the affairs of the outside world, almost like the chasm of death; and that you need not take thought of the morrow until the morrow has come. There are few really great thoughts, such as the world will not willingly let die, that have not been conceived under the quiet stars. Why, then, do I speak in praise of morning work? It has its inevitable drawbacks. That the brain is clearer then than at other times is the merest theory, propounded by those who have not worked early or late. It is a time, too, of expectation: you feel that you are drifting into the cares and anxieties of the day, and it is difficult to distract your mind from what is to come. Moreover, the before-breakfast period must always be brought to an abrupt close. With the inevitable eight o'clock come the postman and the hot-water; and the disturbing business of the day has commenced. But at night you only drift into deeper silence and quicker inspiration. If the right mood is upon you, you write on; if not, your pillow awaits you. Why, then, I say, do I write in favour of early work? Partly, because after-dinner labour is often physically impossible, and, when possible, sometimes detrimental; and, partly, because few men can call their evenings their own. The claims of society and of the family circle are not to be resisted. The evening hours are the social hours, and it is right that we should devote them to intercourse with our fellows. But we can always rely upon our mornings. Nobody disputes with us the possession of them. And if we cannot do so much as at night, we are sure of being able to do something.

And a great deal may be done, too, in little odd chinks and crevices of time—spare half-hours, of which many men take no account. I have not much faith in the story of the gentleman who wrote a great work on jurisprudence at odd times, while he was waiting for his wife to go out with him. Jurisprudence is not exactly the subject to be treated of by snatches in this way. But much useful work, nevertheless, may come out of these little odds and ends, which we are wont to throw idly away. There are few who have not desultory work for desultory hours. Letters may be written, which otherwise would obtrude themselves upon us, and break in upon our sustained labour. Notes may be made. Papers may be arranged. I know a man who devotes these fragments of time to the correction of the press, and is seldom without a proof-sheet in his pocket. At all sorts of odd times the pencil and the proof are produced: at railway stations, wait-

ing for the train; at hotels, waiting for dinner; on the deck of a steamer; in the waiting-room of a minister; in all sorts of places, and in all possible circumstances, you may see him with a proof in his hand. It is a wise thing, too, to carry about a note-book in one's pocket. Every public writer knows that he loses many of his best ideas, because they sprout up, unannounced and unexpected, at strange times, and are not stereotyped on the memory. He should always have the means of writing at hand. I know some men who make copious notes on the backs of letters, on the margins of their Bradshaws, on the fly-leaves of their guide-books—and forget them almost as soon as they are made. Scattered memoranda of this kind are sure not to turn up when they are wanted. But a recognized memorandum-book is an aide-de-camp never off duty—you may turn to it when you will.

Indeed, small matter though it seem to be, I hold that every workman should look well to the implements of his calling. There is a proverb, which saith that "A bad workman complains of his tools." It may be so; but good workmen work better with good tools. To those who work with their hands, they are everything; to those who work with their heads they are of more account than may be supposed. "What are such gross material aids as these to the subtle agencies of the brain? Is the flow of thought dependent upon the flow of ink from the pen?" I am not ashamed to answer that I think good pens, and good ink, and good paper are "material aids" in more senses than one. When the thick ink cakes in the pen, and the pen only scratches the fluffy paper, and your "fine Roman hand" is miserably transfigured into ungraceful and unintelligible hieroglyphics, is there no interruption to the flow of your thoughts? Do you never lose an idea whilst you are vainly endeavouring to embody it on paper? Is the fecundity of your imagination never checked by the disturbance of your temper? Is it nothing to work in ease and comfort, with all appliances and means to boot? Is it nothing to have an easy chair, and a spacious table, and a good expanse of carpet whereon to walk to and fro, between your throes of labour? Let no man despise these things. A good room in itself is no small matter. Work when you can with the window open. Let in as much fresh air as this treacherous climate will permit. Do not sit too long at a time. Have a high standing desk whereby you may vary your attitude of labour; and when you are busy, receive visitors standing, if you wish to get rid of them soon.

And now I am reminded that something ought to be said about method in work. To be orderly and methodical is a great thing; but I cannot help thinking that I might as well exhort my friends to be tall, or strong, or handsome, as to be orderly and methodical. Order and method are gifts, as beauty and genius are. I do not underrate their value, but I fear that they are not to be acquired. There are different kinds of workmen—workmen who create, and workmen who methodize or arrange. I do not here speak of internal arrangement—the arrangement of the

different parts of an intellectual work—but of external or material order and arrangement. To arrange your ideas is one thing; to arrange your papers is another. Some of the best and most rapid workmen I know are, in respect of order of this kind, hopelessly deficient. That a great deal of valuable time is lost in this way must be admitted. Nothing is in its right place. Papers are not to be found when wanted. Work is done, and then mislaid; and more time is spent in endeavouring to find it than it would take to do it over again. But, after all, I am doubtful whether those who fold, and docket, and arrange, and have everything in such excellent order that they can find it at a moment's notice, do not spend more time in producing this state of things than the more careless workman loses by neglecting it. The men of order are seldom men of much creative genius. What they do, they do slowly; and they are commonly of more use in helping the real workmen than in doing work of their own. It is well for us that there are men of both kinds in the world. Until the One Perfect Workman vouchsafes to His creatures a diversity of qualities, a comprehensiveness of intelligence more nearly approaching His own, we must help one another, looking to our neighbour, in all humility, to make good our own deficiencies and to do that wherein we fail.

Yes, O friends and brother workmen, we must help one another. We are all of one Guild—Full-brain cannot do without Neat-hand, any more than Neat-hand can do without Full-brain. What poor, weak, miserable creatures we are when we are left to ourselves! We want assistance at every turn of the road; at every quarter of an hour of the day. We think much of our own especial work, but how few, when we consider, are the things that we can do, how many the things that we cannot. Is our own work better than other men's work? Is it more essential to the happiness of mankind? Does it keep the world a-going more than our neighbour's? Not it. That stout fellow who has just brought the heavy luggage from the railway station—could I do that? Yet there is somebody—perhaps a whole family of somebodies, who cannot go to bed without that box. Is there any one thus dependent upon me for his night's comfort, or his morning's cleanliness? Perhaps it is my privilege sometimes to be of use in my own way. If I work hard I have a right to expect that reward, and to trust that I benefit some one. All true workmen are public benefactors. Let us not measure ourselves against others and ask who is greater, who less. The "toppling crags of duty" are before us all. Let us strive "with toil of heart, and knees, and hands" to scale them, so that we may be brought, with His good help—

> "——close upon the shining table-lands
> To which our Lord himself is moon and sun."

Neighbours.

There is one word in the English language which Englishmen are particularly proud of, and that is "home." Their pride in this word, and all it represents, is fostered by travelling; by observation, more or less hurried, or more or less prejudiced, of foreign manners; and even by foreigners themselves. It was only the other day, at a political lecture delivered in the middle of a morning concert by an Italian countess, that I was called upon to listen to the following words:—

"'Home,' parole intraduisible; parce qu'elle renferme en elle tout ce qu'il y a de bon, de doux, et de tendre dans l'existence; parce qu'elle est le poème de toute une vie." . . . .

It is not for me to question such sentiments as these, or to wonder at the love my countrymen bear to this word. I have stated my opinions in this magazine with regard to dwellings,* and no man who is as fastidious as I am in his taste for houses, can laugh at those who call home "the poem of a life." Although many houses are well filled with fathers, mothers, and children, without being worthy the name of homes, it is certain that houses, especially in England, must form the groundwork of such "poems." A feeling of this still prompts me to linger about these shells of humanity, and examine a few unnoticed disturbing elements to which they may possibly be subjected.

The house—the home—is entirely at the mercy of "next door," or "over the way," in spite of any Nuisances Removal Bill, and its attendant inspectors. The law is very powerful, or, if not powerful, is very meddling; but a certain democratic constitutional freedom of action is much stronger. An Englishman's house is his castle by custom, usage and right, and he may do a great deal with his castle before he is checked by the law.

There is the miser,—or that eccentric, sometimes mad, sometimes obstinate, sometimes single-minded individual, whom we call a "miser," for want of a better title. Has anybody ever calculated what he may do in blighting a neighbourhood? Walk about London, from east to west, from north to south; go into those suburban districts attached to the metropolis which are little towns in themselves, and take note of all the scarecrow dwellings you may see about you. There are plenty to look at. Some of these belong to misers, others to madmen, and some are in the hands of chancery. The law, instead of protecting property—and particularly that most delicate class of property, investments in houses—is one of its

* "Ideal Houses." *Cornhill Magazine*, No. 4, April, 1860.

chief destroyers. One house in chancery in a single row, terrace, or square, not only "eats its own head off," but nibbles at its neighbours.

We will take Skinner Street, Snow Hill, in the city of London, and ask if that clump of houses, standing on the right-hand side as you descend towards Holborn, is an improvement to the neighbourhood, or a credit to a practical country? I think I can remember them for twenty years past, the same closed, dusty, spectral shops they are at present; the dead leaves of the street, the withered branches of the parish. Their black and blistered fronts are the prey of the bill-stickers, and their dark windows have been beaten into ragged holes by the youths of Sharp's Alley. All houses of this kind, no matter where they may be situated, from stagnant Homerton to riotous Westminster, are thus kicked and ill-treated. It seems that the rising generation delight in striking them precisely because they appear to have no friends. Youth is naturally cruel, and only grows humane as it grows older; but old as it may grow it never learns to love such hollow spectres. With what sentiments the living, breathing traders in the immediate neighbourhood regard these eyesores, I have no means of judging, but I should say they were far from friendly. Who the proprietor of the dead, but not buried houses, may be, and what is the cause of their death, are things not within my knowledge. An Englishman's house is his castle. Why am I not satisfied?

Does any one ever go to Stratford, near Bow, by the coach road, and fail to notice a row of houses on the left-hand side, just before entering the village? I call them the Phantom Terrace. They were built, some years ago, for small family residences, in the approved terrace style—eighteen or twenty houses in a line, with areas in front,—the first and last being the largest. The story runs that they belong to two brothers, who have not spoken to each other for half a century. One brother is said to live at one corner, where there is certainly some slight signs of life, and the other brother is supposed to live at the other corner. If he does live there, it must be in one of the back kitchens. The popular belief in the neighbourhood is, that they watch each other like two dogs at each end of a bone, and neither will lose sight of his withered property, for fear it should be stolen by the other. They appear to have an equal distrust of tenants, for all the terrace is unoccupied, and no bill or notice invites an offer from daring and speculative house-seekers. The windows, as usual, are black and broken; the areas, when I saw them last, were without rails, being nothing but open, gaping pits; the doors were cut off from all communication with the fore-courts, for want of steps, except in one instance, where a plank was placed across the chasm; the once-painted timber was baked into a blue-white colour by the sun; and altogether they presented a very desolate, hopeless picture. I feel no delicacy in thus alluding to these houses; for property of this kind, while it enjoys its private rights, is not released from many public duties. The parish has a complaint against such Phantom Terraces, because they occupy land, and yet con-

tribute little to the local taxes. Eccentricity is doubtless a very fine thing—it sometimes gives us genius; and genius gives us poems, statues and pictures—but it is not to be patted on the back when it plays its antics with houses. Passers-by can afford to smile at this Phantom Terrace, but not so the fixed inhabitants of "Stratford atte Bowe." Whoever may be its owner, and whatever may be the cause which has brought it to its present state, to them it is a blight—a legalized nuisance.

Go from the far east of London to the west, and you will still find these street-cancers; even within the shadow of Buckingham Palace. In James's Street, Westminster—so I think it is called—there is the fragment of a house-ruin clinging to a mansion. You may peep through the lop-sided closed shutters, or the crevices of the battered door, and see the broken outline of a small room, containing a heap of crumbled bricks. It is not difficult to fancy some bony figure sitting in dusty rags upon this mound, gnawing its fingers with hunger, and staring at you with glassy eyes through locks of matted hair. The place looks like a ground-down, jagged, decayed tooth, at the end of a comely row; and must be anything but agreeable as a next-door neighbour. Who is the owner of such an unfruitful plant? Was it a freeholder without kith or kin, who went out one day, some years ago, when life and property were not so secure as they are now, who never came back, and whose dwelling, long since stripped bare, is left to rot slowly away? Is it a woman in a close-fitting dress with a short waist, and a cowl-shaped bonnet, who visits the ruin timidly every now and then, who rubs her hands when she finds it still safe, and in the same place, and then trips along the street in a kind of joyous dance?

I remember one phantom dwelling like this, that stood in the middle of a suburban street (like Middle Row in Holborn), the whole front of which, for some reason, was taken away, so that the rooms were exposed like the interior of an open doll's house. There was no furniture in them worth speaking of, and the tenant was said to be an unconvicted murderer. Anyhow, the house had a tenant—a rough, unshaven man, who kept his coals in a corner of the first-floor room facing the street; and, in company with other boys, I used to wait for his appearance when he came out through an inner door to fetch a shovelful, as if he had been a figure over a toy-clock. I remember another house in the possession of an unruly tenant, who would neither pay rent nor give up the premises. The law of ejectment must have been in a very rude state at that time, or there must have been some peculiar features in this case, for I recollect the house being pulled down, tile by tile, plank by plank, brick by brick, like a house of cards, the greatest care being taken not to injure the family, who squatted on the foundation, until the last nail was removed. I know a very pleasant village in Wiltshire which has been fatally injured by an undoubted miser. This man was an obstinate farmer, whose greed was for exceptionally high prices; and he piled up wheat-ricks, which he kept untouched for twenty years, until they were one living mass of rats. The

whole place is now half eaten up by these vermin, who run up the cottage walls by daylight, and leap at birds as they fly over the village.

If any one doubts the inconvenience of having a miser—so-called—for a neighbour, let him read the lives of John Elwes and Daniel Dancer. The former had various residences, and kept them all in such a state that they were nuisances to those who lived near them; and the latter, by living always at Harrow Weald Common, only showed us what he would have done if his lot had been cast in London. The Baron d'Aguilar, another "eccentric," as they are amiably called, must have been another disturber of many homes and houses. His chief freaks were performed at Islington, about the end of the last century, at a place which is now known in eccentric history as the "Starvation Farm." He had several houses, shut up, and crammed with rich furniture, at different parts of the town, but he reserved his most obtrusive singularities for his farm-yard. He suffered nearly the whole of his live stock to languish and die by inches for want of provender, and sometimes they were seen devouring each other. His hogs were often observed gobbling up the lean fowls, while the "baron" walked about the wretched premises besmeared with all kinds of filth.* The miserable situation of the poor animals would often rouse the indignation of the neighbours, who assembled in crowds to hoot and pelt the baron. On these occasions he never took any notice of the incensed mob, but always seized the first opportunity of quietly making his escape. He was once threatened with a prosecution by the New River Company for throwing a skeleton of one of his cattle into the stream.† Truly, Camden Street, Islington, must have been an unpleasant dwelling-place about 1780 or 1790!

I can fancy many other blights to neighbourhoods, many other unpleasant neighbours, besides misers. The "poem of a life" is so delicate, so easily disturbed and shaken to its very roots, that it lies at the mercy of a thing as impalpable as an echo. Woe upon the steady, domestic member of society, who has taken his lease, has made his alterations, and has pitched his tent, as he supposes, for life, if some peculiar combination of bricks and mortar should give his settlement an echo. A smoky chimney is not easily cured; but an echo is far more difficult to deal with. The power of reverberating sound is very amusing and agreeable when confined to lakes and mountain passes, and it may even be productive of profit to those who trade upon the curiosity of tourists. Beyond this sphere of action it is a peculiar nuisance; a nuisance that is latent only for the short period it generally remains undiscovered, and which may be called into annoying activity at any moment by a child. A talking parrot (another home nuisance) which has learnt improper language on its homeward voyage, and which is hung up at the open window of a next-door dining-room, is not half as bad as an "interesting echo." I knew an echo of this kind near a town in Kent, which was called

* Granger's *Wonderful Museum*. 1802. 8vo. Nelson's *History of Islington*.

"interesting" by scientific writers, but which was not at all interesting to those who lived near it. This echo, produced by the position of certain farm-buildings, was triple in its reverberating effects; and, night or day, was seldom without a crowd of admirers. The town was a popular watering-place, not far from London, and young bucks who missed the packet-boat used never to miss the echo. It kept them out of bed until very early hours in the morning, on which occasions the neighbourhood of the farm-buildings was disturbed by jocular phrases and inquiries. The local constable was powerless as a prevention, for the echo could be tested from a considerable distance, and from many different points, so that it was impossible to fix any one as the mover of the nuisance. The farmer's life, particularly, was rendered unbearable. Like Caliban, he lived surrounded by mysterious and insulting noises; the bellowing of his cattle, the crowing of his fowls, was multiplied by three, without any benefit to his pocket; his children grew up, and, as their voices strengthened, only added to his annoyance; he dreaded to call a labourer across a meadow, for fear of arousing his enemy; and at last he acted like a sensible man, and turned his back for ever upon such a dwelling. Fortunately for him, he was not a freeholder, so he shifted without much loss; but, for all that, the "poem of a life" is not easily transplanted. Something is always left behind, if only old habits and old associations.

No matter how isolated we may endeavour to live, we are nearly always at the mercy of our next-door neighbours. Their quarrels, in many instances, become our quarrels, and their enemies our enemies. I remember a row of fine old red-brick "detached" mansions, standing in one of the London suburbs, that were turned completely round, because the owner of one of them had offended a landowner opposite. As they originally stood, their frontage looked on to a pleasant little meadow, well studded with trees. They were built about 1720, on the border of what was then a narrow country road, and the opposite prospect, though not secured, was regarded as an important addition to their value. This prospect, or meadow, continued untouched for nearly a century, until a quarrel arose between the owner of the land, and the owner of *one* of the mansions. One householder raised the dispute, but the whole row suffered. In a few months the trees on the pleasant meadow were cut down to bare, unsightly posts, and the whole place was covered with small hut-like dwellings of the meanest kind. A number of sweeps, dustmen, coal-heavers, and brickmakers were soon induced to plant themselves in this settlement, and complete the landowner's revenge. The backs of the huts—to heap indignity upon indignity—were purposely turned towards the mansions, and there was nothing left for the mansions to do, but to turn their backs upon the huts. Drawing-rooms were transformed into servants' bed-rooms, and bed-rooms into drawing-rooms, and the habits of half a century had to be altered in a day. How many aged, conservative people received their death-blow in this revolution, I am not able to state; but as life is entirely made up of what appear to be trifles, it is probable

that many old inhabitants were grievously shaken by the change. To make matters worse, the prospect they were compelled to turn to was not an improvement on the last. They had to look across their gardens on one of those brick-field deserts, where a town of little houses for persons "employed in the city" was rapidly growing round a spiky, unfinished church. This attack upon the unfortunate mansions arose from nothing more than a dispute about taking the chair at a charity dinner, wherein the householder insulted the landowner, and obstinately refused to apologize.

To those whose lot it is to live in streets, or places where the luxury of detached houses cannot be indulged in, the character and pursuits of next-door neighbours should be a fruitful source of anxiety. The practice of gathering together, brings strength and security in some cases; in others it only brings risk and annoyance. You may conduct your household with the most scrupulous care, you may never allow a lighted candle in any room without it is planted in a wire-guard; and you may retire to rest with a perfect consciousness that everything of an inflammable character has been properly extinguished. All this prudence, however, may have been thrown away, because your neighbours are not as careful as you are. You may lie at the mercy of a boy on one side, who is fond of reading his light literature in bed, or of an old lady, on the other side, who forgets that a flaming gas-jet is not as harmless as a water-pipe. At the hour when you have usually sunk into total forgetfulness of the world, you may be called upon to stand in a half-dreamy, half-clothed state in the middle of the puddly street, and see your favourite books and pictures pumped on, to save them from the fire raging at your neighbour's.

How many of us have slept calmly over powder-mines, without being aware of our danger! How many a house has been secretly crammed with explosive fireworks, because to harbour such things is illegal; and how many a man has been hurled against his own walls, because his next-door neighbour was a smuggling "pyrotechnist!"

A man who takes root in a particular neighbourhood, and tries to stand above it—who lives at Rome, and will not do as Rome does—has endless difficulties to contend with. I know a district, in a once distinguished part of old London, which is now overrun by lodgers and lodging-letters. Most of the lodgers are poor foreign refugees, and here it was that I once saw Felice Orsini throwing a cigar end out of a second-floor window. In an old street of this district (built about 1680) I noticed, some eight years ago, painted on the street door of a respectable-looking house, immediately under the knocker, the following laconic notice:—

"BROWN. No Lodgers."

Here was certainly an attempt to defend the "poem of a life" from all foreign attacks in a single vigorous line. It was a history in itself, far more expressive than many volumes. It told the passer-by the existing character of the neighbourhood. It spoke of many troublesome applications

that had been made for shelter by weary travellers, while cabs, piled up with luggage, were waiting at the door. It spoke of many bewildering inquiries that had been made after people with strange names, who had either assassinated an unpopular king, or had left a little account unsettled at a tailor's. It spoke of many mistaken knocks and rings, which had brought down a sulky maid-servant from a fourth floor (the houses run lofty in that neighbourhood), and had caused her to "give notice" to her master or her mistress. It spoke plainly enough to those who could understand English, but not so plainly to most foreigners. Mr. Fergusson, seeking for bed and board; was warned off the door-step; but Monsieur Ferguson, and Herr Feurgeisonn, and Signor Fergusoni may still have pestered "Brown." It showed, however, what lodgers may blight a whole district, especially for those sturdy housekeepers who desire to live without them.

There is no fate more melancholy, in my opinion, than that of people who plant their homes in a neighbourhood which fades almost as soon as it is born. I know many such neighbourhoods in the outskirts of London, that started badly some thirty or forty years ago, and have now lost themselves beyond redemption. The back streets of small houses, in a district like this, seldom show much change, except in the decay brought on by bad building, rough usage, and a carelessness about repairs. The field, or market-garden, which formed their termination when they started, may have been planned out in new streets a little broader, and with houses a little larger; or, it may be, filled up with those most dreary objects, the black, can-shaped gas-holders of a gas-factory. A short street that is blocked up at one end with several of these dark store-houses of light, is not a cheerful sight to look upon; but even that is less depressing than the more ambitious parts of the district. The weakest and most depressing part is generally a terrace, which is evidently a local misfit—a builder's mistake. It will possess size, and a hopelessly shabby air of pretence, and that will be all. Some few respectable householders will live in it, induced to do so, perhaps, by low rents, or business that ties them to the locality. These are the persons whose fate is to be commiserated, who will suffer by neighbours over whom they have no control. The first sign of decay will be the sprouting out of a loan office; the next a parlour turned into the work-room of an artificial flower-maker, the next a front garden converted into the timber-yard of a small piano-forte maker, and another garden half filled with samples of "superfine" tombstones, and the "latest fashion" in monumental urns. Perhaps a gilded arm and mallet will be thrust out of the wall between two first-floor windows, to show that gold-beating has obtained a footing on the terrace; and before many months have passed, the lower rooms and garden of the same house may be occupied by a cheap and obtrusive photographer. From this point an alacrity in sinking may be fully expected.

The photographer will get cheaper still, and more obtrusive; his operations will spread from the house and garden to the public pathway,

where he will stand with an inky specimen of his art, and stop the passers-by; an adjoining house will put out a few shaky chairs, a washing-tub, a fender, and a four-post bedstead, and call itself a broker's; another house will bud out boldly in the bird and dog fancying line; and the largest house at the corner will be started as a "Terpsichorean Hall," where the Schottische, Gitani, Varsoviana, and Gorlitza dances, with German, Spanish, and French waltzing, and Parisian quadrilles, will be taught at sixpence a lesson. The terrace will be lucky if it gets through the winter season without falling into the hands of travelling showmen.

It was only the other day, as I passed a place of this description, which has sat to me as a model, that I saw a rifle-gallery in full demand at a penny a shot, which was nothing more than a broad tube carried through an open window of a front parlour right across the apartment to a target in the yard beyond. I had known the house in better days, and I shuddered at such a desecration of the domestic hearth.

Few men are so rich and powerful that they can live in the metropolis, and yet surround themselves with such armour that they can afford to despise their neighbours. A neighbour is a man who will always make his presence felt through one or other of the senses. He may attack you through the ear, through the nose, or through the eye; but attack you he assuredly will, and when you least expect it. The only comfort is, that these attacks, these disturbers of home, are passed on, and while you are annoyed by one neighbour, you may probably be annoying another. On one side of me is a man who is always altering his house, who has offended my taste by covering his red bricks with a coating of stucco, although the whole row in which we live was built in 1768. His scaffolding is even now before my window, and his bricklayer's labourer is staring at me as I write, little thinking that I am handing him down to posterity. On the other side is a quiet neighbour who is often annoyed by my children and my piano. Again, I have been shocked by the outside of a ducal residence in Cavendish Square, which seems to me to boast that penal style of architecture peculiar to houses of correction. The noble owner has, doubtless, in his turn, been shocked by many house monsters of plebeian taste; and so, in the great clearing-house of the world, such accounts are fairly balanced. The English home is good; the French want of home is good; and neither country should be blamed for not being the same as the other. The home—the "poem of a life"—may have its pleasures, but it may also have its pains; and there is much philosophy in the French mode of living out of doors, and sleeping quite contentedly in the fraction of a dwelling.

LITTLE DUTCHMEN.

A Roundabout Journey.

NOTES OF A WEEK'S HOLIDAY.

EDITATIONS.—We most of us tell old stories in our families. The wife and children laugh for the hundredth time at the joke. The old servants (though old servants are fewer every day) nod and smile a recognition at the well-known anecdote. "Don't tell that story of Grouse in the gunroom," says Diggory to Mr. Hardcastle in the play, "or I must laugh." As we twaddle, and grow old and forgetful, we may tell an old story; or, out of mere benevolence, and a wish to amuse a friend when conversation is flagging, disinter a Joe Miller now and then; but the practice is not quite honest, and entails a certain necessity of hypocrisy on story hearers and tellers. It is a sad thing, to think that a man with what you call a fund of anecdote is a humbug, more or less amiable and pleasant. What right have I to tell my "Grouse and the gunroom" over and over in the presence of my wife, mother, mother-in-law, sons, daughters, old footman or parlour-maid, confidential clerk, curate, or what not? I smirk and go through the history, giving my admirable imitations of the characters introduced: I mimic Jones's grin, Hobbs's squint, Brown's stammer, Grady's brogue, Sandy's Scotch accent, to the best of my power: and the family part of my audience laughs good-humouredly. Perhaps the stranger, for whose amusement the performance is given, is amused by it, and laughs too. But this practice continued is not moral. This self-indulgence on your part, my dear Paterfamilias, is weak, vain—not to say culpable. I can imagine many a worthy man, who begins unguardedly to read this page, and comes to the present sentence, lying back in his chair, thinking of that story which he has told innocently for fifty years, and rather piteously owning to himself, "Well, well, it *is* wrong; I have no right to call on my poor wife to laugh, my daughters to affect to be amused, by that old, old jest of mine. And

they would have gone on laughing, and they would have pretended to be amused, to their dying day, if this man had not flung his damper over our hilarity." . . . I lay down the pen, and think, "Are there any old stories which I still tell myself in the bosom of my family? Have I any 'Grouse in my gunroom?'" If there are such, it is because my memory fails; not because I want applause, and wantonly repeat myself. You see, men with the so-called fund of anecdote will not repeat the same story to the same individual; but they do think that, on a new party, the repetition of a joke ever so old may be honourably tried. I meet men walking the London street, bearing the best reputation, men of anecdotical powers:—I know such, who very likely will read this, and say, "Hang the fellow, he means *me!*" And so I do. No—no man ought to tell an anecdote more than thrice, let us say, unless he is sure he is speaking only to give pleasure to his hearers—unless he feels that it is not a mere desire for praise which makes him open his jaws.

And is it not with writers as with *raconteurs?* Ought they not to have their ingenuous modesty? May authors tell old stories, and how many times over? When I come to look at a place which I have visited any time these twenty or thirty years, I recal not the place merely, but the sensations I had at first seeing it, and which are quite different to my feelings to-day. That first day at Calais; the voices of the women crying out at night, as the vessel came alongside the pier; the supper at Quillacq's and the flavour of the cutlets and wine; the red-calico canopy under which I slept; the tiled floor, and the fresh smell of the sheets; the wonderful postilion in his jack-boots and pigtail;—all return with perfect clearness to my mind, and I am seeing them, and not the objects which are actually under my eyes. Here is Calais. Yonder is that commissioner I have known this score of years. Here are the women screaming and bustling over the baggage; the people at the passport-barrier who take your papers. My good people, I hardly see you. You no more interest me than a dozen orange women in Covent Garden, or a shop book-keeper in Oxford Street. But you make me think of a time when you were indeed wonderful to behold—when the little French soldiers wore white cockades in their shakos—when the diligence was forty hours going to Paris; and the great-booted postilion, as surveyed by youthful eyes from the coupé, with his *jurons*, his ends of rope for the harness, and his clubbed pigtail, was a wonderful being, and productive of endless amusement. You young folks don't remember the apple-girls who used to follow the diligence up the hill beyond Boulogne, and the delights of the jolly road? In making continental journeys with young folks, an oldster may be very quiet, and, to outward appearance, melancholy; but really he has gone back to the days of his youth, and he is seventeen or eighteen years of age (as the case may be), and is amusing himself with all his might. He is noting the horses as they come squealing out of the post-house yard at midnight; he is enjoying the delicious meals at Beauvais and Amiens, and quaffing *ad libitum* the rich table-d'hôte wine; he is hail-

fellow with the conductor, and alive to all the incidents of the road. A man can't be alive in 1860 and 1830 at the same time, don't you see? Bodily, I may be in 1860, inert, silent, torpid; but in the spirit I am walking about in 1828, let us say;—in a blue dress coat and brass buttons, a sweet figured silk waistcoat (which I button round a slim waist with perfect ease), looking at beautiful beings with gigot sleeves and tea-tray hats under the golden chesnuts of the Tuileries, or round the Place Vendôme, where the *drapeau blanc* is floating from the statueless column. Shall we go and dine at Bombarda's, near the Hôtel Breteuil, or at the Café Virginie? —Away! Bombarda's and the Hôtel Breteuil have been pulled down ever so long. They knocked down the poor old Virginia Coffee-house last year. My spirit goes and dines there. My body, perhaps, is seated with ever so many people in a railway carriage, and no wonder my companions find me dull and silent. Have you read Mr. Dale Owen's *Footsteps on the Confines of Another World?*—(My dear sir, it will make your hair stand quite refreshingly on end.) In that work you will read that when gentlemen's or ladies' spirits travel off a few score or thousand miles to visit a friend, their bodies lie quiet and in a torpid state in their beds or in their arm-chairs at home. So, in this way, I am absent. My soul whisks away thirty years back into the past. I am looking out anxiously for a beard. I am getting past the age of loving Byron's poems, and pretend that I like Wordsworth and Shelley much better. Nothing I eat or drink (in reason) disagrees with me; and I know whom I think to be the most lovely creature in the world. Ah, dear maid (of that remote but well-remembered period), are you a wife or widow now?—are you dead?—are you thin and withered and old?—or are you grown much stouter, with a false front? and so forth.

O Eliza, Eliza!—Stay, *was* she Eliza? Well, I protest I have forgotten what your Christian name was. You know I only met you for two days, but your sweet face is before me now, and the roses blooming on it are as fresh as in that time of May. Ah, dear Miss X——, my timid youth and ingenuous modesty would never have allowed me, even in my private thoughts, to address you otherwise than by your paternal name, but *that* (though I conceal it) I remember perfectly well, and that your dear and respected father was a brewer.

Carillon.—I was awakened this morning with the chime which Antwerp cathedral clock plays at half-hours. The tune has been haunting me ever since, as tunes will. You dress, eat, drink, walk, and talk to yourself to their tune: their inaudible jingle accompanies you all day: you read the sentences of the paper to their rhythm. I tried uncouthly to imitate the tune to the ladies of the family at breakfast, and they say it is "the shadow dance of *Dinorah*." It may be so. I dimly remember that my body was once present during the performance of that opera, whilst my eyes were closed, and my intellectual faculties dormant at the back of the box; howbeit, I have learned that shadow dance from hearing it pealing up ever so high in the air, at night, morn, noon.

How pleasant to lie awake and listen to the cheery peal! whilst the old city is asleep at midnight, or waking up rosy at sunrise, or basking in noon, or swept by the scudding rain which drives in gusts over the broad places, and the great shining river; or sparkling in snow which dresses up a hundred thousand masts, peaks, and towers; or wrapt round with thunder-cloud canopies, before which the white gables shine whiter; day and night the kind little carillon plays its fantastic melodies overhead. The bells go on ringing: *Quot vivos vocant, mortuos plangunt, fulgura frangunt;* so on to the past and future tenses, and for how many nights, days, and years! Whilst the French were pitching their *fulgura* into Chassé's citadel, the bells went on ringing quite cheerfully. Whilst the scaffolds were up and guarded by Alva's soldiery, and regiments of penitents, blue, black, and grey, poured out of churches and convents, droning their dirges, and marching to the place of the Hotel de Ville, where heretics and rebels were to meet their doom, the bells up yonder were chanting at their appointed half-hours and quarters, and rang the *mauvais quart d'heure* for many a poor soul. This bell can see as far away as the towers and dykes of Rotterdam. That one can call a greeting to St. Ursula's at Brussels, and toss a recognition to that one at the town-hall of Oudenarde, and remember how after a great struggle there a hundred and fifty years ago the whole plain was covered with the flying French chivalry—Burgundy, and Berri, and the Chevalier of St. George flying like the rest. "What is your clamour about Oudenarde?" says another bell, (Bob Major *this* one must be.) "Be still, thou querulous old clapper! *I* can see over to Hougoumont and St. John. And about forty-five years since, I rang all through one Sunday in June, when there was such a battle going on in the corn-fields there, as none of you others ever heard tolled of. Yes, from morning service until after vespers, the French and English were all at it, ding-dong." And then calls of business intervening, the bells have to give up their private jangle, resume their professional duty, and sing their hourly chorus out of *Dinorah*.

What a prodigious distance those bells can be heard! I was awakened this morning to their tune, I say. I have been hearing it constantly ever since. And this house whence I write, Murray says, is two hundred and ten miles from Antwerp. And it is a week off; and there is the bell still jangling its shadow dance out of *Dinorah*. An audible shadow you understand, and an invisible sound, but quite distinct; and a plague take the tune!

Under the Bells.—Who has not seen the church under the bell? Those lofty aisles, those twilight chapels, that cumbersome pulpit with its huge carvings, that wide gray pavement flecked with various light from the jewelled windows, those famous pictures between the voluminous columns over the altars which twinkle with their ornaments, their votive little silver hearts, legs, limbs, their little guttering tapers, cups of sham roses, and what not? I saw two regiments of little scholars creeping in and forming square, each in its appointed place, under the vast roof; and

teachers presently coming to them. A stream of light from the jewelled windows beams slanting down upon each little squad of children, and the tall background of the church retires into a grayer gloom. Pattering little feet of laggards arriving echo through the great nave. They trot in and join their regiments, gathered under the slanting sunbeams. What are they learning? Is it truth? Those two gray ladies with their books in their hands in the midst of these little people have no doubt of the truth of every word they have printed under their eyes. Look, through the windows jewelled all over with saints, the light comes streaming down from the sky, and heaven's own illuminations paint the book! A sweet, touching picture indeed it is, that of the little children assembled in this immense temple, which has endured for ages, and grave teachers bending over them. Yes, the picture is very pretty of the children and their teachers, and their book—but the text? Is it the truth, the only truth, nothing but the truth? If I thought so, I would go and sit down on the form *cum parvulis*, and learn the precious lesson with all my heart.

BEADLE.—But I submit, an obstacle to conversions is the intrusion and impertinence of that Swiss fellow with the baldric—the officer who answers to the beadle of the British Islands—and is pacing about the church with an eye on the congregation. Now the boast of Catholics is that their churches are open to all; but in certain places and churches there are exceptions. At Rome I have been into St. Peter's at all hours: the doors are always open, the lamps are always burning, the faithful are for ever kneeling at one shrine or the other. But at Antwerp, not so. In the afternoon you can go to the church, and be civilly treated; but you must pay a franc at the side gate. In the forenoon the doors are open, to be sure, and there is no one to levy an entrance fee. I was standing ever so still, looking through the great gates of the choir at the twinkling lights, and listening to the distant chants of the priests performing the service, when a sweet chorus from the organ loft broke out behind me overhead, and I turned round. My friend the drum-major ecclesiastic was down upon me in a moment. "Do not turn your back to the altar during divine service," says he, in very intelligible English. I take the rebuke, and turn a soft right-about face, and listen awhile as the service continues. See it I cannot, nor the altar and its ministrants. We are separated from these by a great screen and closed gates of iron, through which the lamps glitter and the chant comes by gusts only. Seeing a score of children trotting down a side aisle, I think I may follow them. I am tired of looking at that hideous old pulpit with its grotesque monsters and decorations. I slip off to the side aisle; but my friend the drum-major is instantly after me—almost I thought he was going to lay hands on me. "You mustn't go there," says he; "you mustn't disturb the service." I was moving as quietly as might be, and ten paces off there were twenty children kicking and clattering at their ease. I point them out to the Swiss. "They come to pray," says he. "*You* don't come to pray, you——" "When I come to pay," says I, "I am welcome," and

with this withering sarcasm, I walk out of church in a huff. I don't envy the feelings of that beadle after receiving point blank such a stroke of wit.

Leo Belgicus.—Perhaps you will say after this I am a prejudiced critic. I see the pictures in the cathedral fuming under the rudeness of that beadle, or, at the lawful hours and prices, pestered by a swarm of shabby touters, who come behind me chattering in bad English, and who would have me see the sights through their mean, greedy eyes. Better see Rubens anywhere than in a church. At the Academy, for example, where you may study him at your leisure. But at church?—I would as soon ask Alexandre Dumas for a sermon. Either would paint you a martyrdom very fiercely and picturesquely—writhing muscles, flaming coals, scowling captains and executioners, swarming groups, and light, shade, colour, most dexterously brilliant or dark; but in Rubens I am admiring the performer rather than the piece. With what astonishing rapidity he travels over his canvas; how tellingly the cool lights and warm shadows are made to contrast and relieve each other; how that blazing, blowsy penitent in yellow satin and glittering hair carries down the stream of light across the picture! This is the way to work, my boys, and earn a hundred florins a day. See! I am as sure of my line as a skater of making his figure of eight!—and down with a sweep goes a brawny arm or a flowing curl of drapery. The figures arrange themselves as if by magic. The paint-pots are exhausted in furnishing brown shadows. The pupils look wondering on, as the master careers over the canvas. Helena or wife No. 1 and No. 2 are sitting by, buxom, exuberant, ready to be painted; and the children are boxing in the corner, waiting till they are wanted to figure as cherubs in the picture. Grave burghers and gentlefolks come in on a visit. There are oysters and Rhenish always ready on yonder table. Was there ever such a painter? He has been an ambassador, an actual Excellency, and what better man could be chosen? He speaks all the languages. He earns a hundred florins a day. Prodigious! Thirty-six thousand five hundred florins a year. Enormous! He rides out to his castle with a score of gentlemen after him, like the Governor. That is his own portrait as St. George. You know he is an English knight? Those are his two wives as the two Maries. He chooses the handsomest wives. He rides the handsomest horses. He paints the handsomest pictures. He gets the handsomest prices for them. That slim young Van Dyck, who was his pupil, has genius too, and is painting all the noble ladies in England, and turning the heads of some of them. And Jordaens—what a droll dog and clever fellow! Have you seen his fat Silenus? The master himself could not paint better. And his altar-piece at St. Bavon's? He can paint you anything, that Jordaens can—a drunken jollification of boors and doxies, or a martyr howling with half his skin off. What a knowledge of anatomy! But there is nothing like the master—nothing. He can paint you his thirty-six thousand five hundred florins' worth a year. Have you heard

of what he has done for the French Court? Prodigious! I can't look at Rubens' pictures without fancying I see that handsome figure swaggering before the canvas. And Hans Hemmelinck at Bruges? Have you never seen that dear old hospital of St. John, on passing the gate of which you enter into the fifteenth century. I see the wounded soldier still lingering in the house, and tended by the kind gray sisters. His little panel on its easel is placed at the light. He covers his board with the most wondrous, beautiful little figures, in robes as bright as rubies and amethysts. I think he must have a magic glass, in which he catches the reflection of little cherubs with many-coloured wings, very little and bright. Angels, in long crisp robes of white, surrounded with haloes of gold, come and flutter across the mirror, and he draws them. He hears mass every day. He fasts through Lent. No monk is more austere and holy than Hans. Which do you love best to behold, the lamb or the lion? the eagle rushing through the storm, and pouncing mayhap on carrion; or the linnet warbling on the spray?

By much the most delightful of the *Christopher* set of Rubens to my mind (and *ego* is introduced on these occasions, so that the opinion may pass only for my own, at the reader's humble service to be received or declined) is the "Presentation in the Temple:" splendid in colour, in sentiment sweet and tender, finely conveying the story. To be sure, all the others tell their tale unmistakeably—witness that coarse "Salutation," that magnificent "Adoration of the Kings" (at the Museum), by the same strong downright hands; that wonderful "Communion of St. Francis," which, I think, gives the key to the artist's *faire* better than any of his performances. I have passed hours before that picture in my time, trying and sometimes fancying I could understand by what masses and contrasts the artist arrived at his effect. In many others of the pictures parts of this method are painfully obvious, and you see how grief and agony are produced by blue lips, and eyes rolling blood-shot with dabs of vermilion. There is something simple in the practice. Contort the eyebrow sufficiently, and place the eyeball near it,—by a few lines you have anger or fierceness depicted. Give me a mouth with no special expression, and pop a dab of carmine at each extremity—and there are the lips smiling. This is art if you will, but a very naïve kind of art: and now you know the trick, don't you see how easy it is?

Tu Quoque.—Now you know the trick, suppose you take a canvas and see whether *you* can do it? There are brushes, palettes, and gallipots full of paint and varnish. Have you tried, my dear sir—you, who set up to be a connoisseur? Have you tried? I have—and many a day. And the end of the day's labour? O dismal conclusion! Is this puerile niggling, this feeble scrawl, this impotent rubbish, all you can produce—you, who but now found Rubens commonplace and vulgar, and were pointing out the tricks of his mystery? Pardon, O great chief, magnificent master and poet! You can *do*. We critics, who sneer and are wise, can but pry, and measure, and doubt, and carp. Look at the lion.

Did you ever see such a gross, shaggy, mangy, roaring brute? Look at him eating lumps of raw meat—positively bleeding, and raw, and tough—till, faugh! it turns one's stomach to see him—O the coarse wretch! Yes, but he is a lion. Rubens has lifted his great hand, and the mark he has made has endured for two centuries, and we still continue wondering at him, and admiring him. What a strength in that arm! What splendour of will hidden behind that tawny beard, and those honest eyes! Sharpen your pen, my good critic. Shoot a feather into him; hit him, and make him wince. Yes, you may hit him fair, and make him bleed, too; but, for all that, he is a lion—a mighty, conquering, generous, rampagious Leo Belgicus—monarch of his wood. And he is not dead yet, and I will not kick at him.

Sir Antony.—In that "Pietà" of Van Dyck, in the Museum, have you ever looked at the yellow-robed angel, with the black scarf thrown over her wings and robe? What a charming figure of grief and beauty! What a pretty compassion it inspires! It soothes and pleases me like a sweet rhythmic chant. See how delicately the yellow robe contrasts with the blue sky behind, and the scarf binds the two! If Rubens lacked grace, Van Dyck abounded in it. What a consummate elegance! What a perfect cavalier! No wonder the fine ladies in England admired Sir Antony. Look at——

Here the clock strikes three, and the three gendarmes who keep the Musée cry out, "*Allons! Sortons! Il est trois heures! Allez! Sortez!*" and they skip out of the gallery as happy as boys running from school. And we must go too, for though many stay behind—many Britons with Murray's handbooks in their handsome hands; they have paid a franc for entrance-fee, you see—and we knew nothing about the franc for entrance until those gendarmes with sheathed sabres had driven us out of this Paradise.

But it was good to go and drive on the great quays, and see the ships unlading, and by the citadel, and wonder howabouts and whereabouts it was so strong. We expect a citadel to look like Gibraltar or Ehrenbreitstein at least. But in this one there is nothing to see but a flat plain and some ditches, and some trees, and mounds of uninteresting green. And then I remember how there was a boy at school, a little dumpy fellow of no personal appearance whatever, who couldn't be overcome except by a much bigger champion, and the immensest quantity of thrashing. A perfect citadel of a boy, with a General Chassé sitting in that bomb-proof casemate, his heart, letting blow after blow come thumping about his head, and never thinking of giving in.

And we go home, and we dine in the company of Britons, at the comfortable Hôtel du Parc, and we have bought a novel apiece for a shilling, and every half hour the sweet carillon plays the waltz from *Dinorah* in the air. And we have been happy; and it seems about a month since we left London yesterday; and nobody knows where we are, and we defy care and the postman.

Stoorweg.—Vast green flats, speckled by spotted cows, and bound by a gray frontier of windmills; shining canals stretching through the green; odours like those exhaled from the Thames in the dog-days, and a fine pervading smell of cheese; little trim houses, with tall roofs, and great windows of many panes; gazebos, or summer-houses, hanging over pea-green canals; kind-looking, dumpling-faced farmers' women with laced caps and golden frontlets and earrings; about the houses and towns which we pass a great air of comfort and neatness; a queer feeling of wonder that you can't understand what your fellow-passengers are saying, the tone of whose voices, and a certain comfortable dowdiness of dress, are so like our own; —whilst we are remarking on these sights, sounds, smells, the little railway journey from Rotterdam to the Hague comes to an end. I speak to the railway porters and hackney coachmen in English, and they reply in their own language, and it seems somehow as if we understood each other perfectly. The carriage drives to the handsome, comfortable, cheerful hotel. We sit down a score at the table; and there is one foreigner and his wife,—I mean every other man and woman at dinner are English. As we are close to the sea, and in the midst of endless canals, we have no fish. We are reminded of dear England by the noble prices which we pay for wines. I confess I lost my temper yesterday at Rotterdam, where I had to pay a florin for a bottle of ale (the water not being drinkable, and country or Bavarian beer not being genteel enough for the hotel);—I confess, I say, that my fine temper was ruffled, when the bottle of pale ale turned out to be a pint bottle; and I meekly told the waiter that I had bought beer at Jerusalem at a less price. But then Rotterdam is eighteen hours from London, and the steamer with the passengers and beer comes up to the hotel windows; whilst to Jerusalem they have to carry the ale on camels' backs from Beyrout or Jaffa, and through hordes of marauding Arabs, who evidently don't care for pale ale, though I am told it is not forbidden in the Koran. Mine would have been very good, but I choked with rage whilst drinking it. A florin for a bottle, and that bottle having the words "imperial pint," in bold relief, on the surface! It was too much. I intended not to say anything about it; but I *must* speak. A florin a bottle, and that bottle a pint! Oh, for shame! for shame! I can't cork down my indignation; I froth up with fury; I am pale with wrath, and bitter with scorn.

As we drove through the old city at night, how it swarmed and hummed with life! What a special clatter, crowd, and outcry there was in the Jewish quarter, where myriads of young ones were trotting about the fishy street! Why don't they have lamps? We passed by canals seeming so full that a pailful of water more would overflow the place. The *laquais de place* calls out the names of the buildings: the town-hall, the cathedral, the arsenal, the synagogue, the statue of Erasmus. Get along! We know the statue of Erasmus well enough. We pass over drawbridges by canals where thousands of barges are at roost. At roost—at rest! Shall *we* have rest in those bedrooms, those ancient lofty bedrooms, in that inn

where we have to pay a florin for a pint of pa—psha! at the New Bath Hotel on the Boompjes? If this dreary edifice is the New Bath, what must the Old Bath be like? As I feared to go to bed, I sat in the coffee-room as long as I might; but three young men were imparting their private adventures to each other with such freedom and liveliness that I felt I ought not to listen to their artless prattle. As I put the light out, and felt the bed-clothes and darkness overwhelm me, it was with an awful sense of terror—that sort of sensation which I should think going down in a diving-bell would give. Suppose the apparatus goes wrong, and they don't understand your signal to mount? Suppose your matches miss fire when you wake; when you *want* them, when you will have to rise in half-an-hour, and do battle with the horrid enemy who crawls on you in the darkness? I protest I never was more surprised than when I woke and beheld the light of dawn. Indian birds and strange trees were visible on the ancient gilt hangings of the lofty chamber, and through the windows the Boompjes and the ships along the quay. We have all read of deserters being brought out, and made to kneel, with their eyes bandaged, and hearing the word to "Fire" given! I declare I underwent all the terrors of execution that night, and wonder how I ever escaped unwounded.

But if ever I go to the Bath Hotel, Rotterdam, again, I am a Dutchman. A guilder for a bottle of pale ale, and that bottle a pint! Ah! for shame—for shame!

Mine Ease in Mine Inn.—Do you object to talk about inns? It always seems to me to be very good talk. Walter Scott is full of inns. In *Don Quixote* and *Gil Blas* there is plenty of inn-talk. Sterne, Fielding, and Smollett constantly speak about them; and, in their travels, the last two tot up the bill, and describe the dinner quite honestly; whilst Mr. Sterne, becomes sentimental over a cab, and weeps generous tears over a donkey; but then you know the *Superfine Review* says he was such "a true gentleman."

I wonder whether my Superfine friend ever heard of Dutens' *Memoirs*. There is a good story about the true gentleman there narrated, and in which Lawrence appears amusing, lively, and lying.

"I was seated at dinner," says Dutens, "between my Lord Berkeley and the famous Sterne, author of *Tristram Shandy*, looked upon as the English Rabelais. The dinner was very gay: it was the King of England's birthday, and we drank after the English fashion, and according to the day. The conversation happening to fall on Turin, Mr. Sterne asked me if I knew M. Dutens, naming myself. All the company began to laugh, and Sterne, who did not know I was so near, supposed this Monsieur Dutens must be a queer person, as the mention of his mere name set every one laughing. 'He is a very singular man, is he not?' says Sterne. 'Quite an original,' said I. 'So I supposed,' continued Sterne; 'I have heard of him.' And hereupon he set to work to make a portrait of me whilst I pretended acquiescence in all he said. Seeing that the

subject amused the company, out of the fertility of his imagination he invented several stories, which lasted, to the general diversion, until it was time to take leave. I was the first to go, and was scarcely out of the house, when they told him who I was, adding, that out of respect for Lord Tavistock, I had restrained myself, but that I was a not very tractable person, and he might be sure that on the morrow I should call him to account for his statements regarding me. He thought himself that he had carried the raillery too far, for he was a little gay: and next day he came to see me, and asked my pardon for anything he had said which might displease me, excusing himself from the circumstance and the desire he had to amuse the company, which he saw was so diverted the moment my name was mentioned. I stopped him short, assuring him that I had been as much amused as anybody, that he had said nothing to offend me, and that if he had known the person of whom he spoke as well as I did, he might have said a great deal more harm of him. He was enchanted with my reply, embraced me, asked for my friendship, and quitted me very much pleased with me."

Ah, dear Lawrence! You are lucky in having such a true gentleman as my friend to appreciate you! You see he was lying, but then he was amusing the whole company. When Lawrence found they were amused, he told more lies. Your true gentlemen always do. Even to get the laugh of the company at a strange table, perhaps you and I would not tell lies: but then we are not true gentlemen. And see in what a true gentlemanlike way Lawrence carries off the lies! A man who wasn't accustomed to lying might be a little disconcerted at meeting with a person to whose face he had been uttering abuse and falsehood. Not so Lawrence. He goes to Dutens:—it is true he had heard the other was *peu traitable*—a rough customer (if my Superfine friend will pardon the vulgarity of the expression:)—he goes to Dutens, embraces him, and asks for his friendship! Heaven bless him! Who would not be honoured by the friendship of a true gentleman, who had just told lies about you to your face?

Several years ago, when I was preparing some lectures in which Sterne was mentioned, a gentleman from Bath sent me Sterne's own journal to Eliza, another gentleman's wife, whom our reverend friend was courting a good deal. Now, in Sterne's published letters there are indications of three or four wives at least to whom the true gentleman made love—his own not included. Among the objects of the affection of that noble heart is a certain Lady P., to whom the divine makes the fiercest avowals of love—as a true gentleman, of course, should. This letter to Lady P. in the printed collection bears no date but Tuesday, and appears among the early letters of 1767. After making hot love to her ladyship, the noble creature says if she won't see him that evening, he will go to Miss ——'s benefit, for which he has a box-ticket.

What actress had a benefit on a Tuesday in 1767? On Tuesday, 21st April, Miss Pope and Miss Poitier had benefits respectively at Drury

Lane and Covent Garden; and unless Lady P. gave her reverend friend, the true gentleman, the assignation which he wanted, it is probable Yorick went to the theatre.

Did he note this little fact in his journal to his dear Eliza in India? Not one word did the true fellow whisper about the circumstance. Would I stab thy true heart, my Eliza, by confessing frailties which are trivial in true gentlemen? No, tender and confiding creature! I will lie to thee. That is much easier. And accordingly Lawrence says not one word about the play or Lady P. to Eliza, but tells her how he is very ill, how the doctors have been with him, and how he is not long for this wicked world; in fact, he departed in the next year. Ah! Mr. Saturday Reviewer, next time you go out of your way to sneer at living, and bepraise dead gentlemen, pick a better specimen than this wretched old sinner. I may not be good enough for a person of your lordship's fine taste, and you feel justly indignant at my familiarity: but Mr. Sterne?—Come, come. I thought this was to be a chapter about inns? Oh, yes: but I stopped to have a ride on Sterne's dead donkey.

The Doomed Commissioner.—I was going then pleasantly to remark about inns, how I admire and wonder at the information in Murray's Handbooks—wonder how it is got, and admire the travellers who get it. For instance, you read: Amiens (please select your town), 60,000 inhabitants. Hotels, &c.—Lion d'Or, good and clean. Le Lion d'Argent, so so. Le Lion Noir, bad, dirty, and dear. Now say, there are three travellers—three inn-inspectors, who are sent forth by Mr. Murray on a great commission, and who stop at every inn in the world. The eldest goes to the Lion d'Or—capital house, good table d'hôte, excellent wine, moderate charges. The second commissioner tries the Silver Lion—tolerable house, bed, dinner, bill and so forth. But fancy Commissioner No. 3—the poor fag, doubtless, and boots of the party. He has to go to the Lion Noir. He knows he is to have a bad dinner—he eats it uncomplainingly. He is to have bad wine. He swallows it, grinding his wretched teeth, and aware that he will be unwell in consequence. He knows he is to have a dirty bed, and what he is to expect there. He pops out the candle. He sinks into those dingy sheets. He delivers over his body to the nightly tormentors, he pays an exorbitant bill, and he writes down, "Lion Noir, bad, dirty, dear." Next day the commission sets out for Arras, we will say, and they begin again: Le Cochon d'Or, Le Cochon d'Argent, Le Cochon Noir—and that is poor Boots's inn, of course. What a life that poor man must lead! What horrors of dinners he has to go through! What a hide he must have! And yet not impervious; for unless he is bitten, how is he to be able to warn others? No; on second thoughts, you will perceive that he ought to have a very delicate skin. The monsters ought to troop to him eagerly, and bite him instantaneously and freely, so that he may be able to warn all future Handbook buyers of their danger. I fancy this man devoting himself to danger, to dirt, to bad dinners, to sour wine, to damp beds, to midnight agonies, to extortionate bills. I

admire him, I thank him. Think of this champion, who devotes his body for us—this dauntless gladiator going to do battle alone in the darkness, with no other armour than a light helmet of cotton, and a *lorica* of calico. I pity and honour him. Go, Spartacus! Go, devoted man—to bleed, to groan, to suffer—and smile in silence as the wild beasts assail thee!

How did I come into this talk? I protest it was the word *inn* set me off—and here is one, the Hôtel de Belle Vue, at the Hague, as comfortable, as handsome, as cheerful, as any I ever took mine ease in. And the Bavarian beer, my dear friend, how good and brisk and light it is! Take another glass—it refreshes and does not stupefy—and then we will sally out, and see the town and the park and the pictures.

The prettiest little brick city, the pleasantest little park to ride in, the neatest comfortable people walking about, the canals not unsweet, and busy and picturesque with old-world life. Rows upon rows of houses, built with the neatest little bricks, with windows fresh painted, and tall doors polished and carved to a nicety. What a pleasant spacious garden our inn has, all sparkling with autumn flowers, and bedizened with statues! At the end is a row of trees, and a summer-house, over the canal, where you might go and smoke a pipe with Mynheer Van Dunck, and quite cheerfully catch the ague. Yesterday, as we passed, they were making hay, and stacking it in a barge which was lying by the meadow, handy. Round about Kensington Palace there are houses, roofs, chimneys, and bricks like these. I feel that a Dutchman is a man and a brother. It is very funny to read the newspaper, one can understand it somehow. Sure it is the neatest, gayest little city—scores and hundreds of mansions looking like Cheyne Walk, or the ladies' schools about Chiswick and Hackney.

Le Gros Lot.—To a few lucky men the chance befals of reaching fame at once, and (if it is of any profit *morituro*) retaining the admiration of the world. Did poor Oliver, when he was at Leyden yonder, ever think that he should paint a little picture which should secure him the applause and pity of all Europe for a century after? He and Sterne drew the twenty thousand pound prize of fame. The latter was paid splendid instalments during his lifetime. The ladies pressed round him; the wits admired him; the fashion hailed the successor of Rabelais. Goldsmith's little gem was hardly so valued until later days. Their works still form the wonder and delight of the lovers of English art; and the pictures of the Vicar and Uncle Toby are among the master-pieces of our English school. Here in the Hague Gallery is Paul Potter's pale, eager face, and yonder is the magnificent work by which the young fellow achieved his fame. How did you, so young, come to paint so well? What hidden power lay in that weakly lad that enabled him to achieve such a wonderful victory? Could little Mozart, when he was five years old, tell you how he came to play those wonderful sonatas? Potter was gone out of the world before he was thirty, but left this prodigy (and I know not how many more specimens of his genius and skill) behind him. The details of this

admirable picture are as curious as the effect is admirable and complete. The weather being unsettled, and clouds and sunshine in the gusty sky, we saw in our little tour numberless Paul Potters—the meadows streaked with sunshine and spotted with the cattle, the city twinkling in the distance, the thunder-clouds glooming overhead. Napoleon carried off the picture (*vide* Murray) amongst the spoils of his bow and spear to decorate his triumph of the Louvre. If I were a conquering prince, I would have this picture certainly, and the Raphael *Madonna* from Dresden, and the Titian *Assumption* from Venice, and that matchless Rembrandt of the *Dissection*. The prostrate nations would howl with rage as my gendarmes took off the pictures, nicely packed and addressed, to "Mr. the Director of my Imperial Palace of the Louvre, at Paris. This side uppermost." The Austrians, Prussians, Saxons, Italians, &c., should be free to come and visit my capital, and bleat with tears before the pictures torn from their native cities. Their ambassadors would meekly remonstrate, and with faded grins make allusions to the feeling of despair occasioned by the absence of the beloved works of art. Bah! I would offer them a pinch of snuff out of my box as I walked along my gallery, with their Excellencies cringing after me. Zenobia was a fine woman and a queen, but she had to walk in Aurelian's triumph. The *procédé* was *peu délicat? En usez vous, mon cher monsieur.* (The marquis says the Macaba is delicious.) What a splendour of colour there is in that cloud! What a richness, what a freedom of handling, and what a marvellous precision! I trod upon your Excellency's corn?—a thousand pardons. His Excellency grins and declares that he rather likes to have his corns trodden on. Were you ever very angry with Soult—about that Murillo which we have bought? The veteran loved that picture because it saved the life of a fellow-creature—the fellow-creature who hid it, and whom the Duke intended to hang unless the picture was forthcoming.

We gave several thousand pounds for it—how many thousand? About its merit is a question of taste which we will not here argue. If you choose to place Murillo in the first class of painters, founding his claim upon these Virgin altar-pieces, I am your humble servant. Tom Moore painted altar-pieces as well as Milton, and warbled Sacred Songs and Loves of the Angels after his fashion. I wonder did Watteau ever try historical subjects? And as for Greuze, you know that his heads will fetch 1,000*l.*, 1,500*l.*, 2,000*l.*,—as much as a Sèvres cabaret of Rose du Barri. If cost price is to be your criterion of worth, what shall we say to that little receipt for 10*l.* for the copyright of *Paradise Lost*, which used to hang in old Mr. Rogers' room? When living painters, as frequently happens in our days, see their pictures sold at auctions for four or five times the sums which they originally received, are they enraged or elated? A hundred years ago the state of the picture-market was different: that dreary old Italian stock was much higher than at present; Rembrandt himself, a close man, was known to be in difficulties. If ghosts are fond of money still, what a wrath his must be at the present value of his works!

The Hague Rembrandt is the greatest and grandest of all his pieces to my mind. Some of the heads are as sweetly and lightly painted as Gainsborough; the faces not ugly, but delicate and high-bred; the exquisite gray tones are charming to mark and study; the heads not plastered, but painted with a free, liquid brush: the result, one of the great victories won by this consummate chief, and left for the wonder and delight of succeeding ages.

The humblest volunteer in the ranks of art, who has served a campaign or two ever so ingloriously, has at least this good fortune of understanding, or fancying he is able to understand, how the battle has been fought, and how the engaged general won it. This is the Rhinelander's most brilliant achievement—victory along the whole line. The *Night-watch* at Amsterdam is magnificent in parts, but on the side to the spectator's right, smoky and dim. The *Five Masters of the Drapers* is wonderful for depth, strength, brightness, massive power. What words are these to express a picture! to describe a description! I once saw a moon riding in the sky serenely, attended by her sparkling maids of honour, and a little lady said, with an air of great satisfaction, "*I must sketch it.*" Ah, my dear lady, if with an H.B., a Bristol board, and a bit of india-rubber, you can sketch the starry firmament on high, and the moon in her glory, I make you my compliment! I can't sketch *The Five Drapers* with any ink or pen at present at command—but can look with all my eyes, and be thankful to have seen such a masterpiece.

They say he was a moody, ill-conditioned man, the old tenant of the mill. What does he think of the Van der Helst which hangs opposite his *Night-watch*, and which is one of the great pictures of the world? It is not painted by so great a man as Rembrandt; but there it is—to see it is an event of your life. Having beheld it you have lived in the year 1648, and celebrated the treaty of Munster. You have shaken the hands of the Dutch Guardsmen, eaten from their platters, drunk their Rhenish, heard their jokes as they wagged their jolly beards. The Amsterdam Catalogue discourses thus about it:—a model catalogue: it gives you the prices paid, the signatures of the painters, a succinct description of the work.

"This masterpiece represents a banquet of the civic guard, which took place on the 18th June, 1648, in the great hall of the St. Joris Doele, on the Singel at Amsterdam, to celebrate the conclusion of the Peace at Munster. The thirty-five figures composing the picture are all portraits.

"The Captain Witse is placed at the head of the table, and attracts our attention first. He is dressed in black velvet, his breast covered with a cuirass, on his head a broad-brimmed black hat with white plumes. He is comfortably seated on a chair of black oak, with a velvet cushion, and holds in his left hand, supported on his knee, a magnificent drinking-horn, surrounded by a St. George destroying the dragon, and ornamented with olive-leaves. The captain's features express cordiality and good-humour; he is grasping the hand of Lieutenant Van Waveren seated near him, in a habit of dark gray, with lace and buttons of gold, lace-collar and wrist-

hands, his feet crossed, with boots of yellow leather, with large tops, and gold spurs, on his head a black hat and dark-brown plumes. Behind him, at the centre of the picture, is the standard-bearer, JACOB BANNING, in an easy martial attitude, hat in hand, his right hand on his chair, his right leg on his left knee. He holds the flag of blue silk, in which the Virgin is embroidered, (such a silk! such a flag! such a piece of painting!) emblematic of the town of Amsterdam. The banner covers his shoulder, and he looks towards the spectator frankly and complacently."

"The man behind him is probably one of the sergeants. His head is bare. He wears a cuirass, and yellow gleaves, gray stockings, and boots with large tops, and kneecaps of cloth. He has a napkin on his knees, and in his hand a piece of ham, a slice of bread, and a knife. The old man behind is probably William the drummer. He has his hat in his right hand, and in his left, a gold-footed wineglass, filled with white wine. He wears a red scarf, and a black satin doublet, with little slashes of yellow silk. Behind the drummer, two matchlock men are seated at the end of the table. One in a large black habit, a napkin on his knee, a *hausse-col* of iron, and a linen scarf and collar. He is eating with his knife. The other holds a long glass of white wine. Four musketeers, with different shaped hats, are behind these, one holding a glass, the three others with their guns on their shoulders. Other guests are placed between the personage who is giving the toast and the standard-bearer. One with his hat off, and his hand uplifted, is talking to another. The second is carving a fowl. A third holds a silver plate; and another, in the background, a silver flagon, from which he fills a cup. The corner behind the captain is filled by two seated personages, one of whom is peeling an orange. Two others are standing, armed with halberts, of whom one holds a plumed hat. Behind him are other three individuals, one of them holding a pewter pot, on which the name POOCK, the landlord of the Hôtel Doele, is engraved. At the back, a maid-servant is coming in with a pasty, crowned with a turkey. Most of the guests are listening to the captain. From an open window in the distance, the façades of two houses are seen, surmounted by stone figures of sheep."

There, now you know all about it: now you can go home and paint just such another. If you do, do pray remember to paint the hands of the figures as they are here depicted; they are as wonderful portraits as the faces. None of your slim Vandyck elegancies, which have done duty at the cuffs of so many doublets; but each man with a hand for himself, as with a face for himself. I blushed for the coarseness of one of the chiefs in this great company, that fellow behind WILLIAM THE DRUMMER, splendidly attired, sitting full in the face of the public; and holding a pork-bone in his hand. Suppose the *Saturday Review* critic were to come suddenly on this picture? Ah! what a shock it would give that noble nature! Why is that knuckle of pork not painted out? at any rate, why is not a little fringe of lace painted round it? or a cut pink paper? or couldn't a smelling-bottle be painted in instead, with a crest and a gold

top, or a cambric pocket-handkerchief, in lieu of the horrid pig, with a pink coronet in the corner? or suppose you covered the man's hand (which is very coarse and strong), and gave him the decency of a kid glove? But a piece of pork in a naked hand? O nerves and eau de Cologne, hide it, hide it!

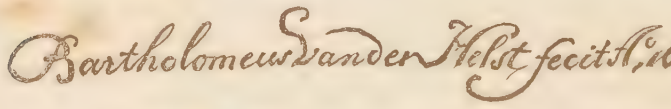
In spite of this lamentable coarseness, my noble sergeant, give me thy hand as nature made it! A great, and famous, and noble handiwork I have seen here. Not the greatest picture in the world—not a work of the highest genius—but a performance so great, various, and admirable, so shrewd of humour, so wise of observation, so honest and complete of expression, that to have seen it has been a delight, and to remember it will be a pleasure for days to come. Well done, Bartholomeus van der Helst! Brave, meritorious, victorious, happy Bartholomew, to whom it has been given to produce a master-piece!

May I take off my hat and pay a respectful compliment to Jan Steen, Esq? He is a glorious composer. His humour is as frank as Fielding's. Look at his own figure sitting in the window-sill yonder, and roaring with laughter! What a twinkle in the eyes! what a mouth it is for a song, or a joke, or a noggin! I think the composition in some of Jan's pictures amounts to the sublime, and look at them with the same delight and admiration which I have felt before works of the very highest style. This gallery is admirable—and the city in which the gallery is, is perhaps even more wonderful and curious to behold than the gallery.

The first landing at Calais (or, I suppose, on any foreign shore)—the first sight of an Eastern city—the first view of Venice—and this of Amsterdam, are among the delightful shocks which I have had as a traveller. Amsterdam is as good as Venice, with a superadded humour and grotesqueness, which gives the sight-seer the most singular zest and pleasure. A run through Pekin I could hardly fancy to be more odd, strange, and yet familiar. This rush, and crowd, and prodigious vitality—this immense swarm of life—these busy waters, crowding barges, swinging drawbridges, piled ancient gables, spacious markets teeming with people—that ever-wonderful Jews' quarter—that dear old world of painting and the past, yet alive, and throbbing, and palpable—actual, and yet passing before you swiftly and strangely as a dream! Of the many journeys of this Roundabout life, that drive through Amsterdam is to be specially and gratefully remembered. You have never seen the palace of Amsterdam, my dear sir? Why, there's a marble hall in that palace that will frighten you as much as any hall in *Vathek*, or a nightmare. At one end of that old, cold, glassy, glittering, ghostly, marble hall there stands a throne, on which a white marble king ought to sit with his white legs gleaming down into the white marble below, and his white eyes looking at a great white marble Atlas, who bears on his icy shoulders a blue globe as big as the full moon. If he were not a genie, and enchanted, and with a strength altogether hyperatlantean, he would drop the moon with a shriek on to the white marble floor, and it would splitter into perdition.

And the palace would rock, and heave, and tumble; and the waters would rise, rise, rise; and the gables sink, sink, sink; and the barges would rise up to the chimneys; and the water-souchee fishes would flap over the Boompjes, where the pigeons and storks used to perch —and the Amster, and the Rotter, and the Saar, and the Op, and all the dams of Holland would burst, and the Zuyder Zee roll over the dykes—and you would wake out of your dream, and find yourself sitting in your arm-chair.

Was it a dream? it seems like one. Have we been to Holland? have we heard the chimes at midnight at Antwerp? Were we really away for a week, or have I been sitting up in the room dozing, before this stale old desk? Here's the desk; yes. The postman has rung about twenty-four times to-day. Yes, there are the three letters as usual (with enclosures) from ladies who WILL go on sending to the Editor's private residence. But, if it has been a dream, how could I have learned to hum that tune out of *Dinorah?* Ah, is it that tune, or myself that I am humming? If it was a dream, how comes this yellow NOTICE DES TABLEAUX DU MUSÉE D' AMSTERDAM AVEC FACSIMILE DES MONOGRAMMES before me, and this signature of the gallant



Yes, indeed, it was a delightful little holiday; it lasted a whole week. With the exception of that little pint of *amari aliquid* at Rotterdam, we were all very happy. We might have gone on being happy for whoever knows how many days more? a week more, ten days more: who knows how long that dear tectotum happiness can be made to spin without toppling over?

But one of the party had desired letters to be sent *poste restante*, Amsterdam. The post-office is hard by that awful palace, where the Atlas is, and which we really saw.

There was only one letter, you see. Only one chance of finding us. There it was. "The post has only this moment come in," says the smirking commissioner. And he hands over the paper, thinking he has done something clever.

Before the letter had been opened, I could read COME BACK, as clearly as if it had been painted on the wall. It was all over. The spell was broken. The sprightly little holiday fairy that had frisked and gambolled so kindly beside us for eight days of sunshine—or rain which was as cheerful as sunshine—gave a parting piteous look, and whisked away and vanished. And yonder scuds the postman, and here is the old desk.

THE

CORNHILL MAGAZINE.

DECEMBER, 1860.

A Second Letter to the Editor of the "Cornhill Magazine" from Paterfamilias.

"What I'm thinking on," said Mr. Tulliver, "is how to find the right sort o' school to send Tom to; for I might be ta'en in again, as I've been wi' th' academy. I'll have nothing to do wi' a 'cademy again; whatever school I send Tom to, it shan't be a 'cademy; it shall be a place where the lads spend their time i' summat else besides blacking the family's shoes and getting up the potatoes. It's an uncommon puzzling thing to know what school to pick."—*The Mill on the Floss.*

Sir,—Since I last had the honour of addressing you respecting the educational destitution of the upper classes of English society at the present moment, that important topic has been treated at considerable length by more distinguished pens than mine; a writer in the October number of the *Quarterly Review* having enthusiastically vindicated our public schools from the aspersions recently cast upon them by certain pestilent novelists, whilst Sir John Coleridge, justly described by the *Quarterly* reviewer as "one of Eton's most accomplished living sons," has promulgated his opinions and aspirations concerning the great public school at which he was reared, in a lecture delivered by him about two months since at Tiverton, and since published as a pamphlet by John Murray.

The Article in the *Quarterly* is written with great knowledge and ability, but with a too evident bias in favour of our public schools as they are. Treating of English education generally—of private as well as of public schools—whilst it denounces with an unsparing pen the faults and shortcomings which it discovers in the former, it barely indicates those which at the present moment disfigure and paralyze Eton and Harrow. The reviewer defends the existing state of things by assumptions with which we are all familiar. He maintains that it is very advantageous for England that the children of her noblest and wealthiest

citizens should be massed together under confessedly inadequate supervision and instruction; he predicts the downfall of the British aristocracy should public school education be ever superseded by private tuition, and attempts to reconcile parents to the neglect which their children experience at these great establishments, by representing "a system of inquisitorial *espionage*, such as is practised in the schools of Southern Italy by the Jesuits," as its only alternative. He even goes so far as to suggest that in considering the subject they should accept Mazzini as the type of the foreign youth, who has been carefully looked after, and Hampden as that of the British public schoolboy, "thrown early on his own resources." The advocates of private education might as fairly contrast the characters of Washington, Garibaldi, George Stephenson, or Lord Clyde, with that of Beau Brummell, a celebrated Eton gentleman of the Georgian era.

But as the Essay in the *Quarterly* contains nothing that is new, and much that is partial and unsound, I will content myself with making one quotation from it, which, I submit, entirely establishes the case I sought to prove in my former letter:—

"Although we have defended public schools against the aspersions of their uncandid critics and injudicious advocates, we are by no means disposed to deny that they are susceptible of considerable improvement, and that certain defects common to all, though in very different degrees, may be pointed out. In all, the machinery for exciting the emulation and calling forth the energies of *average* boys, might be amended; *in some it has almost to be created.* . . . . In all, the tutorial system might be improved; *the numbers of the tutors should be increased, and in some schools the standard of their qualification should be raised, and their sphere of duty enlarged. Where the houses of tutors are too large, nothing can be easier than to employ an assistant, and no dame's house should be without a resident tutor.*"—*Q. R.* p. 423.

The above passage, rendered into plain English, reads nearly thus:—"If new arrangements were made at our public schools, by which *average* boys—*i.e.* the great majority of boys—could be ensured a fair chance of education; if the tutors were more numerous and more competent; if they were able to bestow more attention on their pupils, both in and out of school, than they at present receive; if they were no longer allowed to accept payment for the instruction of many more boys than they can possibly attend to; and if batches of thirty or forty lads, of all ages and sizes, were no longer indiscriminately huddled together in lodging-houses in which there is actually nobody to control and supervise them, save the old lady who keeps the house; if these trifling improvements were carried out, and if these trifling drawbacks were removed, our public school system would then be an excellent one."

After such an avowal, it is amusing to find this accomplished champion of our public schools as they are, recommending parents to investigate closely the internal economy of the private schools to which

they entrust their children, and assuring them that "in private school reformation they themselves must be the chief agents," whilst in the same breath he denounces "the reckless curiosity and discontent which leads parents now-a-days to examine every part of our public school system, instead of accepting it as an excellent whole."

We will now proceed to examine what view a more impartial and more judicial mind has taken of the same subject.

Sir John Coleridge commences his Tiverton lecture by stating that he has selected Eton as his example and text, because he was educated there —because from his boyhood to the present day his connection with that school has been unbroken and intimate—because he is bound up, by the ties of both blood and friendship, with many of those who have been and are at present occupied in carrying out its system—and because he conceives that from its size and composition it is, in a national point of view, the most important of all our schools, as well as the most complete and accurate type of the class to which it belongs.

I hope that, without exposing myself to the imputation of either vanity or egotism, I may here point out, that upon the subject of public school reform Sir John Coleridge and myself entirely agree. I am convinced that when Sir John delivered his admirable lecture at Tiverton, he had never seen or heard of the humble letter on the same subject, which I had previously published in your pages; but it does so happen, and I mention it with pride, that in argument, in fact, and almost in illustration, the lecture of "Eton's most accomplished living son" and my letter to you are strangely coincident, due allowance being made for Sir John's rare abilities and copious eloquence, and for my less cultivated and homelier style.

Sir John, professing the most earnest affection and admiration for Eton, states of it precisely what I stated concerning Harchester. He complains that a small and comparatively obscure college at Cambridge enjoys the valuable monopoly of supplying Eton with masters; that the quality of the masters thus supplied is by no means first-rate, whilst their numbers are altogether insufficient; that, although a rather pompous pretence has at last been made of teaching the Eton boys arithmetic, mathematics, and modern languages, it is but a pretence; and that even the classical scholarship, which used formerly to be the pride and honour of the school, has of late deplorably dwindled, especially amongst the oppidans, who constitute nine-tenths of the whole number of the pupils.

Of all this, according to Sir John Coleridge, the Eton authorities are fully aware; yet they decline to adopt the only and obvious remedy for the evil—an immediate and liberal increase in the educational staff of the school. The present head-master, Dr. Goodford, has indeed at last formally admitted that *one* Eton master cannot do justice single-handed to *seventy* Eton boys; and he has prospectively restricted each *new* master to *forty* pupils; but he has abstained from imposing this rule on those who are already in the school, *on the principle of respecting vested interests!*

Against this mistaken application of a just principle, Sir John's superior sense and honesty revolt; he insists that the Eton tutors are at Eton for the benefit of the Eton boys, instead of the Eton boys being there, as Dr. Goodford seems to think, for the pecuniary advantage of the Eton masters. He asks whether what ought never to have been permitted at all by the head-master should be continued indefinitely, because individual tutors make a good thing out of the abuse; and he expresses his conviction, which must also be the conviction of every sensible and disinterested man, that Dr. Goodford's new maximum of forty pupils to one teacher is far too large. "Would any master of a private school," exclaims Sir John, "pretend to teach forty boys without an assistant; and does not an Eton master undertake to teach his pupils far more than they are expected to be taught at any private school?"

With respect to mathematics and modern languages, Sir John lays down the excellent maxim, that whatever a school like Eton professes to teach, ought to be taught in the best possible manner. He affirms that in the present day no Eton boy can be said to be properly educated, unless at the age of seventeen or eighteen he has acquired a sound elementary knowledge of the science of numbers and mathematics, and an acquaintance, to the same extent, with one or two modern languages. And he then expresses his belief that as matters are now managed at Eton—in spite of loud professions to the contrary—mathematics and modern languages are systematically neglected. To teach the whole school French, there is *one* French master, an Englishman, and the one assistant mathematical master, who is not allowed to take equal rank with the classical masters, furnishes what additional help he thinks requisite by contract, such additional help being paid for *extra* by the pupils. Respecting such arrangements as these, Sir John observes:—

"All who know boy-nature must anticipate the result. If they perceive that the teachers in one department are not placed on the same footing as those in another, they are quick to infer that the department itself is considered to be of less importance and of lower rank; and the teachers are at once placed on a disadvantageous footing. Men of remarkable qualities even so may acquire the proper amount of deference and attention from the best of their pupils, but it is not conceded as a matter of course to their office and to the importance of what they teach. Where this deference to the teacher is wanting, attention to the matter taught will commonly fail. I repeat only what I have heard more than once—that Eton boys are reputed as not bringing with them ordinarily to the university, or to competitive examinations for public appointments, that proof of sound elementary teaching in arithmetic and mathematics which the apparatus presented to the public would seem to promise, and which Eton, professing to teach in these departments, ought to give."

There are other most important points connected with Eton, upon which Sir John has touched, though with evident reluctance. He censures the habits of expense and self-indulgence which at present characterize

the school, and expresses his doubts whether any systematic and earnest attempts are made by the masters to check them. He asks: "Do the masters, in their own houses, by precept, by frequent visitations to the rooms of their pupils, by example in their own rooms, at their own tables, in their own habits, sufficiently set before their pupils the duty and advantage of simplicity, the folly and mischief of indulgent habits? and do they repress with a strong hand apparent and tangible instances of such indulgence? Would a clever boy, who acquitted himself passably well in his lessons and exercises, find any difference in his reception with his tutor or master because he was notoriously expensive in his dress, luxurious in his room, or self-indulgent in his habits, so that he might see these things treated as reprehensible in themselves? I should be glad to think that these questions could be answered satisfactorily."

To Sir John's earnest and simple mind there is also something extremely distasteful in the ludicrous profusion of prizes and decorations dispensed by the Eton masters of the present day to their pupils. I recollect in former years attending a public distribution of prizes at a school in one of our colonies. Its governor, who took a deep interest in education, had furnished the prizes himself, and amongst them were Walter Scott's works, and Crabbe's poems, in many volumes. Before the distribution began, the principal of the school thanked his Excellency for his liberality, which, he said, would enable him to present a single prize volume to every boy in the school—an arrangement which could not fail to be most gratifying to their parents. Anybody who examines closely the Eton list of the present day must suspect that Dr. Goodford has taken a leaf out of that colonial schoolmaster's book. Sir John observes: "In my day, honours were sparingly bestowed. The Bishop of Lichfield, whom we justly reckoned the first of his day, was, I think, 'sent up' but four times during the whole of his stay in the fifth form, which could have been scarcely less than four or five years. Now, the Eton lists show boys with more than twenty honorary marks to their names."

Finally, Sir John Coleridge proclaims that in his opinion, in fairness to the parents of the Eton boys and to the Eton boys themselves, there ought to be *an immediate diminution in the numbers of the school, or an immediate increase, to a very large extent, in the number of teachers, who ought all to be placed on a footing of equality with each other, in order to ensure to them the respect and attention of their pupils.*

To those who are not conversant with the interior economy of our public schools, it may seem almost incredible that gentlemen of position and education, such as the Eton masters are, should so grossly neglect the important trust reposed in them; for truly it is an important trust, and one which ought to be faithfully discharged. "A man's heart must be cold indeed," says Sir John, "if it does not throb with emotion when he attends divine service in the chapel, and beholds that great assemblage of lads in every period of boyhood—too great indeed even for that ample building; and considers (what parent, or even what patriot, can fail to

consider?) how many fears and anxieties, hopes and loves, aspirations and prayers, are stirring the bosoms and ascending from the hearts of thousands and tens of thousands in respect to their future destiny."

Yet it is by no means difficult to explain the apparent indifference of the Eton authorities in the matter. Eton, like all others of our old upper class schools, is, unfortunately, a mere money speculation. Conducted as it is, its shareholders — the Eton masters — reap enormous dividends, which, were it conducted with more fairness and honesty towards the pupils and their parents, must inevitably be much smaller. At present, its head-master receives an income exceeding 6,000*l.* a year—an income far greater than that which is received by any of our cabinet ministers or by any of our bishops, save those of London and Durham; and yet I believe I am doing no injustice to Dr. Goodford when I say, that at the time he was elected to the head-mastership of Eton he had achieved no particular distinction at the university, or in any branch of literature, or, indeed, of any kind; and that since he has occupied that post, he has not succeeded in raising the character of the school, either for classical scholarship or for general learning. The profits of the assistant masters are, of course, unequal, varying according to the number of their pupils; but I think I am not overstating them when I say that they range between 1,500*l.* and 3,500*l.* a year. Their work is extremely hard—too hard; so hard, indeed, that they are compelled to leave the best part of it undone: they enjoy, however, a vacation of more than a quarter of the year. Some of them are, undoubtedly, men of capacity and energy, but many of them are not. And when we consider that most of them receive more than double the salary of the accomplished gentleman who conducts the vast affairs of the British Museum, and some of them three or four times as much as Professor Owen himself—and when we read what Sir John Coleridge, a friendly and most competent witness, says, respecting their very moderate claims to such excessive pay —it is impossible not to deplore, for their own sakes, as well as for that of the youths entrusted to their care, that they should be permitted to remain a day longer in the false position in which they now stand.

They are not selected for their lucrative posts because they have been first-class men or senior wranglers—or because they have had great experience in, or exhibited remarkable aptitude for, tuition; the services of first-class men, of senior wranglers, or of the most accomplished and experienced professors, might readily be secured for a third of the money paid to them; they become Eton masters solely because they are fellows of King's College, Cambridge, and because King's College, Cambridge, has a vested interest in Eton boys. This of itself is bad enough—but worse remains behind. The number of the Eton masters who teach is under twenty; the number of the boys they are supposed to teach is not far short of 850. Of these twenty masters, five are devoted to the tuition of the lower school, in which there are about 100 very young boys: leaving 750 senior boys to be instructed by fifteen instructors, which is impossible.

If the number of assistant masters be increased, their profits must necessarily decrease—and decrease to a very considerable amount—were the additional masters admitted, as Sir John Coleridge very properly insists they should be, on an equal footing with those who are already shareholders in the concern. There is no doubt that any number of as good, and better tutors than those who now teach at Eton, might be obtained from the universities at salaries of from 600*l.* to 800*l.* a-year; * but then, if paid less than the gentlemen actually in possession, they would be placed in an inferior position to them, and the same unsatisfactory result would be obtained that is now obtained by a similar arrangement in the mathematical school.

The truth is that what is vulgarly called "the breeches-pocket question" has been, and still is, at the bottom of most of the evils which degrade our public schools. A comparison of the number of hours and minutes which the day contains with the amount of school and private business to be gone through by the twenty Eton tutors, will convince the most prejudiced that the slightest acquaintance with the character or supervision over the manners, morals, or pursuits of the boys under their care when out of school is impossible. With a larger number of masters, such acquaintance and such supervision would be easy enough; but then, "the breeches-pocket question" interposes, and the self-interest of the masters induces them to prefer maintaining things as they are, and expatiating to parents on the horrors of "inquisitorial *espionage*," and on the advantages of "throwing boys early on their own resources." The limitation of the "regular business" of the school to Latin and Greek, and the disinclination to include in it the study of mathematics and modern languages, are both clearly traceable to the same source. Were those necessary and important branches of education incorporated with the "regular business" of the school, they could no longer be charged for as *extras*; and were they taught "in the best possible manner," it would not only be indispensable to have a reasonable number of competent gentlemen to teach them, but also that those gentlemen should be placed in precisely the same position, social, pecuniary, and scholastic, as that which the classical assistant-masters now occupy.

Fagging—now, happily, almost obsolete—was also based upon "the breeches-pocket question." I used often to doubt, when called off from my studies, whilst a lower boy at Harchester, to mend my master's fire, to prepare his meals, or to brush his clothes, whether a system which permitted and upheld such practices could really be beneficial either to him or to me; but I never had any doubt that it was very beneficial to our tutor, inasmuch as it spared him the wages of some two or three servants, whose menial work was performed by us lower boys. The same reflection has occurred to me, when abstracted from my lessons for a week at a time

* The salaries of A. Panizzi, Esq., the Head Librarian of the British Museum, and of Richard Owen, Esq., its Superintendent of Natural History, are but 800*l.* a-year each.

to act as the policeman of my remove, to mark the boys in and out of chapel, to collect their maps and exercises, to ascertain who were sick and who were shamming, to warn the unfortunates who were sentenced to the block of the hour of their execution, to attend the awful ceremony and to assist at the *toilette des condamnés*—I could not but feel that such employment of my time was a fraud both on my parents and myself; but then the arrangement saved the wages of the servants, whose work it properly ought to have been.

Of course the ingenuity of our masters discovered plenty of excellent arguments in support of practices so convenient to themselves; our parents used to be told that carrying coals for the upper boys and toasting their muffins made us helpful and docile, and took the nonsense out of bumptious lads, and that an occasional week's idleness, as chapel and school policemen, gave us habits of order and vigilance; but such arguments would have applied just as aptly towards establishing the propriety of setting young noblemen and gentlemen to assist the scullion or to sort out the dirty linen for the wash. Tom Tulliver's occupation of blacking the family's shoes and getting up the potatoes at "the 'cademy" were probably dictated by similar motives and justified by similar arguments: they made him handy and humble, and saved "the 'cademy" the expense of a labourer, but then unreasonable Mr. Tulliver coarsely maintained that he had sent his son to "the 'cademy" to learn to read, write, and cipher, and not to discharge the duties of the odd man at a pot-house.

I have hitherto designedly abstained from making any allusion to the much vexed question of the comparative merits of public and private education, because I think it is a subject to which far too much importance has been attached. Both may be extremely good or extremely bad, according to the power and quality of the machinery by which either system is worked. A school can hardly be a very bad one, when its masters are conscientious and competent gentlemen, in sufficient numbers to do full justice to their pupils without overtasking themselves; it can hardly be a very good one, when its masters are not only insufficient in numbers, but when they have a direct pecuniary interest in teaching a *maximum* of boys with a *minimum* of educational staff.

The enormous advantages supposed to result from our public school education appear to me to be rather assumed than proved. Sidney Smith, in his famous essays on the subject, published in the *Edinburgh Review*, —which I entreat every one interested in this subject to study—has satisfactorily shown, that the most eminent Englishmen in every art and science—whose names have adorned the annals of this country during the last three hundred years—have not been educated at our public schools. Even that much-vaunted self-reliance and premature manliness, which we are so often assured is the exclusive attribute of public school education, is, in reality, worth little more than is the morbid precocity which the children of the poor acquire in our populous cities by being allowed to grovel uncared for in the gutter. A good many of them suffer

seriously whilst undergoing the useless ordeal, and those who pass through it uninjured are, at twenty or twenty-five years of age, no more capable or energetic than are the sons of the decent mechanic, who have been reasonably well cared for during their early youth. A perusal of the Life of George Stephenson, or of Admiral Hope's despatch, detailing our late disastrous defeat at the Peiho, will go far to show that British manhood is derived from far wider and deeper sources than the bad and expensive education which the children of our wealthier classes are just now receiving at our public schools.

I know very well that to all Sir John Coleridge has written, and to the remarks which I have myself presumed to make, there is one obvious answer: "Eton is now fuller than it ever was before; if you are dissatisfied, other people are not; send your sons elsewhere; we can do without them."

But I will not do the Eton authorities the dishonour to suppose that they will condescend to such a reply. The school over which they preside is our leading public school; it gives the tone to all the others; if it reforms, the reform will be general; if it resists and perseveres in its evil courses, other schools will do likewise. A very small proportion of parents and guardians are themselves competent to examine into and decide upon the comparative merits of schools, or to judge accurately of the progress which their children are making at them; they are most of them obliged on these points to trust to the honour of the masters and the general character of the school. The trust, therefore, which is reposed in a public servant, such as the head-master of Eton, is indeed a great one; his reward is proportionably great, and much is justly required at his hands.

It is of the deepest importance to us all—whether we have sons there or not—that such a school as Eton should be properly conducted; and if we have—as I think I have shown that we have—sufficient reasons for supposing that it is not, no false delicacy, no fear of giving offence, or of incurring unpopularity, ought to prevent us from speaking out. Sir John Coleridge deserves the thanks of every Englishman for his outspoken Tiverton lecture; indeed, I am myself free to admit, that had I not been supported by his very high authority, I should scarcely have ventured again to address you on this subject; for I well know the power, the ability, and the influence of those whose time-honoured monopoly I am anxious, with your assistance, to demolish.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

PATERFAMILIAS.

Framley Parsonage.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Lady Lufton is taken by Surprise.

Lord Lufton, as he returned to town, found some difficulty in resolving what step he would next take. Sometimes, for a minute or two, he was half inclined to think—or rather to say to himself, that Lucy was perhaps not worth the trouble which she threw in his way. He loved her very dearly, and would willingly make her his wife, he thought or said at such moments; but—— Such moments, however, were only moments. A man in love seldom loves less because his love becomes difficult. And thus, when those moments were over, he would determine to tell his mother at once, and urge her to signify her consent to Miss Robarts. That she would not be quite pleased he knew; but if he were firm enough to show that he had a will of his own in this matter, she would probably not gainsay him. He would not ask this humbly, as a favour, but request her ladyship to go through the ceremony as though it were one of those motherly duties which she as a good mother could not hesitate to perform on behalf of her son. Such was the final resolve with which he reached his chambers in the Albany.

On the next day he did not see his mother. It would be well, he thought, to have his interview with her immediately before he started for Norway, so that there might be no repetition of it; and it was on the day before he did start that he made his communication, having invited himself to breakfast in Brook Street on the occasion.

"Mother," he said, quite abruptly, throwing himself into one of the dining-room arm-chairs, "I have a thing to tell you."

His mother at once knew that the thing was important, and with her own peculiar motherly instinct imagined that the question to be discussed had reference to matrimony. Had her son desired to speak to her about money, his tone and look would have been different; as would also have been the case,—in a different way—had he entertained any thought of a pilgrimage to Pekin, or a prolonged fishing excursion to the Hudson Bay territories.

"A thing, Ludovic! well; I am quite at liberty."

"I want to know what you think of Lucy Robarts?"

Lady Lufton became pale and frightened, and the blood ran cold to her heart. She had feared more than rejoiced in conceiving that her son was about to talk of love, but she had feared nothing so bad as this. "What do I think of Lucy Robarts?" she said, repeating her son's words in a tone of evident dismay.

"Yes, mother; you have said once or twice lately that you thought I ought to marry, and I am beginning to think so too. You selected one clergyman's daughter for me, but that lady is going to do much better with herself"—

"Indeed she is not," said Lady Lufton sharply.

"And therefore I rather think I shall select for myself another clergyman's sister. You don't dislike Miss Robarts, I hope?"

"Oh, Ludovic!"

It was all that Lady Lufton could say at the spur of the moment.

"Is there any harm in her? Have you any objection to her? Is there anything about her that makes her unfit to be my wife?"

For a moment or two Lady Lufton sat silent, collecting her thoughts. She thought that there was very great objection to Lucy Robarts, regarding her as the possible future Lady Lufton. She could hardly have stated all her reasons, but they were very cogent. Lucy Robarts had, in her eyes, neither beauty, nor style, nor manner, nor even the education which was desirable. Lady Lufton was not herself a worldly woman. She was almost as far removed from being so as a woman could be in her position. But, nevertheless, there were certain worldly attributes which she regarded as essential to the character of any young lady who might be considered fit to take the place which she herself had so long filled. It was her desire in looking for a wife for her son to combine these with certain moral excellences which she regarded as equally essential. Lucy Robarts might have the moral excellences, or she might not; but as to the other attributes Lady Lufton regarded her as altogether deficient. She could never look like a Lady Lufton, or carry herself in the county as a Lady Lufton should do. She had not that quiet personal demeanour—that dignity of repose which Lady Lufton loved to look upon in a young married woman of rank. Lucy, she would have said, could be nobody in a room except by dint of her tongue, whereas Griselda Grantly would have held her peace for a whole evening, and yet would have impressed everybody by the majesty of her presence. Then again Lucy had no money—and, again, Lucy was only the sister of her own parish clergyman. People are rarely prophets in their own country, and Lucy was no prophet at Framley; she was none, at least, in the eyes of Lady Lufton. Once before, as may be remembered, she had had fears on this subject—fears, not so much for her son, whom she could hardly bring herself to suspect of such a folly, but for Lucy, who might be foolish enough to fancy that the lord was in love with her. Alas! alas! her son's question fell upon the poor woman at the present moment with the weight of a terrible blow.

"Is there anything about her which makes her unfit to be my wife?"

Those were her son's last words.

"Dearest Ludovic, dearest Ludovic!" and she got up and came over to him, "I do think so; I do, indeed."

"Think what?" said he, in a tone that was almost angry.

"I do think that she is unfit to be your wife. She is not of that class from which I would wish to see you choose."

"She is of the same class as Griselda Grantly."

"No, dearest. I think you are in error there. The Grantlys have moved in a different sphere of life. I think you must feel that they are——"

"Upon my word, mother, I don't. One man is Rector of Plumstead, and the other is Vicar of Framley. But it is no good arguing that. I want you to take to Lucy Robarts. I have come to you on purpose to ask it of you as a favour."

"Do you mean as your wife, Ludovic?"

"Yes; as my wife."

"Am I to understand that you are—are engaged to her?"

"Well, I cannot say that I am—not actually engaged to her. But you may take this for granted, that, as far as it lies in my power, I intend to become so. My mind is made up, and I certainly shall not alter it."

"And the young lady knows all this?"

"Certainly."

"Horrid, sly, detestable, underhand girl," Lady Lufton said to herself, not being by any means brave enough to speak out such language before her son. What hope could there be if Lord Lufton had already committed himself by a positive offer? "And her brother, and Mrs. Robarts; are they aware of it?"

"Yes; both of them."

"And both approve of it?"

"Well, I cannot say that. I have not seen Mrs. Robarts, and do not know what may be her opinion. To speak my mind honestly about Mark, I do not think he does cordially approve. He is afraid of you, and would be desirous of knowing what you think."

"I am glad, at any rate, to hear that," said Lady Lufton, gravely. "Had he done anything to encourage this, it would have been very base." And then there was another short period of silence.

Lord Lufton had determined not to explain to his mother the whole state of the case. He would not tell her that everything depended on her word—that Lucy was ready to marry him only on condition that she, Lady Lufton, would desire her to do so. He would not let her know that everything depended on her—according to Lucy's present verdict. He had a strong disinclination to ask his mother's permission to get married; and he would have to ask it were he to tell her the whole truth. His object was to make her think well of Lucy, and to induce her to be kind, and generous, and affectionate down at Framley. Then things would all turn out comfortably when he again visited that place, as he intended to do on his return from Norway. So much he thought it possible he might effect, relying on his mother's probable calculation that it would be useless for her to oppose a measure which she had no power of stopping by authority. But were he to tell her that she was to be the final judge,

that everything was to depend on her will, then, so thought Lord Lufton, that permission would in all probability be refused.

"Well, mother, what answer do you intend to give me?" he said. "My mind is positively made up. I should not have come to you had not that been the case. You will now be going down home, and I would wish you to treat Lucy as you yourself would wish to treat any girl to whom you knew that I was engaged."

"But you say that you are not engaged."

"No, I am not; but I have made my offer to her, and I have not been rejected. She has confessed that she—loves me,—not to myself, but to her brother. Under these circumstances, may I count upon your obliging me?"

There was something in his manner which almost frightened his mother, and made her think that there was more behind than was told to her. Generally speaking, his manner was open, gentle, and unguarded; but now he spoke as though he had prepared his words, and was resolved on being harsh as well as obstinate.

"I am so much taken by surprise, Ludovic, that I can hardly give you an answer. If you ask me whether I approve of such a marriage, I must say that I do not; I think that you would be throwing yourself away in marrying Miss Robarts."

"That is because you do not know her."

"May it not be possible that I know her better than you do, dear Ludovic? You have been flirting with her ——"

"I hate that word; it always sounds to me to be vulgar."

"I will say making love to her, if you like it better; and gentlemen under these circumstances will sometimes become infatuated."

"You would not have a man marry a girl without making love to her. The fact is, mother, that your tastes and mine are not exactly the same; you like silent beauty, whereas I like talking beauty, and then ——"

"Do you call Miss Robarts beautiful?"

"Yes, I do; very beautiful; she has the beauty that I admire. Good-bye now, mother, I shall not see you again before I start. It will be no use writing, as I shall be away so short a time, and I don't quite know where we shall be. I shall come down to Framley immediately I return, and shall learn from you how the land lies. I have told you my wishes, and you will consider how far you think it right to fall in with them." He then kissed her, and without waiting for her reply he took his leave.

Poor Lady Lufton, when she was left to herself, felt that her head was going round and round. Was this to be the end of all her ambition,—of all her love for her son? and was this to be the result of all her kindness to the Robarts's? She almost hated Mark Robarts as she reflected that she had been the means of bringing him and his sister to Framley. She thought over all his sins, his absences from the parish, his visit to Gatherum Castle, his dealings with reference to that farm which was to have been sold, his hunting, and then his acceptance of that stall given, as she had

been told, through the Omnium interest. How could she love him at such a moment as this? And then she thought of his wife. Could it be possible that Fanny Robarts, her own friend Fanny, would be so untrue to her as to lend any assistance to such a marriage as this; as not to use all her power in preventing it? She had spoken to Fanny on this very subject,—not fearing for her son, but with a general idea of the impropriety of intimacies between such girls as Lucy and such men as Lord Lufton, and then Fanny had agreed with her. Could it be possible that even she must be regarded as an enemy?

And then by degrees Lady Lufton began to reflect what steps she had better take. In the first place, should she give in at once, and consent to the marriage? The only thing quite certain to her was this, that life would be not worth having if she were forced into a permanent quarrel with her son. Such an event would probably kill her. When she read of quarrels in other noble families—and the accounts of such quarrels will sometimes, unfortunately, force themselves upon the attention of unwilling readers—she would hug herself, with a spirit that was almost pharisaical, reflecting that her destiny was not like that of others. Such quarrels and hatreds between fathers and daughters, and mothers and sons, were in her eyes disreputable to all the persons concerned. She had lived happily with her husband, comfortably with her neighbours, respectably with the world, and, above all things, affectionately with her children. She spoke everywhere of Lord Lufton as though he were nearly perfect,—and in so speaking, she had not belied her convictions. Under these circumstances, would not any marriage be better than a quarrel?

But then, again, how much of the pride of her daily life would be destroyed by such a match as that! And might it not be within her power to prevent it without any quarrel? That her son would be sick of such a chit as Lucy before he had been married to her six months—of that Lady Lufton entertained no doubt, and therefore her conscience would not be disquieted in disturbing the consummation of an arrangement so pernicious. It was evident that the matter was not considered as settled even by her son; and also evident that he regarded the matter as being in some way dependent on his mother's consent. On the whole, might it not be better for her—better for them all, that she should think wholly of her duty, and not of the disagreeable results to which that duty might possibly lead? It could not be her duty to accede to such an alliance; and therefore she would do her best to prevent it. Such, at least, should be her attempt in the first instance.

Having so decided, she next resolved on her course of action. Immediately on her arrival at Framley, she would send for Lucy Robarts, and use all her eloquence—and perhaps also a little of that stern dignity for which she was so remarkable—in explaining to that young lady how very wicked it was on her part to think of forcing herself into such a family as that of the Luftons. She would explain to Lucy that no happiness could come of it, that people placed by misfortune above their sphere

are always miserable; and, in short, make use of all those excellent moral lessons which are so customary on such occasions. The morality might, perhaps, be thrown away; but Lady Lufton depended much on her dignified sternness. And then, having so resolved, she prepared for her journey home.

Very little had been said at Framley Parsonage about Lord Lufton's offer after the departure of that gentleman; very little, at least, in Lucy's presence. That the parson and his wife should talk about it between themselves was a matter of course; but very few words were spoken on the matter either by or to Lucy. She was left to her own thoughts, and possibly to her own hopes.

And then other matters came up at Framley which turned the current of interest into other tracks. In the first place there was the visit made by Mr. Sowerby to the Dragon of Wantly, and the consequent revelation made by Mark Robarts to his wife. And while that latter subject was yet new, before Fanny and Lucy had as yet made up their minds as to all the little economies which might be practised in the household without serious detriment to the master's comfort, news reached them that Mrs. Crawley of Hogglestock had been stricken with fever. Nothing of the kind could well be more dreadful than this. To those who knew the family it seemed impossible that their most ordinary wants could be supplied if that courageous head were even for a day laid low; and then the poverty of poor Mr. Crawley was such that the sad necessities of a sick bed could hardly be supplied without assistance.

"I will go over at once," said Fanny.

"My dear!" said her husband. "It is typhus, and you must first think of the children. I will go."

"What on earth could you do, Mark?" said his wife. "Men on such occasions are almost worse than useless; and then they are so much more liable to infection."

"I have no children, nor am I a man," said Lucy, smiling; "for both of which exemptions I am thankful. I will go, and when I come back I will keep clear of the bairns."

So it was settled, and Lucy started in the pony-carriage, carrying with her such things from the parsonage storehouse as were thought to be suitable to the wants of the sick lady at Hogglestock. When she arrived there, she made her way into the house, finding the door open, and not being able to obtain the assistance of the servant girl in ushering her in. In the parlour she found Grace Crawley, the eldest child, sitting demurely in her mother's chair nursing an infant. She, Grace herself, was still a young child, but not the less, on this occasion of well-understood sorrow, did she go through her task not only with zeal but almost with solemnity. Her brother, a boy of six years old, was with her, and he had the care of another baby. There they sat in a cluster, quiet, grave, and silent, attending on themselves, because it had been willed by fate that no one else should attend on them.

"How is your mamma, dear Grace?" said Lucy, walking up to her, and holding out her hand.

"Poor mamma is very ill, indeed," said Grace.

"And papa is very unhappy," said Bobby, the boy.

"I can't get up because of baby," said Grace; "but Bobby can go and call papa out."

"I will knock at the door," said Lucy, and so saying she walked up to the bedroom door, and tapped against it lightly. She repeated this for the third time before she was summoned in by a low hoarse voice, and then on entering she saw Mr. Crawley standing by the bedside with a book in his hand. He looked at her uncomfortably, in a manner which seemed to show that he was annoyed by this intrusion, and Lucy was aware that she had disturbed him while at prayers by the bedside of his wife. He came across the room, however, and shook hands with her, and answered her inquiries in his ordinary grave and solemn voice.

"Mrs. Crawley is very ill," he said, "very ill. God has stricken us heavily, but His will be done. But you had better not go to her, Miss Robarts. It is typhus."

The caution, however, was too late; for Lucy was already by the bedside, and had taken the hand of the sick woman, which had been extended on the coverlid to greet her. "Dear Miss Robarts," said a weak voice. "This is very good of you; but it makes me unhappy to see you here."

Lucy lost no time in taking sundry matters into her own hands, and ascertaining what was most wanted in that wretched household. For it was wretched enough. Their only servant, a girl of sixteen, had been taken away by her mother as soon as it became known that Mrs. Crawley was ill with fever. The poor mother, to give her her due, had promised to come down morning and evening herself, to do such work as might be done in an hour or so; but she could not, she said, leave her child to catch the fever. And now, at the period of Lucy's visit, no step had been taken to procure a nurse, Mr. Crawley having resolved to take upon himself the duties of that position. In his absolute ignorance of all sanatory measures, he had thrown himself on his knees to pray; and if prayers—true prayers—might succour his poor wife, of such succour she might be confident. Lucy, however, thought that other aid also was wanting to her.

"If you can do anything for us," said Mrs. Crawley, "let it be for the poor children."

"I will have them all moved from this till you are better," said Lucy, boldly.

"Moved!" said Mr. Crawley, who even now, even in his present strait, felt a repugnance to the idea that any one should relieve him of any portion of his burden.

"Yes," said Lucy; "I am sure it will be better that you should lose them for a week or two, till Mrs. Crawley may be able to leave her room."

"But where are they to go?" said he, very gloomily.

As to this Lucy was not as yet able to say anything. Indeed when

she left Framley Parsonage there had been no time for discussion. She would go back and talk it all over with Fanny, and find out in what way the children might be best put out of danger. Why should they not all be harboured at the parsonage, as soon as assurance could be felt that they were not tainted with the poison of the fever? An English lady of the right sort will do all things but one for a sick neighbour; but for no neighbour will she wittingly admit contagious sickness within the precincts of her own nursery.

Lucy unloaded her jellies and her febrifuges, Mr. Crawley frowning at her bitterly the while. It had come to this with him, that food had been brought into his house, as an act of charity, in his very presence, and in his heart of hearts he disliked Lucy Robarts in that she had brought it. He could not cause the jars and the pots to be replaced in the pony-carriage, as he would have done had the position of his wife been different. In her state it would have been barbarous to refuse them, and barbarous also to have created the *fracas* of a refusal; but each parcel that was introduced was an additional weight laid on the sore withers of his pride, till the total burden became almost intolerable. All this his wife saw and recognized even in her illness, and did make some slight ineffectual efforts to give him ease; but Lucy in her new power was ruthless, and the chicken to make the chicken-broth was taken out of the basket under his very nose.

But Lucy did not remain long. She had made up her mind what it behoved her to do herself, and she was soon ready to return to Framley. "I shall be back again, Mr. Crawley," she said, "probably this evening, and I shall stay with her till she is better." "Nurses don't want rooms," she went on to say, when Mr. Crawley muttered something as to there being no bed-chamber. "I shall make up some sort of a litter near her; you'll see that I shall be very snug." And then she got into the pony-chaise, and drove herself home.

CHAPTER XXXV.

The Story of King Cophetua.

Lucy as she drove herself home had much as to which it was necessary that she should arouse her thoughts. That she would go back and nurse Mrs. Crawley through her fever she was resolved. She was free agent enough to take so much on herself, and to feel sure that she could carry it through. But how was she to redeem her promise about the children? Twenty plans ran through her mind, as to farm-houses in which they might be placed, or cottages which might be hired for them; but all these entailed the want of money; and at the present moment, were not all the inhabitants of the parsonage pledged to a dire economy? This use of the pony-carriage would have been illicit under any circumstances less press-

ing than the present, for it had been decided that the carriage, and even poor Puck himself, should be sold. She had, however, given her promise about the children, and though her own stock of money was very low, that promise should be redeemed.

When she reached the parsonage she was of course full of her schemes, but she found that another subject of interest had come up in her absence, which prevented her from obtaining the undivided attention of her sister-in-law to her present plans. Lady Lufton had returned that day, and immediately on her return had sent up a note addressed to Miss Lucy Robarts, which note was in Fanny's hands when Lucy stepped out of the pony-carriage. The servant who brought it had asked for an answer, and a verbal answer had been sent, saying that Miss Robarts was away from home, and would herself send a reply when she returned. It cannot be denied that the colour came to Lucy's face, and that her hand trembled when she took the note from Fanny in the drawing-room. Everything in the world to her might depend on what that note contained; and yet she did not open it at once, but stood with it in her hand, and when Fanny pressed her on the subject, still endeavoured to bring back the conversation to the subject of Mrs. Crawley.

But yet her mind was intent on the letter, and she had already augured ill from the handwriting and even from the words of the address. Had Lady Lufton intended to be propitious, she would have directed her letter to Miss Robarts, without the Christian name; so at least argued Lucy, —quite unconsciously, as one does argue in such matters. One forms half the conclusions of one's life without any distinct knowledge that the premises have even passed through one's mind.

They were now alone together, as Mark was out.

"Won't you open her letter?" said Mrs. Robarts.

"Yes, immediately; but, Fanny, I must speak to you about Mrs. Crawley first. I must go back there this evening, and stay there; I have promised to do so, and shall certainly keep my promise. I have promised also that the children shall be taken away, and we must arrange about that. It is dreadful, the state she is in. There is no one to see to her but Mr. Crawley, and the children are altogether left to themselves."

"Do you mean that you are going back to stay?"

"Yes, certainly; I have made a distinct promise that I would do so. And about the children; could not you manage for the children, Fanny,—not perhaps in the house; at least not at first perhaps?" And yet during all the time that she was thus speaking and pleading for the Crawleys, she was endeavouring to imagine what might be the contents of that letter which she held between her fingers.

"And is she so very ill?" asked Mrs. Robarts.

"I cannot say how ill she may be, except this, that she certainly has typhus fever. They have had some doctor, or doctor's assistant from Silverbridge; but it seems to me that they are greatly in want of better advice."

"But, Lucy, will you not read your letter? It is astonishing to me that you should be so indifferent about it."

Lucy was anything but indifferent, and now did proceed to tear the envelope. The note was very short, and ran in these words,—

"My dear Miss Robarts,—I am particularly anxious to see you, and shall feel much obliged to you if you can step over to me here, at Framley Court. I must apologize for taking this liberty with you, but you will probably feel that an interview here would suit us both better than one at the parsonage. Truly yours,

"M. Lufton."

"There; I am in for it now," said Lucy, handing the note over to Mrs. Robarts. "I shall have to be talked to as never poor girl was talked to before; and when one thinks of what I have done, it is hard."

"Yes; and of what you have not done."

"Exactly; and of what I have not done. But I suppose I must go," and she proceeded to re-tie the strings of her bonnet, which she had loosened.

"Do you mean that you are going over at once?"

"Yes; immediately. Why not? it will be better to have it over, and then I can go to the Crawleys. But, Fanny, the pity of it is that I know it all as well as though it had been already spoken; and what good can there be in my having to endure it? Can't you fancy the tone in which she will explain to me the conventional inconveniences which arose when King Cophetua would marry the beggar's daughter? how she will explain what Griselda went through;—not the archdeacon's daughter, but the other Griselda?"

"But it all came right with her."

"Yes; but then I am not Griselda, and she will explain how it would certainly all go wrong with me. But what's the good when I know it all beforehand? Have I not desired King Cophetua to take himself and sceptre elsewhere?"

And then she started, having first said another word or two about the Crawley children, and obtained a promise of Puck and the pony-carriage for the afternoon. It was also almost agreed that Puck on his return to Framley should bring back the four children with him; but on this subject it was necessary that Mark should be consulted. The present scheme was to prepare for them a room outside the house, once the dairy, at present occupied by the groom and his wife; and to bring them into the house as soon as it was manifest that there was no danger from infection. But all this was to be matter for deliberation.

Fanny wanted her to send over a note, in reply to Lady Lufton's, as harbinger of her coming; but Lucy marched off, hardly answering this proposition.

"What's the use of such a deal of ceremony," she said. "I know she's at home; and if she is not, I shall only lose ten minutes in going." And so she went, and on reaching the door of Framley Court house found that her ladyship was at home. Her heart almost came to her mouth as she

was told so, and then, in two minutes' time, she found herself in the little room upstairs. In that little room we found ourselves once before,—you, and I, O my reader ;—but Lucy had never before visited that hallowed precinct. There was something in its air calculated to inspire awe in those who first saw Lady Lufton sitting bolt upright in the cane-bottomed arm-chair, which she always occupied when at work at her books and papers; and this she knew when she determined to receive Lucy in that apartment. But there was there another arm-chair, an easy, cozy chair, which stood by the fireside; and for those who had caught Lady Lufton napping in that chair of an afternoon, some of this awe had perhaps been dissipated.

"Miss Robarts," she said, not rising from her chair, but holding out her hand to her visitor; "I am much obliged to you for having come over to me here. You, no doubt, are aware of the subject on which I wish to speak to you, and will agree with me that it is better that we should meet here than over at the parsonage."

In answer to which Lucy merely bowed her head, and took her seat on the chair which had been prepared for her.

"My son," continued her ladyship, "has spoken to me on the subject of——I think I understand, Miss Robarts, that there has been no engagement between you and him?"

"None whatever," said Lucy. "He made me an offer and I refused him." This she said very sharply;—more so undoubtedly than the circumstances required; and with a brusqueness that was injudicious as well as uncourteous. But at the moment, she was thinking of her own position with reference to Lady Lufton—not to Lord Lufton; and of her feelings with reference to the lady—not to the gentleman.

"Oh," said Lady Lufton, a little startled by the manner of the communication. "Then I am to understand that there is nothing now going on between you and my son ;—that the whole affair is over?"

"That depends entirely upon you."

"On me! does it?"

"I do not know what your son may have told you, Lady Lufton. For myself, I do not care to have any secrets from you in this matter; and as he has spoken to you about it, I suppose that such is his wish also. Am I right in presuming that he has spoken to you on the subject?"

"Yes, he has; and it is for that reason that I have taken the liberty of sending for you."

"And may I ask what he has told you? I mean, of course, as regards myself," said Lucy.

Lady Lufton, before she answered this question, began to reflect that the young lady was taking too much of the initiative in this conversation, and was, in fact, playing the game in her own fashion, which was not at all in accordance with those motives which had induced Lady Lufton to send for her.

"He has told me that he made you an offer of marriage," replied Lady Lufton; "a matter which, of course, is very serious to me, as his mother;

and I have thought, therefore, that I had better see you, and appeal to your own good sense and judgment and high feeling. Of course you are aware ——"

Now was coming the lecture to be illustrated by King Cophetua and Griselda, as Lucy had suggested to Mrs. Robarts; but she succeeded in stopping it for awhile.

"And did Lord Lufton tell you what was my answer?"

"Not in words. But you yourself now say that you refused him; and I must express my admiration for your good ——"

"Wait half a moment, Lady Lufton. Your son did make me an offer. He made it to me in person, up at the parsonage, and I then refused him;—foolishly, as I now believe, for I dearly love him. But I did so from a mixture of feelings which I need not, perhaps, explain; that most prominent, no doubt, was a fear of your displeasure. And then he came again, not to me but to my brother, and urged his suit to him. Nothing can have been kinder to me, more noble, more loving, more generous, than his conduct. At first I thought, when he was speaking to myself, that he was led on thoughtlessly to say all that he did say. I did not trust his love, though I saw that he did trust it himself. But I could not but trust it when he came again—to my brother, and made his proposal to him. I don't know whether you will understand me, Lady Lufton; but a girl placed as I am feels ten times more assurance in such a tender of affection as that, than in one made to herself, at the spur of the moment, perhaps. And then you must remember that I—I myself—I loved him from the first. I was foolish enough to think that I could know him and not love him."

"I saw all that going on," said Lady Lufton, with a certain assumption of wisdom about her; "and took steps which I hoped would have put a stop to it in time."

"Everybody saw it. It was a matter of course," said Lucy, destroying her ladyship's wisdom at a blow. "Well; I did learn to love him, not meaning to do so; and I do love him with all my heart. It is no use my striving to think that I do not; and I could stand with him at the altar to-morrow and give him my hand, feeling that I was doing my duty by him, as a woman should do. And now he has told you of his love, and I believe in that as I do in my own——" And then for a moment she paused.

"But, my dear Miss Robarts——" began Lady Lufton.

Lucy, however, had now worked herself up into a condition of power, and would not allow her ladyship to interrupt her in her speech.

"I beg your pardon, Lady Lufton; I shall have done directly, and then I will hear you. And so my brother came to me, not urging this suit, expressing no wish for such a marriage, but allowing me to judge for myself, and proposing that I should see your son again on the following morning. Had I done so, I could not but have accepted him. Think of it, Lady Lufton. How could I have done other than accept him, seeing that in my heart I had accepted his love already?"

"Well?" said Lady Lufton, not wishing now to put in any speech of her own.

"I did not see him—I refused to do so—because I was a coward. I could not endure to come into this house as your son's wife, and be coldly looked on by your son's mother. Much as I loved him, much as I do love him, dearly as I prize the generous offer which he came down here to repeat to me, I could not live with him to be made the object of your scorn. I sent him word, therefore, that I would have him when you would ask me, and not before."

And then, having thus pleaded her cause—and pleaded as she believed the cause of her lover also, she ceased from speaking, and prepared herself to listen to the story of King Cophetua.

But Lady Lufton felt considerable difficulty in commencing her speech. In the first place she was by no means a hard-hearted or a selfish woman; and were it not that her own son was concerned, and all the glory which was reflected upon her from her son, her sympathies would have been given to Lucy Robarts. As it was, she did sympathize with her, and admire her, and to a certain extent like her. She began also to understand what it was that had brought about her son's love, and to feel that but for certain unfortunate concomitant circumstances the girl before her might have made a fitting Lady Lufton. Lucy had grown bigger in her eyes while sitting there and talking, and had lost much of that missish want of importance—that lack of social weight which Lady Lufton in her own opinion had always imputed to her. A girl that could thus speak up and explain her own position now, would be able to speak up and explain her own, and perhaps some other positions at any future time.

But not for all, or any of these reasons did Lady Lufton think of giving way. The power of making or marring this marriage was placed in her hands, as was very fitting, and that power it behoved her to use, as best she might use it, to her son's advantage. Much as she might admire Lucy, she could not sacrifice her son to that admiration. The unfortunate concomitant circumstances still remained, and were of sufficient force, as she thought, to make such a marriage inexpedient. Lucy was the sister of a gentleman, who by his peculiar position as parish clergyman of Framley was unfitted to be the brother-in-law of the owner of Framley. Nobody liked clergymen better than Lady Lufton, or was more willing to live with them on terms of affectionate intimacy, but she could not get over the feeling that the clergyman of her own parish,—or of her son's,—was a part of her own establishment, of her own appanage,—or of his,—and that it could not be well that Lord Lufton should marry among his own—dependants. Lady Lufton would not have used the word, but she did think it. And then, too, Lucy's education had been so deficient. She had had no one about her in early life accustomed to the ways of,——of what shall I say, without making Lady Lufton appear more worldly than she was? Lucy's wants in this respect, not to be defined in words, had been exemplified by the very way in which she had just now stated

her case. She had shown talent, good temper, and sound judgment; but there had been no quiet, no repose about her. The species of power in young ladies which Lady Lufton most admired was the *vis inertiæ* belonging to beautiful and dignified reticence; of this poor Lucy had none. Then, too, she had no fortune, which, though a minor evil, was an evil; and she had no birth, in the high-life sense of the word, which was a greater evil. And then, though her eyes had sparkled when she confessed her love, Lady Lufton was not prepared to admit that she was possessed of positive beauty. Such were the unfortunate concomitant circumstances which still induced Lady Lufton to resolve that the match must be marred.

But the performance of her part in this play was much more difficult than she had imagined, and she found herself obliged to sit silent for a minute or two, during which, however, Miss Robarts made no attempt at further speech.

"I am greatly struck," Lady Lufton said at last, "by the excellent sense you have displayed in the whole of this affair; and you must allow me to say, Miss Robarts, that I now regard you with very different feelings from those which I entertained when I left London." Upon this Lucy bowed her head, slightly but very stiffly; acknowledging rather the former censure implied than the present eulogium expressed.

"But my feelings," continued Lady Lufton, "my strongest feelings in this matter must be those of a mother. What might be my conduct if such a marriage did take place, I need not now consider. But I must confess that I should think such a marriage very—very ill judged. A better hearted young man than Lord Lufton does not exist, nor one with better principles, or a deeper regard for his word; but he is exactly the man to be mistaken in any hurried outlook as to his future life. Were you and he to become man and wife, such a marriage would tend to the happiness neither of him nor of you."

It was clear that the whole lecture was now coming; and as Lucy had openly declared her own weakness, and thrown all the power of decision into the hands of Lady Lufton, she did not see why she should endure this.

"We need not argue about that, Lady Lufton," she said. "I have told you the only circumstances under which I would marry your son; and you, at any rate, are safe."

"No; I was not wishing to argue," answered Lady Lufton, almost humbly; "but I was desirous of excusing myself to you, so that you should not think me cruel in withholding my consent. I wished to make you believe that I was doing the best for my son."

"I am sure that you think you are, and therefore no excuse is necessary."

"No; exactly; of course it is a matter of opinion, and I do think so. I cannot believe that this marriage would make either of you happy, and therefore I should be very wrong to express my consent."

"Then, Lady Lufton," said Lucy, rising from her chair, "I suppose

we have both now said what is necessary, and I will therefore wish you good-bye."

"Good-bye, Miss Robarts. I wish I could make you understand how very highly I regard your conduct in this matter. It has been above all praise, and so I shall not hesitate to say when speaking of it to your relatives." This was disagreeable enough to Lucy, who cared but little for any praise which Lady Lufton might express to her relatives in this matter. "And pray," continued Lady Lufton, "give my best love to Mrs. Robarts, and tell her that I shall hope to see her over here very soon, and Mr. Robarts also. I would name a day for you all to dine, but perhaps it will be better that I should have a little talk with Fanny first."

Lucy muttered something, which was intended to signify that any such dinner-party had better not be made up with the intention of including her, and then took her leave. She had decidedly had the best of the interview, and there was a consciousness of this in her heart as she allowed Lady Lufton to shake hands with her. She had stopped her antagonist short on each occasion on which an attempt had been made to produce the homily which had been prepared, and during the interview had spoken probably three words for every one which her ladyship had been able to utter. But, nevertheless, there was a bitter feeling of disappointment about her heart as she walked back home; and a feeling, also, that she herself had caused her own unhappiness. Why should she have been so romantic and chivalrous and self-sacrificing, seeing that her romance and chivalry had all been to his detriment as well as to hers,—seeing that she sacrificed him as well as herself? Why should she have been so anxious to play into Lady Lufton's hands? It was not because she thought it right, as a general social rule, that a lady should refuse a gentleman's hand, unless the gentleman's mother were a consenting party to the marriage. She would have held any such doctrine as absurd. The lady, she would have said, would have had to look to her own family and no further. It was not virtue but cowardice which had influenced her, and she had none of that solace which may come to us in misfortune from a consciousness that our own conduct has been blameless. Lady Lufton had inspired her with awe, and any such feeling on her part was mean, ignoble, and unbecoming the spirit with which she wished to think that she was endowed. That was the accusation which she brought against herself, and it forbade her to feel any triumph as to the result of her interview.

When she reached the parsonage, Mark was there, and they were of course expecting her. "Well," said she, in her short, hurried manner, "is Puck ready again? I have no time to lose, and I must go and pack up a few things. Have you settled about the children, Fanny?"

"Yes; I will tell you directly; but you have seen Lady Lufton?"

"Seen her! Oh, yes, of course I have seen her. Did she not send for me? and in that case it was not on the cards that I should disobey her."

"And what did she say?"

"How green you are, Mark; and not only green, but impolite also, to make me repeat the story of my own disgrace. Of course she told me that she did not intend that I should marry my lord, her son; and of course I said that under those circumstances I should not think of doing such a thing."

"Lucy, I cannot understand you," said Fanny, very gravely. "I am sometimes inclined to doubt whether you have any deep feeling in the matter or not. If you have, how can you bring yourself to joke about it?"

"Well, it is singular; and sometimes I doubt myself whether I have. I ought to be pale, ought I not? and very thin, and to go mad by degrees? I have not the least intention of doing anything of the kind, and, therefore, the matter is not worth any further notice."

"But was she civil to you, Lucy?" asked Mark; "civil in her manner, you know?"

"Oh, uncommonly so. You will hardly believe it, but she actually asked me to dine. She always does, you know, when she wants to show her good-humour. If you'd broken your leg, and she wished to commiserate you, she'd ask you to dinner."

"I suppose she meant to be kind," said Fanny, who was not disposed to give up her old friend, though she was quite ready to fight Lucy's battle, if there were any occasion for a battle to be fought.

"Lucy is so perverse," said Mark, "that it is impossible to learn from her what really has taken place."

"Upon my word, then, you know it all as well as I can tell you. She asked me if Lord Lufton had made me an offer. I said, yes. She asked next, if I meant to accept it. Not without her approval, I said. And then she asked us all to dinner. That is exactly what took place, and I cannot see that I have been perverse at all." After that she threw herself into a chair, and Mark and Fanny stood looking at each other.

"Mark," she said, after a while, "don't be unkind to me. I make as little of it as I can, for all our sakes. It is better so, Fanny, than that I should go about moaning, like a sick cow;" and then they looked at her, and saw that the tears were already brimming over from her eyes.

"Dearest, dearest Lucy," said Fanny, immediately going down on her knees before her, "I won't be unkind to you again." And then they had a great cry together.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

Kidnapping at Hogglestock.

The great cry, however, did not take long, and Lucy was soon in the pony-carriage again. On this occasion her brother volunteered to drive her, and it was now understood that he was to bring back with him all the

Crawley children. The whole thing had been arranged; the groom and his wife were to be taken into the house, and the big bedroom across the yard, usually occupied by them, was to be converted into a quarantine hospital until such time as it might be safe to pull down the yellow flag. They were about half way on their road to Hogglestock when they were overtaken by a man on horseback, whom, when he came up beside them, Mr. Robarts recognized as Dr. Arabin, Dean of Barchester, and head of the chapter to which he himself belonged. It immediately appeared that the dean also was going to Hogglestock, having heard of the misfortune that had befallen his friends there; he had, he said, started as soon as the news reached him, in order that he might ascertain how best he might render assistance. To effect this he had undertaken a ride of nearly forty miles, and explained that he did not expect to reach home again much before midnight.

"You pass by Framley?" said Robarts.

"Yes, I do," said the dean.

"Then of course you will dine with us as you go home; you and your horse also, which will be quite as important." This having been duly settled, and the proper ceremony of introduction having taken place between the dean and Lucy, they proceeded to discuss the character of Mr. Crawley.

"I have known him all my life," said the dean, "having been at school and college with him, and for years since that I was on terms of the closest intimacy with him; but in spite of that, I do not know how to help him in his need. A prouder-hearted man I never met, or one less willing to share his sorrows with his friends."

"I have often heard him speak of you," said Mark.

"One of the bitterest feelings I have is that a man so dear to me should live so near to me, and that I should see so little of him. But what can I do? He will not come to my house; and when I go to his he is angry with me because I wear a shovel hat and ride on horseback."

"I should leave my hat and my horse at the borders of the last parish," said Lucy, timidly.

"Well; yes, certainly; one ought not to give offence even in such matters as that; but my coat and waistcoat would then be equally objectionable. I have changed,—in outward matters I mean, and he has not. That irritates him, and unless I could be what I was in the old days, he will not look at me with the same eyes;" and then he rode on, in order, as he said, that the first pang of the interview might be over before Robarts and his sister came upon the scene.

Mr. Crawley was standing before his door, leaning over the little wooden railing, when the dean trotted up on his horse. He had come out after hours of close watching to get a few mouthfuls of the sweet summer air, and as he stood there he held the youngest of his children in his arms. The poor little baby sat there, quiet indeed, but hardly happy. This

father, though he loved his offspring with an affection as intense as that which human nature can supply, was not gifted with the knack of making children fond of him; for it is hardly more than a knack, that aptitude which some men have of gaining the good graces of the young. Such men are not always the best fathers or the safest guardians; but they carry about with them a certain duc ad me which children recognize, and which in three minutes upsets all the barriers between five and five-and-forty. But Mr. Crawley was a stern man, thinking ever of the souls and minds of his bairns—as a father should do; and thinking also that every season was fitted for operating on these souls and minds—as, perhaps, he should not have done either as a father or as a teacher. And consequently his children avoided him when the choice was given them, thereby adding fresh wounds to his torn heart, but by no means quenching any of the great love with which he regarded them.

He was standing there thus with a placid little baby in his arms—a baby placid enough, but one that would not kiss him eagerly, and stroke his face with her soft little hands, as he would have had her do—when he saw the dean coming towards him. He was sharp-sighted as a lynx out in the open air, though now obliged to pore over his well-fingered books with spectacles on his nose; and thus he knew his friend from a long distance, and had time to meditate the mode of his greeting. He too doubtless had come, if not with jelly and chicken, then with money and advice;—with money and advice such as a thriving dean might offer to a poor brother clergyman; and Mr. Crawley, though no husband could possibly be more anxious for a wife's safety than he was, immediately put his back up and began to bethink himself how these tenders might be rejected.

"How is she?" were the first words which the dean spoke as he pulled up his horse close to the little gate, and put out his hand to take that of his friend.

"How are you, Arabin?" said he. "It is very kind of you to come so far, seeing how much there is to keep you at Barchester. I cannot say that she is any better, but I do not know that she is worse. Sometimes I fancy that she is delirious, though I hardly know. At any rate her mind wanders, and then after that she sleeps."

"But is the fever less?"

"Sometimes less and sometimes more, I imagine."

"And the children?"

"Poor things; they are well as yet."

"They must be taken from this, Crawley, as a matter of course."

Mr. Crawley fancied that there was a tone of authority in the dean's advice, and immediately put himself into opposition.

"I do not know how that may be; I have not yet made up my mind."

"But, my dear Crawley ——"

"Providence does not admit of such removals in all cases," said he. "Among the poorer classes the children must endure such perils."

"In many cases it is so," said the dean, by no means inclined to make an argument of it at the present moment; "but in this case they need not. You must allow me to make arrangements for sending for them, as of course your time is occupied here."

Miss Robarts, though she had mentioned her intention of staying with Mrs. Crawley, had said nothing of the Framley plan with reference to the children.

"What you mean is that you intend to take the burden off my shoulders—in fact, to pay for them. I cannot allow that, Arabin. They must take the lot of their father and their mother, as it is proper that they should do."

Again the dean had no inclination for arguing, and thought it might be well to let the question of the children drop for a little while.

"And is there no nurse with her?" said he.

"No, no; I am seeing to her myself at the present moment. A woman will be here just now."

"What woman?"

"Well; her name is Mrs. Stubbs; she lives in the parish. She will put the younger children to bed, and—and—— but it's no use troubling you with all that. There was a young lady talked of coming, but no doubt she has found it too inconvenient. It will be better as it is."

"You mean Miss Robarts; she will be here directly; I passed her as I came here;" and as Dr. Arabin was yet speaking, the noise of the carriage wheels were heard upon the road.

"I will go in now," said Mr. Crawley, "and see if she still sleeps;" and then he entered the house, leaving the dean at the door still seated upon his horse. "He will be afraid of the infection, and I will not ask him to come in," said Mr. Crawley to himself.

"I shall seem to be prying into his poverty, if I enter unasked," said the dean to himself. And so he remained there till Puck, now acquainted with the locality, stopped at the door.

"Have you not been in?" said Robarts.

"No; Crawley has been at the door talking to me; he will be here directly, I suppose;" and then Mark Robarts also prepared himself to wait till the master of the house should reappear.

But Lucy had no such punctilious misgivings; she did not much care now whether she offended Mr. Crawley or no. Her idea was to place herself by the sick woman's bedside, and to send the four children away;—with their father's consent if it might be; but certainly without it if that consent were withheld. So she got down from the carriage, and taking certain packages in her hand made her way direct into the house.

"There's a big bundle under the seat, Mark," she said; "I'll come and fetch it directly, if you'll drag it out."

For some five minutes the two dignitaries of the church remained at the doors, one on his cob and the other in his low carriage, saying a few words to each other and waiting till some one should again appear from

the house. "It is all arranged, indeed it is," were the first words which reached their ears, and these came from Lucy. "There will be no trouble at all, and no expense, and they shall all come back as soon as Mrs. Crawley is able to get out of bed."

"But, Miss Robarts, I can assure ——" That was Mr. Crawley's voice, heard from him as he followed Miss Robarts to the door; but one of the elder children had then called him into the sick room, and Lucy was left to do her worst.

"Are you going to take the children back with you?" said the dean.

"Yes; Mrs. Robarts has prepared for them."

"You can take greater liberties with my friend here than I can."

"It is all my sister's doing," said Robarts. "Women are always bolder in such matters than men." And then Lucy reappeared, bringing Bobby with her, and one of the younger children.

"Do not mind what he says," said she, "but drive away when you have got them all. Tell Fanny I have put into the basket what things I could find, but they are very few. She must borrow things for Grace from Mrs. Granger's little girl"—(Mrs. Granger was the wife of a Framley farmer);—"and, Mark, turn Puck's head round, so that you may be off in a moment. I'll have Grace and the other one here directly." And then, leaving her brother to pack Bobby and his little sister on the back part of the vehicle, she returned to her business in the house. She had just looked in at Mrs. Crawley's bed, and finding her awake, had smiled on her, and deposited her bundle in token of her intended stay, and then, without speaking a word, had gone on her errand about the children. She had called to Grace to show her where she might find such things as were to be taken to Framley, and having explained to the bairns, as well as she might, the destiny which immediately awaited them, prepared them for their departure without saying a word to Mr. Crawley on the subject. Bobby and the elder of the two infants were stowed away safely in the back part of the carriage, where they allowed themselves to be placed without saying a word. They opened their eyes and stared at the dean, who sat by on his horse, and assented to such orders as Mr. Robarts gave them,—no doubt with much surprise, but nevertheless in absolute silence.

"Now, Grace, be quick, there's a dear," said Lucy, returning with the infant in her arms. "And, Grace, mind you are very careful about baby; and bring the basket; I'll give it you when you are in." Grace and the other child were then packed on to the other seat, and a basket with children's clothes put in on the top of them. "That'll do, Mark; good-bye; tell Fanny to be sure and send the day after to-morrow, and not to forget——" and then she whispered into her brother's ear an injunction about certain dairy comforts which might not be spoken of in the hearing of Mr. Crawley. "Good-bye, dears; mind you are good children; you shall hear about mamma the day after to-morrow," said Lucy; and Puck, admonished by a sound from his master's voice, began to move just as Mr. Crawley reappeared at the house door.

"Oh, oh, stop!" he said. "Miss Robarts, you really had better not——"

"Go on, Mark," said Lucy, in a whisper, which, whether audible or not by Mr. Crawley, was heard very plainly by the dean. And Mark, who had slightly arrested Puck by the reins on the appearance of Mr. Crawley, now touched the impatient little beast with his whip; and the vehicle with its freight darted off rapidly, Puck shaking his head and going away with a tremendously quick short trot which soon separated Mr. Crawley from his family.

"Miss Robarts," he began, "this step has been taken altogether without——"

"Yes," said she, interrupting him. "My brother was obliged to return at once. The children, you know, will remain all together at the parsonage; and that, I think, is what Mrs. Crawley will best like. In a day or two they will be under Mrs. Robarts's own charge."

"But, my dear Miss Robarts, I had no intention whatever of putting the burden of my family on the shoulders of another person. They must return to their own home immediately—that is, as soon as they can be brought back."

"I really think Miss Robarts has managed very well," said the dean. "Mrs. Crawley must be so much more comfortable to think that they are out of danger."

"And they will be quite comfortable at the parsonage," said Lucy.

"I do not at all doubt that," said Mr. Crawley; "but too much of such comforts will unfit them for their home; and—and I could have wished that I had been consulted more at leisure before the proceeding had been taken."

"It was arranged, Mr. Crawley, when I was here before, that the children had better go away," pleaded Lucy.

"I do not remember agreeing to such a measure, Miss Robarts; however —— I suppose they cannot be had back to-night?"

"No, not to-night," said Lucy. "And now I will go in to your wife." And then she returned to the house, leaving the two gentlemen at the door. At this moment a labourer's boy came sauntering by, and the dean obtaining possession of his services for the custody of his horse, was able to dismount and put himself on a more equal footing for conversation with his friend.

"Crawley," said he, putting his hand affectionately on his friend's shoulder, as they both stood leaning on the little rail before the door; "that is a good girl—a very good girl."

"Yes," said he slowly; "she means well."

"Nay, but she does well; she does excellently. What can be better than her conduct now? While I was meditating how I might possibly assist your wife in this strait——"

"I want no assistance; none, at least, from man," said Crawley, bitterly.

"Oh, my friend, think of what you are saying! Think of the wickedness which must accompany such a state of mind! Have you ever known any man able to walk alone, without assistance from his brother men?"

Mr. Crawley did not make any immediate answer, but putting his arms behind his back and closing his hands, as was his wont when he walked alone thinking of the general bitterness of his lot in life, began to move slowly along the road in front of his house. He did not invite the other to walk with him, but neither was there anything in his manner which seemed to indicate that he had intended to be left to himself. It was a beautiful summer afternoon, at that delicious period of the year when summer has just burst forth from the growth of spring; when the summer is yet but three days old, and all the various shades of green which nature can put forth are still in their unsoiled purity of freshness. The apple blossoms were on the trees, and the hedges were sweet with May. The cuckoo at five o'clock was still sounding his soft summer call with unabated energy, and even the common grasses of the hedgerows were sweet with the fragrance of their new growth. The foliage of the oaks was complete, so that every bough and twig was clothed; but the leaves did not yet hang heavy in masses, and the bend of every bough and the tapering curve of every twig were visible through their light green covering. There is no time of the year equal in beauty to the first week in summer; and no colour which nature gives, not even the gorgeous hues of autumn, which can equal the verdure produced by the first warm suns of May.

Hogglestock, as has been explained, has little to offer in the way of landskip beauty, and the clergyman's house at Hogglestock was not placed on a green slopy bank of land, retired from the road, with its windows opening on to a lawn, surrounded by shrubs, with a view of the small church tower seen through them; it had none of that beauty which is so common to the cozy houses of our spiritual pastors in the agricultural parts of England. Hogglestock Parsonage stood bleak beside the road, with no pretty paling lined inside by hollies and laburnum, Portugal laurels and rose-trees. But, nevertheless, even Hogglestock was pretty now. There were apple-trees there covered with blossom, and the hedgerows were in full flower. There were thrushes singing, and here and there an oak-tree stood in the roadside, perfect in its solitary beauty.

"Let us walk on a little," said the dean. "Miss Robarts is with her now, and you will be better for leaving the room for a few minutes."

"No," said he; "I must go back; I cannot leave that young lady to do my work."

"Stop, Crawley!" And the dean, putting his hand upon him, stayed him in the road. "She is doing her own work, and if you were speaking of her with reference to any other household than your own, you would say so. Is it not a comfort to you to know that your wife has a woman near her at such a time as this; and a woman, too, who can speak to her as one lady does to another?"

"These are comforts which we have no right to expect. I could not have done much for poor Mary; but what a man could have done should not have been wanting."

"I am sure of it; I know it well. What any man could do by him-

self you would do—excepting one thing." And the dean as he spoke looked full into the other's face.

"And what is there I would not do?" said Crawley.

"Sacrifice your own pride."

"My pride?"

"Yes; your own pride."

"I have had but little pride this many a day. Arabin, you do not know what my life has been. How is a man to be proud who——" And then he stopped himself, not wishing to go through the catalogue of those grievances, which, as he thought, had killed the very germs of pride within him, or to insist by spoken words on his poverty, his wants, and the injustice of his position. "No; I wish I could be proud; but the world has been too heavy to me, and I have forgotten all that."

"How long have I known you, Crawley?"

"How long? Ah dear! a life-time nearly, now."

"And we were like brothers once."

"Yes; we were equal as brothers then—in our fortunes, our tastes, and our modes of life."

"And yet you would begrudge me the pleasure of putting my hand in my pocket, and relieving the inconveniences which have been thrown on you, and those you love better than yourself, by the chances of your fate in life."

"I will live on no man's charity," said Crawley, with an abruptness which amounted almost to an expression of anger.

"And is not that pride?"

"No—yes;—it is a species of pride, but not that pride of which you spoke. A man cannot be honest if he have not some pride. You yourself;—would you not rather starve than become a beggar?"

"I would rather beg than see my wife starve," said Arabin.

Crawley when he heard these words turned sharply round, and stood with his back to the dean, with his hands still behind him, and with his eyes fixed upon the ground.

"But in this case there is no question of begging," continued the dean. "I, out of those superfluities which it has pleased God to put at my disposal, am anxious to assist the needs of those whom I love."

"She is not starving," said Crawley, in a voice very bitter, but still intended to be exculpatory of himself.

"No, my dear friend; I know she is not, and do not you be angry with me because I have endeavoured to put the matter to you in the strongest language I could use."

"You look at it, Arabin, from one side only; I can only look at it from the other. It is very sweet to give; I do not doubt that. But the taking of what is given is very bitter. Gift bread chokes in a man's throat and poisons his blood, and sits like lead upon the heart. You have never tried it."

"But that is the very fault for which I blame you. That is the pride which I say you ought to sacrifice."

"And why should I be called on to do so? Is not the labourer worthy of his hire? Am I not able to work, and willing? Have I not always had my shoulder to the collar, and is it right that I should now be contented with the scraps from a rich man's kitchen? Arabin, you and I were equal once and we were then friends, understanding each other's thoughts and sympathizing with each other's sorrows. But it cannot be so now."

"If there be such inability, it is all with you."

"It is all with me,—because in our connection the pain would all be on my side. It would not hurt you to see me at your table with worn shoes and a ragged shirt. I do not think so meanly of you as that. You would give me your feast to eat though I were not clad a tithe as well as the menial behind your chair. But it would hurt me to know that there were those looking at me who thought me unfit to sit in your rooms."

"That is the pride of which I speak;—false pride."

"Call it so if you will; but, Arabin, no preaching of yours can alter it. It is all that is left to me of my manliness. That poor broken reed who is lying there sick,—who has sacrificed all the world to her love for me, who is the mother of my children, and the partner of my sorrows and the wife of my-bosom,—even she cannot change me in this, though she pleads with the eloquence of all her wants. Not even for her can I hold out my hand for a dole."

They had now come back to the door of the house, and Mr. Crawley, hardly conscious of what he was doing, was preparing to enter.

"Will Mrs. Crawley be able to see me if I come in?" said the dean.

"Oh, stop; no; you had better not do so," said Mr. Crawley. "You, no doubt, might be subject to infection, and then Mrs. Arabin would be frightened."

"I do not care about it in the least," said the dean.

"But it is of no use; you had better not. Her room, I fear, is quite unfit for you to see; and the whole house, you know, may be infected."

Dr. Arabin by this time was in the sitting-room; but seeing that his friend was really anxious that he should not go farther, he did not persist.

"It will be a comfort to us, at any rate, to know that Miss Robarts is with her."

"The young lady is very good—very good indeed," said Crawley; "but I trust she will return to her home to-morrow. It is impossible that she should remain in so poor a house as mine. There will be nothing here of all the things that she will want."

The dean thought that Lucy Robarts's wants during her present occupation of nursing would not be so numerous as to make her continued sojourn in Mrs. Crawley's sick room impossible, and therefore took his leave with a satisfied conviction that the poor lady would not be left wholly to the somewhat unskilful nursing of her husband.

Ariadne at Naxos.

I.

High upon the Hill of Drios,*
As the day began to waken,
All alone sat Ariadne,
Watching, weary, and forsaken:
With her dark dishevelled tresses
Dank with dewdrops of the night,
And her face all wan and haggard,
Still she waited on the height:
Watching, praying that the morning
Might reveal her love returning,
Swiftly o'er the quivering water;
To the lonely isle returning,
And the king's deserted daughter.

II.

From her couch of Orient forests—
From the chamber of her rest—
Came, with queenly step, the Morning,
Journeying onward to the West:
And the glory of her presence
Ting'd the sea and filled the air,
Smote the lofty Hill of Drios,
And the lonely watcher there;
Yet no bark across the water
Came to lighten her despair.
But with sighing of the pine-trees,
By the low wind gently shaken—
All day long in mournful snatches
Rose the plaint of Ariadne,
Watching, weary, and forsaken.

* A lofty hill on the island of Naxos, from the summit of which twenty-two islands, as well as the opposite shore of Asia Minor, may be seen.

ARIADNE.

III.

"In vain! in vain! The seventh bright day
Is breaking o'er yon eastern land,
That mid the light—a long dark band—
Lies dim and shadowy far away;
And still from morn till eve I've scann'd
That weary sea from strand to strand,
To mark his sail against the spray.
In vain! in vain! The morning ray
Shows not his bark mid all the seas,
Tho' I may trace from where I stand,
All the flowery Cyclades.

"Seven days! But oh! how tardily
Those lonely hours have crept away!
And yet it seems but yesterday
That, sailing o'er the Cretan Sea,
I watch'd the melting shadows gray,
And hail'd the dawn as emblem gay
Of all the rapture yet to be,
When I with him should wander free,
Through fair Ilissus' bowers of green.
But now my love has gone for aye,
And I am left alone alway,
To brood o'er all that might have been!

"Oh! had I to the shadows pass'd,
Before the dark-eyed stranger came
To light with love the fatal flame
That aye will burn within my breast!
The maids of Crete had named my name,
Nor thought of love, nor yet of shame,
But of a sister pure and chaste,
In Death's cold arms untimely pressed,
And all from joy and sorrow reft:
He might have lived his life of fame,
And I had ne'er been loved and left!

"Or had the North Wind woke from sleep,
As with our dark sails all outspread,
Across the southern wave we fled,—
Down in the great Sea's twilight deep,
Some silent grot had been our bed,
Where many a long-hair'd Nereïd,
With ocean-flowers all garlanded,

Had knelt by our low couch to weep:
But softly o'er the brine the breeze did creep,
Bearing us all too gently on our way;
While I of strong Poseidon pray'd
To guard the life I mourn to-day!

"Ye memories of days gone by
Ere clouds of woe began to lower,
When life stretch'd all so bright before,
And love was warm and hope was high;—
Of moonlight nights beside the shore,
When by the infinite heaven he swore,
And every star that gemm'd it o'er,—
That love like his could never die:
Unbidden guests of mine adversity!
Dead hopes and haunting memories of the Past,
That cling about my heart for evermore—
Oh! to forget you all, and die and be at rest!

"For rest alone awaiteth me
Beyond Death's portal dark and grim,
Where Nature whispers that I soon shall be;
For robes of rest I cannot see
Seem folding round each languid limb:
My weary eyes are waxing dim,
Scarce may I hear the evening hymn
The birds are chanting joyously:—
But oh! for one more glimpse of thee,
Theseus! before mine eyelids sink for aye,—
Or of thy sail beneath the westering day,
O'er the horizon's utmost rim,
Looming far away!"

IV.

Darkness o'er land and sea resum'd her sway,
The fair Moon rose, dispensing silvery light,
And softly fell the tears of mother Night
O'er the outwearied watcher where she lay,
Till in the Orient dawned again the Day,
And all for joy o'er his triumphant birth,
Arose the hymnèd praises of the Earth:
The River murmured, rolling on his way,
The wind-swept Forest sigh'd, and carols gay
The wild bird litted from the dewy brake—
But Ariadne sleeps, and never more shall wake!

The History of a Fable.

AN EPISODE FROM THE HISTORY OF LITERATURE.

When we compare closely the literary history of different peoples and ages, we cannot fail to remark how little of what is supposed to be nationally characteristic is really new, and how much is but a repetition, or at most but a development, of something which has existed before. It would appear almost as though the germs of certain forms of literary conception existed naturally in the human mind, and only awaited the genial impulse from without which was to bring them forth; while other forms pass, often by routes which we can no longer trace, from people to people, receiving more or less development in their onward progress. The literature itself is a long existing—a primitive and enduring—fact, while that which constitutes temporary or national character is an accidental modification. The case of dramatic literature, which at first glance would seem least capable of being reconciled with this fact, is indeed an apt example of the first of these classes of development, that of natural growth; for though the modern drama and the drama of antiquity are sufficiently alike to have been one imitated from the other, yet nothing is more certain than that they are perfectly independent formations, each having originated similarly in primæval religious ceremonies, and gone through a very similar course of growth. The development of modern dramatic literature had been almost completed, before the moderns had any intimate knowledge of the ancient theatre. We are, of course, here using the word modern in contradistinction to antiquity, in the usual historical sense of the word, and include under it the middle ages. We shall best display the history of the other, the migratory class of popular literature, by tracing it in one of its simplest forms; and perhaps we could not give a better example than that which is presented in *the history of a fable.*

That a fable is a class of literature not altogether to be despised even in the present age, is a fact which has been proclaimed to the world by a minister of state, our present home secretary, Sir George Cornewall Lewis, in a scholar-like edition of the Greek fables of Babrius, which, it may be added by the way, have just been carefully translated into English verse by another classical scholar who is favourably known to the world, the Rev. James Davies. Sir George holds that the fable originated in Greece, but his arguments appear to us by no means conclusive, and we are inclined to adopt a different opinion. The characteristic feature of this class of stories—which consists in making animals act, reason, and talk, like men—is itself so singular, and so contrary to universal experience, that we

can only imagine it to have been invented in a peculiar condition of the popular intelligence; and such a condition, as far as we know, is presented to us alone in the religious creed of the metempsychosis, or transmigration of souls, held by the ancient inhabitants of India. It is exactly in the literature of this people that we find what appear to be the oldest fables known; and these fables have a peculiar character of their own which identifies them with the people and the country. In such of them as are identical with the ancient or mediæval fables current in Europe, we see at once, on a comparison, the change which has taken place in their transmission to accommodate the difference of circumstances in their new location; and this has sometimes so modified the story, as to render it only fully intelligible when we can recur to the original. Thus, an old European story tells us how six men played a trick upon a country-fellow, who was carrying a lamb for sale in the market. They agree to meet him one by one, and to persist in the same story that it was a dog he was carrying, and not a lamb. In the sequel, the astonishment of the rustic becomes so great that he lets them carry off the lamb in triumph. It must be confessed that there is not much point in this story; but when we look to its Indian original, we have no further difficulty in understanding it. There the victim is a Brahmin, who is carrying in his arms a goat intended for a religious sacrifice, when he meets three robbers, who, by a previous arrangement, one after another, and apparently without complicity, call the goat a dog. Now a dog was, in the Brahminical creed, an unclean animal, and the moment the Brahmin's belief in the kind of animal he carried was shaken, he threw it down in horror, and fled. Again, in the well-known story, current in almost every country of mediæval Europe, and localized as a Welsh legend at Beddgelert, on the slopes of Snowdon, of the man who had slaughtered his favourite hound in the hasty belief that it had caused the death of his child, but discovered, when too late, that the dog had, on the contrary, saved the child's life by killing a serpent which had attempted to destroy it, there is something not much in accordance with European sentiments in the notion of a dog killing a serpent. But in the original story in the Sanscrit, it is a favourite mangoust, or ichneumon, for which a dog has been substituted in the European version of the story. This change makes all clear; for among the ancient Hindoos the mangoust was domesticated like a cat, and served the same purpose of killing rats and mice; and we know that that animal, when in a wild state, kills and eats serpents. Every reader will remember the old Æsopean fable of "The Cat and the Goddess Venus." A cat fell in love with a handsome young man, and petitioned the goddess to change her into a beautiful woman. Venus granted her prayer, and the cat, thus metamorphosed, was espoused to the object of her admiration; but one day, as they were fondling on a couch, Venus, rather maliciously, let loose a mouse in the room, which the transformed cat no sooner saw, than she sprang from the couch, and pursued to kill and eat it. The goddess, indignant at seeing that she had preserved an instinct so unbecoming in a lady, restored her

at once to her original shape. "This fable," says the moral, "shows that men who are naturally bad, although they change condition and place, never change their manners." The story, as thus told, is but a clumsy one, and is certainly a very far-fetched illustration of its moral, while it is not at all accordant with Greek notions. But let us turn to the east, and the whole difficulty is cleared up. The fable is found in the earliest Sanscrit collections, where it certainly differs very much in form from its Greek representative. A holy hermit was walking one day by the side of a fountain, when a mouse, dropped accidentally from the beak of a raven, fell at his feet. Moved with pity, he took it up and carried it home; and not liking its shape of a mouse, he prayed his god to change it into a little girl; and his prayer was granted. Under the holy hermit's care, the little girl in due time became a young woman, ready for marriage; and one day he said to her, "Choose in all nature the being you desire, and I promise you that he shall be your husband." "I desire," said the damsel, "a husband so strong, that he cannot be conquered." The hermit imagined that the sun was the strongest of beings, and went immediately to ask him to take his *protégée* for a wife. The sun excused himself, alleging that he was not so strong as the cloud, inasmuch as the latter could prevent him from shining. The hermit then addressed himself to the cloud; but the cloud similarly yielded the palm of superiority in strength to the wind, which blew him this way, and that way, at will. The wind, who did not seem to approve the match any more than those to whom it had been offered before, said that he was not so strong as the mountain, who often broke his force; and the mountain yielded the superiority to the rat, who, he said, made holes into his side whether he would or not, and penetrated to his entrails. When the holy hermit addressed himself to the rat, the latter accepted the offer of marriage at once, adding that he had been long seeking a wife. The holy hermit felt somewhat humiliated by the turn things had taken; but he returned to his home in full belief that the young lady would reject this proposal in disgust. When, however, he found that she was not only willing to accept it, but that she was actually impatient for the union, he became so indignant, that he prayed his god to change her again into a mouse; and his petition, as before, was granted. All this is perfectly consistent with the creed of the ancient Hindoos.

The fable, indeed, appears to have been indigenous only to the people of India. The Persians and Arabs received it from them at known periods; and, although a French scholar of the last generation has rather ingeniously supposed that the book of Proverbs is only a collection of the moralizations to a large book of fables written by Solomon, it seems doubtful if what is properly called a fable existed in the ancient literature of the Hebrews. The biblical examples, in Judges (ix. 7) and 2 Kings (xiv. 9), in which trees are introduced, may be considered as allegories rather than as true fables. In the national literature of the Anglo-Saxons, which is the only existing representative of that of the Teutonic race in its oldest and purest

form, there is no trace of the fable; and it was probably alike unknown to the Celts. But we find it at a rather remote period in Greece. One of the earliest of Greek poets, Hesiod, who has been carried back to a date of almost fabulous antiquity, quotes the well-known fable of the nightingale and the hawk, one of the first of the common collection of Æsop's fables. Herodotus, in the fifth century before Christ, introduces Cyrus quoting to the Ætolians the fable of the fisherman who played on his flute to the fishes, which is also one of the Æsopean collection. From this time these fables are frequently referred to in the Greek writers, who sometimes quote them by the name of Æsop; and there can be no doubt of the existence in Greece, before the Christian era, of a collection of such fables under that name. The earliest collection now known to exist is that of Phædrus, the freedman of Augustus, who professes to have translated into Latin verse from Æsop's original; but his language may leave room for a doubt whether he really translated from a written collection of fables professing to be the work of Æsop, or only made a collection of Æsopean fables, and published them in Latin verse. The earliest Greek collection of these fables is that already alluded to, which bears the name of Babrius, and which has only come to the knowledge of modern scholars in our own time. Sir George Cornewall Lewis, we think, rightly supposes Babrius to have lived at the close of the second century after Christ; and he also professes only to have translated Æsop's fables into Greek choliambic verse: but his language on the subject is equally equivocal with that of Phædrus. The book of Æsop's fables in Greek prose, with which we are all so well acquainted, is no doubt a compilation of a much later date; and the still later life of Æsop is a greater fable than all the rest. The result of modern historical research has been to raise a strong spirit of incredulity; and it is wonderful how many things we are now-a-days obliged to disbelieve, in which our predecessors put implicit faith. We confess ourselves to be among those who disbelieve in Æsop. Who believes in Sam Weller, or in the clockmaker? yet the time may come some ages hence, when each of these worthies will be looked upon as a real personage who had lived in the world, and delivered from his own mouth all the sage remarks which go under his name. So we imagine it was with the Æsop of the fables: he was a creation, not of the mind of an individual, but of the mind of the people—a fable himself. Perhaps the statement that he was a Phrygian conceals some traditionary or legendary conviction that the fables came from the East: Babrius pretends that they originated with the Assyrians, and he traces them back to the primæval times of Belus and Ninus. Of this we think there can be little doubt, from a comparison of the Æsopean with the Sanscrit collections, that the Greeks originally derived the fable from India, though it is not easy now to point out the particular route by which it came. Sir George Lewis, in support of the theory, that the fable was indigenous to Greece, insists on the fact that the animals introduced in the Æsopean collection were all at one time or other natives of that country,

but this can hardly be allowed as an argument of much force, as a change of animals would be one of the natural modifications through which such compositions would pass in their transmission from people to people. We have already quoted remarkable examples of this process, and we might multiply them without difficulty. Thus, in one of the most important personages in the sequel of the history of the fable—the jackal of the Indian fable was changed in the Greek for the fox. A jackal and a fox are certainly not the same thing; but they have traits of character in common, and the latter was much better known to the Greeks than the former.

It was in mediæval Europe that the fable had reached its highest pitch of importance. We have already stated that there are no traces of its existence in the primitive literature of the Teutonic race; but mediæval Europe received the fables of antiquity in two different directions, which circumstance was eventually the cause of considerable modifications. In the first place, the fables of Æsop had been republished during the latter ages of the Roman empire, frequently, and under a variety of different forms. In the fifth century, as it is supposed, an Italian, named Avianus, or Avienus, translated a selection of the fables of Æsop into elegiac verse, which was then better appreciated than the iambics of Phædrus. At a still later period, another worthy turned the greater part of Phædrus into rather barbarous Latin prose, and gave this collection to the world under the name of Romulus. From this time, Phædrus himself was superseded and forgotten, and Avienus and Romulus were the old Latin books of fables best known to the mediæval writers, and became the foundation of most of the mediæval collections of Æsopean fables. They were translated at a rather early period into French verse, under the titles of *Ysopets* and *Avionets*, familiar diminutives of the names of Æsop and Avienus. In the first half of the thirteenth century, an Anglo-Norman poetess, named Marie, in our island, translated the fables of Romulus into Anglo-Norman verse, and this became the most popular collection of the purely Æsopean fables in the Romance dialects of the middle ages. Marie imagined that the fables she was putting into verse were a collection made by command of the "Emperor Romulus," and translated from Greek into Latin by his servant "Ysopes" (Æsop).

Again, let us return to the East. The earliest collection of the fables of India, known at present, is one published in Sanscrit, under the title of *Pantcha-tantra* (the five chapters), at a date which seems uncertain, but is not placed later than the fifth century of our era. It was, doubtless, a collection of fables already popular. At the beginning of the sixth century, the Persian monarch, Noushirvan, whose ears the fame of this book had reached, sent one of his learned men to India to obtain a copy of it, and employed him in translating it into the language of his own people, the Pehlvi, or ancient Persian. In this language it was accordingly published, under the title of the "Book of Kalila and Dimna," from the names of the two principal actors in it, and its authorship was ascribed to a "sage,"

named Bidpai, which, by mistaking the letters of the Arabian alphabet, has been corrupted into Pilpay. After the conquest of Persia by the Arabs in the eighth century, this work was translated from Persian into Arabic, in which latter language, but under the same title, it has continued ever since to be a popular book. Bidpai, and another well-known Oriental fabulist, Lockman (whom the Arabian writers pretended was a near relative of Job!) and Æsop, are no doubt personages whose existence is equally authentic. The knowledge of these Oriental collections came to Western Europe by two different routes—first from Spain, which in the middle ages possessed one of the most flourishing schools of Arabian learning; and, secondly, through the relations with Syria, established by the crusades, which soon made Europeans acquainted with the Arabian minstrels and story-tellers. The former route led through direct translations, generally made by learned Jews who had been converted to Christianity. Thus, in the thirteenth century, a converted Jew, known as a Christian by the name of John of Capua, translated into Latin the "Book of Kalila and Dimna;" and, in the century before, another converted Jew, a Spaniard, who took, as a Christian, the name of Petrus Alfonsi, gave to the world a similar translation of a collection of Oriental stories, under the title of *Disciplina Clericalis*, in which there are a number of fables. This new accession of fiction produced a great effect upon the mediæval fabulists. It not only enabled them to modify greatly, and to add to, the stories of the ancient Greek and Roman fabulists, but it excited a spirit of invention, which gave rise to what may almost be called a new school of fable. It is only one of many instances in which commixture produces force. Under its influence, indeed, we not only find a new importation of fables, but fables of mediæval invention begin to appear in great abundance. In illustration of the former class, we may mention, as a curious circumstance, that in the Anglo-Norman fables of Marie, translated from Romulus, the old classical fable of the cat transformed by Venus into a woman has given place to the parallel story of the Sanscrit collection, in which, however, all the transformation is omitted. This, in fact, was not at all in accordance with the mediæval idea of a fable. According to Marie's fable, the mouse once became so proud that he could not find among his own race a female whom he would condescend to take for his wife, but he resolved to make a very high match. Accordingly, he went to the sun, supposing him to be the most powerful of all beings, and proposed for his daughter. The sun declined the match, and sent the suitor to the cloud, alleging the superior power of the latter, who could prevent his shining. The mouse accordingly went to the cloud, and proposed for his daughter, but he was similarly rejected, and recommended to the wind, who could drive the cloud before him, and who, in his turn, referred him to the tower built of stone, as being able to resist the wind. The mouse proceeded to the tower to make the same demand, but the tower told the applicant that he was mistaken in his estimate of his strength, for there was a little mouse which made holes into his walls without asking his permission, and pierced

his mortar and stones, while he, the tower, had not power to resist. The mouse was thus at last, in spite of his ambition, obliged to unite himself with one of his own race.

In the mediæval fable, the animals became more intimately identified with the class of persons they represented than in that of the ancients, and instead of acting merely their individual parts in each fable in which they appeared, the part each acted was a continuous one, and became gradually representative of some one or other class of feudal society. The lion thus became the feudal monarch, the wolf was the brutal and oppressive baron, the fox was the crafty intriguer, who usually ended by gaining the mastery by his superior cunning over both king and baron, and so on with the other characters. Under the influence of this spirit, the different animals took names, in some way or other characteristic of the parts they acted, so that the wolf became Monsieur Isengrim; the bear, Dan Berenger; the fox, Master Renard; the cat, Madame Tibert; and so on with the others. A point of unity was thus established among the fables of all ages and all peoples, by whatever route they might come, which, among its other creations, produced one of the most remarkable popular literary monuments of the middle ages, the history of Reynard the Fox. Few literary works have been the subject of so much discussion, or of so many conflicting opinions, as this curious story; but the explanation of it is simple enough when we consider it as a continuous combination of fables, a general picture of society in the middle ages, instead of a mere unconnected series of satires on some of its salient points. To the man who understands thoroughly the middle ages, "Reynard the Fox" is but a natural result of the combination of the fables of Greece and India under mediæval influence: and nowhere in the history of fiction is this influence more strongly developed. Even a brief consideration of any of the questions relating to this celebrated work would lead us far away from the subject more immediately under our consideration, and we shall therefore avoid them, and shall content ourselves with merely quoting one of its numerous episodes. There arose in the middle ages a sudden and marvellous spirit of inquiry, which sought causes and reasons for everything, and, in its equally extraordinary credulity, found ready explanations, which were often, to say the least, very odd ones. One of the questions which presented itself to the mediæval fabulists was, Why did the different animals introduced into the fables possess those particular traits of character which fitted them for their apparently artificial *rôle?* Listen to the rather characteristic reply to this question given in the thirteenth century by the compiler of the great French metrical romance of "Renard." When Adam and Eve were driven out of Paradise, the Creator in his compassion for them, gave the former a wand, and told him that if he should be in want of anything, he need only go to the sea-shore, and strike the water with that wand, and he should find relief. Accordingly, the first pair went on the sands, and Adam struck the sea with his wand. Immediately a lamb came out of it. "There!" said he to Eve,

"take care of this animal, for as it grows it will give us milk and cheese." (Ewe's milk appears to have been much used in the middle ages.) Eve instead of being grateful, was envious of Adam's success, and she thought in herself that if she had a chance she would get a better lamb than her husband had gotten; so, while he was looking aside, she seized the wand and struck the sea. A furious wolf rushed out of the waves, seized the lamb, and carried it off into the woods. When Eve saw that she had lost her lamb, she uttered cries of distress which roused Adam, and he took the wand from her, and again struck the sea. A dog sprang out, followed the wolf, and rescued the lamb. Eve, not yet satisfied, made another trial of the wand, and the result was the appearance of the fox. Thus Adam and Eve went on striking alternately, the father of mankind always drawing from the depths of the ocean animals which became domesticated and were beneficial to society, while every attempt of Eve produced some wild and noxious beast. Thus it was that the wolf, and the fox, and the other animals which figure in the fables, came into the world with the various tempers which have given them their celebrity.

Several causes combined in giving importance to the fable in the middle ages, of which it will only be necessary to mention one. This class of literary composition had fallen into the hands of the clergy, and had effected a complete revolution in their style of predication, especially with those, such as the preaching friars, who aimed at popularity. A sermon was now often a mere string of fables and stories, with moralizations by which they were made to illustrate the general subject of the discourse, sometimes in the most unexpected and incongruous manner. Thus, with the mediæval fabulists, the moralization of the fable was much more important than the story. At the same time, the necessity for number and variety set men to work inventing fables, and especially their applications; and the latter became more particular and personal. They were no longer short moralizations in general terms, but they were filled with contemporary satire, and from time to time they hand down to us very singular pictures of private as well as public life. The quantity of compositions of this kind which was produced in the middle ages is almost incredible; and as the number went on increasing the different collections published for the use of the preacher filled ponderous volumes in folio. One of the earlier of this class of fabulists was an English ecclesiastic, called Odo de Cirington —at least this seems to be the name for which there is the best authority, for no place from which he could have taken it is at present known. He appears to have lived in the latter part of the twelfth century. There is a peculiar naïveté in his stories, which amuses us, in spite of the poverty of his inventive powers; while he spares no class of society in their application. Here is an example:—"One day," he says, "the raven stole the dove's young one. The dove went to the nest of the raven to implore him to release her offspring. Then the raven asked her, 'Can you sing?' The dove replied, 'I can; but not well.' The raven said, 'Sing to me.' And the dove sang as well as she could; but the raven said, 'Sing better, or

you shall not have your young bird.' The dove replied, 'I am not able to sing better.' 'Then,' said the raven, 'you shall not have your young one.' And the raven and his wife together eat it up. Thus," says our author, Master Odo, "the rich men and bailiffs carry off the ox or sheep of some poor man, and invent some charge against him. The poor man offers bail, and asks for the liberation of his cattle, and he is ready to give five shillings, or more or less, according to his means. The bailiff says to him, 'Brother, cannot you sing better? unless you sing better you shall not have bail.' Says the poor man, 'It is not in my power to sing better, because I am needy and poor, and am not able to give more.' Then the rich man or bailiff either detains the cattle, or afflicts the poor man in some other way, and thus devours him." Master Odo was not very lenient, even to his own class—the clergy; for here is another of his fables, having special reference to them. "A black beetle, flying over the country, passed among most beautiful trees in full bloom, among orchards, and roses, and lilies, in the most pleasant places, till at length he threw himself upon a dunghill, composed of the dung of horses, and there he found his wife, who asked him where he had been. And the beetle said, 'I have been flying round the whole earth; I have seen the blossoms of almonds, and lilies, and roses, but I have never seen so pleasant a place as this,' pointing to the dunghill. Thus," says the moral, "thus many clergy and monks, as well as laymen, have read the lives of the fathers, pass among the lilies of the valley, among the roses of the martyrs, and among the violets of the confessors, but nowhere seems to them so pleasant and agreeable as a harlot, or the tavern, or a singing party, which is a stinking dunghill and the congregation of sinners." We may risk another example in the same spirit. "It happened that the wolf was dead, and the lion assembled the beasts, and caused the funeral rites to be performed. The hare carried the holy-water, hedgehogs bore the tapers, goats rung the bells, badgers dug the grave, foxes carried the corpse on the bier, Berengarius or the bear celebrated mass, the ass read the epistle, and the ox the gospel. When the mass was celebrated, and Isengrim buried, the animals feasted splendidly on his goods, and wished for another burial like it." Such is the fable, and here is the moral, which is certainly not over-complimentary to the monks and friars who are supposed to have been the lights of old England in "the ages of faith." "So it happens frequently," saith the pious Odo de Cirington, "on the death of a rich extortioner or usurer, the abbot or prior causes the convent of beasts, that is," he says, "of people living like beasts, to assemble. For," he adds, by way of further explanation, "it is often the case that in any convent of monks there are none but beasts, for they are lions by reason of their pride, hares by their levity of mind, stinking goats by their drunkenness and excess, hedgehogs by their timidity, for they tremble with fear where there is no need for it, inasmuch as they fear to lose their temporalities, which is not to be feared, and they do not fear to lose heaven, of which they have great room for fear. They are called oxen, which plough the earth, because they labour more on earthly than

on heavenly things," &c. If Master Odo is rough upon the Church, neither is he over complacent towards knighthood. One fable tells us how great barons sometimes enriched themselves by robbing on the highway, as though it were not at all an unusual thing. Another is still less complimentary to some of our English knights, especially when we consider that it was probably written in the time of the lion-hearted monarch, Richard I. "There is a certain bird, called in Spain St. Martin's bird, about as small as a wren, with slender long legs like rushes. It happened on a hot, sunny day, about Martinmas, that this bird lay down to enjoy the sunshine at the foot of a certain tree, and, raising its legs upward, it said, 'Ah! if the sky were to fall now, I could hold it up with my legs.' But at that very moment, a leaf fell down from the tree, and the bird flew away in terror, screaming out, 'Oh! St. Martin, St. Martin, come and help your little bird!'" By some singular train of reasoning, this bird is supposed to be typical of St. Peter, who, after much boasting of faithfulness, denied his Saviour; but Master Odo suddenly interrupts himself to introduce another interpretation. "It may also be adapted," he says, "to certain knights of England; when they have their heads well armed with wine or ale, they say they can each stand against three Frenchmen, and that they can vanquish anything, but when they are fasting, and see swords and spears about them, they cry out, 'Oh! St. Martin, come and help your little bird!'"

The literature of the fable in the middle ages had shown at its beginning a great spirit of originality and inventiveness, but as it increased in extent it became debased, and, if we may use the word thus, adulterated. The mass of the fables of the middle ages, indeed, are poor in incident, and possess little point. They seem merely to represent the acts and thoughts of men given to animals, in order that they might furnish the occasion for moralization in this form, without much care for the congruity of the story or the aptness of the illustration. The fashion for allegorical interpretation was, indeed, so great, that hardly anything escaped its influence; and not only popular stories and historical anecdotes, but even facts in science, were thrown in among the fables, and fitted with moral applications. What are, strictly speaking, stories, had been introduced in the Eastern collections of fables, and a few are found among the Greek fables of Æsop, but the proportion is much greater among the mediæval collections. In fact, the confusion had become so great, that people then gave the name of *fabliaux* to the ordinary tales or *contes*. Among the fables we often find these *fabliaux*, which are frequently the current stories of the day, told among the people without any notion that they admitted of a moral application; and, in fact, the morality of many of them is of a very equivocal description. Others are, like the mediæval fables, invented for the purpose, and they would hardly pass muster anywhere but in a mediæval sermon. The following is taken at random from one of the sermons of a preacher of the reign of our Henry II., known by the name of Odo of Kent:—"There was once a king who, it is said, loving worldly glory,

caused the pavement, seats, and walls of his hall to be covered with rich carpets and tapestries, and his table to be adorned with a table-cloth and with vessels of gold and silver. A certain wise man, who was invited to dinner, and sat at the king's table, wanting to spit, looked about in vain for a convenient place, and seeing every other spot covered with ornaments, he spit on the king's beard. The servants instantly laid their hands upon him, and would have dragged him away to punish him for his temerity, but they were prevented by the king, who judging that, *as he was a wise man*, he must have had some good reason for what he did, asked him to acquaint the company with it. To whom the wise man replied, 'I saw nothing but tapestry and precious metals on every side, and could find no more fitting place to spit on than the king's beard, which was all defouled with the remains of the food he had been eating, so I spat on it.' And so with you, my brethren," the preacher continued, addressing his congregation, "if you adorn your bodies so studiously in this world, you will be despoiled of all your ornaments when you die, and the devils in hell will cover your faces with stinking hot spittle. Do not, therefore, pride thyself, man, in any beauty, since the lilies of the field are fairer than thee; nor in thy strength, for an ass is stronger than thee; for an ass will carry to the mill a greater burden than the strongest man," and so on to the end of the story. Such was mediæval popular preaching: the fitness of the application of the story in this case is certainly not very obvious; but preaching in a not very dissimilar style has been revived in our own days.

A question of some delicacy, in regard to this adaptation of stories arose, or, at all events, was anticipated. As we have already intimated, many of them were far from moral, however they might be moralized. The fable itself, moreover, was notoriously not Christian, for it was universally acknowledged to have come from the ancients, who at best were looked upon only as pagan philosophers, or from the infidel Saracens, which was still worse. This objection was met in a characteristic manner. We have had Christian preachers in later times and in our own island, who insisted on introducing the most popular airs into their church music, and pleaded in excuse that it would be unfair to let the evil one have all the good tunes to himself, and this was the sort of argument used in the middle ages. There lived a great preacher in England at the latter end of the fourteenth century—and our countrymen took a very energetic part in all the intellectual movements of the middle ages—who was called, from the place of his birth, John of Bromyard, and was a distinguished member of both universities, a preaching friar by profession, and a great enemy of all heretics, Wycliffites in especial. He published an enormous book of themes for preachers, in which the stories and fables were brought together in thousands. These, he owns, are frequently taken from the works of the Gentiles, but who, says he, asks in what garden, or by the care of what gardener, a plant is reared, if it be known to be an efficient remedy against disease? Have we not, he continues,

the authority of the Gentiles themselves that enemy's property is fair plunder—*fas est et ab hoste doceri?*—and the Scriptures represent to us the Hebrews, God's own people, enriching themselves with the spoils of the Egyptians.

In the middle ages, the fashion for this kind of preaching, and for the fables and tales which formed the staple material for it, seemed to increase and to become more absurd, like the fables themselves, as the period of reformation and of the revival of ancient learning approached, and when that period arrived, the mediæval fables were banished at once from our literature. One cause of their disappearance was the revival in Europe of the ancient Æsop, that is, of the Greek text of the fables which pass under his name. During the earlier ages of the art of printing, editions of Æsop in the original Greek, or in a Latin version, or in the vernacular languages of the countries in which they were printed, were multiplied by the press; but even in the latter they were not made for the amusement of children, but were published in ponderous folios, for the reading of men of riper years. The Greek fables are so much more simple and elegant in their construction, and so much more classically correct in their form, than either the somewhat extravagant apologues of the Orientals or the too often dull and insipid fables of the middle ages, that they soon triumphed over both. With them the fable secured for itself a permanent place in the literature of Europe, which, though not at present with any great glory, it still, nevertheless, continues to hold. It claims, and justly, several of the most classical and lasting monuments of the literature of Europe during the two last centuries, and counts among its worshippers such names as Lafontaine, and Lessing, and Gay. From the high position which such writers have given to it, we may look back upon its old and long career, as, born under the warm sky of India, it crept by ways unknown to the classic clime of Greece, passed thence less obscurely to Latium, and wandered onward into the middle ages of Europe, there to meet its older parent from its far distant birthplace, and, conjointly with it, to take mediæval society by surprise, and conquer a more remarkable position than it had previously held either in the east or in the west. The history of the fable has, indeed, been an eventful one—we might almost say, romantic, and forms not an uninteresting or unimportant chapter in the general history of human intelligence.

How I was Upset.

A good many years ago—so many that I'd rather not have to specify them—I combined within myself two very adverse qualities; a great liking for hunting, and very small means to gratify it. I was a light, a reasonably light weight, with a safe seat, a good hand, and a quick eye; but, alas! there are other requirements more requisite still. My purse was even lighter than all; and so I was forced, if I would ride, to pick up some damaged article with smashed knees or capped hocks, some inveterate bolter, or some mischievous beast, obstinately bent on throwing his rider, and just as obstinately given to eating him when down. I *would* hunt, and there was nothing for it but this. I suppose, indeed, I am vain enough to assert that I made as much of my material as my neighbours could. I spared my nag on the heavy ground, rushed him boldly at his fences, hustled him sturdily along over the uneven places, and made play whenever I could get a bit of smooth turf that suited me. Never was ingenuity more sorely taxed, never was patience more thoroughly tested. When a poor North American Indian is working away at the adornment of his mocassins, he is not shocked by seeing at his side some wonderful piece of mechanism doing the same species of embroidery in a far more finished manner; he has not to contrast the sharpened fish-tooth he works with against the polished steel implements of his civilized competitor. Now this was *my* case. I was not only fated to ride a screw, but to behold on every side of me all manner of well-mounted fellows—a whole field of first-rate horse-flesh in top condition.

This was bad; but there was worse behind it. Whenever, by some of those mischances which must befall the ill-mounted, I got a smashing fall; whenever my hind legs wouldn't come up, or my fore-legs go far enough forward; whenever my poor weak-loined hack couldn't muster the speed to send her sweeping across the brook, and that we both landed in the middle; I was always sure to hear—they were indeed my first greetings as I emerged, half dressed in duckweed, from the pool—"How could it be otherwise? Lever will ride such screws!" "Why won't he give a proper price for a horse?" "Why won't he get something able to carry him: something like that horse of yours, or that black mare Sir Harry is riding? It's the stupidest thing in the world to be under-horsed; and bad economy besides." The fall and the ducking were far easier to endure than these comments. They were not sarcasms on my skill, or sneers at my horsemanship, but they were far worse; they were harsh judgments upon myself, and in such wise that I couldn't reply to them; and so I had to put up with them, and continue to do "the stupidest thing in life, and the worst economy" to the end.

Years, long years, have rolled over since that; and, instead of a horse, I have got a boat; but exactly with the same fatality: all the old criticisms have been revived, and, *nomine mutato*, I am once more reminded of my stupidity and poor economy. "I say, old fellow," calls out my estimable friend, owner of the *Calypso*, R.Y.S., two hundred and forty tons, new measurement, a clipper schooner, doing thirteen off her log, and steady as a frigate. "I say," cries he, as he steps by me, under easy canvas, "where are you going in that cockle-shell? You've no business to be out here in a thing like that! She has got no bearings, no beam. She's not deep enough in the water. You've far too much sail on her. She ought to have a false keel, a small jib, two reefs in her mainsail, and yourself—a cork jacket. Take my word for it, she's unsafe—quite unsafe: the craft for you here would be one of our small Thames yachts, twenty or five-and-twenty tons, cutter-rigged, and with a good draught of water. You'd pick up one at the end of the season for a song. I could have got you one t'other day, all sound and ready for sea, only two years built, for a hundred and fifty. As to that bean-pod of yours, I'd not go out in her for half a million. Believe me!" here his voice grows deep or oracular—"believe me, 'That sort of boat is the stupidest thing in life, and so very poor economy!'"

A cold shudder came over me as I heard these words, even though the day was a broiling one of summer and with a sky blue as the sea itself. It seemed to ring in my ears the great moral lesson, that I was always moving in a vicious circle—and to be, though young or old, ever destined to do the stupidest things, and the worst economy. It is quite true, with a little effort of courage I might have told my former monitors, or my present one, that I couldn't help it; that if the Fates had willed it otherwise, I'd have had the best stable in Leicestershire, and the fastest clipper at Cowes; but that, as I was not able for either one or the other, I yielded to circumstances; and as, some twenty years ago, I'd rather have taken the field on a spavined pony, with the certainty of a fall at every second ditch, so would I now rather have a plank and a handkerchief for a sail, than resign myself to give up boating.

To be sure, I am exposed to no ordinary temptation. I live on the shore of the Mediterranean; my house, shrouded in limes and olives on three sides, opens by the fourth over the very sea itself; the blue water is surging slowly against the rock, as I write, and the gay bunting at my masthead can almost flap against my window. Around me, on every side, is such a scene as Naples itself cannot compete with. Yonder, across the bay, rise the olive-covered hills dotted with white villages, and broken beneath into many a little cove, rock-girt and yellow-stranded. There, in that crescent nook, lies Lerici, the bright sun gleaming on its windows, and throwing a glorious light on the old ruined castle at the harbour mouth. Behind all, snow-capped, jagged, and Alp-like, rise the Carrara mountains, the steep sides glistening with the bright marble which never a human hammer or crowbar may reach. Behind that cliff, where the

olives are bending over the sea, lies the little bay of St. Aronza. There is a lonely-looking old villa there, into whose arched basement the blue waves wash in stormy weather, and this was poor Shelley's; and yonder, far away, beyond the bold bluff of Ponte Corvo, where the tall mountains are faintly seen—yonder is Via Reggio, on whose shore he was lost.

To the westward—my own side of the gulf—the picture is grander and more stern, the mountains descend more abruptly to the sea, and the bluffs are more precipitate. In the bays, too, there is a far greater depth of water, and the proudest three-decker can anchor in them close to the very shores. From the lofty summit of the Castellana, crowned with a fort which might seem intended to throw shells at the Pleiades, descend many a deep cleft and gorge, with tumbling torrents hurrying down to the sea, and through these, even in the stilly summer time, come occasionally sudden gusts of wind, very disconcerting to those with a certain leaning for stupid savings and small economies.

As our gulf is a bay within a larger bay, it is in almost all respects like an inland lake, and even with a strong wind there is very rarely anything like a sea—in fact, when from the wind it might be prudent to take reefs in your sail, the calm water will reflect your boat, and the bright hues of your Union Jack be shown you under your lee. For some years back I have sailed it in almost all weathers; I know it in the sultry half-breath of the Sirocco, in the treacherous gustiness of the Libeccio, and in the more dangerous force of that strong wind that swoops down from the snowy Apennines, and gathering strength as it comes, sweeps across the entire bay, squall after squall. This is the Tramontana, of which more anon.

There is one feature of boating in these waters which is pre-eminently delightful. There are no tides—scarcely any currents. Now there is an immense advantage in the being able to trip your anchor, hoist your jib, and get under way, without even a thought for the full flood or the half-ebb. You never have recourse to the Almanack to learn how you can run out, and when you can run in. You have only to think, is there a breeze to fill your sails; and there never blew that wind in the Gulf of Spezia that would not waft you in sight of some lovely landscape. Creep close-hauled under the land, or go free out seaward, starboard or larboard—it is ever beautiful, ever varied; and, as you emerge from the extreme western point, and come within sight of the island of Palmaria and the more distant Tina, there lies the great Gulf of Genoa, blue, heaving and swelling; the mountain shores curving in one glorious arch from Porto Venere to Bracco.

Porto Venere, too—that lonely village, rising, like Venice, from the waters, and crowned above by its ruined abbey, over whose marble pinnacles the snowy sea-foam is tossed in storm—what a wild and desolate spot! Good choice was it—in that strange story *Lui et Elle*—for George Sand to fix upon this remote spot, to live secluded and unknown. To be

sure, it was only by the licence of her craft she could affect to say that her skill in lace-making could have supported her. Poor ——, if you had not a stout fisherman for a husband, you would have fared badly, with all your crochet-work.

But I am forgetting my Tramontana all this while, not to say that I have no business out here in this far away part of the gulf.

It was about three weeks ago. We had just passed through a very stormy equinox. The newspapers were filled with disasters at sea, and even along our own usually safe shores numerous casualties had occurred. And now there came some days of perfect summer. The gulf was like a mirror, not a ripple disturbed the picture of the mountains it gave back; and the wide-sided latiners in vain spread their canvas: they could not even creep from their moorings and step out to sea. It was very delightful—glorious in all its varied effects on the landscape; but, to one passionately fond of boating, it was just as provoking as a frost in the hunting season. I am ashamed to say how ungrateful I felt for weather that everyone around me was extolling:—"Did you ever see the gulf look more beautiful?" "Who ever beheld such lights on the Carrara mountains?" "Those heights yonder are like opal and gold." "That's the very sea Homer calls marbled. See how it is streaked and veined with many colours!" "What abundance of grapes! How delicious the figs! For years there has been no such abundance of chesnuts!" These and such like passed as a sort of greeting on every side, while I brooded moodily over the calm, and muttered, "If there was only a little wind."

"Well, are you satisfied now?" said my daughter, as she opened a window over a sea-terrace, on the morning of the 10th. "What do you say to that? Will that Tramontana recompense you for the last week's calm? There it comes sweeping down from the hills above Tragussa, and the only latiner out has taken in her jib, and is coming in close-reefed." I had just time to reach the window and catch a last look at the white sail as the swift craft swept into the bay of the Grazia and was hidden from view, and now across the entire gulf not a boat was out. In all the little bays and inlets along the shore, the various craft were engaged bestowing themselves trimly against the coming weather. They struck their loftier spars, and got down their heavy yards on deck, and gave out some fathoms more of cable, and a few of the very cautious made fast hawsers on shore, that they might ride head to wind more steadily.

It blew fresh, and something more; and though I am free to confess I should have liked it just as well without that "pitch extra," yet what was to be done? One cannot in this life have things in all respects to their likings; and there was no "sea," that is, no roughness to speak of; and though there were squalls along the land farther out, the wind was what my boatman called "*sincero*," honest; and lastly, as I was what Paddy calls "blue-moulded" after a week's calm, I determined to go out.

It was the sort of day to try a boat's qualities, and for some time back I had been anxious to test mine. I had bought her about four

months before, after much thought and reflection. She was very pretty to look at, but the current opinion was, not much of a sea boat, being far too lengthy for her breadth of beam, and much too crowded with sail. On her two masts she carried two very large lateen sails, and a great fore-sail for'ard; and to these, with very little respect for naval architecture, I had added a mizen, which went in my family by the name of my "tail."

If I displayed some obstinacy and self-will in this latter appendage, I showed myself the abject slave of public opinion in other respects; and at the recommendation of one friend, I supplied sand ballast; and through the advice of another, laid in water barrels; and in deference to the general voice of society, I had her drawn up on shore, and added six inches of a false keel. From the time of the Man and his Ass, there never was such an instance of unquestioning submission; but one over-critical observer added the last feather to the camel's back, by saying, "And now burn her"—when I broke with my counsellors, and ordered her to be launched.

I have said I was long anxious to test her sea-going qualities. I had a sort of lurking impression that she would come out well from the ordeal, and fling a haughty defiance in the face of all her calumniators. I wanted to be able to say, "Well, you saw how she behaved on that day! It was not a gale of wind, but it was a sharp Tramontana, very gusty and treacherous. There was not another boat out; and as I have no reef points in my sail, you saw how I carried all my canvas. Is she a sea boat, now? Is she dry? Has she not a rare weather helm?" Such and such like were the proud interrogatories that I had rehearsed very often to myself, picturing the humiliated condition of my abashed auditors. Now my daughter had been one of the depreciators: she had sat on the seat of the scornful, and said much in disparagement of my poor boat, prophesying much evil about her. It was only fitting, therefore, when the occasion served, that she should witness the triumph of those qualities she had condemned, and so I at once proposed she should accompany me. She demurred—she opined it was not exactly the day for a small boat at all. The old story. Why hadn't I the *Sultana* or the *Peach?* I trembled lest I should hear about the miserable economy I was practising. No, she only argued that it blew too fresh for mere pleasure. I am obliged to acknowledge at this time, that my reputation as a safe mariner had been sadly damaged in my domestic circle by two previous upsets within the last five years—one of my daughters being with me on one occasion, and one on the other; and so I was delicately reminded how late it was in the season, and how cold the water usually was in October: sneering remarks, that no affectation of politeness could conceal. Seeing me at last determined to go, she agreed to join me; and having ordered my boatmen to get everything in order, we were very soon ready. Though the depth of water at the rock beneath my house permitted the boat to come alongside, there was now such a gobble of the sea, that it was no easy matter to get

on board without a ducking. We succeeded, however, pretty well, my daughter's difficulty being not lessened by the charge of a favourite dog—a small Italian greyhound, which she was very fond of, and could not bear to leave behind.

The anchor up, and the jib set, she payed over nicely to the wind, and we were under way. I headed the boat towards Lerici, which brought the wind exactly on our beam, and gave her what I thought her best point of sailing. As we set our lateen sails, she heeled over a good deal, but obeying the helm perfectly. She went up to wind and recovered herself; a performance which my daughter appreciated, and highly, and vouchsafed to compliment me on. Maybe this unlucky flattery may have had some share in my deciding, which I did at that moment, to carry our large jib; so eager was I to show how false and unfounded had been all the aspersions on our seaworthiness.

"The jib if you like," said she; "but I protest against 'the tail:' it is really too disfiguring." I winced, but said nothing; the more since the mizen and the tail had been both left on shore. We were now spinning through the water fast, all setting up well to windward, and with as much of the ballast as we could conveniently move on that side. There was a strong press of wind on her, but not more than I had often seen before; and though she ran with her gunwale "to," she never took in one drop of water—a fact that I proudly pointed out to my daughter, and who observed it approvingly. Our large jib was now filled, and drew us along splendidly; already we had left the land a couple of miles behind, and were gaining the open bay. I was in the middle of an encomium on the boat's performance, when a squall took her aloft; it struck her before I was aware, for on the water there was no indication of it. She lurched over greatly, but luffed up well, so I put down the helm. Still, the water came tumbling madly in over the side. I felt apprehensive she would soon lose steerage. Another squall, and a stronger, now threw her completely over, and the sea rolled in and up to us, surging round us, as we gripped the gunwale to keep ourselves from falling to leeward. I stooped down to slacken the sheet, but it was already too deep under water. Another heel! and over she went: but not completely over; for, as the water rose in her, she righted herself a little, settled, and went down. We were now in the waves, swimming away from what we feared might be some entanglement of the rigging; but of this there was no peril, for she had totally disappeared. The oars and some of the flooring planks had floated, however, as she sunk, and on some of these our boatmen were already gripping; and now, I told my daughter to keep near, while I fetched her an oar: this I soon accomplished, and for a second or two we fancied that a large oar ought to support us both; but we speedily detected that this, albeit very stoutly asserted in books, is not strictly true, and that an oar, like a goose, may be too much for one, but not sufficient for two. Leaving her, therefore, I went in search of another, and chanced upon what was far better—an empty water-cask; an admirable species of

life-preserver, though requiring a little practice and dexterity in the mode of using, having an inveterate tendency to roll downwards under you, and thus pitch you head foremost over it!

The dog was now a very serious embarrassment, for she perched herself on my daughter's head, and by her weight, sunk her several times beneath the water. Dexterously detaching her at last, she contrived to lay her across the oar, and resting her head on her shoulder, held her quite easily. We were now only a few yards from each other, and could converse freely; and it was at this time my daughter remarked to me, what may prove the sole valuable experience of our adventure: it is this—that an oar, to be useful, as a means of support in the water, must be to leeward of the person holding it. If otherwise, it is the very reverse of advantageous, its tendency being to press against, and over the swimmer, and actually to depress him. In making the remark, she observed that, with the oar to leeward, there was no fatigue whatever in holding on, and that, if necessary, she could remain there for hours. If the oar be held at arm's length, all the better; since in this way, it will have to support far less weight than if clutched close to the chest.

I was not, however, going to relinquish the honours of the barrel, and our controversy, assisted at times by practical illustrations, was continued till they picked us up. I was about to say, the most disagreeable part of the adventure was the being rowed to shore with the cold Tramontana piercing through our wet clothes and freezing us as we went; but no, there was something still worse behind, and of which, even while I write, we are yet the victims—I mean the comments of those on land—the unmerciful strictures of the man who was never upset. Oh, what a severe and unforgiving critic he is; how unsparingly he exposes your ignorance, ridicules your rashness, laughs at your inexpertness! He knew all about it weeks ago: hadn't he told Jones, and Brown, and Robinson that your boat was a delusion, and yourself a humbug? The first day he saw her, he said she would do this, or she couldn't do that; he knew, besides, that you were nothing of a sailor; that you were certain to blunder in a moment of difficulty; you'd lose your head, and the rest of it.

But there was another, even worse than he—my old enemy. I thought, in my vanity, I had left him a thousand miles away; but I find he is a plant of every clime, and bears fruit at all seasons. Here he was, back again, to tell me what a stupid thing not to have a yacht. What a mistaken economy was all this boat business! "These cockle-shells, sir, must go over; they have no bearings: they lee over, and there you are—you fill and go down. Have a good decked boat—I'd say, five-and-thirty or forty tons—don't go out when it blows fresh—get a clever skipper and a lively crew—have a good store of those patent life-belts on board. Simple precautions all these, ain't they?"

"Very true; but the cost——"

"Oh, there you are again!—But, as I told you before, it's the stupidest thing a fellow can do, and the worst economy besides."

Now, as I sit here, pondering over all these things, and by no means given to reject with obduracy the counsel that comes accredited by many wise heads, yet am I painfully reminded by certain facts of my inner consciousness that there are unhappy natures in this world with whom the best things disagree—idiosyncrasies like those which refuse to be lulled by opium or cheered by wine. It may be, then, by the same law of exceptions, I am myself one of those fated to do stupid things and practise the worst of all possible economies. Even with this ungratifying conviction strong upon me, let me impart my experiences, which more fortunate people have not to record.

Firstly—No boat, whether with sails or without, goes over so rapidly as to prevent thought of how to act. In our late accident, there was not only time to perceive that the land was too far away to swim for, but that if —which we deemed very improbable—the boat were to sink altogether, all her loose spars would float out of her, and we should have ample means to support ourselves. The very action of a boat "settling" in the water is a leisurely process—taking fully a minute and a half or two minutes; affording quite time enough to throw off shoes or any heavy clothing. It is, therefore, of the first importance that there should be no hurry. It is quite time enough to quit the boat when she shows that she cannot right again.

Secondly—Always get over the weather-side, for if you chance to go down to leeward you run the risk of being entangled in the rigging—a thing occasionally very embarrassing even to a strong swimmer, particularly in a heavy sea.

Lastly—Never get upset if you can help it. The damage to your clothes is something; the loss of your boat is worse; but worse than either is the triumph you give that large section of your acquaintances who "knew it all beforehand," and whose sorrow for your mishap is entirely swamped in the wise strictures on your stupid folly, and your short-sighted economy.

I was about to add something more, but news is brought me that my boat has been seen some fathoms low in the clear water, sailing slowly along, with jack and pendant streaming. I am off to look at her.

The Criminal Law and the Detection of Crime.

Few things are more surprising to the members of professions than the ignorance which, as daily experience convinces them, prevails outside their limits as to their nature and subject matter. It might have been supposed by any one who had not gained this experience, that the administration of criminal justice would have formed an exception to the rule, both on account of its moral and dramatic interest, and because no technical process is carried on with so much publicity, or attracts such general attention. Experience daily proves that this is not the case; and few instances have proved it more clearly than the comments made and the attention excited by the murder at Road. The excitement caused by this transaction (greater, no doubt, than it otherwise would have been because it happened towards the conclusion of the session of Parliament); the comments made upon it even by writers who might have been supposed to be well informed; and the suggestions offered as to the mode in which it should be investigated, prove that the public at large altogether overrate the nature of the security against crime, which it is desirable, or with our institutions possible, that criminal justice should afford. It would seem they are ignorant of the steps which would be required if a more efficient mode of detecting and punishing it is to be brought into use; and that they either do not know—or, under the pressure of temporary excitement, forget—the importance of the constitutional principles which some of them seem inclined to trample under foot, in order to discover the author of a crime which at once excites their indignation and piques their curiosity.

These considerations suggest some observations on the principles on which our existing system is based, on their defects, on the remedies which are proposed or which would be efficient,—and lastly, on some important, though ill-understood, principles, which affect the whole subject of legal punishments.

It would require a minute and technical statement, unsuited to these pages, to show the manner in which the system of administering criminal justice now in force assumed its present form. It may, however, be asserted, though it would be tedious in this place to prove, that the changes which have taken place in it from the earliest times down to our own days have been mainly in the same direction. Its existing state is the result of a series of efforts more or less explicitly and consciously directed towards the establishment of a system of criminal justice resembling our system of civil justice in all its principal features, and even in a variety of minute technical details. In this country, though probably this country only, the result of the experience of nearly eight centuries has been to establish

the principle that a criminal trial differs from a civil action principally in the character of the damages ultimately awarded. In the one case a man is tried for the sake of exacting from him his life or his liberty, as in the other case he is sued for the sake of exacting from him satisfaction for the breach of an obligation, or for the infliction of an injury. Some qualifications and explanations would be required to make this statement accurate, or rather, complete; but it is nevertheless substantially true, and its truth may be tested by any one who has an opportunity of watching the ordinary course of a criminal trial. One or two of the leading illustrations of this principle may be mentioned for the sake of clearness.

There is no public functionary whose duty it is to investigate charges and to obtain and arrange the evidence required to support them. The prosecutor is generally a private person, and has never, as such, any official authority. He employs his own attorney just as he would in a civil action, and he is practically the *dominus litis*. If the crime is a misdemeanor, he can compound it by his own authority; and if it is a felony, he can secure an acquittal by not appearing to prosecute. It is true, he would usually incur a penalty by doing so, but the penalty is one of a special nature. Non-appearance is not an offence in itself.

The trial is conducted exclusively by the counsel whom the prosecutor and prisoner select. They decide whether witnesses shall be called or not, and they are supposed to know what the witnesses will be prepared to prove. The judge has no communication with them before the trial, though he knows what they have said on former occasions.

Lastly, the prisoner is never questioned from first to last, probably in pursuance of the old and now exploded maxim, that a man cannot be a witness in his own cause, and he is thus better off than a defendant in a civil suit, who can not only be a witness at the trial, but may be compelled to answer interrogatories before it.

These illustrations of the character of our system of criminal justice are sufficient to show its general nature. They might be greatly extended, and their extension would show that the principle already stated applies not only to its leading features, but also to its minute details. It has far more consistency and regularity than the law which it administers. In criticising it, its defects should be borne in mind. There are four distinct operations involved in the general notion of the administration of criminal justice. The first is the definition of crime, and the apportionment of punishment. That is the province of the legislator. The second is the detection of crime. That, according to the practice of English law—for there never was any theory upon the subject—is the province of the injured party, his surviving friends, or any one else who likes to take the trouble. The third is the investigation of the charge, which is the function of courts of justice; and the last is the punishment of the offender, which is the function of the sheriff. It is thus absurd to quarrel with the law when a crime is not detected. The fault, if there is one at all, lies in the passion of the English people for personal freedom,

and in their intolerance of personal restraint or interference for any purpose whatever. This is the real obstacle which has always prevented the appointment of any permanent officer with inquisitorial powers specially charged with the detection of offences; and so long as we choose to enjoy an exemption from the abuses to which the existence of such officials would or might lead, we must be content to pay the price in the form of the occasional impunity of offenders. One of the most curious results of the newspaper discussions on the Road murder has been the proof which they afford of the fact, that hardly any one appears to be aware of this. Indeed, from the tone of the discussion, it would seem as if no one had ever heard before of a murder going unpunished, yet there can be little doubt that a large majority of crimes of all sorts, murders included, are undetected. That it is so with other crimes there can be no sort of question. The author of an Article lately published in these pages on "Thieves and Thieving," was acquainted with a large number of professional criminals, and no doubt such a class exists, though possibly its importance in comparison with other sources of crime may be overrated. However this may be, the very existence of a professional criminal implies the frequency of undetected crime. A man who acquires great skill in house-breaking, or picking pockets, must have committed many thefts and burglaries before he is transported, and no doubt the case is the same with murders. A writer in the *Saturday Review* of September 22nd, who apparently speaks from personal knowledge, observes:—"It would be easy to give a long list of undetected murders which have happened within a short time, and a confined district, but which have been forgotten, because there was nothing particularly interesting about them. The following seven cases have occurred within a very few years, in four neighbouring counties:—A man was shot dead near Leicester; a gamekeeper was shot not long after near Coventry; a farmer was shot at Alfreton, in Derbyshire; an old man was beaten to death by robbers in the same neighbourhood; a man was stabbed at Spondon, near Derby; the body of a murdered man was found in the river at Lincoln, and a boy was killed in Nottingham forest. Yet no one was ever brought to trial for any one of these murders, which have all been committed within the last five or six years, except in one instance, in which no evidence was offered against the persons accused." It would be no difficult matter to extend this list. A man was, not long since, shot dead at Portsmouth, whose murderer was never detected. A gamekeeper was murdered in Lincolnshire, many years ago, almost in the presence of two witnesses, and to this day the guilty person has never been discovered. The curate of a populous village on the banks of the Thames lately buried, in the course of about two years, as many as nine bodies found in the river, and never inquired for. These people may have been murdered. There is nothing to show that they were not. We all know the little paragraphs which continually appear in the papers, in some such words

as these:—"A body has been found in the Regent's Canal; from marks of violence which it presents, foul play is suspected." Such paragraphs never disturb our repose, or strike us as peculiar. We forget them as soon as we have read them; yet they may, and perhaps do, indicate murders as foul as those which set the whole nation in a state of excitement. Besides such cases as these, there can be no doubt that secret murders occur which escape not merely punishment but suspicion. From the nature of the case this must be, to a great extent, matter of conjecture. But there is as much evidence of it as can be expected. Palmer, in all probability, committed at least two murders which would never have been discovered if he had not committed a third. A man, named Bacon, was convicted of having attempted to poison his mother, three years after her death, in consequence of attention being attracted by his wife murdering their children.* It was stated at the time of Palmer's trial, that "suspicious cases" were known to occur at insurance offices, which means, in plain words, that the authorities of those offices occasionally have reason to suspect that the insured are murdered for the sake of their policies; and the rumour that there has been "foul play" about a particular death is one which most people hear occasionally, and which must sometimes represent a truth. Rush, for example, was always suspected of having murdered his father.

No doubt the belief in concealed crimes is opposed to popular prejudice embodied in the proverb, "Murder will out;" but the true application of that foolish remark, and of its still more foolish illustrations, is the very opposite of what it is usually supposed to be. Cases are usually quoted in support of it where some strange accident discovered the murderer—where the other half of the wad of a gun was found in his pocket—where the murdered man tore away part of the murderer's dress, and the bit fitted the hole—or where some one happened to pass along an unfrequented road or passage, and so came upon the track of the criminal. It is fortunate that such cases are not as common as the proverb assures them to be, and that the evidence against the murderer is almost always of the most prosaic kind, comprising direct proof of the motive, and either of the act itself, or of circumstances inseparably connected with it—such as the possession of property, the conduct of the criminal, his connection with the instrument of the crime, &c. If murderers were usually detected by strange accidents, it would follow that, in the absence of strange accidents, they would escape detection; and the true inference from the fact, that many murderers are only just caught, is, that many more must escape.

Persons who ought to be above such weakness often affect a certain respect for the prejudice, because they suppose it to be useful. False-

* This man was tried upon capital charges three times in one year—namely, at the Lincoln Summer Assizes in 1856, for burning his house to cheat an insurance office; at the Old Bailey, in the spring of 1857, for the murder of his children; and at Lincoln Summer Assizes in 1857, for the murder of his mother.

hood and superstition are always evils, and their specific mischief in this particular case is easily detected. The prevalence of such notions surrounds murder with a sort of romantic interest. It is looked upon as something which falls under the jurisdiction of special providences—a gloomy, awful, Byronic transaction, mysteriously committed, and miraculously avenged; whereas, in truth, it is usually a clumsy piece of bloody and stupid brutality, perpetrated by some wretched creature, who seldom rises even to any considerable degree of cunning, and whom it is difficult to detect, not because he has shown any particular skill, but because it is hard to find clear proof of secret transactions, and because the difficulty is greatly increased where it is no one's business to overcome it.

These considerations make it hard to look without some impatience on the excitement produced by the Road murder. When undetected crimes are so common, and are noticed so little, it seems rather contemptible to make so much disturbance about a particular crime, merely because its circumstances are dramatic. It is a melancholy, though it is by no means an uncommon thing, that a child should be murdered, and the strong probability that the murderer is one of a very limited number of persons gives great dramatic interest to the whole affair. The case is fairly entitled to notice as a judicial curiosity, but it is nothing more. The strangeness of the event does not increase its importance. The discovery of the criminal is no doubt important; but it is not more important than the discovery of the man who shot the farmer in Derbyshire, or the gamekeeper near Leicester. It can hardly be said to be more important than the investigation of the circumstances under which unknown bodies in the Thames find their way there. It is, therefore, impossible not to infer that what people really wish for is the key to a puzzle, and not the punishment of a crime.

As it appears to be the popular opinion that any one who can write a letter to a newspaper is qualified to take part, and the part taken is generally vague and clamorous in the extreme—in the administration of the criminal law, it is at least desirable that opportunities should be afforded to popular readers of knowing what price they must be prepared to pay for the gratification of their curiosity.

The circumstances of the Road murder are extremely curious, because they happen to afford an illustration of the amount of this price, so exact that if the crime had been committed on purpose it could hardly have been better arranged. The whole difficulty of the discovery of the criminal lies in the fact that according to our principles no one is obliged to criminate himself, and no one is allowed to force a suspected person to do so. If the murder had been committed in France there can be no doubt that it would have been in a certain sense discovered by this time. That is, the official persons employed in the investigation would have satisfied their own minds as to who the criminal was, and would in all probability have been in a position to get a French jury to say that they also were satisfied, subject probably to that amount of doubt which lurks under the

cowardly reservation of "extenuating circumstances." That they would by any of the processes at their command have extracted evidence which would satisfy an English jury, is a very different proposition. The Road murder precisely raises the point whether the satisfaction of seeing somebody punished for a class of offences which at present escape punishment, and of hearing all the gossip upon the subject which practised skill, an unlimited command of public money, and public authority could collect, would make it worth while to introduce the French system of criminal justice. There is no middle course. We must be content with our own system, which fails to punish a considerable number of crimes at all, or we must adopt a system which, when a crime is committed, will usually find reasons more or less satisfactory for punishing somebody.

There is indeed a sort of middle course which many persons amongst us appear to be inclined to adopt. They are not willing to have *juges d'instruction* and *procureurs de l'Empereur*, armed with a discretionary power of solitary confinement and secret interrogation, but they think that the newspapers will do instead. They seem to think that judicial proof can be extracted from a general Babel of gossip, and that it is possible to find out who murdered Master Kent by producing loose suggestions—that four months after he was murdered a lady was seen to comb her hair in one of Mr. Kent's bedrooms. This desultory and idle curiosity, and the prurient longing which it gratifies of being mixed up, however remotely, with any notorious transaction, however disgusting, are amongst the most contemptible aspects of modern civilization. It may be the cause of wide-spread private misery. It is certain to degrade the administration of justice, and if by any accident it elicits material evidence it is almost certain to diminish its importance by the suspicion which it casts upon it. As for the private misery, it drains into one common cesspool, ostentatiously paraded and assiduously stirred, all the malignant gossip which had formerly putrefied in a comparatively innocuous manner in private receptacles. As for its effect on the administration of justice, let any one read the reports of trials at New York, in which the newspapers compliment the counsel on being "rising young men," and the counsel in open court "thank the Lord of Heaven" that the editor has so favourable an opinion of their prospects and their age. As for its effects on the value of evidence, let any one ask himself what weight he would attach to the statement of an old woman, that on a particular morning she saw a suspected person in a suspected place, at a suspicious hour, if she said so for the first time four months after the event, and after she had been assiduously manipulated by some gossiping Justice Shallow, who had first been put on the track by hearing from some one else that she had denied her own words.

Few reflecting persons who have watched the newspaper controversies about Smethurst's case or the Road murder, can have failed to make some such observations as these on their general character; but some amongst us may be disposed to think that the means of judicial in-

vestigation into crime which we at present possess are deficient, and require to be augmented. There is, no doubt, some degree of truth in the opinion that some improvements might be made, which, at a considerable expense, would prevent a few scandals. It is certainly wrong that private persons should, as is often the case, be put to great expense in bringing offenders to justice; and it is also a fair question whether the fees allowed to attorneys for prosecuting ordinary offenders are not so low as to deter respectable men from undertaking a disagreeable though important duty, and whether the scale upon which the expenses of witnesses are paid is not altogether insufficient. These and other matters of a more technical kind would hardly interest general readers; but the broad question whether our general principles of procedure are to be maintained, is one which interests, or ought to interest, us all. The practical working of a system which aims at greater stringency is very instructive. If we determine to aim at similar results we shall have to establish similar machinery.

There can be no doubt at all that the criminal law of France is far more severe, and in one sense more effective, than our own. It would be curious to compare the proportion which exists in the two countries between crimes and prosecutions, if the materials for such a comparison existed; but, however this may be, no one can study the *Code Pénal*, and read the reports of the trials which it regulates, without seeing that it affords facilities for the investigation of any rumours or suspicions altogether unlike anything which we possess in this country, so that if the proportion of prosecutions to crimes is not greater in France than in England, it is not the fault of the law, but the result of other circumstances. Let it be assumed, however, in favour of the system (though it is by no means certain that the assumption is true), that the proportion not only of prosecutions, but of convictions to crimes, is higher in France than it is here, and let us inquire what is the price which is paid for that advantage.

The whole of France is divided into twenty-seven districts, in each of which there is a *Cour Impériale*, which forms the centre of the judicial organization of the district. Each *Cour Impériale* has a *Procureur Général*, who has deputies and substitutes. In each *arrondissement* there is a *Juge d'Instruction*, and in each *Tribunal de Première Instance* there is a *Procureur de l'Empereur*. Besides these judicial authorities, there are a number of inferior agents of police, such as the gendarmes, &c., and the whole body forms what the French call an "official hierarchy," that is to say, these and other officers stand in the relation of official superiors and inferiors. When a crime is committed they all co-operate in the investigation of the circumstances connected with it. Any suspected person is at once arrested, and if the magistrate pleases he can put him in solitary confinement (*au secret*), and he has the right of interrogating him as often as he likes. His great object is to work a confession out of him, and the first step towards this result is to call upon him to prove an *alibi*. His failure to do this in a satisfactory manner is considered as affording the strongest presumption of his guilt. "Il n'a

pas pu justifier l'emploi de son temps," is one of the commonest of the triumphant appeals which the judge and the public prosecutor are in the habit of addressing to the jury at the trial. As soon as the prisoner has given an account of where he was and what he did at the time in question, every one whom he mentions is sent for and examined in order to see whether or not his account is confirmed, and the prisoner is immediately re-examined for the purpose of explaining any inconsistency. This process is sometimes carried on for many months. The examinations multiply, and the interrogations are continued; the prisoner is cross-examined, re-examined, confronted, and browbeaten day after day, week after week, and month after month, till he either confesses or involves himself in inconsistencies and contradictions. When there are several suspected parties, the chances of conviction are greatly multiplied, for if any one of them is guilty, he usually confesses, both on his own account, and on the account of his supposed or real accomplices. These confessions, which with us would be considered as evidence only against the man who makes them, are regarded in France as the most important of all evidence against everyone mentioned in them; and as a criminal naturally knows all the details of the crime, and is thus sure to be corroborated in minute details by all inquiries about it, nothing is more easy for him than to destroy a perfectly innocent man by asserting that he was present on the occasion; and unless the other happens to be able to disprove the assertion he has no defence.

A case occurred in the neighbourhood of Lyons last summer which illustrates the character of the system more forcibly than any general observations. Three women—Mme. Desfarges, her daughter, and granddaughter named Gayet—were assassinated on the 14th of October, 1859, with circumstances of horrible brutality, at a village called St. Cyr. A man of the name of Joanon was suspected of the crime, partly on account of his general bad character, which was set before the jury in the most emphatic manner, and with the most disgusting and irrelevant detail, partly because he had wished to marry Madame Gayet, and partly because he was seen near the house about the time when the murder was committed. He was arrested, but shortly afterwards discharged, as the evidence against him seemed very trifling, even to a French magistrate. In February, 1860, a man called Chrétien sold two watches, which were part of the property of the Gayets, to a watchmaker at Lyons. He was arrested, and told a false story as to the manner in which he had obtained them. On searching his house, other articles belonging to the murdered women were found, and in the well of a man named Déchamps there was found, some time after, an axe, which, from various indications, was supposed to have been used in the murder, and of the presence of which in the well Déchamps' wife was, by her own admission, aware. These were the principal points in the evidence against the three men, apart from the statements which they made upon interrogation, and apart from certain expressions, one of which, attributed

to Joanon, was certainly suspicious, if the absolute accuracy of the gendarme, who ingeniously entrapped him into making it, could be implicitly relied upon. After a certain amount of interrogation, Chrétien made a full confession, asserting that he had shared in the commission of the crime, which had been planned by Joanon, who, with the assistance of Déchamps, had committed the worst part of it. By constant interrogation, Joanon was brought to give several different accounts of the way in which he had employed himself on the night in question, and there was some evidence that Déchamps had been out about the time of the murder. Towards the end of the trial he tried to hang himself in his cell; whilst his father, an old and infirm man, did actually drown himself, soon after the arrest of his son. This was made a great point by the Procureur-Général. "Il rappelle," says the report, "sa tentative de suicide essayée cette nuit, il en presse les conséquences au point de vue de la culpabilité, et se demande comment s'il est innocent il ira affronter la justice de Dieu après avoir tenté d'échapper à celle des hommes." The suicide of the father was treated in the same way. "M. le Procureur-Général rappelle le suicide de Déchamps père, dépositaire du terrible secret, et qui n'en finit avec la vie, que parcequ'il pressent la condamnation de son fils, et redoute l'opprobre qui va en ressaillir sur sa famille." One singular feature in the case was, that towards the close of the proceedings Chrétien suddenly retracted his confession, and declared that it was false. Hereupon the jury was discharged, the prisoners were remanded, and a new investigation, which occupied a month more, was set on foot. This was obviously the grossest injustice to Joanon. By the end of this second period Chrétien had returned to his first story, and Déchamps had been also brought to confess, though his confession differed most essentially from Chrétien's. One part of the transaction, which need not be described, was abominably revolting. From the nature of the case, two persons must have been concerned in it; and Chrétien and Déchamps each laid the blame of it upon the other and Joanon. Joanon never confessed at all, but declared his innocence up to the last moment. They were all convicted, and all executed. It would be rash to express an opinion as to their guilt, because no one was in a position to form such an opinion except the *Juge d'Instruction* and the other official persons who got up the case. They saw the behaviour of the prisoners when they were interrogated; they knew how far Joanon's complaint, "Ma mémoire est bien affaiblie, on m'a tant tourmenté à l'instruction," which, to most English readers, appears very likely to be well founded, was true or not. They also had studied the matter in all its details, and knew the bearings and the real importance of the enormous mass of unsifted gossip which was thrown at the heads of the jury; but no one else could be expected to follow or to understand such an inquiry, or had the necessary materials for doing so with impartiality. The consequence is, that the men were substantially tried by the judges and the public prosecutors, and not by the jury; and such must always be the case where the evidence prin-

cipally relied upon consists of the prisoner's statements, and not of the proof of criminatory facts by independent witnesses.

It is sometimes supposed that we could get the advantages of this system without its objectionable part, by allowing the examination of the accused person under certain restrictions. This notion is founded on a complete mistake. Perhaps a course might be suggested upon this subject at once beneficial and consistent with the principles of our own law: but this is another matter. The essence of the French system lies not in questioning the prisoner, once for all, in open court and under careful restrictions for his protection, but in questioning him secretly, repeatedly and systematically; in the power of confronting him in secret with witnesses to whom he refers, and with other persons accused with him; and in keeping him in solitary confinement, sequestered from all professional advice and assistance until the persons who "instruct the process" have satisfied their own minds of his guilt.

It is probable enough that this plan may produce a larger proportion of convictions for crimes than our own. It may possibly produce a larger proportion of just convictions, though this is more doubtful; but it is, and must be, at the expense of virtually transferring the power of adjudication from the jury to the judge. The jury is a mere excrescence in the French system, which would be more complete and harmonious (notwithstanding the foolish trick which prevails of praising the "logical" character of everything French) if it were abolished, and if, as was the case before the Revolution, the judges decided on the facts as well as on the law. This introduces the conclusion which should be pressed upon those who infer from such a case as the Road murder that our criminal system fails in the detection of crime. It might, no doubt, be improved in detail, but it cannot be improved in principle, if we are to maintain the trial by jury. If the jury are really to decide, the evidence on which they are to decide must be before them, and must be level to the apprehension of ordinary minds. It is a mockery to ask a jury to convict a man of murder because the committing magistrate says that the prisoner prevaricated in the course of a secret interrogation, and that on inquiry he found his statements to be false. Yet in almost every important French trial, such statements form one of the most important parts of the proof adduced. If we are determined to have trial by jury, it will be found absolutely necessary to submit, not unfrequently, to the consequence that crimes will go unpunished because they cannot be plainly proved, and that suspected persons will not even be apprehended because they cannot be questioned.

This suggests the question whether such a result is to be considered as a great calamity, worth avoiding at the expense of a considerable abridgment of personal liberty. The sentiment—the just and reasonable sentiment of most Englishmen—would be, that it is not; but the reasons by which this sentiment may be justified are not so well understood as they should be. They involve the whole question of the object

of legal punishments. This object is twofold: first, the prevention of crime for the future; and, secondly, the legitimate satisfaction of the sentiment of revenge and indignation against wrong-doers; which, though it requires regulation, is as much a part of our natures, and stands in as much need of its proper satisfaction as any other part of it. It would be an unspeakable evil if people ever came to hear of such atrocities as the massacre at Cawnpore without anger, or if they were to inflict punishment on their authors without a hearty satisfaction, quite distinct from the hope that future ill-doers might be deterred by the recollection of them.

The mode of attaining these objects is not quite so simple as at first sight it might be supposed to be. The mere collocation of crime and suffering is not all that is required. If some one were endowed with a power of discovering murderers by intuition, and if he was authorized, whenever a person was murdered, to put the murderer privately to death, the check upon the crime, and the satisfaction and sense of security on the part of the public, would be measured exactly by the degree of their faith in the power and in the honesty of the executioner. If he was, in fact, infallible, and the public did not believe in his infallibility, the only result would be, that, whenever something happened which somebody considered a murder, somebody else whom he considered a murderer would die. This would contribute little, if at all, to the security of society, and would shock their sense of justice instead of gratifying their indignation. This illustration shows that the utility of legal punishments depends not only on their justice, but on the general recognition of their justice; and in a settled state of society in which crimes of violence are very rare, this is the more important element of the two. If, in the present state of English society, people were tried and sentenced for murder by drumhead courts-martial, the effect on society would be far worse than if they were not punished at all. In the second case, people would still retain their natural powers of self-defence, but in the former no man would be secure of his life for a day together.

So long as the general principle that crimes are to be punished is maintained, by their severe and exemplary punishment upon clear proof of guilt, a sword is suspended over the head of every one who has committed, or who meditates the commission of, a crime; and it matters comparatively little whether or not it falls in any particular case. Whoever the Road murderer may be, there can be little doubt that he will never commit another murder. To say nothing of remorse, he must have suffered, and must be suffering, torments of terror, compared with which the gallows would be a relief. Who would not prefer being hanged at once to the constant dread of detection? The old proverb, *pœna in paucos, metus in omnes*, was justly ridiculed by Bentham in its application to the system of sentencing twenty men when only one was to be hung; but it affords a full justification of a system which detects few, but punishes inexorably every one who is detected.

Applying this principle to our own procedure, it must be admitted

at once that it goes far to justify it. Of the guilt of a man convicted by an English jury, there can in ordinary cases be absolutely no doubt at all. If any transaction can claim the praise of deliberation, solemnity, impartiality, and absolute certainty in its positive results, it is an English criminal trial. No man leaves the dock of our courts under sentence whilst any rational being can retain the faintest doubt not merely of his being guilty, but of his having been proved to be guilty according to the most elaborate and stringent set of rules that ingenuity ever devised for the purpose of preventing injustice and oppression. There can, therefore, be no class of persons whose punishment can excite such entire, hearty, and righteous satisfaction.

These considerations are a complete justification of our system, and they show that the occasional impunity of crimes is in reality an unimportant evil. It is true that crimes often go unpunished, but life and property are more secure here than in any other part of the world; and, whoever goes unpunished, we are all of us free from what is a much worse evil than crime—liability to judicial or official persecution.

A Passage in a Life.

At morn, he was so happy; and at night
Heart-broken utterly—quite worn and grey.
Upon the garden of his hopes a blight
Had fall'n—a blight never to pass away.
A few words turned his soul's peace into strife;
A brief sad tale—a passage in a life—
Done in an hour's, told in a minute's, space;
But every word cut keenly as a knife,
Carving deep lines of suffering on his face,
And scoring bitter memories in his heart.
He was a strong man mail-clad; one whose part
From childhood upwards it had been *to bear;*
But the great God—great God, how good Thou art!—
Knew where the weak spot was, and smote him there.

Our Natural Enemies.

We have spent much money lately in securing ourselves against hostile attacks from our neighbours; but we have other adversaries, who may be correctly termed our natural enemies, and are constantly on the watch to attack us—between whom and ourselves there is ever a declaration of war—war to the knife—war to the last moments of our mutual existences. Such enemies are more insidious, more treacherous, and more unscrupulous than any foes in human shape; they are everywhere around us: in the air, in the water, and in the earth, and they damage us in life, limb, and pocket to a far greater extent than our human adversaries have ever yet succeeded in doing.

These natural enemies are—the worms or boring animals that prey on our ships and harbours, rendering those wooden walls, in which we have so long trusted, rotten and worthless; the fungus called *dry rot*, that attacks the same defences, turning into powder the bulwark constructed to resist shot and shell; the rust that will eat rapidly into the iron-plates intended to render our wooden walls impregnable; and the moisture and gases in the air, that penetrate and destroy the very stone itself, of which our cathedrals, palaces, and churches, and other most costly edifices, are constructed.

Against these natural enemies we require national defences, no less than against our human foes. The gunboats constructed during the Crimean war suffered far more from the dry rot, which nobody at the time thought of, than from the shot and shell of the Russians, or the accidents of fire and flood, to which we knew they were to be exposed. One cannot even guess at the mischief perpetrated every year all along our shores, in docks and harbours, by the boring animals that penetrate all wood not specially protected. We cannot count the number of the ships that have foundered at sea, owing to those few inches of timber on which all depended being pierced and destroyed by the worm, or fungus; or to the iron fastenings to which we trusted becoming gradually weakened by rust until they ceased to give the required strength.

It is long since the injury to wood and iron has become known to us, and the mischief resulting from such causes appreciated and battled with. We have many preservatives against dry rot and the ship-worm, and processes by which, to some extent, the wood is preserved from decay, and the iron from rust. Hundreds of thousands of pounds sterling are annually expended in saturating wood with creosote and coating iron with zinc and tin; but till lately we have left our stone to take care of itself.

How far this is prudent, or safe, a very slight glance at some of our public buildings will show. Take as a specimen the ancient city of

Oxford, with its fine cathedral, its churches, and its noble collegiate buildings, of various dates from the twelfth century to the present time. Very few, indeed, of these have so far resisted the tooth of time and the progress of decay as to show even a small indication of the fine carved work originally decorating the sculptured stones. Often the face of the stone itself is so completely gone that no indication remains of the form originally given by the chisel. With the exception of the oldest parts of the cathedral, built in the twelfth century, Merton College Chapel, and New College Cloisters, both more than three centuries and a half old, and some of the plinths and string-courses of more recent buildings, built of a particular kind of stone different from that used for the mass of the buildings, we have it on record from very excellent authority, that "the whole of the colleges, churches, and other public buildings erected within the last three centuries, are all, more or less, in a deplorable state of decomposition." The Minster and many churches in York, and many public buildings in most of our large towns, are scarcely in a better condition.

But there are instances in London which will equally serve our purpose as examples. Westminster Abbey, built in the thirteenth century, of various kinds of stone, is unfortunately one of these; and of this we learn, that, "although a considerable portion of the exterior has been restored at various periods, abundant symptoms of decay are apparent:" while Henry the Seventh's Chapel, restored about 1820, "was already" (in 1839) "in a state of decomposition," and is now still further advanced in the same direction. As we approach modern times, we find the defacement at once more rapid and more complete. Buckingham Palace has been finished within the memory of most of us, and yet the stone has been long in a state of hopeless decay. No mean authority in such matters has said that the stone used in this building "was, perhaps, the most remarkable failure that ever was witnessed. He recollected seeing the new front of the palace about a year or a year and a half after it was finished, and he found many parts of it in a state of perfect ruin. Large masses of stone were in the habit of falling from the cornices, to the great danger of the sentries below; and the result was the necessity of knocking off vast portions of the decorations, and making them good with cement, painting them several times, with a frequent necessity for repeating that costly process."*

The vast pile that has arisen on the banks of the Thames for the accommodation of the Houses of Parliament, and other public business connected with legislation, is, like most other buildings on a large scale, constructed of stone; and, knowing that such material in London decays rapidly and irregularly, the government of the day appointed a commission, in 1838, to inquire into the condition of the stone of which the principal public buildings of Great Britain had been constructed, before selecting that for the new palace. The material, therefore, may be considered to have been

* Speech by Mr. Geo. Godwin, F.R.S. *Journal of Soc. of Arts*, vol. vii. p. 247.

selected under unusually favourable circumstances, and yet, whether owing to the different influences to which it is subject in London, the inferior quality of the stone to the sample, or some other cause, the injury already apparent is so great, that now, before the building is completed, some remedy has been found indispensable; unless the whole of the rich decoration is to be allowed to fall away in powder before the eyes of the very generation of men who have been concerned in constructing and paying for it.

This enemy has attacked our grandest national edifice. It has undermined, and is fast destroying, our latest and most costly effort at architectural magnificence. The building that was to last for ages, and to hand down to our latest posterity the glories of the Victorian period of England's wealth and prosperity, is already defaced, and its elaborate sculptured exterior runs a risk of crumbling to dust. Against such a catastrophe, what effort can be too great, what measure of defence too costly or troublesome? It is a point of honour that we have to fight for, and, if defeated, we are irretrievably disgraced.

We want, then, a protection against this enemy. We want to find out the secret of its strength, that we may meet it in the open field. We must learn where the attack commences, and arrange our plan of defence accordingly.

Now, the first thing that strikes one in considering the decayed stone of such buildings as have been mentioned, and comparing it with the state of other stones in the same or other buildings, is their remarkably unequal state of preservation. This is sometimes the case, even in different pieces taken from the same quarry, and is very common with stones from the same locality, and bearing the same name.

There is no doubt that, in a general sense, stones that are most compact and nearly crystalline, most close-grained and least absorbent of water, are those that resist longest and most completely the effects of exposure. The kind of stone is not of so much consequence. There are good limestones, and good sandstones, and plenty of bad varieties of both; while some kinds seem to consist of an irregular mixture of good and bad. But it is well known that all our public buildings are not in the same state of decay; nor is the decay proportioned to their age. The oldest, as is the case in Oxford, are sometimes the best; but we should have to look far to find stone in a better condition than that of St. Paul's Cathedral, which has certainly been exposed to all metropolitan evil influences long enough to prove that good stone is not thrown away even in the worst exposures: although St. Paul's must be regarded as a modern building. In Westminster Abbey, again, the west towers are in good condition, while other parts of the same date are decayed: and the same may be observed very generally. The stone used in Buckingham Palace was carefully enough selected at Caen, in Normandy, where good stone has been quarried for many of our own cathedrals in various parts of the South of England, and for many public buildings in the city of Caen, for the last eight hundred years. The exceedingly bad material used in restoring Henry the Seventh's Chapel

was from the quarries near Bath; yet in the city of Bath itself, most of the buildings, both public and private, constructed of stone from the same quarries, are in very fair condition. The same may be said with regard to other kinds of freestone, whether limestone or sandstone; irregularity of decay being a characteristic of all.

Whatever the causes of decay may be, they would seem to be more connected with mechanical condition than chemical composition, though partly attributable to both. The mechanical condition, again, is not merely that of the various beds of which it is evident in the quarry that most stones are made up, but it depends upon the way in which the actual particles or grains of the stone are attached to each other. They are sometimes cemented by a foreign substance, and sometimes in simple contact, and it is clear that they will suffer decomposition and decay very differently under these different circumstances. Most of the common limestones consist of little round egg-shaped particles, mixed up with very fine grains, and with small fragments of shells, crystallized, and very hard: these are all cemented together by a kind of mortar. All such stones, and all sandstones (which are mere grains of sand cemented together), will absorb water, but some more readily and rapidly than others. Thus, one square yard of surface of common building-stone, after being long exposed to dry, warm air, is capable of absorbing from nine to fourteen gallons of water, according to the nature of the stone, before being saturated to the depth of a foot; and in the earth each ton of stone never contains less than a pint, and may contain twenty-five gallons, of water.

It may well be imagined that stone thus circumstanced with regard to the absorption of water, is greatly subject to all those influences that can be communicated by the aid of water. Thus, acids of various kinds dissolving the stone can enter readily, and as water, like some few other substances, swells and occupies a larger space as it cools down below a certain temperature, and that temperature is not far from the average of a large part of the year in our exceedingly changeable climate, the secret of the destruction of exposed stonework in England will be recognized without much difficulty. The fact that the enormous quantity of coal consumed in London and large towns all contains a certain proportion of sulphur, which passes into the air as an acid gas, and is there caught up by the particles of water that form at one time mist and cloud, and at another fall down as rain, also sufficiently proves that destroying influences are never wanting.

The changes of temperature acting on the water contained in the stone, and the actual power of solution which rain-water possesses, are, beyond a doubt, the chief causes of injury to exposed stonework. The more absorbent the stone is, and the less completely and uniformly the particles are cemented together, the more rapidly does the stone decay. The greater the cohesion between the particles, and the more crystalline the stone, the stronger it is; and those sandstones, such as the Craigleith stone used in Edinburgh and for certain purposes in London, which

consist of grains of sand cemented by a substance not attackable by common acids, are really almost indestructible. Unluckily they are rather costly, and not very fit for ornamental work in Gothic architecture.

The mode of attack of our enemy, the destroyer of stone, being thus laid bare, let us next see how and to what extent his progress can be stopped. It is too late to say that this or that stone ought to have been used, and other stones avoided. We must take the buildings as they are, and endeavour to protect them from further destruction. Even in the case of future buildings, there is so much bad stone even in the best quarries, and so little dependence to be placed on the opinions of those who must be trusted to select or reject the blocks sent, that it will probably be long before we are able to secure faultless samples. By far the greater part of the available freestone of England is, beyond all doubt, highly absorbent, and therefore to defend such kinds is quite enough for our purpose.

The beauty of chiselled stone is almost destroyed if the surface is coated over with any such preparation as common paint, which deposits a skin on the surface and conceals all the sharpness and delicacy which are characteristic of sculpture. If we are to use paint, a surface of cement is in all respects as good as stone, and generally much cheaper. But paint, like everything of the same nature, is a mere outwork, and not in any sense a tenable or permanent defence. It is an unsightly contrivance which may stave off the attack of the enemy for two or three years, but the attack when it does come is just as certain to produce destruction as it was originally. We need not point out that, in large public buildings, a perpetual renewal of paint is a practical impossibility; and excluding paint, we exclude all substances and preparations of whatever kind that merely coat the surface of the stone with a film which is itself subject to decay by exposure to weather.

Nor would mineral bitumen—even if by its dark colour it were not unsightly—be a permanent defence to the stone: oil and water will not adhere to each other, whether the oil is animal, vegetable, or mineral.

Still, if there be any defence, it must come from the mineral kingdom. The preparation, also, whatever it be, should very closely adhere, without actually concealing the surface of the stone; and to be of much use, it must penetrate beneath the surface. Of course it must itself be quite unattackable by ordinary atmospheric influences in town or country.

The architect and builder must appeal to the chemist for such a substance, and the chemist must exercise his ingenuity to find one which will so far mix with water as to be absorbed readily and deeply by the damp stone surface, but when once there will be no longer soluble in water and no longer affected by it.

In this state of the case it occurred a good many years ago to an ingenious Frenchman (M. Kuhlmann of Lille) to try the effect of a peculiar solution of flint then known, hoping to deposit flint within the pores of the stone. The solution of flint used was a kind of glass called

water-glass, manufactured with so large a quantity of alkali (one of the ingredients of all glass) as to be soluble in hot water, but subject to slow decomposition on exposure to the air, and after such exposure becoming a hard white solid. This idea was very good, and deserved more success than it met with. It was, however, a failure; and the damper the climate in which the water-glass was used, the more rapid and complete the failure seems to be. The film that was formed, though extremely hard and apparently like flint, remained in fact to a certain extent soluble. The change the fluid underwent also was very slow, and, until complete, was no defence. In a room or laboratory, the experiment, like many others, seemed successful; but in the open air, on a large scale, it failed.

Still the germ of success was there. One step more in the same direction would have made the method theoretically perfect. This step was not made at the time; indeed the method was not altogether recognized as a failure, since, where the air was dry and the decay of the stone slow, it seemed partially successful. Tried in Paris, it answered well for a time, but brought to London, and tested on a part of the river front of the Houses of Parliament, exposed to the rude blasts, damp air, and sulphurous vapours of our metropolis, a single winter was sufficient to show its weakness.

During the last twenty years, while this method was hovering between success and failure in France, there were not wanting a host of inventors patenting processes in England, all of which were to preserve stone for ever without defacing it; scarce any of which, in fact, were other than modifications of paint, with all the certainty of ultimate decay involved in the use of animal and vegetable oils. There were, however, exceptions, and one of these involved a modification of M. Kuhlmann's suggestion, which promises ultimate success.

There have been, however, two persons engaged in a somewhat similar course of inquiry, and the work of each of these deserves careful attention. One was a Hungarian emigrant, a M. Szerelmey, whose attention seems to have been very early drawn to the importance of mineral bitumen, and who had invented a preparation, chiefly bituminous, for preserving iron from rust, which has been much used, and, we believe, with success. Engaged in remedying the mischief arising from rust to the metal plates on the roof of the Houses of Parliament, M. Szerelmey obtained the confidence of the late Sir Charles Barry, and was encouraged by him to carry his experiments farther. Under a patent taken out some years ago, he had applied a bituminous wash to the underside of damp railway arches with success, and he now proposed to coat the walls of the Houses of Parliament with a preparation, the nature of which was not communicated.

It is no breach of confidence to state that this consisted of the soluble flint of M. Kuhlmann, succeeded by a solution containing bitumen. M. Szerelmey probably thought that if the bitumen were not itself permanent, it might, at any rate, last long enough to allow the first preparation time to deposit a film of durable flint, while until the outer coat were decayed

there would be a more permanent and complete shield for the stone below than in any other way. It will be evident that the real test of this method does not commence till the bitumen has decayed, and if the outer preparation last only as long as common paint, there will be a decent state of the surface of the stone for two or three winters, even in a London atmosphere, before this happens. It is important that this be kept in view in estimating the practical value of the process.

While M. Szerelmey was experimenting on bituminous preparations, Mr. Frederick Ransome, of Ipswich, was largely engaged in manufacturing a peculiar kind of artificial stone, with the aid of the dissolved flints or water-glass already spoken of. While thus occupied, it occurred to him to try the effect of the fluid on stone, and thus, without knowing it, he reinvented M. Kuhlmann's method. His experiments being conducted in a damp air, he soon found out the weak point of this invention, and set himself to work to remedy it. Mr. Ransome was chemist enough to know that by inducing a process of double decomposition he might succeed in producing a mineral deposit, not only on the surface but within the actual substance of an absorbent stone. If, then, the deposit thus formed held firmly, and was itself able to resist exposure, it was clear that his object was obtained. The more rapidly and completely the stone then absorbed, the more completely would it be penetrated by the preserving deposit, and thus, as all stones are irregular in their texture, the protection would not be wasted, only so much being taken as was strictly required. He found that by following his first wash of soluble flint by another wash of a common enough mineral (muriate of lime), obtained from chemical works at a very cheap rate, he could cause double decomposition to take place; the result being the deposit of a mineral believed to be identical with that which, in the course of years, binds together the particles of sand in mortar or the pebbles in concrete, and a mere solution of common salt, which would be washed away by the first shower, or could be removed by a brush with fresh water.

Mr. Ransome's invention, then, consists in the discovery of a method by which the outer and exposed parts of soft stones are turned into a kind of concrete, exceedingly hard and well adapted to resist damp, change of temperature, and acid vapours. If it also coats the surface, this mineral forms a kind of white enamel glazing, not altogether sightly when on a warm-tinted stone, such as that used in the Houses of Parliament; but by management this is prevented, and the particles of the interior of the stone, as far as the washes have penetrated, become firmly cemented without the surface being discoloured. Limestones and sandstones are equally indurated by this treatment; the only condition of success being that the stone should be moderately dry and moderately absorbent.*

* We have purposely avoided in the text any allusion to chemical technicalities. It may, however, be well to state in a note, that, according to analyses recently made by Dr. Frankland, M. Szerelmey has used several preparations in various parts of the Houses of Parliament, all of which contain the common ingredients of paint, and

If we could feel quite satisfied that the solution of water-glass used by M. Szerelmey would, after being preserved for a time by its coat of paint, become not only adherent but permanently hard and indestructible in the pores of the stone, we might, no doubt, respect that gentleman's secret, so far as it is one, and adopt his plan, allowing him all the benefit of his invention. It is true that he claims to have been in possession of this secret some quarter of a century, while we find that the preparations used are not only various but have changed marvellously within even a few months. Unfortunately, also, there is a very marked difference of opinion as to the amount of success that has attended his later and larger experiments, while the earlier ones have not been submitted to public investigation.

The method adopted by Mr. Ransome being patented, and practised openly, admits of free discussion. There remains, however, with regard to it one important matter, which time only can decide; namely, how far the precipitate thrown down is of the same nature, and is as strongly adherent, as the cementing material of old mortar and concrete. The film of mineral in the two cases is too thin, and in too small quantity, to admit of direct chemical comparison; and the mode in which the deposit of silicate of lime from the mixture of the two washes attaches itself to the atoms of the stone, though believed to be the same as a concrete, has not been proved to be so.

There seems no doubt whatever that M. Szerelmey's process does for a time succeed in rendering the stone treated by it non-absorbent, and, therefore, capable of resisting weather. As all the evidence tends to show that the cause of this is the temporary coat of paint, or similar material, laid on, and we know that this soon decays, the trial by experience will commence, as we have already said, when this decay is complete, and is thus postponed for at least two years. A period of five or six years beyond this would probably suffice to decide the question at issue; but at present we have nothing to refer to of older date than the competing bays in the Houses of Parliament, completed in 1848.

The weathering of Mr. Ransome's specimens commences the instant the operation of preserving is completed; and, if the same period of five or six

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many of which undergo rapid decomposition. A powder, taken from the east side of the Speaker's Court on the 25th October, 1860, a part recently re-coated, "when heated, emitted dense vapours smelling strongly of burning paint. It contained 22·28 per cent. of organic matter, which was partly of an oleaginous, partly of a bituminous character. The remaining inorganic matter consisted chiefly of silica and oxide of zinc, with traces only of lime."

By Mr. Ransome's process, the stone is first washed with a solution of the water-glass (tetra-silicate of soda), which, as prepared, is readily soluble, and is used of approved strength. When this has been well soaked in, it is followed by a wash of solution of muriate of lime. Decomposition of the two salts immediately takes place, the silicic acid parting with the soda to take up the lime, and becoming silicate of lime, while the muriatic acid set free combines with the soda also set free, and forms muriate of soda, or common salt. The particles of silicate of lime are precipitated in a finely crystallized state in the pores of the stone.

years be sufficient to justify an opinion, we shall soon be in a condition to decide on its success or failure, as a trial was made of its merits in the month of October, 1856. This trial, like the last in 1858, was made on a selected bay on the river front of the Houses of Parliament. Up to the present time, there has been no serious decay in the stones then coated, though adjacent stones not acted on are greatly disfigured by the action of the weather. The later and more carefully prepared specimen, completed in the autumn of 1858, and competing with M. Szerelmey's work of the same date, is manifestly too recent to justify an opinion.

To sum up this inquiry into the state of our defences against insidious and ever-present enemies, we may remark that, although beyond a doubt a really careful and intelligent selection of material would enable the architect to dispense with such contrivances as we have been considering, there must always remain in use a sufficient quantity of inferior quality of stone to give great value to a successful invention for preserving it from decay.

But in proportion as such an invention is valuable, if real, ought we to be cautious in admitting its reality until amply proved.

Before spending millions in constructing forts and strengthening our line of coast defence, it has been thought necessary to appoint a commission of inquiry, and obtain a report from those considered to be best qualified to form an opinion. It is true that in any particular case of stonework the cost of preserving may be thousands only instead of millions; but even thousands are worth considering, and the determination of the question is of the more vital importance, inasmuch as if a successful method of treating stone be discovered, not only will our Houses of Parliament be protected, but half the old and most of the new buildings in the country will require to be similarly treated.

It is no unimportant matter to be able to introduce into general use for the mere decorative purposes of architecture a class of stones admirably adapted for ornamental work, extremely cheap, extremely abundant, of great beauty, and obtainable in very large blocks. Such stones are at present either excluded altogether from use, or only taken for inferior purposes; therefore in this respect, if in no other, a decision is most desirable. Whether such a decision could be arrived at without the test of time is doubtful; but the day is approaching when this test may be fairly applied, and it is essential that till then no public countenance should be given to one process rather than another. It has been suggested that a mixed commission of architects and chemists should be appointed to consider the whole question, and advise the government in reference to the Houses of Parliament. Considering the national importance of the subject and the anxiety there is on the part of the Board of Works to do something, without precisely knowing what, it is probable that such a commission would have a useful result.

A Human Skull.

A HUMAN skull! I bought it passing cheap—
Of course 'twas dearer to its first employer;
I thought mortality did well to keep
Some mute memento of the Old Destroyer.

It is a ghostly monitor, and most
Experienced our wasting sand in summing;
It is a grave domestic finger-post
Of Life,—an emblem of the shadows coming.

Time was some may have prized its blooming skin:
Here lips were woo'd perhaps in transport tender:
Some may have chucked what was a dimpled chin,
And never had my doubt about its gender!

Did she live yesterday, or ages back?
What colour were the eyes when bright and waking.
And were your ringlets fair, or brown, or black,
Poor little head! that long has done with aching?

It may have held (to shoot some random shots)
Thy brains, Eliza Fry, or Baron Byron's,
The wits of Nelly Gwynn, or Doctor Watts,
Two quoted bards! two philanthropic syrens!

But this I surely knew before I closed
The bargain on the morning that I bought it—
It was not half so bad as some supposed,
Nor quite as good as many may have thought it.

Who love, can need no special type of Death:
He bares his awful face too soon, too often;—
"Immortelles" bloom in Beauty's bridal wreath;
And does not yon green elm contain a coffin?

Oh! cara mine, what lines of care are these?
The heart still lingers with the golden hours,
An autumn tint is on the chesnut-trees,
And where is all that boasted wealth of flowers?

If Life no more can yield us what it gave,
It still is linked with much that calls for praises,—
A very worthless rogue may dig the grave,
But hands unseen will dress the turf with daisies.

F. L.

The Pope's City and the Pope's Protectors.

The sneering pessimism of that most unphilosophic of philosophers, the author of *Candide*, might almost find its justification in the case of one condemned to a residence in the Eternal City, as it appears in its present phase of existence. It would be difficult to imagine any change more oppressive to the spirits than that from cheerful, active, busy, hopeful Florence, to the melancholy squalor and deathlike tranquillity of Rome. It is like a plunge from the gladsome warmth of sunshiny life into the cold, dim, unwholesome atmosphere of a charnel-house. Even in old times, when grand-ducal rule in Tuscany was most leaden in its characteristics, the mere passage across the frontiers of the States of the Church was wont to impress travellers very strongly with the evidences of a change, in every manifestation of social condition, from bad to very much worse. And it is, probably, a known and recognized fact among Englishmen, that human life exists under worse conditions of every kind in the dominions of the Head of the Church, than in any other portion of Christendom. But few, perhaps, would be prepared for the very striking degree in which the contrast between the two States has increased in intensity since the one has started on its career of freedom, while the other has been subjected not only to priestly ignorance and insolence, as of yore, but to the results of priestly terror, and the degradation of foreign occupation. The complication of evils will be admitted to be a desperate one. Military despotism would probably be held by the general sense of mankind to be the worst known form of government, had the world never had experience of the yet more intolerable evils of theocratic rule. But Rome, sitting there sullen and isolated in the midst of her blighted "Campagna;" quaking with well-founded fear, yet impenitent; cowed by the foreign soldiery to which she owes her prolonged existence, yet cynically audacious in avenging her mortifications by lawless oppression of the unhappy people condemned to remain in thraldom to her; snarling with ill-dissembled hatred, while she licks the powerful hand that holds the Damocles' sword from falling on her head; Rome, the Eternal, is demonstrating her eternity by dragging on a deathlike life, under pressure of a baleful combination of both these evil influences.

Very much of social ill, very extensive rottenness at the core of a body politic, may exist, while to a superficial observer all on the surface looks sound and prosperous. But such is not the case at Rome. The most careless sight-seer, the most self-engrossed pleasure-seeker, could not walk the streets of Rome in these days without being painfully impressed by the too evident signs of suffering, discontent, and suppressed hatred, on the part of the people; imbecility, oppression, and by no

means suppressed hatred, on the part of the cassocked rulers and their myrmidons; and contemptuous insolence, masterdom, and conscious possession of unlimited power, on the part of the military protectors and upholders of a state of things so truly foul and disgraceful to humanity. It would be difficult to imagine a scene more profoundly sad and loathsome to every moral sense, in all its sights and sounds, than that which a new-comer to the Eternal City would probably light on in his first excursion from his inn. He hurries to the Coliseum, that mighty ruin which tells so eloquent a tale of the unprogressive, and therefore doomed, civilization which reared it, and of the long centuries of unimprovable barbarism which that uncivilizing civilization necessarily generated. The glorious autumnal sunshine is gilding the pillars, arches, and curves of matchless material beauty. The lines, unlike those of many a northern and eastern architectural masterpiece, express no soul in their loveliness; for the ancient Roman, neither more nor less than is his modern descendant, was essentially a materialist. The stranger gazes on the vast amphitheatre destined to gather a whole city to the enjoyment of spectacles designedly calculated to degrade a nation into the acquiescent slaves of a despot; marks the huge rents which the greedy avarice of more barbarous priestly despots made in the noble structure at a later day; scans the huge and hideous brick buttresses with which the more modern popes sought to preserve the remnant of the building, in times when it had become evident that the most profitable purpose to which the heritage of the old Roman grandeur could be put was to preserve it as an attraction to money-spending foreigners; and finally takes note of the tall cross, with its concomitant praying-bench and begging-box, and series of meanly-daubed "stations" around it, intended to turn the traditional veneration for the spot felt by the populace of Rome into a means of extracting a small revenue of pence from the poorest and most ignorant among them. An old and ragged crone is kneeling in the sunshine, and ends her worship by dropping in the box some *baiocco*, squeezed from her necessities, to purchase the luxury of a conscience eased from somewhat that oppressed it. A couple of barcheaded and sandalled Capuchin friars are creeping lazily across the enclosed oval space; but *they* do not turn aside either to make use of the praying-bench or to contribute to the begging-box. Stretched at his length on the bare and dusty soil, a half-naked, but tall and well-grown descendant of the Quirites is sleeping in the noontide sun, at the base of the huge arches of the Temple of Ceres. Another Roman is almost as dreamily collecting fragments of rag, or cigar ends, among the stones of the Via Sacra. Dreamily, too, crawls along beneath the shade of the mighty wall of the amphitheatre, towards the road leading to the Lateran, the carriage of a cardinal, in which his eminence is taking his daily airing—if such a term can be applied to a progress made in a carefully-closed carriage, in company with two attendant ecclesiastics. Two half-starved little black horses drag the antiquated machine, which looks like a superannuated English mail-coach bedizened with cheap

gilding. One cocked-hatted domestic on the hammer-cloth box, and two cocked-hatted footmen on the monkey-board behind, in stained and threadbare liveries decked with a profusion of wide coarse worsted lace, complete the attendance of five persons, needful, according to Roman etiquette, to the locomotion of a prince of the Church. A very dreary sight is the equipage of his eminence. But all is not dreamy stillness and lazy lethargy that meets the eye of the stranger. There is an element of life in the scene. There are sounds quite other than the sleepy hum of a city more dead than alive. The life element is supplied by the same kind patrons who galvanize the entire political system into a semblance of temporary vitality. The tree-shaded spaces to the south of the Coliseum are the spots selected by the ubiquitous Gallic host for drum and trumpet practice! Every day, and apparently all day long, a hideous and intolerable clangour mocks the great death-like silences of the place, and seems to symbolize aptly enough the general tone of the relationship between effete, moribund Rome, and its hated, feared, yet most indispensable protectors.

It is the same, indeed, in some form or other, in every part and every aspect of the city. With quiet, almost stealthy pace, downcast look, and submissive bearing, the native Roman creeps noiselessly along the thoroughfares of his city; his gait and appearance harmonize in sad sort with the death-stricken aspect of the morally and physically dilapidated world around him. But French life is brisk amid all this Roman death. The sword-jangling of yon trio of epauletted swaggerers, as they monopolize the narrow footpath, the high-pitched tone of their talk and laugh, scare the poor shabby Roman ghosts with their life-like loudness. The wide *piazza* there would be all quiet but for the shrill disputing of that pair of brisk little French corporals sitting over their *petits verres* of Roman cognac. The waiters in that huge dim cavern-like *café* in the Corso, would hardly be stirred from their semi-somnolent lethargy, were it not for the loud imperious tones and angry swearing of that noisy tableful of sub-lieutenants, who enjoy rather than not the startled and malevolent attention they attract from all present. The ubiquitousness with which this rattling, jangling, noisy French life pervades the dreary dead Roman world is something wonderful. Like disturbed ants in an immense ant-hill, those red-legged, lively, shrill-voiced, and strangely ugly little soldiers run perpetually over everything. The halls and galleries of the Vatican swarm with them, to such a degree, that the keepers groan over the fatal damage done to their inlaid floors by the nailed shoes of these unwelcome and unpaying visitors. Every portion of the fabric of St. Peter's, from the floor to the cupola, is alive with them. All doors fly open at their bidding; and the roof of the huge Basilica seems to be a favourite lounge of the private soldiers.

The real condition of Rome may be truly and easily read, as has been said, on its surface. It is superfluous, therefore, to add, that any cautious, guarded word which can be extracted from any Roman as to the

present conditions of life there, is in perfect accordance with the outward appearance which has been described. The most hopeful only permit themselves to look to a better time coming, *quando queste cose saranno finite*—when these things shall come to an end. Nor would any such hope be whispered into any stranger's ear, save an Englishman's. The symptoms of a system of *espionage* and terrorism are very manifest; and the contrast which makes itself felt in this respect, immediately on crossing the line at which it has pleased France to arrest the movement of regeneration, is very striking. One notable evidence of this is the absolute emptiness of the streets after sundown, or at least after the French drums have sounded the *retraite*. The French soldiers are then in their barracks; and with the exception of a few belated stragglers in the Corso, the entire city is indoors. The streets are absolutely deserted. A moonlight walk over the site of Palmyra would differ chiefly from one through modern Rome, in its freedom from the danger of stumbling over heaps of miscellaneous filth, collected in the frequently recurring spots marked in huge letters on the walls, "Immondezzaio,"—"filth-place:" that is to say, as if the entire dung-heap of a city were not one huge "immondezzaio."

With all this, as may be readily imagined, "times are very bad," exceptionally bad, at Rome. The Romans are looking forward to a very disastrous winter. Good times and bad times in the Eternal City depend entirely, it must be understood, on the greater or lesser number of northern strangers, English, Americans, and Russians, who come to see the sights, enjoy the equable Roman winter climate, and purchase the various art-productions of one kind or another, which constitute pretty nearly all that can be called productive industry in the former capital of the world. And now the marble-workers, the hotel-keepers, the house-owners, the picture-painters, the cameo-cutters, the livery-stable masters, the guides, the museum guardians, who live on fees, and the numerous tradesmen of all kinds whose business consists exclusively in supplying the needs of foreigners, are in despair. Rome is, in their phrase, completely "empty," and is likely to remain so. *Queste cose* alarm the easily scared race of amusement and pleasure seekers. The cameos are cut, the pictures are painted, the little models of columns and temples in *giallo* and *rosso antico* have been prepared, and nobody is coming to buy them. It will be "the worst year that Rome has seen for a long time," and may probably indeed turn out to be so for others besides those who minister to English and American amusement. Yet the city is "tranquil,"—very tranquil indeed. Nor are any of those peculiar symptoms to be observed, which characterize the tranquillity as that which has so often been known to be the lull that precedes a storm. No! the tourists might "do" their Rome after the wonted fashion, see their sights, make their picnics, sketch their ruins as usual in all security and quiet. The great waggon coaches of the cardinals are crawling about the streets. The *soprani* are singing the melodies of Palestrina in St. Peter's. The red and yellow Swiss guards are lounging

about the Vatican stairs in their ordinary masquerade dresses. The matchless golden sunsets, Rome's own inalienable dower, are converting by their wondrous magic the desolation of the Campagna into the semblance of fairy-land beauty, and bathing the squalor of the dilapidated city in glory. The unhappy Pope himself is there to do his part of the show. Wearily and sadly he does it, to be sure! A sadder face it would be difficult to look on, than that with which the "priest-king" performs his part in the last act of the great tragi-comedy, now dwindled to a farce, on which the curtain is so soon to drop. See! he is coming down the stairs of the Vatican to enter his gilt state coach, and proceed to the Quirinal palace, there to have presented to him a newly arrived batch of French officers. Five of the "noble guard," happily preserved in such a state of military efficiency as to be able to sit upright on their quiet steeds, are there to escort the carriage. There are also sundry priests and deacons of various degrees, with coachmen, footmen, and postilions in strange dresses, and officers bearing huge state umbrellas, and other tools of pontifical state. There are a dozen or so of gendarmes, about as many Roman *gamins*, and three or four Englishmen. Slowly and heavily down the great stairs comes a fat old man all in white, with a large puffy pasty face as yellow-white as his dress, wearing an expression of the most profound and weary depression. The officials, military and ecclesiastical, all kneel on the pavement. The *gamins* and the Englishmen omit to do so. The "priest-king" steps into his state coach, and immediately begins his part of the performance by waggling three fingers of a fat white hand out of the carriage window, scattering benedictions around with as impartial a profusion as heaven sends its showers. And so Pius IX. goes off to his unwelcome task at the Quirinal. He, too, however downcast and weary, is going on in the old way. The torpid stream of Roman life creeps on somewhat more torpidly than ever. The tourists might "do" their Rome in all safety. Is there not the reassuring tramp of the French *retraite* in the streets every night? The great break-up, the *débâcle* which will sweep away so much from the face of the earth, will not come quite yet; and will not come in any shape which will hurt the gentlemen tourists, even if it should catch them in the process of "doing" their Rome.

But when will this long-looked-for consummation come? And why is it prevented from at once accomplishing itself?

Here we find directly in our path the modern Sphinx, with his unsolvable riddle, which all Europe seems to think itself bound to divine on pain of being devoured by the monster. The inscrutable policy of the Emperor! Europe labours very hard to scrutinize this inscrutable; painfully piecing together and commenting disjointed and puzzlingly inconsistent utterances of the genuinely oracular kind. Is it absolutely necessary to attempt an exposition of that latest form of state-craft, which consists in expanding the historical Burleighian shake of the head into pamphlets in imperial octavo, and *ipse-dixit* articles in the *Constitutionnel*?

The freemasons also had a secret, which excited a vast amount of curiosity and speculation. But suspicions respecting the nature of that secret have at last resulted in its being very resignedly and incuriously left in the possession of its owners. May it not be possible, that the mystery of the imperial policy and that of the freemasons' secret are of a somewhat analogous nature? Consoling ourselves, then, in our ignorance, with this possibility, let us limit ourselves to the noting of one or two facts bearing on the subject, which are patent, and need no sibylline utterances to assure us of them. It is a fact, that the Emperor, let his motives for so acting have been what they may, did render Italy the almost invaluable service of making possible all the magnificent eventualities which she has since realized; and that, despite the bitter disappointment of Villafranca, Italy was well disposed to feel that service to be invaluable, *till* her benefactor valued it at the pound of flesh cut from her living body, which he exacted from her by the annexation of Nice. It is a fact that, the debt of gratitude having been thus cancelled by the Shylock-like claim of the creditor, the whole subsequent tenor of the imperial policy has been day by day alienating the feelings of the Italian nation from France and her ruler. It is a fact, that the recent conduct of the French army of occupation, as regards the unhappy cities of the district which "ages of faith" used to call the "patrimony of St. Peter," has so increased the hostile feeling, that it has been a matter of the greatest difficulty for the officers of the Italian troops, who had to evacuate those cities at the bidding of France, to prevent their men from attacking the French soldiers who brought back to the recently enfranchised cities their once expelled tyrants. Small skill in reading aright the feelings of a people was needed to enable any one, who chanced to traverse the "patrimony of St. Peter" just after this exploit of the French arms, to estimate those of the Romans towards the Emperor and his army. It would be dishonest to omit to state, that in some instances the French "authorities" have interfered to moderate the excess of extortion and persecution which the restored priestly authorities were anxious to perpetrate. But the cruel excess of the evil and disappointment and misery inflicted, has been too great to admit of much gratitude being felt for such partial withholding of the entire weight of the blow.

Viterbo was a piteous sight on the black day of the French reoccupation! So much had been done towards wiping out the remembrance of the detested priestly government! The exultation of the people at their emancipation had been so universal! The outspoken execration of the expelled tyrants so fatally compromising! And the cruel Sphinx utterance respecting the limits of the sovereignty of the Pope pronounced to be necessary to the purity of the Catholic faith, had so treacherously deceived them, and entrapped them into the fatal snare! The column of volunteers in the service of Victor Emmanuel, under Colonel Masi, who had been holding the frontier of the newly-delivered territory, was obliged to evacuate the city at the bidding of a French general, to make way for the

French regiment which was to bring back with it the Papal officials and the Papal gendarmes. They lingered, in the hope that the latter might enter the town some hours in advance of their protectors. Had that been the case, they would have been driven back, despite the vicinity of their patrons. But it was not so. The gendarmes and the monsignori came slinking into the city at the tail of the French troops; while almost every citizen of mark had to quit it, together with Colonel Masi's column. So general was the emigration, that the surrounding towns towards the Tuscan frontier were thronged with the fugitives from Papal vengeance; and a few days subsequently, it was difficult to procure a bed in Perugia, in consequence of the number of emigrants from Viterbo who filled the city. The Italian soldiers fell back on the neighbouring town of Montefiascone; but that also has, more recently, shared the fate of Viterbo. Great was the misery of the people of Montefiascone, at learning that the dominion of their little town was thought necessary to make up the quantity of sovereignty deemed essential to enable the priest-king to exercise his spiritual functions satisfactorily to the Catholic sentiment of Europe. And much was the speculation among the Italians, anxious, if possible, to make out some theory of a meaning in the Sphinx utterances, as to the reasons why the great arbiter of Europe should take thus much and no more of their country and countrymen into his gripe. A young English officer on Colonel Masi's staff, who had shared in the taking of Viterbo, and then in the retreat first from that city and subsequently from Montefiascone, solved the riddle in a manner which indicated a very imperfect appreciation of the profound and recondite motives on which the inscrutable imperial policy is based. "Why, Viterbo, you see," said the young aide-de-camp, "lies low in the bottom, and Montefiascone high on a hill within sight of it, and of a large tract of country round; and the French could not endure to see our flag flying in so conspicuous a position, and seeming to assert, as it were, a superiority over theirs." Here was a result of the inscrutable policy! An entire population was thrust back into despair and the acknowledged atrocities of Papal rule, some scores of families were ruined, and more individuals driven out exiles from their homes and from the means of earning their bread, in order that the French cock might have the highest perch from which to crow his insolent note of self-glorification, and the vulgar arrogance of a French colonel be assured of its satisfaction.

But with regard to the occupation of Rome itself, it must not be forgotten, that the measure cannot be considered as properly forming a part of the imperial policy. The Emperor found French troops at Rome, when France allowed him to make himself her master. France, the nation, is responsible for the unprovoked aggression. France, at the moment of the apparently successful vindication of her own liberty, deliberately determined on using her superior force to thrust back another people bent on a deliverance similar to that which she was striving to achieve for herself, into a slough of despair and tyranny notoriously a thousandfold worse than

any from which she was herself so anxious to escape. If the history of the human race be searched to find among all the evil there recorded the blackest and most disgraceful page, surely it will appear to be that which tells of the destruction of Roman liberty by French republican patriots. Kings and despots have acted after the manner of their kind. But where else in all the story of our species can we find a deed so damning, so indelibly dishonouring a nation of freemen? All the falsehoods of perjured monarchs, all the treacheries of venal diplomatists, all the atrocities of ruffian captains, all the wickedness of holy alliances against the welfare of mankind, pale before the stupendous baseness of free, self-governed France in the hour of her own emancipation. The twelve long years of misery and degradation have been endured, and a few more will, in all probability, have to be endured, by the people of that most hapless and helpless of cities. Republican France had the reward she sought in the adhesion of the corrupt priesthood, whose support she was willing to purchase at so fatal a price. And the retribution was near at hand. For Imperial France was equally successful in hiring for the nonce the same prostituted adhesion by a continuance of the same bribe, less monstrously shameless when offered by a despot, than when imagined, proposed, and paid by a nation, absurdly imagining it possible that a people could at the same time be capable of self-government themselves and capable of debarring another people from the boon. France has had her reward. Rome has "tranquilly" undergone her doom of oppression, demoralization, and misery. Italy has been ready, first in the flush of her gratitude for the generous performance of half the promise made her at Milan, to pardon and forget the injury; and afterwards, when her feelings had become changed towards the supposed generous benefactor metamorphosed into a hard creditor, to gulp down the expression of them towards the wielder of a power she could not afford to offend. But it would be a signal mistake to suppose that she has forgotten, or will for many a coming year forget, the unspeakable baseness of the aggression which crushed the already won liberties of Rome, or the "inscrutable policy" which has prolonged the suffering and the debasement for ten weary years.

Nevertheless, it may be, that this wrong may eventually be found to contribute, as so many others most strangely have done, to the future advantage and prosperity of the kingdom of Italy. Wonderful, indeed, has it been to observe how, during the last two years, the whole current of European events has tended to forward the great work now so nearly completed in Italy, to render possible so much which the farthest-sighted statesman must at the beginning of that period have deemed impossible, and to shape out for Italy a brighter future than any wise forecasting could have ventured to anticipate. Events which appeared to all men disastrous, have in repeated instances contributed to bring about the great result that has been attained; and the actions of those whose efforts were directed to avert the birth of an Italian kingdom, have again and again had for their effect the achievement of that consummation. Truly, those who deem that an

overruling Providence so governs human affairs that its workings may be traceable by human intelligence, can in no page of history find so striking an occasion for the exemplification of their doctrine as in that which records the progress of Italian redemption and unification. Not often in the course of human affairs can men so quickly perceive, to the satisfaction of their own understandings, that whatever is, is right. But even from the stand-point which we have already reached, it is not difficult to see that a great good may arise from the determination of the French Emperor to prolong yet a little while the infamous system of misgovernment which he has himself so emphatically condemned. For it will in all probability obviate all risk that the Italians might fall into the very disastrous mistake of making Rome the capital of their new kingdom.

The grounds on which Italy might be tempted to select the Eternal City, the capital of the ancient Roman world, as the chief city of their new constitutional monarchy, are obvious and appreciable at a glance. The *magni nominis umbra* necessarily exercises a powerful influence on the imagination of all of us, especially of the Italians. Mighty, though scarcely glorious, memories are indissolubly attached to the great old name. The *Genius loci*, however inspiring to the poetic and artistic mind, is assuredly not a Genius which could advantageously haunt the benches of a free parliament. The prestige which still clings to the proud claims of imperial and papal Rome may flatter the imagination of the descendants of the masters of the world. But the honourable members for Asti, Bologna, or Capua will not expect to address their parliamentary writs *urbi et orbi*. Garibaldi and other poets will be anxious to proclaim the new birth of an united Italy "from the height of the Capitol." But practical statesmen, who have not merely resounding in their ears the echoes of Rome's name in the fable, history, and song of two thousand years, but who know what the Eternal City now is, and who comprehend the incalculably important influence which the capital and seat of government will exercise on the fortunes of the new kingdom,—these men will be of opinion that of all the cities which it might be possible to think of selecting for the purpose, Rome should be the last.

Great as it must be in all cases, the influence for good or evil which the capital of the new kingdom of Italy will exercise on the progress and course of its destinies, will be immeasurably more important than it would be to a people differently circumstanced. The various dominions and social systems which have to be welded into one united and eventually homogeneous nation, differ very widely from each other in advancement, in habitudes, and aptitudes, and general civilization. The past, through which these different societies have lived, has been very widely different; and the product of that past is proportionably dissimilar. Now, that these differences will gradually efface themselves—that a work of assimilation and fusion will be accomplished, there can be no doubt. But the degree in which this homogeneity may be attained by raising the more backward portions to the level of those more advanced, rather

than by the reverse process, will depend in a very great degree upon the civilization of the capital. The influence exercised on ideas, habits, fashions, and even on race, by the capital and seat of government of a constitutional country, to which deputies from all parts of the territory are sent to reside, *and from which they and theirs return* to their provinces, is incalculably great. Now, that the present state of civilization at Rome is very far inferior to that of every part of Italy to the north of it, can be doubted by none. It is inferior even to that of Naples, probably, in some respects; notably in the greater ignorance and want of education among the middle classes. How, indeed, could it be otherwise.? To any one reflecting on the past history of Rome and its government for the last thousand years, must it not be equally certain that the product of such training must necessarily be that which a very cursory observation of Rome and its inhabitants is sufficient to show that it is in fact? In all that goes to make up the comfort and decency of material existence—in aptitude, intelligence, and natural quickness of capacity—in that diffused comprehension of the true scope and objects of social life, and of the sort of means that render them attainable (a comprehension which can scarcely exist among the masses of a people except as the heritage of many generations), which, perhaps, more than any other acquirement adapts a nation for further progress—in courtesy of bearing, in soberness, decency, and thrift—in respect for law and its sanctions, the Roman is so manifestly and so far behind the Florentine of a corresponding class, that the difference to the future of Italy which would result from making Rome, instead of Florence, the seat of government, would be equal to, at least, a half-century's worth of progress. It would be a disastrous, all but fatal, mistake. Yet so powerful is the magic of a name, especially over the minds of an imaginative people like the Italians, that the mistake might well be made, were it not rendered impossible by the prolonged existence of the Pope as a Sovereign at Rome. The redemption of Rome, also, will come when the hour for it is ripe. Meantime, a consolation under the necessity of waiting for it yet awhile, may be found in the foregoing considerations.

Success.

I HAVE a great opinion of successful men; and I am not ashamed to confess it.

It was the fashion, some years ago, to sneer at Success—nay, indeed, sometimes to revile it, as though it were an offence, or at best a pretentious humbug. This came out of the sudden inflation of some huge wind bags, which as suddenly collapsed. To do honour to successful men was held to be arrant flunkeyism; for a successful man was accounted little better than a flatulent impostor. Clever men drew pictures of Success, represented by a mighty Juggernaut passing triumphantly over the necks of thousands of prostrate worshippers. Still cleverer men wrote brilliant stories of modern life, illustrating the rise and fall of seemingly successful men; and imitative dramatists transferred these sketches of society to the stage. The great imposture of Success was the pet subject of the day. But a healthier social philosophy is now enthroned amongst us. We have begun to think that men who make their way to the front, becoming rich or famous by the force of their personal characters, must, after all, have something in them, though every now and then bubbles may arise, in which solid realities are reflected, only to burst into thin air. Have we not all been reading lately about "Self-Help"—and what has charmed us so much? Are not our assembly rooms, and lecture halls, and mechanics' institutions, all over the country—I ask the question after a tolerably wide autumnal circuit of English provincial towns—are they not thrilling night after night with popular orations on "Self-made Men," or, as I see it phrased at times, "Self-built Men," and all that relates to them? To prostrate oneself before what Success has won, be it power, or riches, or what not, may rightly be called flunkeyism; but to honour what has won success is worthy worship, not to be condemned or restrained. It is veneration for that type of manhood, which most nearly approaches the divine, by reason of its creative energy. It is a good sign of the times that we appreciate it at its true worth.

It is not to be expected, however, that envy should die out of the world; and so long as there is envy, people will be found to talk about Luck. But success does not come by chance; Providence helps those who help themselves. We may fancy that two men adopt the same means towards the attainment of the same end, and because one succeeds and the other fails, we may say that the one is more fortunate than the other. But the one succeeds and the other fails, because they do *not* adopt the same means towards the same end. Of the two pilgrims, who started on their journey, each with peas in his shoon, the one was not more fortunate than the other; he was simply more wise. The man, who sank by the

way, toil-worn and foot-sore, with drops of agony on his forehead, groaning with pain, may have been the better walker of the two. The race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong. It is by the right application of your swiftness or your strength to the particular object in view that you make your way to Success. It is not only by doing the right thing, but by doing the right thing in the right way, and at the right time, that we achieve the great triumphs of life. All this is to be dwelt on presently. It is only here to be said that the varying results which we discern are not attributable to chance—not to external circumstances of any kind; but to inherent differences within ourselves—whatsoever Envy or Vanity may say upon the subject. Success is a substantial and enduring reality; luck is a mere vapour that is speedily dissolved. "Wealth gotten by vanity," saith Solomon, "shall diminish; but he that gathereth by labour shall increase."

But what, it may be asked, is Success? and who is the successful man? I have heard it said, that "all success is comparative;" but with what is the comparison? Not with the successes of others. In this sense all success is positive. The prime minister is a greater man than his butler, but he is not, therefore, a more successful one. You must measure the success of a man, not by the relation which his achievements bear to what others have achieved, but by their relation to what he himself has endeavoured. If he has kept a certain object steadily before him, and has attained it—no matter what the object be—he is a successful man. In another sense, too, success is positive; for it admits of no drawbacks or abatements beyond the range of the object attained. If I strive to amass wealth, and I amass it, I am not the less successful because my son turns out a dissolute spendthrift and my daughter disgraces herself by a runaway match. Am I less successful as a poet, or a painter, because my wife is unfaithful to me, and I am miserable in spite of my success? Success is one thing; happiness is another. The boy, Warren Hastings, aimed at the Governor-generalship of India, and the recovery of his ancestral estates; was he less a successful man because, when he had accomplished these objects of his ambition, his life was embittered by the persecution of his enemies? And the boy Charles Metcalfe—he too aimed at the Governor-generalship, and he attained not solely to that eminence, but to the prouder distinction of ruling "the three greatest dependencies of the British Crown." Was he less successful, because, in the fulness of his fame, an excruciating bodily disease ate into his life and destroyed him by slow torture?

Even the disappointments and disquietudes of Success itself do not detract from its completeness. A man may not find the attainment of his object so exhilarating as the pursuit of it; but for all this he does succeed. I knew a man whose desire it was to obtain a certain public situation. There was a particular post in a particular department which he coveted, and he said to himself that he would obtain it. Night after night his way home led him down Whitehall, and as he passed under the shadow of the building which held the department of government which he aspired

to enter, he would shake his fist at it, and say, "You grim old pile, you exclude me now, but some day I shall have a home in you, be sure." And he was right. Unlikely as success appeared, he succeeded, and even sooner than he had hoped. It was nothing very great that he had obtained. But the success consisted in this, that what he won was the identical thing which he aspired and endeavoured to win. It is nothing to the point that other men had won much higher posts by *their* successful exertions. Nor is it a matter to be considered, when we would determine the measure of his success, whether he was happier than before. There may have been distressing sets-off in other directions, or the thing for which he had striven may not have satisfied him; but the positive success was there. All success, indeed, is self-contained. If it were not, I am afraid that the catalogue of successful men might be printed on half a page.

We may think about this at leisure. *Vanitas vanitatum!* It is not the subject of discourse which I have chosen for myself. And I would rather, if I digress at all, step aside to ask whether it may not be that we all have our successes, though they be not of a kind of which the world takes any account. I must keep, however, to the subject of recognized Success, as all men understand it, and inquire how it is attained. I have heard people laugh at the mis-quotation of that well-known Addisonian platitude:—

> "'Tis not in mortals to command success,
> But I'll do more, Sempronius—I'll deserve it."

But I have thought the *varia lectio* involved in the blunder deserving of the highest consideration; and I have been more disposed to admire than to ridicule the reading,

> "'Tis not in mortals to deserve success,
> But I'll do more, Sempronius—I'll command it."

More men have commanded success than have deserved it. There is nothing presumptuous in the idea. It is more presumptuous to talk about our deserts. What do the best of us deserve, but complete and disastrous failure?

It has been said, that "any man may have any woman." The meaning of which I hold to be, that the persevering pursuit of any object must eventually be crowned with success. *Labor omnia vincit*, as the copy-book text has it, and as the proverbs of well nigh every country have it in other words. To set your mind resolutely upon the accomplishment of any purpose, is to go half way to its attainment. Now, it commonly happens, to pursue the illustration wherewith I commenced this passage, that they who are most successful with women are not the handsomest men. And the reason of this is obvious. Handsome men rely overmuch on their handsomeness. To use a metaphor, rather expressive than eloquent, they expect that all the pretty women will "jump down their throats." But pretty women will not jump down their throats. This process of deglutition

is not affected by them. They have no notion of being quietly absorbed. They must be won—bravely, laboriously, and with a becoming sense of what is due to them. Are we to think that we have only to sit quietly in our easy-chairs, and to twirl our moustaches? Beauty is a divine gift; let whosoever possesses it be thankful. Madame De Stael, one of the most gifted of mortals, said that she would surrender all that she possessed in exchange for it. But Madame De Stael was a woman; and I am now writing about men. Everybody knows that men care more about personal beauty in the other sex than women do, and for this reason, that pleasant sights and sweet sounds, and everything soft and gentle, is a delight and a refreshment to them. But the ordinary environments of women are soft and gentle. They lead comparatively passive lives; and that which most fascinates them in the other sex, is a sense of active power. What is softness and smoothness to them? Bless them, they like the grit. Even the hard lines on a man's face—the pallor, nay, the less interesting sallowness of his cheek—are interesting to them, if they denote power. I repeat that personal beauty is a great gift, even to a man. But it is only as an accompaniment to other gifts that it contributes to success. Everybody knows what Wilkes, the ugliest man in England, said to Townshend, the handsomest. And it was not a mere idle boast.

And so it is with intellectual gifts of a high order. The conscious possessor relies too much upon them. Fortune is represented as a woman—do we not call her Dame Fortune?—and she must be laboriously won. Are we to sit down by the wayside, and expect that she will seat herself on our lap? "Any man may have any woman," and any man may have any thing, if he only goes about resolutely to attain it. But he must not trust too much to what he is. Genius, like beauty, is a divine gift; let him who possesses it thank God with his whole heart; but it is not by being, but by doing, that we achieve success; and therefore it is that the most gifted, like the handsomest men, are often passed on the road by men of second-rate abilities, or, more correctly, of inferior natural gifts. I would have this distinction kept steadily in view, for people too often use the word "ability" with reference to anything rather than to its true meaning. I am not one of those who have much faith in the general co-existence of inactivity with power. I hold that what men can do, they will do; and I think it will be found that when they do it not, it is because they feel that they cannot do it. There may be great natural gifts resulting only in a dreamy, indolent, unproductive state of life. But this is because the possessor has no special aptitude for any particular thing—no vocation, so to speak; no consciousness of ability to carry out anything to a conclusion; no resolute will to attempt it. Dress up the idea as we may; cover it with whatsoever gloss of fine and attractive words; talk of the waywardness, the impulsiveness of genius; it is, in its naked reality, no more than this—that whatsoever the natural gifts may be, their possessor lacks ability to do anything, and feels the inability within him. He does not see his way clearly to any definite result; he does not concentrate his

powers on any given object; and he runs to waste, nothing better at the best than a splendid failure.

To concentrate your powers on any given object—to go directly to the point, looking neither to the right nor to the left, and resolutely determining to succeed—is to secure Success. If once you begin to *sprawl*, you are lost.* I do not mean by this that we are to reject collateral aids. On the other hand, I would suffer all tributary streams to flow freely into the great main channel of our action. You may drive a dozen horses in the same chariot, if you can only keep them well together. You must converge to a centre, not diverge from it. If I were to give way to the allurements of biographical illustration, I should soon fill a volume, instead of only a few pages; but here are a few lines from Plutarch, which I quote rather in the way of caution than of example: "There was in the whole city but one street in which Pericles was ever seen, the street which led to the market-place, and to the council-house. He declined all invitations to banquets, and all gay assemblies and company. During the whole period of his administration he never dined at the table of a friend." Emerson cites this with commendation in one of his lectures. But I cannot help thinking that it is a mistake. You should never forget the Market-place or the Council-house. But you may expediently dine at the table of a friend, or invite a friend to dine at your table, in the interests of the Market-place or the Council-house. Self-help is, doubtless, a great thing, but mutual help is not to be despised. We may often make a greater stride on to success by "dining at the table of a friend," than by staying at home to post up a ledger, or to wade through a volume of statistics. Successful men, we may be sure, have not confined themselves to direct action, or looked only to immediate results. More failures are consummated by want of faith and want of patience than by anything else in the world. We cannot grow rich by sowing mustard-seeds on a damp flannel, though they begin to sprout before our eyes. Concentration is not isolation or self-absorption. "Stick to your business, and your business will stick to you:" an excellent doctrine, doubtless; but what if I stick to my business more closely by smoking a cigar in my back parlour, than by serving customers in my front shop? What if I put aside some important work, claiming attention, to dress for dinner, and to convey myself to the table of an influential friend, on the chance of gaining more by going out than by staying at home? When I was a very young man, I wrote essays in illustration of what I then believed to be the folly of such a course. But as I grow old, every year convinces me more and more that social intercourse, of

* I learnt this lesson very early in life, on the box of the North Devon coach, receiving the rudiments of my education as a Jehu. It was night. I drove from Andover to Blackwater; and three elderly insides were ignorant of the danger to which they were exposed. "Keep them well together. Keep them well together. Don't let them sprawl," was all the advice I received from my instructor. The lesson was worth remembering on the great turnpike-road of life.

the right kind, is a material aid to success. Often the gain is palpable to you at once, and you count your advantage as you take off your dress-coat. But if not, it will find you out after many days: you have sown, and in due season you will reap. If you do nothing more than assert your individuality—make yourself a living presence among men, instead of a myth, a *nominis umbra*—you may be sure that you have done something. Am I more or less likely to read your book, or to buy your picture, or to say a good word for you if I have a chance to some man in authority, for sitting next to you at our friend Robinson's, and thinking you a pleasant fellow? At all stages of your journey it will be the same. It is not more incumbent upon you to remember this, that you may gain a high place, than that you may keep it. Our statesmen are wiser in their generation than Pericles. There is Lord Tiverton, the very personification of smiling success. Does he "decline all invitations to banquets, all gay assemblies, all company?"

Now, all this does not in any way militate against the theory of concentration. In a work of art there may be great variety of detail with perfect unity of action. Every accessory should contribute to the one general result—should illustrate the one leading idea. Every detail that is foreign to the subject is so much sheer waste of strength. And so it is in the conduct of life. With one object set steadily before us, we may have many varying activities, but they will all assist the main action, and impart strength and consistency to it. Singleness of aim, I repeat, in nowise demands monotony of action. But if you allow yourself to be diverted from this singleness of object, you are little likely to succeed in life. "Art is long—life is short." Knowing this, there is an universal tendency amongst us to go in search of specialties. General practitioners seldom get beyond a respectable mediocrity, whilst your specialists attain to eminence and wealth. If an eye or an ear be affected, we seek out the man who has made that particular organ the study of his life. In the pursuit of that one object, the oculist or the aurist may have studied the mechanism of the whole human frame, and the general physiology of man, but only in their relation to the particular organ to the full understanding of which he is devoting all the energies of his mind. He cannot, indeed, understand his subject without the aid of this contributory knowledge. But all that is not contributory is waste. In the same manner, lawyers succeed by studying special branches of their profession; and literary men are successful in proportion as they stick to their specialties, or rather as they are fortunate in having any. If a man can write well on any one special subject—no matter what that subject may be—he is sure to find profitable occupation for his pen, whilst the general dealer in literary wares, though more highly gifted by nature, may fail to provide himself with bread. The popular appreciation of this general fact expresses itself in the well-known proverb that, "a jack-of-all-trades is master of none." The world has no faith in Admirable Crichtons. They may be very pleasant fellows in their way, but mankind in general would rather not do business with them.

A shrewd, intelligent man of the world, and one, too, who had been eminently successful—for from a small beginning he had risen to the highest place in the department to which he had been attached, and had made the fortunes of his whole family, brothers, sons, and nephews, as well as his own—once said to me:—"The longer I live, the more convinced I am that over-sensitiveness is a great mistake in a public man." He might have said in all men who desire to succeed in life. Now, I wish it to be understood, that what is expressed here by the word "over-sensitiveness" does not signify over-scrupulousness. Be as scrupulous as you will. Do nothing that can give you a single pang of conscience. Keep your hands clean. If you cannot do this, sink into the abysmal depths of failure, unsoiled and unspotted, with skin clear and white as a little child's, and be clean. But do not be over-sensitive on the score of pride, or vanity, or dominant egotism. Every successful man, you may be sure, has had much to mortify him in the course of his career. He has borne many rebuffs; he has sustained many failures. What if men do not understand you, are not inclined to encourage you, and exercise the privilege of age or superior position;—bear with it all, Juvenis, your time will come; you may take your change out of the world when you are a little older. Bah! how does it hurt you? "Hard words break no bones," saith the proverb. And they break no spirit that is not of the feeblest. The world may laugh at your failures—what then? Try again, and perhaps they will not laugh. Try once again, and perhaps it will be your turn to laugh. "He who wins may laugh," saith another proverb. If you have the right stuff in you, you will not be put down. There is a man now amongst us, a man of genius, who aspired to take a part in public affairs. After much travail, he obtained a seat in Parliament. And the House, knowing he could write, assumed that he could not speak, and when he rose, they laughed at and hooted him. He told his assailants, that the time would come when they would listen to him—and he was right. He spoke the words of prophecy and of truth. And the time did come, when they not only listened, but when the men who had despised came to fear him, or to worship him; and, when he rose, either shrank appalled and dismayed, or looked to him for the salvation of their party, and applauded to the echo.

There are various roads to success, but I am somewhat inclined to think that the surest is gravelly and gritty, with some awkward pitfalls and blinding quicksets in the way. Was that famous nursery rhyme of the Man of Thessaly, think you, written but for the entertainment of babes and sucklings? or was it not rather meant as a lesson to children of a larger growth, to the adolescents of our nurseries of learning, starting on the great journey of life? Every one knows the story—how the hero of it

> —jumped into a quickset hedge
> And scratched out both his eyes.

Doubtless the way with most of us, looking not before we leap; going ahead too rapidly at the outset—not calculating our juvenile strength,

and jumping into the midst of what we think we can clear at a bound. Do we not all think ourselves "wondrous wise," and, thinking so, encounter blinding disaster? But are we, therefore, to go darkling all the rest of our lives? It was not to teach us this that the great epic of the Man of Thessaly was written. He had the true heroic stuff in him; and he did not sit down and bewail his loss, helpless and hopeless.

> And when he saw his eyes were out,
> He had reason to complain;
> But he jumped into the quickset hedge,
> And scratched them in again.*

And such is the right way to fight the battle of life, to grapple with the failures and disasters which beset your career. Go at it again. You may have reason to complain that your good intentions meet with no better results; that the singleness of your aims, the purity of your aspirations, and the high courage of your first grand plunge into life, lead to nothing but a torn face, smeared with blood, and a night of painful bewildering blindness. But it is better to strive manfully than to complain weakly; brace yourself up for another plunge; gather strength from defeat; into the quickset hedge again gallantly; and you will recover all that you have lost, scratch your eyes in again, and never lose your clearness of vision for the rest of your life.

Yes, indeed, if we have the right stuff in us, these failures at the outset are grand materials of success. To the feeble they are, of course, stumbling-blocks. The wretched weakling goes no farther; he lags behind, and subsides into a life of failure. And so by this winnowing process the number of the athletes in the great Olympics of life is restricted to a few, and there is clear space in the arena. There is scarcely an old man amongst us—an old and successful man—who will not willingly admit that he was made by his failures, and that what he once thought his hard fate was in reality his good fortune.—And thou, my bright-faced, bright-witted child, who thinkest that thou canst carry Parnassus by storm, learn to possess thyself in patience. Not easy the lesson, I know; not cheering the knowledge that success is not attainable, *per saltum*, by a hop, step, and a jump, but by arduous passages of gallant perseverance, toilsome efforts long sustained, and, most of all, by repeated failures. Hard, I know, is that last word, grating harshly upon the ear of youth.

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* I write the words as I learnt them in my childhood; but there are various readings of all (so-called) nursery rhymes, and I am told that more correctly the concluding portion of the legend of the Man of Thessaly runs thus:—

> But when he saw his eyes were out,
> With all his might and main,
> He jumped into the quickset hedge,
> And scratched them in again.

This reading is more emphatic than the other, and better illustrates my text. It is by going at it again, "with all one's might and main," that we repair our foregone disasters and gather strength from defeat.

Say, then, that we mollify it a little—that we strip it of its outer crustaceousness and asperity, and truthfully may we do so, my dear. For these failures are, as I have said, but stepping-stones to success; *gradus ad Parnassum*—at the worst, non-attainments of the desired end before thy time. If success were to crown thine efforts now, where would be the great success of the hereafter? It is the brave resolution to "do better next time" that lays the substrate of all real greatness. Many a promising reputation has been prematurely destroyed by early success. The good sap runs out from the trunk into feeble offshoots or suckers. The hard discipline of the knife is wanted. I repeat that it is not pleasant; but when thou feelest the sharpness of the edge, think that all who have gone before thee have been lacerated in like manner. At thine age I went through it all. My first great effort was a tragedy upon a grand Elizabethan model. It was submitted by a friend to a competent critic, who pronounced it to be "morally, dramatically, and irremediably bad." I write the words now with a strong sense of gratitude to that critic; but I have not forgotten the keen agony with which they burnt themselves into my soul, when I first read the crushing verdict in a dingy back bedroom in the Hummums. We have all gone through it, my dear. We! "How we apples swim." I would speak of men—the real Chivalry of letters—whose bucklers I am not worthy to bear. Ask any one of them about their early struggles with a world incredulous of their genius, and what a history they will have to tell thee! Ay, and what a grand moral! Is there a true knight among them, who does not, on the very knees of his heart, thank God for his early failures?

In estimating the sources of Success, account must, doubtless, be taken of constitution. Some of us have constitutional defects, by which others are not incapacitated or impeded. Sustained energy is possessed only by those who have powerful digestive organs. Men of a bilious, sanguine, irritable nature are capable of great spasms of energy, which carry them along so far at a time that they can allow for intervals of prostration. But there is nothing like a steady flow of health—an equable robustness of manhood. It is a blessing, which few men possess, and for which the possessor has reason devoutly to be thankful. Most of us are sensible of intervals of feebleness and weariness, when we are incapable of any great exertion; when we feel painfully that we are not doing the work which we had set ourselves to do, that we are falling behind in the race, and suffering day after day to slip by without our making any impression on the sand. For some time I doubted much as to the best mode of dealing with Nature in such a case—whether it were better to make the dominant will assert itself, and to go on in spite of the unwillingness of the natural man; in spite of weakness, and lassitude, and continual entreaties from the frail flesh; or to let Nature have her way at once, and succumb contentedly to her demands. On the one hand, there is the fear of doing your work badly—perhaps of having it to do all over again, or of making on the minds of others, whom you wish to influence favourably, an impression

of feebleness rather than of strength. There is, moreover, the risk of extending the period of lassitude and incompetency by doing violence to Nature; perhaps, indeed, of permanently enfeebling your powers. On the other hand, there is the danger of making compromises with your active powers, and yielding to the temptations of indolence. We may mistake idleness for inability, and follow our self-indulgent inclinations, rather than be swayed by an honest sense of what is wisest and most befitting the occasion. It is difficult to lay down any precise rules on the subject for the guidance of others. If every man asks himself what is his besetting infirmity, and answers the question conscientiously, he will be able to decide whether he runs greater risk of injuriously forcing Nature, or of yielding too readily to her suggestions. If you know that you are not indolent—if you have, for the most part, pleasure in your work, and never need the spur—you may safely pause, when your energies are flagging, and you feel an indescribable something that resists all your efforts to go forward on the road. It is better not to do a thing at all than to do it badly. You may lose time. What then? Men, stripping for the race of life, should account no time or money thrown away that contributes in any way to their physical health—that gives tone to the stomach, or development to the muscles. And we should never forget that we do not sustain our energies best by keeping them always on the stretch. Rest and recreation are no small part of discipline. The greater the work before us the more need we have of them both.

I am nearing, not the end of my subject, but the end of my space, and I see before me much which I had purposed to say, but which must be left unsaid, for such a theme is not easily exhausted. But there is one matter to which, before I conclude, I especially desire to invite attention. I have heard it said, that if we expect to get on in the world we must be suspicious of our neighbours. "Treat every man as if he were a rogue." Now, if this were a condition of Success, Success would not be worth having—nay, indeed, it would be wholly intolerable: commend me to a life of failure. But it is not a condition of Success. To know an honest man from a rogue, and to act accordingly, is doubtless a great thing; but, if we are to treat all mankind on our journey through life as rogues or honest men, why, I throw up my cap for the latter. We may be cheated, it is true; tricked, cozened, defrauded; and we may throw away that which worthily bestowed might have really contributed to our success. It is a serious matter to waste our strength—to squander, in this manner, the materials of Success. Successful men, it may be said, do not make blunders of this kind. I am not quite sure of that; besides, who knows but that the strength may not be wasted after all. A good deed done in a good spirit can never be thrown away. The bread cast upon the waters may return to us after many days. This at least I know, that if it be true, as I have said, that Providence helps those who help themselves, it is no less true that Providence helps those who help others. "The liberal deviseth liberal things, and by his liberality shall he stand." It was not

meant that we should stand alone in the world. Whatsoever may be our strength, whatsoever our self-reliance, there are times and seasons when we need a helping hand, and how can we expect it to be stretched out to us, if we always keep our own in our pockets? And if we do not trust others, how can we hope to be trusted ourselves? I am not writing now about high motives, but about aids to Success. Still I would have it borne in remembrance that there is a vast difference between looking for an immediate or direct return for every kindness done to a neighbour, and having faith in the assurances of Providence that as we mete to others so shall it be meted to us. The recipient of our bounty may turn his back upon us and go forth into the world only to revile us; but it does not follow therefore that we have wasted our generosity, or that the next shipwrecked brother who comes to us should be sent empty-handed away. Let us only have faith and patience, and we shall find our reward. Doubtless, there may be exceptions—apparent, if not real; but my experience of life teaches me that men who are prone to assist others commonly thrive well themselves. The most successful men of my acquaintance are at the same time the most liberal. Their system is to treat their neighbour as an honest man until their commerce with him has proved that he is a rogue, and I do not think that men are less likely to be honest for finding that they are trusted by their neighbours.

This matter of mutual aid is a point much to be considered. Self-reliance is a great thing, but it may sometimes carry us out of our depths. The most successful men are commonly those who have known best how to influence their fellows—how to turn inferior agency to good account. After all, that which any man can do by himself is very little. You must turn the energies of other men to account in furtherance of your own. The right thing is to identify their interests with yours, and not only to make them believe that by helping you they are helping themselves, but really to ensure that it is so. My belief is, that selfish men do not succeed in life. Selfishness is essentially suicidal. You know instances to the contrary, you say. Are you sure of it? Appearances are sometimes deceitful. There are men who bear the appearance of selfishness—who are harsh in manner, stern of purpose, seemingly inaccessible and unyielding—but there are soft spots under the grit. They do things differently from men of a more genial temperament. But what right have we to expect that every one should wear our colours? Stern men are not necessarily selfish men. There are men who, conscious of the excessive softness of their natures, have felt the necessity of induing a sort of outer crust or armour of asperity, as a covering or protection for themselves, and who thus, in their efforts to counteract a tenderness approaching to weakness, do manifest injustice to the goodness of their hearts. I have known men, too, noted for an almost impenetrable reserve, who were in reality thus reserved only because no one invited their confidences. The injudicious bearing of those with whom they lived had brought them to this pass. The respect and deference of inferiors, whether

of the family or only of the household, if in excess, will often produce this result. Reticence begets reticence. But men of this kind often long for an opportunity of letting loose their pent-up confidences, and, if you only touch the right spring, will raise at once the lid of their reserve, and show you all the inner mechanism of their hearts. Ay, and how grateful they will feel to you for giving them the chance! What a sense of relief is upon them when they have thus unburdened themselves. We little know what a deep wrong we sometimes do to others by suffering this outer crust of reserve to gather about them.

Whether you govern best by a reserved, dignified demeanour, or by an open, cheery manner, may be a question. Each has its advantage, and each is very effective in its occasional deviations into the system of the other. The genialities of stern men, and the asperities of genial ones, are each very impressive in their way. Indeed, the question of manner, in connection with my present topic of discourse, is one of such high importance, that I cannot summarily dismiss it. I do not say that it is a thing to be studied. To lay down any rules on the subject is a vain thing. People who shape their outward behaviour with elaborate design generally overreach themselves. Nothing but a really natural manner is genuinely successful in the long run. Now, the natural manner of some people is good—of others hopelessly bad, though there may be little difference in the good stuff beneath. It is hard that we should be prejudiced by what is merely superficial; but we are. I have heard it said that this is not prejudice,—for the manner is the outward and visible sign of the man. But there are very excellent people in the world with manners the reverse of pleasant—people shy and reserved, or brusque and boorish, with whom personal intercourse is by no means a delight. Others, again, there are, with whom half an hour's talk is like an invigorating bath of sunshine. In this last there is an element of success. There is another successful manner, too—one which impresses every one with a sense of your power. If you have both a manner at once gracious and powerful, you have everything that you can wish as an outward aid to success. A thoroughly good manner will often do much to neutralize the ill effects of an unprepossessing appearance. But an ill-favoured countenance may be a stumbling-block at the outset that is never surmounted. It repels at the first start. There are people described as "unpresentable," who have giants to contend against at their first start in life. When they have once made their way in the world, the insignificance or grotesqueness of their appearance is a matter of no moment. Nay, indeed, we may not unfairly assign some additional credit to the man who has forced his way to the front, in spite of all physical defects and personal drawbacks. But it is an awful thing for a young beginner to have to contend against the impediments of a bad face, an insignificant or an ungainly figure, and a bad manner in the presence of others.

However material to the subject under discussion, these last remarks appear here in the nature of a digression; and I do not know that I can

close this essay in any better manner than by returning to what I was saying about mutual help. Great as is self-help, I am disposed to think that mutual help is greater. If we contribute to the success of our neighbours, that is a success in itself. There are few of us who may not do something in this way, assured that we shall not do it in vain. And there are few of us who do not want, or who have not at some time of our lives wanted, a helping hand, and been saved by its timely extension. Liberality is not for nothing.—"The liberal man shall be made fat, and he that watereth shall be watered himself."

Watching and Wishing.

Oh, would I were the golden light
That shines around thee now,
As slumber shades the spotless white
Of that unclouded brow!
It watches through each changeful dream
Thy features' varied play;
It meets thy waking eyes' soft gleam
By dawn—by op'ning day.

Oh, would I were the crimson veil
Above thy couch of snow,
To dye that cheek so soft, so pale,
With my reflected glow!
Oh, would I were the cord of gold
Whose tassel set with pearls
Just meets the silken cov'ring's fold
And rests upon thy curls,

Dishevell'd in thy rosy sleep,
And shading soft thy dreams;
Across their bright and raven sweep
The golden tassel gleams!
I would be anything for thee,
My love—my radiant love—
A flower, a bird, for sympathy,
A watchful star above.

CHARLOTTE BRONTË.

Behind the Curtain.

My dear young Friend,—Though you have not, I believe, the pleasure of knowing me, I feel that I have the pleasure of knowing you. I am not only familiar with the shape of your dress, the colour of your hair, the twinkle of your eye, and the sound of your voice, but I flatter myself that I have some knowledge of your innermost heart. You ought not to shrink when I mention this, as I have found nothing there of which you need feel ashamed. There may be a little weakness, perhaps—a little of that indecision peculiar to youth—and a slight tinge of envy, which clouds your admiration of great or popular men; but I am far from speaking of this last feeling as a thing to be condemned, because I know how seldom any noble ambition is found without it.

I have watched you in many public places, and I have observed how the influence of the moment has acted on your mind. I have seen you striding from an art-gallery resolved to become a painter; I have seen you entranced, like an opium-eater, but under the spell of music, and resolved, when the spell was broken, to become a composer; and I have seen you sitting, with an open book upon your knee, and dreaming of fame and honour, as you resolved to become an author. These are all fair-seeming paths that ambition loves to tread, although the laurels which grow by the roadside are largely mixed with thorns. Though I know it is almost useless to tell you this, yet I cannot desist from warning you when you appear to be in danger. The last time we met in public was at a leading theatre, on a highly-successful "first night," and we saw the delighted author brought bodily on the stage to receive the deafening congratulations of a crowded and a grateful audience. I have often seen such scenes before, and am accustomed to measure them at what they are worth: but you are not so practical and cold-blooded. As the dramatic writer bowed himself in at one corner of the curtain and out at the other, I felt that the sweet poison of popular applause had entered into your soul. You resolved that your wavering mind should waver no more, and that all your energies and talent should be devoted to writing plays. All forms of literature had seemed to you lovely, but the drama now certainly appeared the loveliest of all. Here was the poet called forth by those he had charmed, and crowned while he had life to move and a heart to feel. You hurried home to the cold silence of your room, and still the rainbow colours of that triumph lingered in your eyes. Alas, you have looked only upon the golden side! Before you open your first ink-bottle as a dramatic author, will you step with me, for a few moments, behind the scenes?

Of course I know that whatever drama you may decide to write—whether we are to call it tragedy or comedy, farce or comedietta—it will be entirely and honestly original. You will not become a mere hack translator—a counterfeit presentment of a French author, a smuggler of foreign intellect. You will not endeavour to tread in the footsteps of those clever dogs—those "men of the world," as they are admiringly called—the "adapters," who take the last Parisian piece and turn the Bourse into the Stock Exchange, and St. Cloud into Camberwell, with such remarkable ingenuity. You will not take a German novel, a Spanish opera, and an Italian poem, and proceed deliberately to manufacture a drama on the most approved principles of stage-carpentry. You will not search for your story anywhere but in your own brain; although the opposite custom has been sanctioned by nearly all practical dramatists, from Shakspeare downwards. You are too young, too open-hearted, and too inexperienced, to do these things, and you will therefore invent that which shall be a difficulty at your very starting.

A new piece, as you will soon find, now we are behind the scenes, is rather a serious speculation for a theatrical manager. There is the scene-painter, with his estimate of cost; the costumier, with another estimate; the stage-carpenter requiring to be paid, and the property-man devouring property. All this outlay has to be incurred on the faith of an author's name, or a belief in the merit of his play; the only set-off being, that in the event of failure, some small portion of the scenery, the dresses and the properties, may be made available for future miscellaneous productions. As the mission of the theatrical manager is not to found a school of modern English dramatic literature, but rather to pay his bills, and save himself from appearing at the theatre legal, Basinghall Street, it is hardly surprising that he should prefer a tested play, to one that is entirely untried in the acting furnace. Such dramas, thoroughly tested, his adapters find him in France, and he invests his capital on the approving judgment of a Parisian audience. The plot and character of these pieces are entirely new to his nightly public; and there are only a few out of twenty of the critics attending the first performance, who can tell the title of the original play, and the name of its French author. If the manager is occasionally prevailed upon to try a purely modern British production, the result is hardly ever such as to encourage him in repeating the experiment. Although my taste and interest lie in a contrary direction,—although I am a member of the Dramatic Authors' Society, and am not an adapter, I cannot wonder that cautious managers should prefer to stake their capital on clever translations. I tell you these things because I am anxious that the truth should be heard on both sides.

The first thing that you ought to study, though you may probably place it last, is the composition of theatrical companies. A house is not a theatre because it possesses pit, gallery, boxes, and stage; it is a theatre only by virtue of its engaged performers. It must be your business to learn the characters and capacities of these actors—the nature, period, and

pecuniary importance of their several engagements. Some knowledge of the private lives of the principals may not be useless. If "Miss Dimples" (as she is called in the bills) is really "Mrs. Opie," the manager's lawfully wedded wife, as well as his "leading lady," it is natural and proper that he should decline to look at any drama which would not afford her a full opportunity of exercising her acknowledged talents. How many a dramatic literary flower has been born to blush unseen, because its parent has been too much of a genius to acquire such information!

A story is told of the late Mr. Douglas Jerrold, which has something to do with this branch of our subject. When he started in life as a literary man, he became the "stock," or engaged author of a metropolitan theatre. As dramas were wanted, he wrote them to order: always, you may be sure, with a due regard to the resources of his manager. On one occasion he was in the manager's room, when an admiral's rather faded state coat was placed before him.

"What am I to do with this?" asked the stock author.

"I want a little piece written," returned the manager; "to bring it in in some way: I've just bought it second-hand at a pawnbroker's."

It may seem strange to you, my dear young friend, as, at one time, it seemed strange to me; but no theatre is without its admiral's coat, if I may be allowed to speak figuratively. The material of which this admiral's coat may be made, will vary very much according to circumstances. In one theatre it may be formed out of a popular light comedian, whose cost compels the manager to accept no literary blocks that will not display him to the best advantage. In another theatre I have known it compounded of two important members of the company—a melodramatic male "star," with a peculiar sepulchral voice, and a melodramatic female planet, with a special talent for intense pantomime. In some houses the admiral's coat has been made of a celebrated dwarf, like "Signor Hervio Nano;" in others of an American giant, like the late Mr. Freeman; in some, by combining these two attractions, and in others by securing a celebrity of the Lola Montez character. In some theatres I have known it to be represented by an elaborately comic, or pathetic tenor song, round which the light framework of dramatic ingenuity is erected by the ready and obedient author.

In most of our principal London theatres, however, I am bound to say, it is made of nothing but the choicest of low comedians. When this is the case there is little hope for what I consider a well-balanced drama. A plot constructed so as to distribute the words and action pretty equally amongst the leading working members of the company has little attraction for the manager, and is openly opposed by the reigning low comedian. The salary of the latter gentleman is the most serious item in the actor's treasury accounts; his name and reputation are reputed to half fill the house, and his wishes become law when a new production is in question. The audiences who laugh so consumedly at his humour before the scenes, will hardly believe what a little tyrant he can be behind them. And yet

he is a tyrant, envious, obstinate and cruel. He likes to be witty himself, but not the cause of wit in others. If the author has thrown any good things into the hands of the smaller actors, this greedy low comedian is sure to wrangle for their possession before the first rehearsal. He sits like that huge baboon we sometimes see in a cage, whose cheeks are swollen with plums, whose lap is full of pears, and yet whose eyes are watching the little monkeys to prevent them sharing in the banquet. His notion of an actor's paradise is to hold the stage, and be surrounded by a troop of motionless dummies.

"Sir," he has been known to say to a yielding manager, "my second low comedian is clever, but too obtrusive; he has had several chances given him lately, but he has spoilt them by over-acting; he gets a laugh against me in my second scene, which I am sure can only weaken the piece; he falls into that fish-pond very well, but I think I could do it much better, with all respect to the author: his drunken scene must come out, as it keeps me in the background, and I am the last man in the world to stay in a theatre and draw my salary for doing nothing."

The second low comedian's part is, of course, cut down, and the parings are handed over to his superior rival. Some men are so constituted that they can live under such treatment, as long as they duly receive their weekly stipend. They are not numerous. One second low comedian whom I remember fretted himself into the grave, because he thirsted for something more than bread, and meat, and clothing.

It may be useful for you to know that London contains five and twenty active licensed theatres. Thirteen are minor theatres, which you may cross out of your list, as they are not considered to bring either honour or profit to the aspiring dramatic author. They are well supplied with a good, strong, serviceable class of play at about a pound an act, and I really cannot see why they should pay any more for it. Their business is like any other business, and must be conducted on the same principles. There is no sentimental price for bacon, eggs, or cheese, and why should there be a sentimental price for the minor dramatic productions? There is a *cant* in talking of their "educational mission," and deluding them into acting the modern poetical drama. The Elizabethan plays, when forcibly rendered, are found to suit their audiences because they contain strong words, strong thoughts, and strong situations. The modern metaphysical school is not so successful. An apparition belonging to this family appeared last year at a minor theatre, and disappeared in a very sudden and marvellous manner. The manager, after seeing it on the first night, had formed a pretty accurate idea of its value.

"It might have filled the house," he said, "but only in this way, by compelling the audience to come three or four times before they could understand it."

It is chiefly at these minor houses that you will meet with the "stock author," who is kept upon the premises, like the tailor or the scene-painter.

He is able to translate very tolerably from the French, and he employs his spare time in general acting.

The leading London theatres are nine in number; and I need not say much about their respective characters. Their entertainments are very similar; their managers—as managers—have few points of difference; and their companies are more or less perfect according to their requirements. One theatre may cling to comedies and farces; another house may confine itself to farces and burlesques; but the remainder are always willing to play an adapted drama when they are fortunate enough to get a good one. Occasionally a tragedian will appear upon the dramatic horizon; but generally in the shape of an ambitious manager. Tragedy is seldom seen upon our West End boards, unless a lessee will sink his capital to give it a trial. It seems as if the prophecy of Coleridge had come to pass, and that the bowl and the dagger were fast disappearing before our increased refinement. The popularity of melodrama is no contradiction to this, for *Hamlet* has more deaths and murders than most plays of the *Porte St. Martin.*

I will now suppose that you have written an elaborate piece, which you have a perfect right to call a comedy. I will further suppose that you have not turned a deaf ear to my advice, and have taken the measure of a particular theatre, with all its working company. You have chosen your favourite theatre, as a matter of course: and have written with the familiar tones of your favourite actors ringing in your ears, as you saw them, in imagination, embodying your creations. How many thousands of silent workers have done the same—have laid their offerings at the feet of their idols—have hoped against hope in waiting for a sign—and have faded away, at last, despised and neglected! I will suppose that you have something to raise you above this melancholy herd, and I will call that something—dogged perseverance. It is not genius; it is not talent; nor rich imagination; nor humorous fancy that shall avail you without this quality, for you have to force a passage into the heart of a fortress, that is guarded at every loophole by routine, prudence, and prejudice. You sally forth as poor John Tobin sallied forth with his *Honeymoon* before you, to meet, perhaps, with even more annoyances and difficulties than he was ever permitted to encounter. He died before his piece was produced and allowed to live; but you may live to see the death of your literary offspring.

The first place you will arrive at, about nine o'clock at night, is the stage-door—a rather depressing entrance to your glittering paradise. You will see a porter standing in a dirty box or lodge, a battered rack for letters, and a dusty form on which, perhaps, are seated a couple of faded females. Fairies these may have been once, but are never to be again, and they wait in the windy passage until other and younger fairies come out and call them "mother." An inner door is screeching as it opens and shuts, affording glimpses of flying lakes, and trees, and palaces. A few quiet, feeble-looking men walk thoughtfully in, and pass you in silence, as

they go to this land of shadows. Their faces haunt you like something you have seen in a dream, until by degrees you remember your chosen actors.

Your object is, of course, to see the manager. You have taken care to provide yourself with a letter of introduction; as without this assistance your visit would be thrown away, and you could do no more than leave your precious manuscript with the doorkeeper. You are regarded with suspicion, as all strangers must expect to be when they knock at stage-doors; and, after much delay, you are conducted through a crowd of scene-shifters to the manager's private apartment. So far you seem to have gained an important step; and now let us see what it is most likely to lead to. You are young and untried. You may be overflowing with talent and invention, but you are totally unknown. Your letter of introduction is good, but so are all letters of introduction. Your comedy is a long and ambitious effort; with the disadvantage of being thoroughly original. No one can judge with any certainty what would be the fate of such a play; especially as the parts are not altogether written to order, to fit the different actors of the establishment.

These are the thoughts that pass quickly through the manager's brain, and he may end by asking you to let him read your production. This may mean something—may mean anything—may mean nothing. As a general rule it will mean nothing. Perhaps by the side of this fair-speaking ogre, is a large chest-full of dead, torn, and dusty literary innocents that were once as bright and hopeful as your own. If you leave your play it may only add one more to this heap of victims; and yet it seems as if another point was gained, when you are asked to leave it. The manager might have told you, as hundreds have been told before, that the theatrical library was groaning beneath the weight of accepted pieces. A gentle shrug of the shoulders, an amiable shake of the head, a bewitching candour in putting before you the many difficulties of his position, might have assisted him in bowing you and your production out together. This is not his manner, however, in dealing with you, and you are induced to leave your manuscript. A formal letter of rejection from a deputy-manager in a few months—or a silence that may remain unbroken for years, is all that you can reasonably expect from this barren interview.

Of course you are not of a nature to be satisfied with this, and I will suppose that by some miraculous tact and business energy you have obtained permission to read your play in the green-room of your favourite theatre. Your chosen theatrical company sit on the couches against the wall, and you open the fluttering leaves of your manuscript with a heavy heart. You feel that you are surrounded by no halo of previous success. Your audience feel this also. The ladies whisper over their crochet-work; the gentlemen are polite, attentive, but not eager to listen; and the manager is absent for a few moments in directing some stage business. Before you commence your anxious task, it will be well for you to learn something of the audience you are about to address.

A theatre is like a Hindoo household, and all the men and women

before you are divided from each other by the law of caste. In one corner sits a "singing chambermaid"—a performer confined to acting such parts as waiting-women (with songs) and nothing else. If, in your ignorance as a young dramatic author, you were to wish her to take a character requiring the appearance of age, you would offend her, and the middle-aged lady sitting at her side, whose duty it is to play all the "second old women," and no others, upon that particular stage. On another couch is the "first old woman,"—an imperious looking lady of the mother-in-law class—who has her sphere of action as strictly defined as that of a chess-board queen. Near her you will observe a rather cheerful middle-aged gentleman, known only dramatically as the "first old man," supported on his right by another middle-aged, rather thin gentleman, who is similarly known as the "second old man." The slim, genteel gentleman, not very young, who is talking to a handsome commanding lady, is the "light comedian," but nothing more. His companion is known as the "leading lady;" while the two young men who are standing opposite to her on the other side of the room, are the "first and second walking gentlemen." Near them is that highly important person the "leading low comedian," almost faced by his more humble brother actor the "second low comedian." Two other gentlemen, in different parts of the room, are known respectively as "eccentric comedian" and "utility actor;" and they have corresponding companions amongst the ladies.

As you pour out your wit and humour, and recite your rounded periods before this audience, they listen only with the ears of these artificial characters. They cast the play, in their minds, from the moment you begin, and have schooled themselves into taking little interest in what they consider will not concern them. The light comedian will be all attention when you are dwelling upon his portion, and inclined to yawn, perhaps, when you pass on to the low comedy. The "singing chambermaid" will close her eyes as you read the old lady's part: and the old men will only be watchful at the scenes you have designed for them. The leading lady, the walking gentlemen, the eccentric comedian, and the utility man, will all act in the same way, although the first object of such a reading must be to give them a comprehensive view of the drama. They have all their little interests to consult, their way to make or maintain, their living to get; and, perhaps, you can hardly blame them. If your play excites any general interest, and meets with approving laughter and applause, this is one of the least promising signs that it will succeed with the public. The dramas that have been the pets of the green-room before they were produced, have invariably been rejected by theatrical audiences. The dramas that have had to fight their passage upwards—that have lingered for years in managers' writing-desks—that have been rehearsed and withdrawn—brought forward during a dearth of novelty and rehearsed again—cast to unwilling performers, and launched, at last, with the most direful green-room forebodings of failure and shame—where are they? On the topmost pinnacle of dramatic fame; the beloved of

actors whose reputations they have made—are making, or have still to make; the ever-blooming fruitful trees of the managerial vineyard. Where are their authors? Dead, perhaps, and forgotten. The actor is often wrongfully accused of imaginary vices, when, with more justice, he might be found guilty of real ingratitude. When he meets with a great success, he considers it his own, and seldom thinks of the man whose fancy has breathed into him the breath of life. When he fails—he never fails; it is always the author. The actor is never "damned;" it is always the piece that is sent to perdition.

You may be curious to learn why actors commit such mistakes (as they undoubtedly do) in weighing the acting value of an untried play. I can only account for it in supposing them to be led away, when their verdict is favourable, by some peculiar brilliance of the language, brought out, it may be, by the unusual skill of the author in reading; forgetting the all-important interest and movement of the story, and their necessary connection with the development of character. The fact is, fine thoughts, enshrined in appropriate language, are dead weights upon the stage, unless they are struck like sparks from the action of the fable. So well do the performers understand this principle in their sober moments, that they give the literary composition the almost contemptuous title of "words," while they dignify the movements of the characters with the name of "business." When their verdict is unfavourable before the trial of a play, it may arise from the fact of the parts being numerous and equally written. An actor is not, by virtue of his profession, more intelligent or logical than nine-tenths of the human race, and he is accustomed to judge a good deal by the evidence of his senses. If his share in the particular drama is contained upon a very small number of the copyist's slips, or "lengths," he is apt to overlook the quality of the part in his dissatisfaction with the quantity. When he is left out of one or more scenes, he complains of losing his spirit; talks of "going on" jaded, and being compelled to "work himself up" again; without considering how much and well the actors who have just "gone off" may have prepared the expectant house for his appearance. If you give him even the weakest things to do, and the weakest things to say, he will still bless you, if allowed almost to live in the eyes of his audience.

This passion for quantity you will find more openly displayed when your piece is accepted; when the characters are "cast," and when you come—as I will suppose you to have come—to the wearying task of rehearsal. As you sit on a property-chair, by the side of a small property-table, near the centre and front of the stage, with your back to the yawning orchestra, you may turn to the cold, empty benches of the pit, the sheet-hidden glories of the boxes, and the blinking sunlight coming through the prison-like loopholes above the gallery; or you may watch the mumbling groups upon the boards, and those who stand in the gloom of the side-wings glaring at you, if they hold the small characters, as if you were their bitterest enemy.

"Sir," a dissatisfied small comedian will say, in the expression of his face, "you have stabbed me in my reputation. You have given me a part unworthy of my abilities. During the whole time that I played the leading business in the Theatre Royal, Stow-in-the-Wold, I was never so insulted and underrated."

You will be waited for outside the stage door by a few of the discontented, and asked to "write up" certain parts, without any reference to your story. You will be plied with managerial suggestions about the "business" of your play; and here I should always advise you to be patient and attentive. As a young dramatic writer you may be faulty in your stage mechanism. You may have kept one of your characters in a cupboard or behind a screen too long, without letting him make a sign, so that the audience are in danger of overlooking his position. You may not have given sufficient dialogue between the exit and entrance of a particular character, to allow him time for the total change of costume you have directed. You may have made the same mistake in the dialogue of a front scene (known technically as a "carpenter's scene"), when your play requires a complicated view to be arranged behind it. You may even have so far imitated a certain German dramatist in his stage directions as to have not only ordered the sound of a coat being brushed behind the scenes at a particular point, but the sound of brushing a coat of *a particular colour*.

I will not dwell much upon the agonies of a "first night," as they vary considerably, according to the author's constitution. One popular dramatic writer whom I know, never appears at the theatre on these occasions, and is always in the country, shooting, boating, or cricketing, according to the season. He treats play-making as a business, and acts like a philosopher. Some men, like the late Justice Talfourd, are never tired of seeing their own productions; while others avoid them, not for my philosopher's reason, but because every performance appears to them as critical as a first performance. Without endowing you with any extraordinary sensitiveness I can imagine many things occurring that will annoy you sorely. The leading actors will be nervous, uncertain in their proper words, and disposed to interpolate, or "gag," until their memories are refreshed by the prompter. The minor parts will be mistakenly rendered, or slurred; the dresses and "making up" will be exaggerated, or against your meaning; the scenery will stick; a wandering cat may leap across the stage; or a lengthy interval between the acts will seem to you calculated to irritate the audience. You have laughed at acting absurdities in other men's pieces; especially at the old father in Schiller's play of the *Robbers*, who is half-an-hour dying in a night-gown and manacles; and now you will have an opportunity of enjoying them in your own. Your lover may be too fat; your comic character too thin; your beautiful heroine too old. Your minor gentlemen may walk about in palatial drawing-rooms with hats upon their heads, with slop-shop suits upon their bodies, and muddy

blucher boots upon their feet; your rustic damsels may glide in faultless evening costume about muddy Portsmouth Streets; and your serious character may die so naturally that the house will hardly understand him. These things, and many like them, you will have to tolerate on your road to dramatic success; and it may be fortunate for you that your lot is cast in an amiable or uncritical age. Pieces are never now "damned" with that spite and vigour which distinguished our fathers' days; and a manager hardly knows that a play is unpopular until he learns it from the falling off in his "houses."

The pecuniary rewards that your wit and ingenuity will bring you, are neither mean nor dazzling. For your comedy or drama you may obtain only fifty pounds, or you may obtain three hundred. Your burlesque may produce you twenty pounds, or may produce you a hundred; and your farce, or one act comedietta, may bring you ten pounds, twenty pounds, or fifty. These are the prices you may obtain for the London acting copyright from a London manager; or instead of this, you may agree to receive a certain nightly payment so long as your production will keep its place in the bills. Whatever you may agree to take, remember that it represents the value of your play; and let us hear no complaints of under-payment, even if the piece should prove an unexampled success. The manager takes it as a speculation, involving considerable outlay and risk, and any profit it may bring him he is fully entitled to. You will publish your play with the usual dramatic publisher, getting nothing for the book-copyright, unless it happens to be a burlesque, or a drama. When this is done, you will become a member of the Dramatic Authors' Society, where, by an entrance fee of two guineas, you receive something for the performance of your piece by the country theatres. There are upwards of a hundred of these theatres in the United Kingdom, one-fourth perhaps of which pay a certain annual fixed rental to the society for the liberty of performing all the plays of its members. This forms the staple of the society's receipts; and after a percentage has been deducted for collection, it is equally divided amongst the members whose pieces have appeared in the country bills, in shares that represent so much per act per night. This country nightly act-money may be small—perhaps less than two shillings, taking the average—yet it produces a fair, regular, mortgageable income upon those plays that are generally popular.

With this last information, I must lead you from amongst the false glitter, dust and cobwebs that are found behind the scenes. I have not shown you anything with a view of checking your ambition, but rather of giving you a little knowledge of the path you appear so anxious to tread.

Roundabout Papers.—No. IX.

ON A JOKE I ONCE HEARD FROM THE LATE THOMAS HOOD.

THE good-natured reader who has perused some of these rambling papers has long since seen (if to see has been worth his trouble) that the writer belongs to the old-fashioned classes of this world, loves to remember very much more than to prophesy, and though he can't help being carried onward, and downward, perhaps, on the hill of life, the swift milestones marking their forties, fifties—how many tens or lustres shall we say?—he sits under Time, the white-wigged charioteer, with his back to the horses, and his face to the past, looking at the receding landscape and the hills fading into the gray distance. Ah me! those gray, distant hills were green once, and *here*, and covered with smiling people! As we came *up* the hill there was difficulty, and here and there a hard pull to be sure, but strength, and spirits, and all sorts of cheery incident and companionship on the road; there were the tough struggles (by Heaven's merciful will) overcome, the pauses, the faintings, the weakness, the lost way, perhaps, the bitter weather, the dreadful partings, the lonely night, the passionate grief—towards these I turn my thoughts as I sit and think in my hobby-coach under Time, the silver-wigged charioteer. The young folks in the same carriage meanwhile are looking forwards. Nothing escapes their keen eyes—not a flower at the side of a cottage-garden, nor a bunch of rosy-faced children at the gate: the landscape is all bright, the air brisk and jolly, the town yonder looks beautiful, and do you think they have learned to be difficult about the dishes at the inn?

Now, suppose Paterfamilias on his journey with his wife and children in the sociable, and he passes an ordinary brick house on the road with an ordinary little garden in the front, we will say, and quite an ordinary knocker to the door, and as many sashed windows as you please, quite common and square, and tiles, windows, chimney-pots, quite like others; or suppose, in driving over such and such a common, he sees an ordinary tree, and an ordinary donkey browsing under it, if you like—wife and

'Sir J-sh-a R-n-lds in a Domino. Dr. G-ldsm-th in an Old English Dress.'

daughter look at these objects without the slightest particle of curiosity or interest. What is a brass knocker to them but a lion's head, or what not? and a thorn-tree with a pool beside it, but a pool in which a thorn and a jackass are reflected?

But you remember how once upon a time your heart used to beat, as you beat on that brass knocker, and whose eyes looked from the window above? You remember how by that thorn-tree and pool, where the geese were performing a prodigious evening concert, there might be seen, at a certain hour, somebody in a certain cloak and bonnet, who happened to be coming from a village yonder, and whose image has flickered in that pool? In that pool, near the thorn? Yes, in that goose-pool, never mind how long ago, when there were reflected the images of the geese—and two geese more. Here, at least, an oldster may have the advantage of his young fellow travellers, and so Putney Heath or the New Road may be invested with a halo of brightness invisible to them, because it only beams out of his own soul.

I have been reading the Memorials of Hood by his children,* and wonder whether the book will have the same interest for others and for younger people, as for persons of my own age and calling. Books of travel to any country become interesting to us who have been there. Men revisit the old school, though hateful to them, with ever so much kindliness and sentimental affection. There was the tree, under which the bully licked you: here the ground where you had to fag out on holidays, and so forth. In a word, my dear sir, *You* are the most interesting subject to yourself, of any that can occupy your worship's thoughts. I have no doubt, a Crimean soldier, reading a history of that siege, and how Jones and the gallant 99th were ordered to charge or what not, thinks, "Ah, yes, we of the 100th were placed so and so, I perfectly remember." So with this memorial of poor Hood, it may have, no doubt, a greater interest for me than for others, for I was fighting, so to speak, in a different part of the field, and engaged a young subaltern in the Battle of Life, in which Hood fell, young still, and covered with glory. "The Bridge of Sighs" was his Corunna, his heights of Abraham—sickly, weak, wounded, he fell in the full blaze and fame of that great victory.

What manner of man was the genius who penned that famous song? What like was Wolfe, who climbed and conquered on those famous heights of Abraham? We all want to know details regarding men who have achieved famous feats, whether of war, or wit, or eloquence, or endurance, or knowledge. His one or two happy and heroic actions take a man's name and memory out of the crowd of names and memories. Henceforth he stands eminent. We scan him: we want to know all about him: we walk round and examine him, are curious, perhaps, and think are we not as strong and tall and capable as yonder champion; were we not bred as well, and could we not endure the winter's cold as well as he? Or we

* *Memorials of Thomas Hood.* Moxon, 1860. 2 vols.

look up with all our eyes of admiration; will find no fault in our hero; declare his beauty and proportions perfect; his critics envious detractors, and so forth. Yesterday, before he performed his feat, he was nobody. Who cared about his birthplace, his parentage, or the colour of his hair? To-day, by some single achievement, or by a series of great actions to which his genius accustoms us, he is famous, and antiquarians are busy finding out under what schoolmaster's ferule he was educated, where his grandmother was vaccinated, and so forth. If half a dozen washing-bills of Goldsmith's were to be found to-morrow, would they not inspire a general interest, and be printed in a hundred papers? I lighted upon Oliver, not very long since, in an old Town and Country Magazine, at the Pantheon masquerade 'in an old English habit.' Straightway my imagination ran out to meet him, to look at him, to follow him about. I forgot the names of scores of fine gentlemen of the past age, who were mentioned besides. We want to see this man who has amused and charmed us; who has been our friend, and given us hours of pleasant companionship and kindly thought. I protest when I came, in the midst of those names of people of fashion and beaux and demireps, upon those names—"*Sir J. R-yn-lds, in a domino; Mr. Cr-d-ck and Dr. G-ldsm-th, in two old English dresses*," I had, so to speak, my heart in my mouth. What, *you* here, my dear Sir Joshua? Ah, what an honour and privilege it is to see you! This is Mr. Goldsmith? And very much, sir, the ruff and the slashed doublet become you! O Doctor! what a pleasure I had and have in reading the *Animated Nature*. How *did* you learn the secret of writing the decasyllable line, and whence that sweet wailing note of tenderness that accompanies your song? Was Beau Tibbs a real man, and will you do me the honour of allowing me to sit at your table at supper? Don't you think you know how he would have talked? Would you not have liked to hear him prattle over the champagne?

Now, Hood is passed away—passed off the earth as much as Goldsmith or Horace. The times in which he lived, and in which very many of us lived and were young, are changing or changed. I saw Hood once as a young man, at a dinner which seems almost as ghostly now as that masquerade at the Pantheon (1772), of which we were speaking anon. It was at a dinner of the Literary Fund, in that vast apartment which is hung round with the portraits of very large Royal Freemasons, now unsubstantial ghosts. There at the end of the room was Hood. Some publishers, I think, were our companions. I quite remember his pale face; he was thin and deaf, and very silent; he scarcely opened his lips during the dinner, and he made one pun. Some gentleman missed his snuff-box, and Hood said,—— (the Freemason's Tavern was kept, you must remember, by Mr. Cuff in those days, not by its present proprietors). Well, the box being lost, and asked for, and Cuff (remember that name) being the name of the landlord, Hood opened his silent jaws, and said * * * * * Shall I tell you what he said? It was not a very good pun, which the great punster then made. Choose your favourite pun out

of *Whims and Oddities*, and fancy that was the joke which he contributed to the hilarity of our little table.

Where those asterisks are drawn on the page, you must know a pause occurred, during which I was engaged with *Hood's Own*, having been referred to the book, by this life of the author which I have just been reading. I am not going to dissert on Hood's humour; I am not a fair judge. Have I not said elsewhere that there are one or two wonderfully old gentlemen still alive who used to give me tips when I was a boy? I can't be a fair critic about them. I always think of that sovereign, that rapture of raspberry tarts, which made my young days happy. Those old sovereign-contributors may tell stories ever so old, and I shall laugh; they may commit murder, and I shall believe it was justifiable homicide. There is my friend Baggs, who goes about abusing me, and of course our dear mutual friends tell me. Abuse away, *mon bon!* You were so kind to me when I wanted kindness, that you may take the change out of that gold now, and say I am a cannibal and negro, if you will. Ha, Baggs! Dost thou wince as thou readest this line? Does guilty conscience throbbing at thy breast tell thee of whom the fable is narrated? Puff out thy wrath, and, when it has ceased to blow, my Baggs shall be to me as the Baggs of old—the generous, the gentle, the friendly.

No, on second thoughts, I am determined I will not repeat that joke which I heard Hood make. He says he wrote these jokes with such ease that he sent manuscripts to the publishers faster than they could acknowledge the receipt thereof. I won't say that they were all good jokes, or that to read a great book full of them is a work at present altogether jocular. Writing to a friend respecting some memoir of him which had been published, Hood says, "You will judge how well the author knows me, when he says my mind is rather serious than comic." At the time when he wrote these words, he evidently undervalued his own serious power, and thought that in punning and broad-grinning lay his chief strength. Is not there something touching in that simplicity and humility of faith? "To make laugh is my calling," says he; "I must jump, I must grin, I must tumble, I must turn language head over heels, and leap through grammar;" and he goes to his work humbly and courageously, and what he has to do that does he with all his might, through sickness, through sorrow, through exile, poverty, fever, depression—there he is, always ready to his work, and with a jewel of genius in his pocket! Why, when he laid down his puns and pranks, put the motley off, and spoke out of his heart, all England and America listened with tears and wonder! Other men have delusions of conceit and fancy themselves greater than they are, and that the world slights them. Have we not heard how Liston always thought he ought to play Hamlet? Here is a man with a power to touch the heart almost unequalled, and he passes days and years in writing "Young Ben he was a nice young man," and so forth. To say truth, I have been reading in a book of *Hood's Own* until I am perfectly angry. "You great man, you good man, you true

genius and poet," I cry out, as I turn page after page. "Do, do, make no more of these jokes, but be yourself, and take your station."

When Hood was on his deathbed, Sir Robert Peel, who only knew of his illness, not of his imminent danger, wrote to him a noble and touching letter, announcing that a pension was conferred on him:

"I am more than repaid," writes Peel, "by the personal satisfaction, which I have had in doing that, for which you return me warm and characteristic acknowledgments.

"You perhaps think that you are known to one, with such multifarious occupations as myself, merely by general reputation as an author; but I assure you that there can be little, which you have written and acknowledged, which I have not read; and that there are few, who can appreciate and admire more than myself, the good sense and good feeling which have taught you to infuse so much fun and merriment into writings correcting folly and exposing absurdities, and yet never trespassing beyond those limits within which wit and facetiousness are not very often confined. You may write on with the consciousness of independence, as free and unfettered, as if no communication had ever passed between us. I am not conferring a private obligation upon you, but am fulfilling the intentions of the legislature, which has placed at the disposal of the Crown a certain sum (miserable, indeed, in amount) to be applied to the recognition of public claims on the bounty of the Crown. If you will review the names of those, whose claims have been admitted on account of their literary, or scientific eminence, you will find an ample confirmation of the truth of my statement.

"One return, indeed, I shall ask of you,—that you will give me the opportunity of making your personal acquaintance."

And Hood, writing to a friend, enclosing a copy of Peel's letter, says: "Sir R. Peel came from Burleigh on Tuesday night, and went down to Brighton on Saturday. If he had written by post, I should not have had it till to-day. So he sent his servant with the enclosed on *Saturday night;* another mark of considerate attention." He is frightfully unwell, he continues, his wife says he looks *quite green:* but ill as he is, poor fellow, "his well is not dry. He has pumped out a sheet of Christmas fun, is drawing some cuts, and shall write a sheet more of his novel."

O sad, marvellous picture of courage, of honesty, of patient endurance, of duty struggling against pain! How noble Peel's figure is standing by that sick bed! how generous his words, how dignified and sincere his compassion! And the poor dying man, with a heart full of natural gratitude towards his noble benefactor, must turn to him and say—"If it be well to be remembered by a minister, it is better still not to be forgotten by him in a 'hurly Burleigh!'" Can you laugh? Is not the joke horribly pathetic from the poor dying lips? As dying Robin Hood must fire a last shot with his bow—as one reads of Catholics on their death-beds putting on a Capuchin dress to go out of the world—here is poor Hood at his last hour putting on his ghastly motley, and uttering one joke more.

He dies, however, in dearest love and peace with his children, wife, friends; to the former especially his whole life had been devoted, and every day showed his fidelity, simplicity, and affection. In going through the record of his most pure, modest, honourable life, and living along with him, you come to trust him thoroughly, and feel that here is a most

loyal, affectionate, and upright soul, with whom you have been brought into communion. Can we say as much of all lives of all men of letters? Here is one at least without guile, without pretension, without scheming, of a pure life, to his family and little modest circle of friends tenderly devoted.

And what a hard work, and what a slender reward! In the little domestic details with which the book abounds, what a simple life is shown to us! The most simple little pleasures and amusements delight and occupy him. You have revels on shrimps; the good wife making the pie; details about the maid, and criticisms on her conduct; wonderful tricks played with the plum-pudding—all the pleasures centering round the little humble home. One of the first men of his time, he is appointed editor of a magazine at a salary of 300*l.* per annum, signs himself exultingly "Ed. N. M. M.," and the family rejoice over the income as over a fortune. He goes to a Greenwich dinner—what a feast and rejoicing afterwards!

"Well, we drank 'the Boz' with a delectable clatter, which drew from him a good warm-hearted speech. . . . He looked very well, and had a younger brother along with him. . . . Then we had songs. Barham chanted a Robin Hood ballad, and Cruikshank sang a burlesque ballad of Lord H——; and somebody, unknown to me, gave a capital imitation of a French showman. Then we toasted Mrs. Boz, and the Chairman, and Vice, and the Traditional Priest sang the 'Deep deep sea,' in his deep deep voice; and then we drank to Procter, who wrote the said song; also Sir J. Wilson's good health, and Cruikshank's, and Ainsworth's: and a Manchester friend of the latter sang a Manchester ditty, so full of trading stuff, that it really seemed to have been not composed, but manufactured. Jerdan, as Jerdanish as usual on such occasions—you know how paradoxically he is *quite at home* in *dining out*. As to myself, I had to make my *second maiden speech*, for Mr. Monckton Milnes proposed my health in terms my modesty might allow me to repeat to *you*, but my memory won't. However, I ascribed the toast to my notoriously bad health, and assured them that their wishes had already improved it—that I felt a brisker circulation—a more genial warmth about the heart, and explained that a certain trembling of my hand was not from palsy, or my old ague, but an inclination in my hand to shake itself with every one present. Whereupon I had to go through the friendly ceremony with as many of the company as were within reach, besides a few more who came express from the other end of the table. *Very* gratifying, wasn't it? Though I cannot go quite so far as Jane, who wants me to have that hand chopped off, bottled, and preserved in spirits. She was sitting up for me, very anxiously, as usual when I go out, because I am so domestic and steady, and was down at the door before I could ring at the gate, to which Boz kindly sent me in his own carriage. Poor girl! what *would* she do if she had a wild husband instead of a tame one."

And the poor anxious wife is sitting up, and fondles the hand which has been shaken by so many illustrious men! The little feast dates back only eighteen years, and yet somehow it seems as distant as a dinner at Mr. Thrale's, or a meeting at Will's.

Poor little gleam of sunshine! very little good cheer enlivens that sad simple life. We have the triumph of the magazine: then a new magazine projected and produced: then illness and the last scene, and the kind Peel by the dying man's bedside, speaking noble words of

respect and sympathy, and soothing the last throbs of the tender honest heart.

I like, I say, Hood's life even better than his books, and I wish, with all my heart, *Monsieur et cher confrère*, the same could be said for both of us, when the ink-stream of our life hath ceased to run. Yes: if I drop first, dear Baggs, I trust you may find reason to modify some of the unfavourable views of my character, which you are freely imparting to our mutual friends. What ought to be the literary man's point of honour now-a-days? Suppose, friendly reader, you are one of the craft, what legacy would you like to leave to your children? First of all (and by Heaven's gracious help) you would pray and strive to give them such an endowment of love, as should last certainly for all their lives, and perhaps be transmitted to their children. You would (by the same aid and blessing) keep your honour pure, and transmit a name unstained to those who have a right to bear it. You would,—though this faculty of giving is one of the easiest of the literary man's qualities—you would, out of your earnings, small or great, be able to help a poor brother in need, to dress his wounds, and, if it were but twopence, to give him succour. Is the money which the noble Macaulay gave to the poor, lost to his family? God forbid. To the loving hearts of his kindred is it not rather the most precious part of their inheritance? It was invested in love and righteous doing, and it bears interest in heaven. You will, if letters be your vocation, find saving harder than giving and spending. To save be your endeavour too, against the night's coming when no man may work; when the arm is weary with the long day's labour; when the brain perhaps grows dark; when the old, who can labour no more, want warmth and rest, and the young ones call for supper.

I copied the little galley-slave who is made to figure in the initial letter of this paper, from a quaint old silver spoon which we purchased in a curiosity-shop at the Hague. It is one of the gift-spoons so common in Holland, and which have multiplied so astonishingly of late years at our dealers in old silver ware. Along the stem of the spoon are written the words: "Anno 1609, *Bin ick aldus ghekledt gheghaen*"—"In the year 1609 I went thus clad." The good Dutchman was released from his Algerine captivity (I imagine his figure looks like that of a slave amongst the Moors), and, in his thank-offering to some godchild at home, he thus piously records his escape.

Was not poor Cervantes also a captive amongst the Moors? Did not Fielding, and Goldsmith, and Smollett, too, die at the chain as well as poor Hood? Think of Fielding going on board his wretched ship in the Thames, with scarce a hand to bid him farewell; of brave Tobias Smollett and his life, how hard, and how poorly rewarded; of Goldsmith, and the physician whispering, "Have you something on your mind?" and the wild, dying eyes answering, Yes. Notice how Boswell speaks

of Goldsmith, and the splendid contempt with which he regards him. Read Hawkins on Fielding, and the scorn with which Dandy Walpole and Bishop Hurd speak of him! Galley-slaves doomed to tug the oar and wear the chain, whilst my lords and dandies take their pleasure, and hear fine music and disport with fine ladies in the cabin!

But stay. Was there any cause for this scorn? Had some of these great men weaknesses which gave inferiors advantage over them? Men of letters cannot lay their hands on their hearts, and say, "No, the fault was fortune's, and the indifferent world's, not Goldsmith's nor Fielding's." There was no reason why Oliver should always be thriftless; why Fielding and Steele should sponge upon their friends; why Sterne should make love to his neighbours' wives. Swift, for a long time, was as poor as any wag that ever laughed: but he owed no penny to his neighbours: Addison, when he wore his most threadbare coat, could hold his head up, and maintain his dignity: and, I dare vouch, neither of those gentlemen, when they were ever so poor, asked any man alive to pity their condition, and have a regard to the weaknesses incidental to the literary profession. Galley-slave, forsooth! If you are sent to prison for some error for which the law awards that sort of laborious seclusion, so much the more shame for you. If you are chained to the oar a prisoner of war, like Cervantes, you have the pain, but not the shame, and the friendly compassion of mankind to reward you. Galley-slaves, indeed! What man has not his oar to pull? There is that wonderful old stroke-oar in the Queen's galley. How many years has he pulled? Day and night, in rough water or smooth, with what invincible vigour and surprising gaiety he plies his arms. There is in the same *Galère Capitane*, that well-known, trim figure, the bow oar; how he tugs, and with what a will! How both of them have been abused in their time! Take the Lawyer's galley, and that dauntless octogenarian in command; when has *he* ever complained or repined about his slavery? There is the Priest's galley—black and lawn sails—do any mariners out of Thames work harder? When lawyer, and statesman, and divine, and writer are snug in bed, there is a ring at the poor Doctor's bell. Forth he must go, in rheumatism or snow; a galley-slave bearing his galleypots to quench the flames of fever, to succour mothers and young children in their hour of peril, and, as gently and soothingly as may be, to carry the hopeless patient over to the silent shore. And have we not just read of the actions of the Queen's galleys, and their brave crews in the Chinese waters? Men not more worthy of human renown and honour to-day in their victory, than last year in their glorious hour of disaster.

And here in this last month of the year, my title expressly authorizing me to travel anywhere, may I not, once more, say a thankful word regarding our own galley at the end of our second six months' voyage? On our first day out, I asked leave to speak for myself, whom I regarded as the captain of a great ship, which might carry persons of much greater

importance than the commander who sits at the head of his cabin table. Such a man may have my Lord Bishop on board, or his Excellency the Governor proceeding to his colony, or—who knows?—his Royal Highness the Prince himself, going to visit his paternal dominions. In some cases, I have not sought to direct or control the opinions of our passengers, though privately I might differ from them; my duty being, as I conceived, to permit free speech at our table, taking care only that the speaker was a gentleman of honour and character, and so providing for the general amusement of the company. My own special calling (though privately, perhaps, I may imagine I am a profound politician, or a prodigious epic poet whom the world refuses to recognize) is supposed to be that of a teller of stories, more or less melancholy or facetious, tedious or amusing. Having on board with us a gentleman who possesses a similar faculty, I have gladly and gratefully made over to him the place of *Raconteur en chef*, and I leave the public to say how excellently my friend Mr. Trollope has performed his duty. Next year, I shall ask leave to take my friend's place, and to speak at more length, and with more seriousness, than in the half-dozen chapters of the little tale which was told in our first six months.

Our course has been so prosperous, that it was to be expected other adventurers would sail on it, and accordingly I heard with no surprise, that one of our esteemed companions was about to hoist his flag, and take command of a ship of his own. The wide ocean has room enough for us all. At home, and over our immense dominions, there are markets enough for all our wares. The old days of enmity and exclusiveness are long over; and it is to be hoped buyers and vendors alike will profit by free trade, friendly courtesy, and fair play.

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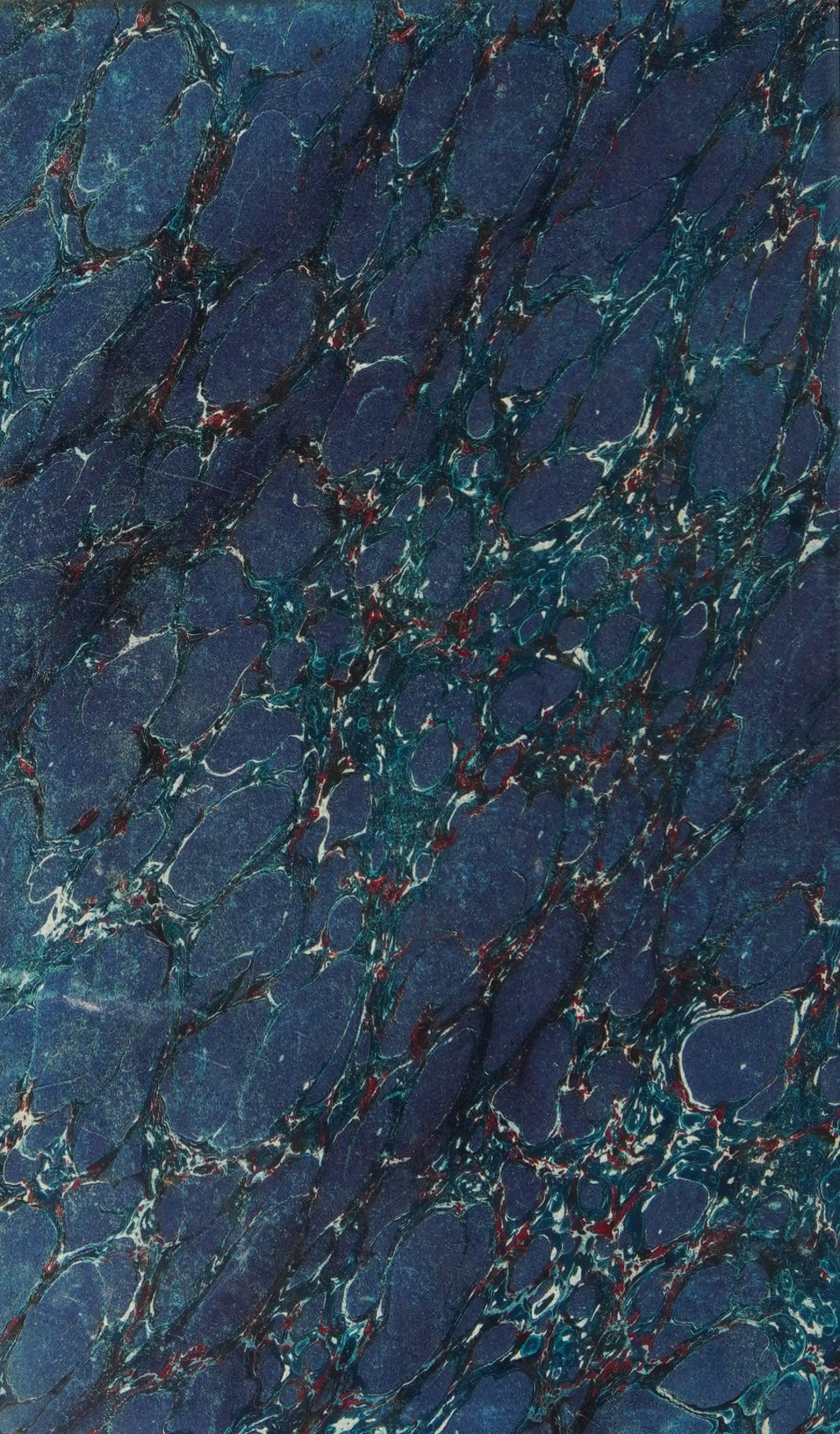

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